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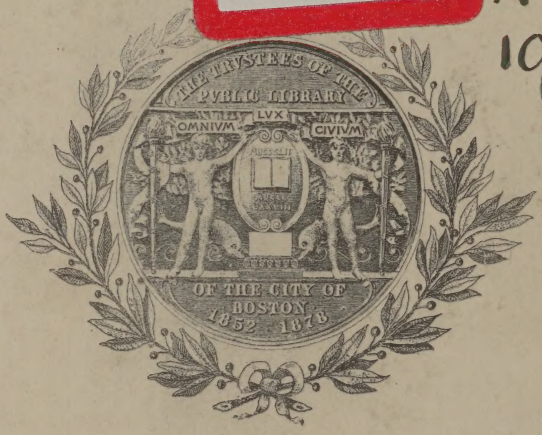

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY 1927

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1927

Atlantic
Jan 13 1931

FIFTY GRAND

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

I

'How are you going yourself, Jack?' I asked him.

'You seen this Walcott?' he says.

'Just in the gym.'

'Well,' Jack says, 'I'm going to need a lot of luck with that boy.'

'He can't hit you, Jack,' Soldier said.

'I wish to hell he could n't.'

'He could n't hit you with a handful of birdshot.'

'Birdshot'd be all right,' Jack says. 'I would n't mind birdshot any.'

'He looks easy to hit,' I said.

'Sure,' Jack says, 'he ain't going to last long. He ain't going to last like you and me, Jerry. But right now he's got everything.'

'You'll left-hand him to death.'

'Maybe,' Jack says. 'Sure. I got a chance to.'

'Handle him like you handled Kid Lewis.'

'Kid Lewis,' Jack said. 'That kike!'

The three of us, Jack Brennan, Soldier Bartlett, and I, were in Handley's. There were a couple of broads sitting at the next table to us. They had been drinking.

'What do you mean, kike?' one of the broads says. 'What do you mean, kike, you big Irish bum!'

'Sure,' Jack says. 'That's it.'

'Kikes,' this broad goes on. 'They're always talking about kikes, these big Irishmen. What do you mean, kikes?'

'Come on. Let's get out of here.'

'Kikes,' this broad goes on. 'Whoever saw you ever buy a drink? Your wife sews your pockets up every morning. These Irishmen and their kikes. Ted Lewis could lick you, too.'

'Sure,' Jack says. 'And you give away a lot of things free, too, don't you?'

We went out. That was Jack. He could say what he wanted to when he wanted to say it.

Jack started training out at Danny Hogan's health farm over in Jersey. It was nice out there, but Jack did n't like it much. He did n't like being away from his wife and the kids, and he was sore and grouchy most of the time. He liked me and we got along fine together; and he liked Hogan, but after a while Soldier Bartlett commenced to get on his nerves. A kidder gets to be an awful thing around a camp if his stuff goes sort of sour. Soldier was always kidding Jack, just sort of kidding him all the time. It was n't very funny and it was n't very good, and it began to get to Jack.

It was sort of stuff like this. Jack

would finish up with the weights and the bag and pull on the gloves. 'You want to work?' he'd say to Soldier.

'Sure. How you want me to work?' Soldier would ask. 'Want me to treat you rough like Walcott? Want me to knock you down a few times?'

'That's it,' Jack would say. He did n't like it any, though.

One morning we were all out on the road. We'd been out quite a way and now we were coming back. We'd go along fast for three minutes and then walk a minute, and then go fast for three minutes again. Jack was n't ever what you would call a sprinter. He'd move around fast enough in the ring if he had to, but he was n't any too fast on the road. All the time we were walking Soldier Bartlett was kidding him. We came up the hill to the farmhouse.

'Well,' says Jack, 'you better go back to town, Soldier.'

'What do you mean?'

'You better go back to town and stay there.'

'What's the matter?'

'I'm sick of hearing you talk.'

'Yes?' says Soldier.

'Yes,' says Jack.

'You'll be a damn sight sicker when Walcott gets through with you.'

'Sure,' says Jack, 'maybe I will. But I know I'm sick of you.'

So Soldier went off on the train to town that same morning. I went down with him to the train. He was good and sore.

'I was just kidding him,' he said. We were waiting on the platform. 'He can't pull that stuff with me, Jerry.'

'He's nervous and crabby,' I said. 'He's a good fellow, Soldier.'

'The hell he is. The hell he's ever been a good fellow.'

'Well,' I said, 'so long, Soldier.'

The train had come in. He climbed up with his bag.

'So long, Jerry,' he says. 'You be in town before the fight?'

'I don't think so.'

'See you then.'

He went in and the conductor swung up and the train went out. I rode back to the farm in the cart. Jack was on the porch writing a letter to his wife. The mail had come and I got the papers and went over on the other side of the porch and sat down to read. Hogan came out the door and came over to me.

'Did he have a jam with Soldier?'

'Not a jam,' I said. 'He just told him to go back to town.'

'I could see it coming,' Hogan said. 'He never liked Soldier much.'

'No. He don't like many people.'

'He's a pretty cold one,' Hogan said.

'Well, he's always been fine to me.'

'Me too,' Hogan said. 'I got no kick on him. He's a cold one, though.'

Hogan went in through the screen door and I sat there on the porch and read the papers. It was just starting to get fall weather and it's nice country there in Jersey up in the hills, and after I read the paper through I sat there and looked out at the country and the road down below against the woods, with a car going along it, lifting the dust up. It was fine weather and pretty nice-looking country. Hogan came to the door and I said, 'Say, Hogan, have n't you got anything to shoot out here?'

'No,' Hogan said. 'Only sparrows.'

'Seen the paper?' I said to Hogan.

'What's in it?'

'Sande booted three of them in yesterday.'

'I got that on the telephone last night.'

'You follow them pretty close, Hogan?' I asked.

'Oh, I keep in touch with them.'

'How about Jack?' I says. 'Does he still play them?'

'Him?' said Hogan. 'Can you see him doing it?'

Just then Jack came around the corner with the letter in his hand. He's wearing a sweater and an old pair of pants and boxing shoes.

'Got a stamp, Hogan?' he asks.

'Give me the letter,' Hogan said. 'I'll mail it for you.'

'Say, Jack,' I said. 'Did n't you used to play the ponies?'

'Sure.'

'I knew you did. I knew I used to see you out at Sheepshead.'

'What did you lay off them for?' Hogan asked.

'Lost money.'

Jack sat down on the porch by me. He leaned back against a post. He shut his eyes in the sun.

'Want a chair?' Hogan asked.

'No,' said Jack. 'This is fine.'

'It's a nice day,' I said. 'It's pretty nice out in the country.'

'I'd a damn sight rather be in town with the wife.'

'Well, you only got another week.'

'Yes,' Jack says. 'That's so.'

We sat there on the porch. Hogan was inside at the office.

'What do you think about the shape I'm in?' Jack asked me.

'Well, you can't tell,' I said. 'You got a week to get around into form.'

'Don't stall me.'

'Well,' I said, 'you're not right.'

'I'm not sleeping,' Jack said.

'You'll be all right in a couple of days.'

'No,' says Jack, 'I got the insomnia.'

'What's on your mind?'

'I miss the wife.'

'Have her come out.'

'No. I'm too old for that.'

'We'll take a long walk before you turn in, and get you good and tired.'

'Tired!' Jack says. 'I'm tired all the time.'

He was that way all week. He would n't sleep at night and he'd get up in the morning feeling that way — you know, when you can't shut your hands.

'He's stale as poorhouse cake,' Hogan said. 'He's nothing.'

'I never seen Walcott,' I said.

'He'll kill him,' said Hogan. 'He'll tear him in two.'

'Well,' I said, 'everybody's got to get it sometime.'

'Not like this, though,' Hogan said. 'They'll think he never trained. It gives the farm a black eye.'

'You hear what the reporters said about him?'

'Did n't I! They said he was awful. They said they ought n't to let him fight.'

'Well,' I said, 'they're always wrong, ain't they?'

'Yes,' said Hogan. 'But this time they're right.'

'What the hell do they know about whether a man's right or not?'

'Well,' said Hogan, 'they're not such fools.'

'All they did was pick Willard at Toledo. This Lardner, he's so wise now, ask him about when he picked Willard at Toledo.'

'Aw, he was n't out,' Hogan said. 'He only writes the big fights.'

'I don't care who they are,' I said. 'What the hell do they know? They can write, maybe, but what the hell do they know?'

'You don't think Jack's in any shape, do you?' Hogan asked.

'No. He's through. All he needs is to have Corbett pick him to win for it to be all over.'

'Well, Corbett'll pick him,' Hogan says.

'Sure. He'll pick him.'

That night Jack did n't sleep any either. The next morning was the last day before the fight. After breakfast we were out on the porch again.

'What do you think about, Jack, when you can't sleep?' I said.

'Oh, I worry,' Jack says. 'I worry about property I got up in the Bronx. I worry about property I got in Florida. I worry about the kids. I worry about the wife. Sometimes I think about fights. I think about that kike Ted Lewis and I get sore. I got some stocks and I worry about them. What the hell don't I think about?'

'Well,' I said, 'to-morrow night it'll all be over.'

'Sure,' said Jack. 'That always helps a lot, don't it? That just fixes everything all up, I suppose. Sure.'

He was sore all day. We did n't do any work. Jack just moved around a little to loosen up. He shadow-boxed a few rounds. He did n't even look good doing that. He skipped the rope a little while. He could n't sweat.

'He'd be better not to do any work at all,' Hogan said. We were standing watching him skip rope. 'Don't he ever sweat at all any more?'

'He can't sweat.'

'Do you suppose he's got the con? He never had any trouble making weight, did he?'

'No, he has n't got any con. He just has n't got anything inside any more.'

'He ought to sweat,' said Hogan.

Jack came over skipping the rope. He was skipping up and down in front of us, forward and back, crossing his arms every third time.

'Well,' he says, 'what are you buzzards talking about?'

'I don't think you ought to work any more,' Hogan says. 'You'll be stale.'

'Would n't that be awful?' Jack says and skips away down the floor, slapping the rope hard.

II

That afternoon John Collins showed up out at the farm. Jack was up in his room. John came out in a car from town. He had a couple of friends with him. The car stopped and they all got out.

'Where's Jack?' John asked me.

'Up in his room, lying down.'

'Lying down?'

'Yes,' I said.

'How is he?'

I looked at the two fellows that were with John.

'They're friends of his,' John said.

'He's pretty bad,' I said.

'What's the matter with him?'

'He don't sleep.'

'Hell,' said John. 'That Irishman could never sleep.'

'He is n't right,' I said.

'Hell,' John said. 'He's never right. I've had him for ten years and he's never been right yet.'

The fellows with him laughed.

'I want you to shake hands with Mr. Morgan and Mr. Steinfelt,' John said. 'This is Mr. Doyle. He's been training Jack.'

'Glad to meet you,' I said.

'Let's go up and see the boy,' the fellow called Morgan said.

'Let's have a look at him,' Steinfelt said.

We all went upstairs.

'Where's Hogan?' John asked.

'He's out in the barn with a couple of his customers,' I said.

'He got many people out here now?'

'Just two.'

'Pretty quiet, ain't it?' Morgan said.

'Yes,' I said. 'It's pretty quiet.'

We were outside Jack's room. John knocked on the door. There was n't any answer.

'Maybe he's asleep,' I said.

'What the hell's he sleeping in the daytime for?'

John turned the handle and we all went in. Jack was lying asleep on the bed. He was face down and his face was in the pillow. Both his arms were around the pillow.

'Hey, Jack!' John said to him.

Jack's head moved a little on the pillow. 'Jack!' John says, leaning over him. Jack just dug a little deeper in the pillow. John touched him on the shoulder. Jack sat up and looked at us. He had n't shaved and he was wearing an old sweater.

'Hell! Why can't you let me sleep?' he says to John.

'Don't be sore,' John says. 'I did n't mean to wake you up.'

'Oh no,' Jack says. 'Of course not.'

'You know Morgan and Steinfelt,' John said.

'Glad to see you,' Jack says.

'How do you feel, Jack?' Morgan asks him.

'Fine,' Jack says. 'How the hell would I feel?'

'You look fine,' Steinfelt says.

'Yes, don't I?' says Jack. 'Say,' he says to John. 'You're my manager. You get a big enough cut. Why the hell did n't you come out here when the reporters was out? You want Jerry and me to talk to them?'

'I had Lew fighting in Philadelphia.'

'What the hell's that to me?' Jack says. 'You're my manager. You get a big enough cut, don't you? You are n't making me any money in Philadelphia, are you? Why the hell are n't you out here when I ought to have you?'

'Hogan was here.'

'Hogan,' Jack says. 'Hogan's as dumb as I am.'

'Soldier Bahtlett was out here wukking with you for a while, was n't he?' Steinfelt says, to change the subject.

'Yes, he was out here,' Jack says. 'He was out here, all right.'

'Say, Jerry,' John said to me. 'Would you go and find Hogan and tell him we want to see him in about half an hour?'

'Sure,' I said.

'Why the hell can't he stick around?' Jack says. 'Stick around, Jerry.'

Morgan and Steinfelt looked at each other.

'Quiet down, Jack,' John said to him.

'I better go find Hogan,' I said.

'All right, if you want to go,' Jack says. 'None of these guys are going to send you away, though.'

'I'll go find Hogan,' I said.

Hogan was out in the gym in the barn. He had a couple of his health-farm patients with the gloves on. They neither one wanted to hit the other for fear the other would come back and hit him.

'That'll do,' Hogan said when he saw me come in. 'You can stop the slaughter. You gentlemen take a shower and Bruce will rub you down.'

They climbed out through the ropes and Hogan came over to me.

'John Collins is out with a couple of friends to see Jack,' I said.

'I saw them come up in the car.'

'Who are the two fellows with John?'

'They're what you call wise boys,' Hogan said. 'Don't you know them two?'

'No,' I said.

'That's Happy Steinfelt and Lew Morgan. They got a pool room.'

'I been away a long time,' I said.

'Sure,' said Hogan. 'That Happy Steinfelt's a big operator.'

'I've heard his name,' I said.

'He's a pretty smooth boy,' Hogan said. 'They're a couple of sharpshooters.'

'Well,' I said, 'they want to see us in half an hour.'

'You mean they don't want to see us until a half an hour?'

'That's it.'

'Come on in the office,' Hogan said. 'To hell with those sharpshooters.'

After about thirty minutes or so Hogan and I went upstairs. We knocked on Jack's door. They were talking inside the room.

'Wait a minute,' somebody said.

'To hell with that stuff,' Hogan said. 'When you want to see me I'm down in the office.'

We heard the door unlock. Steinfelt opened it.

'Come on in, Hogan,' he says. 'We're all going to have a drink.'

'Well,' says Hogan, 'that's something.'

We went in. Jack was sitting on the bed. John and Morgan were sitting on a couple of chairs. Steinfelt was standing up.

'You're a pretty mysterious lot of boys,' Hogan said.

'Hello, Danny,' John says.

'Hello, Danny,' Morgan says and shakes hands.

Jack does n't say anything. He just sits there on the bed. He ain't with the others. He's all by himself. He was wearing an old blue jersey and an old pair of pants and had on boxing shoes. He needed a shave. Steinfelt and Morgan were dressers. John was quite a dresser, too. Jack sat there looking Irish and tough.

Steinfelt brought out a bottle and Hogan brought in some glasses and everybody had a drink. Jack and I took one and the rest of them went on and had two or three each.

'Better save some for your ride back,' Hogan said.

'Don't you worry. We got plenty,' Morgan said.

Jack had n't drunk anything since the one drink. He was standing up and looking at them. Morgan was sitting on the bed where Jack had sat.

'Have a drink, Jack,' John said and handed him the glass and the bottle.

'No,' Jack said, 'I never liked to go to these wakes.'

They all laughed. Jack did n't laugh.

They were all feeling pretty good when they left. Jack stood on the porch when they got into the car. They waved to him.

'So long,' Jack said.

We had supper. Jack did n't say anything all during the meal except 'Will you pass me this?' or 'Will you pass me that?' The two health-farm patients ate at the same table with us. They were pretty nice fellas. After we finished eating we went out on the porch. It was dark early.

'Like to take a walk, Jerry?' Jack asked.

'Sure,' I said.

We put on our coats and started out. It was quite a way down to the main road, and then we walked along the main road about a mile and a half. Cars kept going by and we would pull out to the side until they were past. Jack did n't say anything. After we had stepped out into the bushes to let a big car go by, Jack said, 'To hell with this walking. Come on back to Hogan's.'

We went along a side road that cut up over the hill and cut across the fields back to Hogan's. We could see the lights of the house up on the hill. We came around to the front of the house and there, standing in the doorway, was Hogan.

'Have a good walk?' Hogan asked.

'Oh, fine,' Jack said. 'Listen, Hogan. Have you got any liquor?'

'Sure,' says Hogan. 'What's the idea?'

'Send it up to the room,' Jack says. 'I'm going to sleep to-night.'

'You're the doctor,' Hogan says.

'Come on up to the room, Jerry,' Jack says.

Upstairs Jack sat on the bed with his head in his hands.

'Ain't it a life?' Jack says.

Hogan brought in a quart of liquor and two glasses.

'Want some ginger ale?'

'What do you think I want to do — get sick?'

'I just asked you,' said Hogan.

'Have a drink?' said Jack.

'No, thanks,' said Hogan. He went out.

'How about you, Jerry?'

'I'll have one with you,' I said.

Jack poured out a couple of drinks. 'Now,' he said, 'I want to take it slow and easy.'

'Put some water in it,' I said.

'Yes,' Jack said. 'I guess that's better.'

We had a couple of drinks without saying anything. Jack started to pour me another.

'No,' I said, 'that's all I want.'

'All right,' Jack said. He poured himself out another big shot and put water in it. He was lighting up a little.

'That was a fine bunch out here this afternoon,' he said. 'They don't take any chances, those two.'

Then a little later, 'Well,' he says, 'they're right. What the hell's the good in taking chances?'

'Don't you want another, Jerry?' he said. 'Come on, drink along with me.'

'I don't need it, Jack,' I said. 'I feel all right.'

'Just have one more,' Jack said. It was softening him up.

'All right,' I said.

Jack poured one for me and another big one for himself.

'You know,' he said, 'I like liquor pretty well. If I had n't been boxing I would have drunk quite a lot.'

'Sure,' I said.

'You know,' he said, 'I missed a lot, boxing.'

'You made plenty of money.'

'Sure, that's what I'm after. You know I miss a lot, Jerry.'

'How do you mean?'

'Well,' he says, 'like about the wife. And being away from home so much. It don't do my girls any good. "Who's your old man?" some of those society kids'll say to them. "My old man's Jack Brennan." That don't do them any good.'

'Hell,' I said. 'All that makes a difference is if they got dough.'

'Well,' says Jack, 'I got the dough for them all right.'

He poured out another drink. The bottle was about empty.

'Put some water in it,' I said. Jack poured in some water.

'You know,' he says, 'you ain't got any idea how I miss the wife.'

'Sure.'

'You ain't got any idea. You can't have an idea what it's like.'

'It ought to be better out in the country than in town.'

'With me now,' Jack said, 'it don't make any difference where I am. You can't have an idea what it's like.'

'Have another drink.'

'Am I getting soused? Do I talk funny?'

'You're coming on all right.'

'You can't have an idea what it's like. They ain't anybody can have an idea what it's like.'

'Except the wife,' I said.

'She knows,' Jack said. 'She knows, all right. She knows. You bet she knows.'

'Put some water in that,' I said.

'Jerry,' says Jack, 'you can't have an idea what it gets to be like.'

He was good and drunk. He was looking at me steady. His eyes were sort of too steady.

'You'll sleep, all right,' I said.

'Listen, Jerry,' Jack says. 'You want to make some money? Get some dough down on Walcott.'

'Yes?'

'Listen, Jerry.' Jack put down the glass. 'I'm not drunk now, see? You know what I'm betting on him? Fifty grand.'

'That's a lot of dough.'

'Fifty grand,' Jack says, 'at two to one. I'll get twenty-five thousand

bucks. Get some money on him, Jerry.'

'It sounds good,' I said.

'How can I beat him?' Jack says. 'It ain't crooked. How can I beat him? Why not make money on it?'

'Put some water in that,' I said.

'I'm through after this fight,' Jack says. 'I'm through with it. I got to take a beating. Why should n't I make money on it?'

'Sure.'

'I ain't slept for a week,' Jack says. 'All night I lay awake and worry my can off. I can't sleep, Jerry. You ain't got an idea what it's like when you can't sleep.'

'Sure.'

'I can't sleep. That's all. I just can't sleep. What's the use of taking care of yourself all these years when you can't sleep?'

'It's bad.'

'You ain't got an idea what it's like, Jerry, when you can't sleep.'

'Put some water in that,' I said.

Well, about eleven o'clock Jack passes out and I put him to bed. Finally he's so he can't keep from sleeping. I helped him get his clothes off and got him into bed.

'You'll sleep, all right, Jack,' I said.

'Sure,' Jack says, 'I'll sleep now.'

'Good night, Jack,' I said.

'Good night, Jerry,' Jack says. 'You're the only friend I got.'

'Oh, hell,' I said.

'You're the only friend I got,' Jack says. 'The only friend I got.'

'Go to sleep,' I said.

'I'll sleep,' Jack says.

Downstairs Hogan was sitting at the desk in the office reading the papers. He looked up.

'Well, you get your boy friend to sleep?' he asks.

'He's off.'

'It's better for him than not sleeping,' Hogan said.

'Sure.'

'You'd have a hell of a time explaining that to these sport writers, though,' Hogan said.

'Well, I'm going to bed myself,' I said.

'Good night,' said Hogan.

III

In the morning I came downstairs about eight o'clock and got some breakfast. Hogan had his two customers out in the barn doing exercises. I went out and watched them.

'One! Two! Three! Four!' Hogan was counting for them. 'Hello, Jerry,' he said. 'Is Jack up yet?'

'No. He's still sleeping.'

I went back to my room and packed up to go in to town. About nine-thirty I heard Jack getting up in the next room. When I heard him go downstairs I went down after him. Jack was sitting at the breakfast table. Hogan had come in and was standing beside the table.

'How do you feel, Jack?' I asked him.

'Not so bad.'

'Sleep well?' Hogan asked.

'I slept, all right,' Jack said. 'I got a thick tongue, but I ain't got a head.'

'Good,' said Hogan. 'That was good liquor.'

'Put it on the bill,' Jack says.

'What time you want to go in to town?' Hogan asked.

'Before lunch,' Jack says. 'The eleven o'clock train.'

Hogan went out.

'Sit down, Jerry,' Jack said.

I sat down at the table. Jack was eating a grapefruit. When he'd find a seed he'd spit it out in the spoon and dump it on the plate.

'I guess I was pretty stewed last night,' he started.

'You drank some liquor.'

'I guess I said a lot of fool things.'

'You were n't bad.'

'Where's Hogan?' he asked. He was through with the grapefruit.

'He's out in front in the office.'

'What did I say about betting on the fight?' Jack asked. He was holding the spoon and sort of poking at the grapefruit with it.

The girl came in with some ham and eggs and took away the grapefruit.

'Bring me another glass of milk,' Jack said to her. She went out.

'You said you had fifty grand on Walcott,' I said.

'That's right,' Jack said.

'That's a lot of money.'

'I don't feel too good about it,' Jack said.

'Something might happen.'

'No,' Jack said. 'He wants the title bad. They'll be shooting with him, all right.'

'You can't ever tell.'

'No. He wants the title. It's worth a lot of money to him.'

'Fifty grand is a lot of money,' I said.

'It's business,' said Jack. 'I can't win. You know I can't win anyway.'

'As long as you're in there you got a chance.'

'No,' Jack says. 'I'm all through. It's just business.'

'How do you feel?'

'Pretty good,' Jack said. 'The sleep was what I needed.'

'You might go good.'

'I'll give them a good show,' Jack said.

After breakfast Jack called up his wife on the long distance. He was inside the booth telephoning.

'That's the first time he's called her up since he's out here,' Hogan said.

'He writes her every day.'

'Sure,' Hogan says. 'A letter only costs two cents.'

Hogan said good-bye to us, and Bruce, the nigger rubber, drove us down to the train in the cart.

'Good-bye, Mr. Brennan,' Bruce said at the train. 'I sure hope you knock his can off.'

'So long,' Jack said. He gave Bruce two dollars. Bruce had worked on him a lot. He looked kind of disappointed. Jack saw me looking at Bruce holding the two dollars.

'It's all in the bill,' he said. 'Hogan charged me for the rubbing.'

On the train going into town Jack did n't talk. He sat in the corner of the seat with his ticket in his hatband and looked out of the window. Once he turned and spoke to me.

'I told the wife I'd take a room at the Shelby to-night,' he said. 'It's just around the corner from the Garden. I can go up to the house to-morrow morning.'

'That's a good idea,' I said. 'Your wife ever see you fight, Jack?'

'No,' Jack says. 'She never seen me fight.'

I thought, he must be figuring on taking an awful beating if he does n't want to go home afterward. In town we took a taxi up to the Shelby. A boy came out and took our bags and we went in to the desk.

'How much are the rooms?' Jack asked.

'We only have double rooms,' the clerk says. 'I can give you a nice double room for ten dollars.'

'That's too steep.'

'I can give you a double room for seven dollars.'

'With a bath?'

'Certainly.'

'You might as well bunk with me, Jerry,' Jack says.

'Oh,' I said, 'I'll sleep down at my brother-in-law's.'

'I don't mean for you to pay it,' Jack says. 'I just want to get my money's worth.'

'Will you register, please?' the clerk says.

He looked at the names. 'Number 238, Mr. Brennan.'

We went up in the elevator. It was a nice big room with two beds and a door opening into a bathroom.

'This is pretty good,' Jack says.

The boy who brought us up pulled up the curtains and brought in our bags. Jack did n't make any move, so I gave the boy a quarter. We washed up and Jack said we better go out and get something to eat.

We ate a lunch at Jimmy Handley's place. Quite a lot of the boys were there. When we were about half through eating, John came in and sat down with us. Jack did n't talk much.

'How are you on the weight, Jack?' John asked him. Jack was putting away a pretty good lunch.

'I could make it with my clothes on,' Jack said. He never had to worry about taking off weight. He was a natural welterweight and he'd never gotten fat. He'd lost weight out at Hogan's.

'Well, that's one thing you never had to worry about,' John said.

'That's one thing,' Jack says.

We went around to the Garden to weigh in after lunch. The match was made at a hundred forty-seven pounds at three o'clock. Jack stepped on the scales with a towel around him. The bar did n't move. Walcott had just weighed and was standing with a lot of people around him.

'Let's see what you weigh, Jack,' Freedman, Walcott's manager, said.

'All right, weigh *him* then,' Jack jerked his head toward Walcott.

'Drop the towel,' Freedman said.

'What do you make it?' Jack asked the fellows who were weighing.

'Hundred and forty-three pounds,' the fat man who was weighing said.

'You're down fine, Jack,' Freedman says.

'Weigh *him*,' Jack says.

Walcott came over. He was a blonde with wide shoulders and arms like a heavyweight. He did n't have much legs. Jack stood about half a head taller than he did.

'Hello, Jack,' he said. His face was plenty marked up.

'Hello,' said Jack. 'How you feel?'

'Good,' Walcott says. He dropped the towel from around his waist and stood on the scales. He had the widest shoulders and back you ever saw.

'One hundred and forty-six pounds and twelve ounces.'

Walcott stepped off and grinned at Jack.

'Well,' John says to him, 'Jack's spotting you about four pounds.'

'More than that when I come in, Kid,' Walcott says. 'I'm going to go and eat now.'

We went back and Jack got dressed. 'He's a pretty tough-looking boy,' Jack says to me.

'He looks as though he'd been hit plenty of times.'

'Oh yes,' Jack says. 'He ain't hard to hit.'

'Where are you going?' John asked when Jack was dressed.

'Back to the hotel,' Jack says. 'You looked after everything?'

'Yes,' John says. 'It's all looked after.'

'I'm going to lie down a while,' Jack says.

'I'll come around for you about a quarter to seven and we'll go and eat.'

'All right.'

Up at the hotel Jack took off his shoes and his coat and lay down for a while. I wrote a letter. I looked over a couple of times and Jack was n't sleeping. He was lying perfectly still, but every once in a while his eyes would open. Finally he sits up.

'Want to play some cribbage, Jerry?' he says.

'Sure,' I said.

He went over to his suitcase and got out the cards and the cribbage board. We played cribbage and he won three dollars off me. John knocked at the door and came in.

'Want to play some cribbage, John?' Jack asked him.

John put his kelly down on the table. It was all wet. His coat was wet, too.

'Is it raining?' Jack asks.

'It's pouring,' John says. 'The taxi I had got tied up in the traffic and I got out and walked.'

'Come on, play some cribbage,' Jack says.

'You ought to go and eat.'

'No,' says Jack. 'I don't want to eat yet.'

So they played cribbage for about half an hour and Jack won a dollar and a half off him.

'Well, I suppose we got to go eat,' Jack says. He went to the window and looked out.

'Is it still raining?'

'Yes.'

'Let's eat in the hotel,' John says.

'All right,' Jack says. 'I'll play you once more to see who pays for the meal.'

After a little while Jack gets up and says, 'You buy the meal, John,' and we went downstairs and ate in the big dining room.

After we ate we went upstairs and Jack played cribbage with John again and won two dollars and a half off him. Jack was feeling pretty good. John had a bag with him with all his stuff in it. Jack took off his shirt and collar and put on a jersey and a sweater, so he would n't catch cold when he came out, and put his ring clothes and his bathrobe in a bag.

'You all ready?' John asks him. 'I'll call up and have them get a taxi.'

Pretty soon the telephone rang and they said the taxi was waiting.

We rode down in the elevator and went out through the lobby, and got in the taxi and rode around to the Garden. It was raining hard, but there was a lot of people outside on the streets. The Garden was sold out. As we came in on our way to the dressing room I saw how full it was. It looked like half a mile down to the ring. It was all dark. Just the lights over the ring.

'It's a good thing, with this rain, they did n't try and pull this fight in the ball park,' John said.

'They got a good crowd,' Jack says.

'This is a fight that would draw a lot more than the Garden could hold.'

'You can't tell about the weather,' Jack says.

John came to the door of the dressing room and poked his head in. Jack was sitting there with his bathrobe on; he had his arms folded and was looking at the floor. John had a couple of handlers with him. They looked over his shoulder. Jack looked up.

'Is he in?' he asked.

'He's just gone down,' John said.

We started down. Walcott was just getting into the ring. The crowd gave him a big hand. He climbed through between the ropes and put his two fists together and smiled and shook them at the crowd, first at one side of the ring, then at the other, and then sat down. Jack got a good hand coming down through the crowd. Jack is Irish, and the Irish always get a pretty good hand. An Irishman don't draw in New York like a Jew or an Eyetalian, but they always get a good hand. Jack climbed up and bent down to go through the ropes, and Walcott came over from his corner and pushed the rope down for Jack to go through. The crowd thought that was wonderful. Walcott put his hand on Jack's shoulder and they stood there just for a second.

'So you're going to be one of these

popular champions,' Jack says to him. 'Take your goddam hand off my shoulder.'

'Be yourself,' Walcott says.

This is all great for the crowd. How gentlemanly the boys are before the fight! How they wish each other luck!

Solly Freedman comes over to our corner while Jack is bandaging his hands and John is over in Walcott's corner. Jack put his thumb through the slit in the bandage and then wrapped his hand nice and smooth. I taped it around the wrist and twice across the knuckles.

'Hey,' Freedman says. 'Where do you get all that tape?'

'Feel of it,' Jack says. 'It's soft, ain't it? Don't be a hick.'

Freedman stands there all the time while Jack bandages the other hand, and one of the boys that's going to handle him brings the gloves and I pull them on and work them around.

'Say, Freedman,' Jack asks. 'What nationality is this Walcott?'

'I don't know,' Solly says. 'He 's some sort of a Dane.'

'He's a Bohemian,' the lad who brought the gloves said.

The referee called them out to the centre of the ring and Jack walks out. Walcott comes out smiling. They met and the referee put his arm on each of their shoulders.

'Hello, Popularity,' Jack says to Walcott.

'Be yourself.'

'What do you call yourself Walcott for,' Jack says. 'Did n't you know he was a nigger?'

'Listen —' says the referee, and he gives them the same old line. Once Walcott interrupts him. He grabs Jack's arm and says, 'Can I hit when he's got me like this?'

'Keep your hands off me,' Jack says. 'There ain't no moving picture of this.'

They went back to their corners. I lifted the bathrobe off Jack and he leaned on the ropes and flexed his knees a couple of times and scuffed his shoes in the rosin. The gong rang and Jack turned quick and went out. Walcott came toward him and they touched gloves, and as soon as Walcott dropped his hands Jack jumped his left into his face twice. There was n't anybody ever boxed better than Jack. Walcott was after him, going forward all the time with his chin on his chest. He's a hooker and he carries his hands pretty low. All he knows is to get in there and sock. But every time he gets in there close, Jack has the left hand in his face. It's just as though it's automatic. Jack just raises the left hand up and it's in Walcott's face. Three or four times Jack brings the right over, but Walcott gets it on the shoulder or high up on the head. He's just like all these hookers. The only thing he's afraid of is another one of the same kind. He's covered everywhere you can hurt him. He don't care about a left hand in his face.

After about four rounds Jack has him bleeding bad and his face all cut up, but every time Walcott's got in close he's socked so hard he's got two big red patches on both sides just below Jack's ribs. Every time he gets in close, Jack ties him up, then gets one hand loose and uppercuts him, but when Walcott gets his hands loose he socks Jack in the body so they can hear it outside in the street. He's a socker.

It goes along like that for three rounds more. They don't talk any. They're working all the time. We worked over Jack plenty, too, in between the rounds. He don't look good at all, but he never does much work in the ring. He don't move around much, and that left hand is just automatic. It's just like it was connected with Walcott's face and Jack just had to wish it in every time.

Jack is always calm in close, and he does n't waste any juice. He knows everything about working in close, too, and he's getting away with a lot of stuff. While they were in our corner I watched him tie Walcott up, get his right hand loose, turn it, and come up with an uppercut that got Walcott's nose with the heel of the glove. Walcott was bleeding bad and leaned his nose on Jack's shoulder so as to give Jack some of it, too, and Jack sort of lifted his shoulder sharp and caught him against the nose, and then brought down the right hand and uppercut him again.

Walcott was sore as hell. By the time they'd gone five rounds he hated Jack's guts. Jack was n't sore; that is, he was n't any sorer than he always was. He certainly did used to make the fellows he fought hate boxing. That was why he hated Kid Lewis so. He never got the Kid's goat. Kid Lewis always had about three new dirty things Jack could n't do. Jack was as safe as a church all the time he was in there as long as he was strong. He certainly was treating Walcott rough. The funny thing was, it looked as though Jack was an open classic boxer. That was because he had all that stuff, too.

After the seventh round Jack says, 'My left's getting heavy.'

From then he started to take a beating. It did n't show at first. But instead of him running the fight it was Walcott was running it. Instead of being safe all the time, now he was in trouble. He could n't keep Walcott out with the left hand now. It looked as though it was the same as ever, only now, instead of Walcott's punches just missing him, they were just hitting him. He took an awful beating in the body.

'What's the round?' Jack asked.

'The eleventh.'

'I can't stay,' Jack says. 'My legs are going bad.'

Walcott had been just hitting him for a long time. It was like a baseball catcher pulls the ball and takes some of the shock off. From now on Walcott commenced to land solid. He certainly was a socking machine. Jack was just trying to block everything now. It did n't show what an awful beating he was taking. In between the rounds I worked on his legs. The muscles would flutter under my hands all the time I was rubbing them. He was sick as hell.

'How's it go?' he asked John, turning around, his face all swollen.

'It's his fight.'

'I think I can last,' Jack says. 'I don't want this bohunk to stop me.'

It was going just the way he thought it would. He knew he could n't beat Walcott. He was n't strong any more. He was all right, though. His money was all right and now he wanted to finish it off right to please himself. He did n't want to be knocked out.

The gong rang and we pushed him out. He went out slow. Walcott came right out after him. Jack put the left in his face and Walcott took it, came in under it, and started working on Jack's body. Jack tried to tie him up and it was just like trying to hold on to a buzz saw. Jack broke away from it and missed with the right. Walcott clipped him with a left hook and Jack went down. He went down on his hands and knees and looked at us. The referee started counting. Jack was watching us and shaking his head. At eight John motioned to him. You could n't hear on account of the crowd. Jack got up. The referee had been holding Walcott back with one arm while he counted.

When Jack was on his feet Walcott started toward him.

'Watch yourself, Jimmy,' I heard Solly Freedman yell to him.

Walcott came up to Jack looking at him. Jack stuck the left hand at him. Walcott just shook his head. He backed Jack up against the ropes, measured him, and then hooked the left very light to the side of Jack's head and socked the right into the body as hard as he could sock just as low as he could get it. He must have hit him five inches below the belt. I thought the eyes would come out of Jack's head. They stuck way out. His mouth come open.

The referee grabbed Walcott. Jack stepped forward. If he went down, there went fifty thousand bucks. He walked as though all his insides were going to fall out.

'It was n't low,' he said. 'It was a accident.'

The crowd were yelling so you could n't hear anything.

'I'm all right,' Jack says. They were right in front of us.

The referee looks at John and then he shakes his head.

'Come on, you dirty Polack,' Jack says to Walcott.

John was hanging on to the ropes. He had the towel ready to chuck in. Jack was standing just a little way out from the ropes. He took a step forward. I saw the sweat come out on his face like somebody had squeezed it, and a big drop went down his nose.

'Come on and fight,' Jack says to Walcott.

The referee looked at John and waved Walcott on.

'Go in there, you slob,' he says.

Walcott went in. He did n't know what to do either. He never thought Jack could have stood it. Jack put the left in his face. There was all this yelling going on. They were right in front of us. Walcott hit him twice. Jack's face was the worst thing I ever saw — the look on it. He was holding himself and all his body together, and it all showed on his face. All the time he was thinking and holding his body in where it was busted.

Then he started to sock. His face looked awful all the time. He started to sock with his hands low down by his side, swinging at Walcott. Walcott covered up and Jack was swinging wild at Walcott's head. Then he swung the left and it hit Walcott in the groin and the right hit Walcott right bang where he'd hit Jack. Way low. Walcott went down and grabbed himself there and rolled and twisted around.

The referee grabbed Jack and pushed him toward his corner. John jumps into the ring. There was all this yelling going on. The referee was talking with the judges and then the announcer got into the ring with the megaphone and says, 'Walcott on a foul.'

The referee is talking to John and he says, 'What could I do? Jack would n't take the foul. Then when he's groggy he fouls him.'

'He'd lost it anyway,' John says.

Jack's sitting on the chair. I've got his gloves off and he's holding himself in down there with both hands.

'Go over and say you're sorry,' John says into his ear. 'It'll look good.'

Jack stands up and the sweat comes out all over his face. I put the bathrobe around him and he holds himself in with one hand under the bathrobe and goes across the ring. They've picked Walcott up and they're working on him. There's a lot of people in Walcott's corner. Nobody speaks to Jack. He leans over Walcott.

'I'm sorry,' Jack says. 'I did n't mean to foul you.'

Walcott does n't say anything. He looks too damned sick.

'Well, you're the champion now,' Jack says to him. 'I hope you get a hell of a lot of fun out of it.'

'Leave the kid alone,' Solly Freedman says.

'Hello, Solly,' Jack says. 'I'm sorry I fouled your boy.'

Freedman just looks at him.

Jack went over to his corner walking that funny jerky way, and we got him down through the ropes and through the reporters' tables and out down the aisle. A lot of people want to slap Jack on the back. He goes out through all that mob in his bathrobe to the dressing room. It's a popular win for Walcott. That's the way the money was bet in the Garden.

Once we got inside the dressing room Jack lay down and shut his eyes.

'We want to get to the hotel and get a doctor,' John says.

'I'm all busted inside,' Jack says.

'I'm sorry as hell, Jack,' John says.

'It's all right,' Jack says.

He lies there with his eyes shut.

'They certainly tried a nice double cross,' John said.

'Your friends Morgan and Steinfelt,' Jack said. 'You got nice friends.'

He lies there; his eyes are open now. His face has still got that awful drawn look.

'It's funny how fast you can think when it means that much money,' Jack says.

'You're some boy, Jack,' John says.

'No,' Jack says. 'It was nothing.'

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

THE first president of the University of Chicago was accustomed to tell freshmen that education consisted not in an accumulation of facts, stowed away in the memory, or in the mastery of some technique whereby one might manipulate nature, possibly to one's own profit; but rather in the formulation of an explanation of things, including one's self. He used to say, 'If a man has reached the age of twenty-five without a fairly good theory about life, or the age of thirty without a settled philosophy of life, no matter how much else that man may know, he is an ignoramus.' Nothing wiser than this, or less in accord with the practice of this present moment, was ever said by an educator: that an educated man is one who has worked out a way of looking at life which seems to him valid, and, by implication, that the business of an educational institution is to help him to do it. Particularly Dr. Harper believed this to be the function of the college, which deals with men and women at the time when their powers of generalization and synthesis are most freely and competently at work.

We hear a great deal about student revolt, student criticism of education. Most of this talk is uninformed. Unhappily, most students are not in revolt. They swallow what is taught them with a despair-provoking readiness. With conformity to type they sleep through their college years as a formal preliminary (to be, if possible, alleviated by

athletic achievement, fraternity affiliation and play) to the serious business of life, which last they are all too apt to define as accumulating goods and avoiding difficult decisions. Such students, whose presence is due to almost every reason except a desire for intellectual maturity, are present in all colleges in large numbers. Their opinions about education do not matter. For the most part they have no such opinions. The real critics of collegiate methods among undergraduates are in the minority; but it is an intelligent and increasingly vocal minority. The National Student Federation is one spokesman for it; on every campus such students, when not artificially repressed, are developing local mouthpieces. Increasingly these students, who are blundering about in an endeavor to find out what they really find lacking, are beginning to say that what is wrong is that the colleges are not helping them to develop an interpretation of life, that they are not furnishing assistance in the answering of the question, 'What is it all about?'

In this they are undoubtedly correct. Our modern colleges for the most part are concerned with little more than the study of things and techniques. They are the complacent heirs of two hundred years of the scientific method — that method which bids men experiment with what can be observed and what can be done. It is a good method, as far as it goes; only a fool would belittle it. The more facts we know, the more rich and deep may become the mind which has digested them; but facts alone, until they are digested, are not merely unnourishing: they are apt to clog the intellectual colon. It is also true that we must have skills of various sorts; but skills alone are not sufficient for a people: they may even become a menace, unless they are purposefully, intelligently, and socially correlated. It is the digestive and correlative parts of knowledge which are in most American colleges conspicuous by their absence.

We have too largely abandoned philosophy. We have even degraded the word, until it has come to mean to most people merely a sort of sophistical playing with abstract ideas. Philosophy is properly defined as 'a knowledge of general principles *as explaining facts and existences.*' We are not at the moment, in our institutions of higher learning, paying much attention to explaining anything. As a result we are turning out physicians with no philosophy of health; lawyers with no philosophy of ethics; captains of business with no philosophy of industry; parsons with no philosophy of religion; and, in vast numbers, educators with no philosophy of education. Even the basic principles of sound political economy are unknown or unheeded. We adopt a tariff policy which no reputable economist approves and then seek to correct its most glaring injustices by a farm-relief bill equally contemptuous of sound economic thought. Because we have no philosophy of government, we have an emasculated party system. Our two major parties are almost indistinguishable, because both have substituted expediency for general principles. In international affairs we are not merely hated for our wealth, but quite generally despised for ineptness due to a strange obtuseness toward obvious elements of the philosophy of government. We are by way of becoming the most efficient people on earth and the most blundering. We seem to suppose that success in production implies wisdom in use, a mistake characteristic of all superficial persons.

This might not be wholly bad if the technicalization of education, its confinement to facts and processes, applied

only to the training of that vast majority of ordinary persons who are incapable of facing at first hand the why of anything; if we were producing, out of the few who are potentially competent in thought, men of balance and brains; and if we were making it plain that to such men belongs the right to lead. Instead, we take our more brilliant men and women, the ones who get well into higher education, and capitalize their ability merely to make of them better specialists, more competent technicians. Anybody who will make a study of collegiate curricula and methodology during the past quarter of a century will see that plainly enough. We are thus helping to foster generally the absurd notion that people who can do things, or who know facts, are thereby made capable of moulding thought and directing social policies. We are encouraging the belief that any man who is a storehouse of information or who can perform efficiently is fitted to share in the control of humanity; that the better he knows or can do something in particular, the more capable he is of sound generalization.

Something like that is apt to be the real meaning of what we frequently hear called 'a democratic higher education.' The assumptions behind it are that a democracy is a government under the leadership of everybody, that everybody can learn something even if he cannot become a real thinker, and that for social welfare the college must conform to this natural and unimportant limitation. But in the long run government, even if its form of ultimate control be democratic, must be under the leadership of the wise, the balanced, the people who see life whole; and the ordinary man is rarely capable of such thinking. Only a relative few have the mental equipment necessary and they must be trained to use it. That training is the chief business of higher education. If, in the effort to teach all men something, we forget to train some who shall deliberately face everything, we shall produce a defective, blundering, leaderless, and inevitably futile State.

II

The intellectual mediocrity of our people to-day, mostly due to this defective system of higher education, is nowhere more plainly to be seen than in those crowd inhibitions and prejudices which seriously threaten freedom of teaching in America. It is an astonishing thing that in state after state of our Union there should be determined efforts under way to forbid imparting knowledge of such uncontrovertible facts as that the world is older than Hebrew writings would seem to imply and that man's physical body has developed by emergence from lower forms of life. It is even more astonishing that anyone should suppose that this effort is led by intelligently religious persons. It is not the trained leaders of religion, the men who are truly educated, the men capable of digesting facts, who are seeking to pass these laws. The agitation is due to nothing so much as to the queer notion that any practical man's opinion about things philosophical and speculative is as valuable as any other man's. It is the man who supposes that because he can do something — farm, saw and hammer, wield a piece of machinery, run a local store, organize an industry — he is a competent thinker who is thus making America the laughingstock of the world. No one with a mature philosophy of humanity supposes that man's dignity irreparably suffers by the discovery that he is intricately and wonderfully made. No man with a sound philosophy of religion thinks that it detracts from the dignity of God to say that he took his

time in making the universe. No man with a thoughtful philosophy of government maintains that it is the business of the State to confine schools within the limits of preconceived and popular ignorance. No one with a sane philosophy of education declares that it is right to turn man's mind from truth, however discovered. These endeavors would be amusing if they did not reveal to what extent the falsely democratic dogma has destroyed among us respect for trained intelligence.

Not only is this disparagement of general thought conducive to mediocrity and muddle-mindedness in general; it is also hindering the advance of science itself. Such leading figures as Millikan and Lodge and Whitehead and Thomson and Pupin are uttering what is coming to be the general conviction of those who dwell on the scientific Olympus when they say that scientific advance is no longer facilitated by overdevotion to methodological research; that what is necessary now is an interpretation of science, a restatement of philosophy which shall synthesize observable facts and processes both with man's inner spirit and with essential reality. Men whose scientific eminence can be denied by nobody are beginning to insist that man, the observer, is not merely one of the things observed; that between the observer and the observed must be established unity, lest scientific thought prove sterile and weariness and despair attack and conquer the spirit of man. They are willing to see not merely that poetic aspiration without science produces a sentimental inanity, but also that scientific method without poetic aspiration is almost sure to produce a cynical insanity.

It is a reflection of all this which appears in the demands of our more vital youth. What, they ask, is the use of knowing an immense number of facts about the world and its behavior unless one also knows something about the relation of that behaving world to one's own spirit, something of the meaning both of it and of one's self? That they are not being helped in the development of any such correlation is to them plain and increasingly distressing.

The usual institution of higher learning finds it easier to ignore this problem than to face it, because the facing of it inevitably involves religion. Religion in its higher and more intellectual sense is concerned with the adjustment of a man's own inner life to the outer world and the adjustment of both to ultimate purpose. However else one may define God, he is at any rate the Everlasting Why. The moment one seeks an ultimate purpose with which one may relate one's self, that moment one is making a religion. It may appear to be an individual and peculiar religion, if the experiment seems unique; or, if one's ponderings bring one into alignment with the life experiments of those who have established some recognized religion, it may involve the acceptance of that recognized religion. Now religion, be it individual or conventional in its content, is if honest a troublesome, upsetting, controversy-breeding sort of thing, disruptive of academic calm, destructive of professorial aloofness. The usual academic man feels toward it the same sort of distaste which the Georgian gentleman was apt to feel toward 'enthusiasm.' Even in colleges not prohibited by state control from giving religion real consideration it is always the easier course to ignore religious interpretation and to bid the students confine their attention to less probing thinking, to the examination of facts and behavior. *But this ignoring of religion is fatal to the real purpose of education.* Facts and behavior are dead stuff until man begins

to interpret them; and that interpretation is bound to become a religious activity. It is religion in colleges that the increasingly rebellious undergraduates miss, even though that is not a phrase they themselves are wont to use.

It should be understood that this does not mean that collegiate teachers ought to give to students a set of cut and dried religious interpretations to be swallowed by them without personal experiment. No religion is worthy to any man until he has himself thoughtfully accepted it as a legitimate expression of ultimate truth. What ought to be done for the groping student is to present to him the religious interpretations of the ages and ask him to use them as possible keys to the understanding of material and life. Do things make sense in terms of this or that theology? Others have found that they do; but until they have been experimented with they are, for any individual, at best only hypotheses backed by a tremendous cumulation of past testings. No religion with any self-respect will hesitate to submit to such personal tests, nor does such testing imply on the part of devotees a necessary doubt as to the ultimate validity of that religion. Youth has no resentment against dogma as such; it has usually sense enough to perceive that dogma is only a synthesis of pragmata. What youth does object to is being asked to accept dogma on such external authority as denies the necessity of his personal experimentation upon the basis of that dogma.

III

The particular field where this compounding of facts and purpose most needs at the moment to be made is that of experimental psychology. Partly because the main task above indicated has been neglected, our students have avidly turned to this newest of the sciences. With some brilliantly exceptional cases, they are therein being taught a great deal about how the brain acts and next to nothing about the significance of that action. They are all too apt to conclude that there is no significance to be discovered. Indeed their instructors frequently tell them so. Thoughts seem to them merely functional, behavior entirely a reflex from physical stimuli. The answer made by psychology to the student's life problem is more and more the statement that there is no problem to be solved; that man is merely a portion of the mechanistic universe. He has in no real sense free will and can in no real sense be held either morally or intellectually responsible. In the end this involves the suicide of thought itself; for there is nothing which really reasons, and therefore in no rational sense can there be either obligation to think or, indeed, possibility of thinking. That this or something very like it is the position to which undergraduates are coming by scores and hundreds every year no candid observer of collegiate life will deny. It is this which makes our younger generation unique. As a man thinks, so is he. To contend that our young people are no different from young people in former generations is to substitute blind optimism for common sense. They are different. They have concluded that responsibility is a silly idea, unscientific, impossible.

Inadequately guiding youth in the development of a vital philosophy, we are sending forth graduates with diffused minds, scarcely fit to take command of their own lives or to coöperate in the development of a social state; drifters into conformity and essential human futility; easy victims to specious crowd psychologies; followers of what seem easy ways out; bolshevist or

fascist in every attitude. They esteem themselves only creatures of their environment and so they tend to become just that. They have little or no perception of standards — of truth, beauty, or goodness; they have no goals of purposeful perfection with which to estimate values or by which to gauge achievement. All these things are to them relative — relative not to absolutes but to expediency. Truth means to them little more than a body of observable facts; beauty, conformity to fashion; goodness, doing the things that will make one comfortable or popular. Out of our most able youth, capable of high adventure, we are manufacturing mental and ethical jellyfish.

This could be stopped if intelligent rather than either bigoted or sentimental opinion could be aroused and focused upon the colleges. There is something about academic pursuits which makes educational authorities themselves unaware for the most part of what is happening to students. A prominent Western university president, for example, a notable scientist, expressed himself last autumn as not believing that contemporary scientific instruction in colleges was making despairing cynics out of the better students, because, forsooth, science had never made him cynical or despairing, but, on the contrary, full of hope and the impulse to adventure. He knew nothing of the student temper in his own institution. He had never, as a matter of fact, analyzed even himself. He failed to recognize that he was not merely a scientist but also a highly poetic philosopher, and that he was living almost wholly on his intuitional resources — resources which were not at all essentially tied up with his science. It is no exaggeration to say that few professional educators realize the portentous condition of the student mind and soul. Pressure should be brought to bear upon these gentlemen by informed opinion generally. The colleges must be persuaded kindly or forced by student demand or coerced by wise benefactors to resume their philosophic function.

That resumption must inevitably come about. The time will arrive again when a university will be, not so much a place where a universe of facts is observed, but rather a place where men ponder universals. A college need not be in the least afraid to teach modern science, but it must not be content to stop there. Science is only a way to dig out rough material, stuff which can be articulated only by philosophers. The correlation in each student's life of the scientific method and the facts it discovers for us, on the one hand, and the age-long spiritual aspirations and interpretations which constitute religion, on the other hand, is the proper determining purpose of the college. Its religious activity cannot consist merely in conducting some devotional exercises in the chapel or in giving courses on the literary value of the Bible. In all the teaching, in every lecture room, seminar, laboratory, there must be the subconscious thought: 'No facts observed here are worth anything until the students have assimilated them, digested them, interpreted them. It is men and women that we are teaching — not these bits of knowledge. There are ultimates of which all this is only a reflection. Unless our teaching is enabling both us and our students more to understand the ultimates, that teaching is a waste of time.'

This, surely, is humanistic education in its only valid sense — an endeavor to turn out men who are not merely informed but also fit with unified purpose to deal with human life.

A LETTER TO MY DOG

BY SIR W. BEACH THOMAS

I

My dear Whuff, —

You know how I dislike, chiefly on your behalf, attributing the thoughts and expressions of men to animals other than men. The comparison suggests patronage and a sense of superiority, whereas you and I know perfectly well that there is no question between us of better or worse, whether in intellect or in morals. We are just different. That you are imbued, as I shall show, with a greater humility than I gives me no excuse for conceit, but rather for as much more humility as I can muster, handicapped, as I am, by my species.

After such a profession of philosophy as this it may seem illogical to indite you a letter, since you cannot read it — though as a puppy you would have taken it in and duly digested it. But the human brain, so far as it issues in action, is 'saved by its want of logic,' as a great Frenchman said of the English people. I address the letter directly to you because in this way I can most easily make explicit to myself just what I feel about our friendship, and how the miracle is possible that you and I, as thousands of others in like case, can be friends and brothers. I seek, and seem to have found, in this form the technique of analyzing my own feelings about the mutual affection of dogs and their masters — a thing, it seems to me, often different in kind from the relation of dogs and their mistresses.

The old Scotch philosopher who used to lecture to me on mind was fond of asserting that reason was developed along the lines of conflicting instincts; but he did not keep a dog, much less a spaniel. *Your* reason is produced by the desire to possess it. Such is my experience and my inference from your guise and habits and gestures. Another professor used to say to me: 'Nothing interferes with progress like not wanting to make it' — a profound maxim; and, if it is true, then the converse is true, that nothing promotes progress like intensely wishing to make it. You are quite sure, though I confess my belief with a blush, that I possess some faculty which you yearn to understand; and as you grow older you come nearer and nearer to this comprehension on the flood of your affection and strong admiration.

But before we follow out the steady growth of your intelligence let us consider your affections and emotions, which perhaps matter more.

You are, and have been these five years, as incapable of rancor as Mr. Jarndyce. The old tag, of course, is a lying one: —

> A woman, a spaniel, and a walnut tree;
> The more you bash 'em, the better they be.

They are better in the sense that they have undergone a stronger test of their tolerance, but in that sense only do they enjoy persecution. Some few children have this gift of a forgiving

nature. One of my neighbors, whose temper is not under perfect control (you may remember, perhaps, how he once cursed his retriever because you found the bird his dog could not), one day castigated his very young son. When the sad business was over, the boy took him by the hand and led him out-of-doors from the torture chamber. 'Would n't you like to see my garden — for a treat?' he said. He was never beaten again. I felt like that rebuked parent when I returned one day from a sporting expedition. With a carelessness that I can now only regard as insensate, as definitely cruel, I allowed you to see me go forth with my gun, closing the door with furtive quickness between us. You did not bark or protest in any way; but when the sound of my footsteps died away you climbed upstairs to my bedroom, a place you had seldom entered, and, pulling from the cupboard an old shooting jacket, lay on it till I came back. You rejoiced in the return. There was no touch of rebuke in your welcome; but the mute protest as reported was almost unendurable, and next time I would rather offend a neighbor by taking out a dog too many than leave you to pine.

What was in your head all those hours as you lay with the smell of the shooting coat in your nostrils? Your immense joy in going out with a gun is inspired in part, I must believe, by the feeling that we are particularly *en rapport* when in pursuit of game. What is elemental in our two modes of life is in touch. We are primeval hunters, together seeking necessary food. We are in some sort equals; yet you are glad and proud to confess that I am the master. With what unvarying directness you pick up a fallen bird and lay it at my feet or thrust it to my stretched hand! It must be nearer your instinct to pursue the ground animal than the flying bird; but it is the bird you prefer. Even your scent for it seems superior. You have followed in the wake of the man's preference, and you bring back the prey to him as affectionately as you would to your family in a state of nature.

One of my hunting friends tells me that his favorite horse always knows a hunting morning, and is sometimes so excited that he will not touch his feed. *You* know when sport is afoot by a number of signs. You watch eagerly for the suit that your changeable master wears when he comes down to breakfast. If it is of blue serge, your ears are depressed by half an inch. Your eyes have the droop almost of a bloodhound and, with the long ears falling straight on either side of your sapient and melancholy face, you bear an unmistakable resemblance to that print of a bewigged judge which hangs among my ancestors. Still retaining the elemental habit of *your* ancestors, who hunted in the night season and, if hunting was good, gorged in the small hours, you are apt to be a little somnolent at the breakfast hour; and I have never known you at that time to ask for food. So when the suit is of blue serge you greet me with sleepy friendliness only and return to your mat to continue dozing. If the suit includes a tail coat — prelude to a top hat — I have known you to evince a faint curiosity. Your mobile nose makes the inquiry: 'What does this mean? The sight and smell are new to me; but a thing like that cannot portend even so much as a country walk.'

How different if the clothes are those which go together with a gun and cartridges! From brain to spine the excitement travels. A shiver, what the French call a *frisson*, invades you. Your instinctive sleepiness vanishes. If you have enough control of yourself to

lie down during breakfast, you choose a spot within sight, and whenever I look up I see one brown eye fixed on me, alert to detect any movement from the table, any confirmation of the strong hope that the clothes are true witnesses. As I get up you follow close to heel or sometimes paw the door, in utter impatience to reach the gun cases in the hall. Your predecessor, for some reason that I could never gauge, was quite sure that the handling of cartridges meant a shooting expedition, but was not nearly so excited at the handling of a gun. You are aware of the meaning of both; but it is the gun itself that extracts from you that short, sharp, excited bark, and, if the door is open, sends you out to the wicket gate by which we usually depart.

You are quite certain that without both gun and cartridges shooting is impossible. You will lie serene and content for hours if need be by the side of the bag, and you love to rest your nose on it. Do you remember how you were torn by indecision that morning when, on the way to a shoot, I leaned the gun against a fence, and the cartridge bag below it, while I made a short expedition to a clubhouse a hundred yards to the side of our proper route? If I had told you to sit by the side of the gun you would have done it without question or doubt; but I said nothing. What were you to do? Was it safer to stay by the gun or to go with me? You followed a few yards in my direction; then went back to the gun; then left it, and stopped with indecision in every line of your pose and every movement. Finally your decision was made. Before I was out of sight you had returned, with moderate content, to the gun and cartridge bag. I might have dodged you. It was quite certain that the gun could not, and that without the gun sport was impossible. If this had happened before that sad day when I left you behind I think you would have come with me; but since then it has never been 'glad, confident morning again' quite in the old way. A vague fear of desertion still lies in the back of your mind.

II

Not many things baffle you when it is a question of game. I can tell with a confidence very seldom misdirected what it is that you scent: your behavior in the neighborhood of a hare, a pheasant, or a covey of partridges is always distinctive. How you lift your head for the partridges and waver this way and that, indicating that the scent has more than one source! How close to the ground is your nose and how steady your progress in the wake of a rabbit or hare! Your speed and excitement rise visibly when you become aware of a pheasant. Tell me how it is that the only bird, other than the game bird, that at all excites you is the lark. I knew two setters that suffered from a like weakness. And why do you refuse, except under stern orders, to retrieve either pigeon or snipe? Of course it is the scent; and since my scientific friends tell me that you excel me in this sense by 340 to 1, I cannot pretend to follow you or understand your sense any more than you can interpret my brain.

What pleasure it has added to my days to walk with you across the autumn fields and watch your skilled enjoyment of the scents that come and go; but sometimes you rebuke me, all the more severely because you wish to compliment. Yours is the 'praise that hurteth more than blame,' as Whittier wrote.

When the birds are flushed and that loud exciting noise is heard you must believe that the endeavor was

successful. It is quite impossible for me to persuade you that nothing has fallen, that Homer has nodded, that your object of reverence was capable of a lapse. It seems impossible. You cannot grasp a qualified omnipotence — a Greek god hampered by Fates or necessity or mere weakness. You are as sure as John Stuart Mill that similar causes have similar effects. On the rare occasions — much rarer than a missed bird — when two birds have fallen to one barrel, what trouble I have to induce you after retrieving one to look for the other! You look up into my face as if to say, 'Why, I've just brought it. Have you forgotten already?' You do what I tell you because obedience — qualified, it is true, by excitement — is a good part of your religion; but your faith wavers. You search half-heartedly and are a demonstrably worse finder. Even that marvelous nose of yours fails of its perfection unless there is intention behind its use.

In everything I do you seek meaning, and, as your interests are less varied than mine, you are generally baffled. The spade is an instrument that quite defeats you. You must have seen it used to dig out some rabbit or rat that had gone to ground, and have decided that this was a legitimate use and that after the gun it deserved your respect. But it is almost always used vainly. When I transplant a rosebush you sniff and sniff and sniff round the hole to discover why I was digging. You sniff especially at any upturned worms, and I have caught you looking with a puzzled glance at the robins which at once fly toward me and grow busy as soon as I leave the spot by so little as a yard or two. You sniff and you wonder, but never, never, never shall I be able to give you so much as an inkling of the gardener's purposes. How queer it is that you can smell those partridges while still a hundred, even two hundred yards away, and do not heed at all the perfume of the tree lupine that invests the whole garden!

We have not put upon you the indignity of learning 'parlor tricks.' You cannot 'die for your country,' and no biscuit is balanced on the flat of your nose; but you will play any game that has any sense in it and an athletic savor.

You will play football and dribble the ball at some pace with your nose as propellant. You will jump a lawn-tennis net. You will play catch-who-catch-can; and how quaintly the primeval instinct dovetails into a more lately developed mood when we try to rob you of a bone! You growl furiously, but at the same time deny the anger by as furious a wagging of the tail. A stranger would not know which end to believe; but you have made it quite clear to us that a game is being played, of which growling is a necessary part. Perhaps because there was a suggestion of primeval instinct in it you liked best of all games hide-and-seek with that rubber doll possessing a squeak in its middle. To hunt for it wherever hidden was a passion with you. It squeaked under pressure like a live thing; and its voice was 'the voice of the stomach,' declared by philosophers to be the elemental music of the world, connecting man with the lower animals and becoming articulate in the youngest baby or puppy. But I should very much like to know how you developed the habit of sitting up on your haunches and wagging your forepaws up and down, as if you were pulling a church bell rope. At such times as you discovered the doll in some unapproachable place, such as the mantelpiece or the top of a bookshelf, you looked as if you were praying to an idol in a state of ecstasy. You were ludicrous — and, it seems, pathetic too, for someone seeing

you quoted one of the most moving lines in all poetry: —

Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.

And indeed you were always, in a symbolic sense, 'stretching out your hands in yearning for the farther bank.' You always wanted to grasp what was just beyond you; and by reason of your yearning you have learned wonderfully. In your early days you knew no words. You learned tones of voice, could distinguish the short, sharp command from the wheedling endearment, and other less gross contrasts; but words, as such, meant nothing. With great labor you have learned a few. I should very much like to know from you whether my estimate of the number is too small or too big. I put the number at about ten or eleven: 'here; lie down; heel; mat; basket; pussy; fetch; shoot; seek; good dog; Whuff.'

Some you learned by much repetition, especially those used on the field of battle. One was driven into your brain by the intensity of your jealousy. You had not many dislikes. The postman and the woman who sang were two; Pussy was the third. She used to annoy you of deliberate purpose by walking past you and tapping your face with her vertical tail. It was done with aggressive deliberation. Her slow, selfish ways altogether were irritating to you and you loathed her habit of jumping on people's laps. If the word 'pussy' passed one's lips you were uncomfortable, even as your excitement was obvious at the word 'shooting,' however uttered. But you restrained your hatred wonderfully and never since puppyhood attempted to express your dislike by more than a low grumble. It was enough: the cat, a master of the policy of self-interest, knew well its significance. Your restraint in this regard was the more remarkable that in other relations your jealousy was more explicit. You never could endure any embracing among men and women. You leaped up instantly against the two offenders and uttered a succession of peculiar short, sharp, and almost painful barks. At first I attributed the protest to jealousy; but the same notes were uttered when two of the family wrangled or pretended to wrangle — for we were not so unkind to one another as you feared.

Were you jealous or protective? Did you take the wrestle for an embrace or the embrace for a wrestle? I have never felt quite sure. You are often very like a human child. 'I'll dare you to slap my mummy,' a very, very small son said to his father at a pretended quarrel; and perhaps you too forget your faculty of humorous perception when it is a question of defending the weaker. Who knows?

The depths of your sex loyalty are profounder than ours. The dog that will attack a bitch is scarcely known; and the courtesy you extend to the other sex is given also to the human child. The cat, whom you do not like and disdainfully ignore, might smother a baby and badly scratch it if it offends; but the infant is not born who can try your tolerance too hard. Several have tried, wholly in vain. My neighbor's terrier, waked suddenly by a teasing prod, snapped his teeth on his master's nose. Poor dog! With what obsequious obeisance he cringed before that outraged organ when any cruel allusion was made to it. Other terriers, of whom I knew, fell upon their master and mistress and bit them, as if they were enemies, once on the occasion of a spill from their carriage. But you have reached far beyond such elemental relapses. The brain in that big forehead — the heaviest brain of any dog — has created in you an attitude of

reverence that no excitement, however sudden, can shatter. If you are ill in any way, or have a thorn in the foot or dust in the eye, you will let me subject you to any painful or irritating measure, quite sure that I know best or that at the worst my intentions are good. Your submission when you are ill is painfully affecting, and when you come to the last illness — well,

When the body that lived at your single will,
When the whimper of welcome is stilled (how still),
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone — wherever it goes — for good,
You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear!

III

If I were a philosopher investigating your mind, I should say that you possessed imagination, but not reason. You throw yourself so whole-heartedly into our thoughts, so cling to our habits, so obey our speech, that your mind jumps with us — *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent;* and if you have not a *bel esprit*, then man and dog never loved one another. You feel as we feel, and all the more deeply that your energies are not diluted by the abstract.

We touched just now on sex. It is my experience that you excel any bitch in this gift of imaginative sympathy. The bitches I have had hunt better than the dogs, are keener and more persistent. They possess more instinct and less reason or imagination. Perhaps the same is true in our own species; and, as in races of men, some have more of the feminine, some more of the masculine attributes. I find differences in kind between little dogs and big dogs. The toy dog is very clever. It is on record that one who became a great stealer of eggs carried the emptied shells to the big dog's kennel. Such low cunning is beyond you, because it is outside your character and desires. Your friendship and mine is wholly different from the relations of Mrs. X and her 'Peek.' By her responsive devotion she has spoiled his character, though perhaps increased his intelligence. He is almost a cat, considering his own comfort first and his mistress's desires second.

As I pause in my writing, I see you from the rug open one brown eye with watchful affection; and if I am weak at all you come up and rest your nose on my thigh for as long as I permit. My writing clothes are colored at that spot like a smoker's fingers. As my hand falls to that silky head of yours, a heave of contentment passes over your body; and I can only interpret the subtle change in your brown eyes as a look of affectionate gratitude.

With other big-browed spaniels and some retrievers, you have lost, in zeal to understand the human mind, many primeval instincts. You do not revolve three times, as if the world were still clothed in long grass, before settling to slumber. You do not dig holes and bury bones and bread. You have no trace of savagery when in pain. Twice, in walking with you over poacher-frequented ground, you have caught your foot in a snare and called me to release you. You licked my hand as I fumbled — for it was cold — with the taut wire. How different from my neighbor's terrier who, caught in a similar snare, bit savagely at his master's hand and could not be released till he was half smothered in a doffed coat. His leg was badly torn. You had lain quite still and even voluntarily helped to ease the strain.

We most of us prefer to keep male dogs rather than female for reasons more elemental than psychological, and I have suggested that yours is the more reasoning and more sentimental sex; but the other has certain superiorities, both mental and physical, as I have

said. For instance, a spaniel bitch, belonging to an Irish correspondent of mine, was caught in one of the wires of which we have been speaking and could not be found. Though heavy with pup, she had strayed hunting. After ten long days she was at last discovered, emaciated to a skeleton, but alive and giving suck to nine puppies! You would have died of hunger and distress in half the time. Your mind would have strayed to a faithless master and wavered between anguish at his absence and self-pity at your own pain, till excess of emotion, till the poison of fear and hunger in combination, quite destroyed you. The bitches — so my inferences, perhaps from insufficient data, tell me — have the acuter senses, and, what is more, use two or three at a time, as you do not. Your nose is all in all. Your mother used her eyes wonderfully — though against proper etiquette in sporting dogs — and was not subject to those accesses of deafness which overwhelm you when the scent is hot. She is much nearer the predomestic dog than you, and because her instincts are finer that other side of animal nature, which you have unbelievably developed, is less apparent. She is still a slave to the primal necessities of breeding and acquiring food. You have attained to such faith that you have thrown off such responsibilities and left yourself free to wonder at the divine genius of the provider.

Though I let you wander freely, it scarcely occurs to you to leave the garden. A walk with me is so much greater sport than a solitary ramble that you have half forgotten that the second is a pleasure at all. But when I promise a walk you even open the wicket gate, which leads to the fields, by yourself and hurry to the juncture of road and path to wait, in utter excitement, my decision. When the field path is chosen, every nerve in you tingles to delight. Companionship with me — that is your consummate pleasure; and if two animals enjoy companionship as you and I do, each must surely understand the other, by virtue of some sense of which this reason of our boasting is a mere branch. If you possess no reason, you are conscious of something better and more full of meaning even than instinct.

Ah, Whuff, there my letter ends. You can understand it as well as any human being in like case; for your short, short life is over. Can I bear to seek another companion?

ARE BUSINESS WOMEN GETTING A SQUARE DEAL?

BY ANNE W. ARMSTRONG

I

'We have not yet emerged,' a business woman said to me not long since, 'from the stage where the attitude of the business man toward us is somewhat his attitude toward an upper servant — a mingled courtesy and condescension, with the condescension slightly more marked than the courtesy.'

Another business woman, to whom I repeated the remark, objected that it was too flattering to the business woman, implying a recognized need of her on the part of the business man. 'His feeling,' she said, 'toward the business woman, when the woman reaches a plane where it is difficult for him to ignore her presence, is more the one he has for a poor relation who has arrived on a visit — a feeling of mixed annoyance and pity. He hopes that the visit will not be for longer than his gentlemanly instincts of hospitality can be reasonably expected to hold out. Business men in general,' she went on, 'are still filled with the idea that they will not have to endure forever this plague of business women that has been visited upon them. They simply will not face the fact,' she ended emphatically, 'that women have come into business to stay.'

Whatever business men may be thinking about the matter, business women, it is evident, have no intention of relinquishing such rights as they have established in the business world as squatters. It may or may not be true that the hardest phase of their pioneering experience lies behind them. But they have at least reached a point where, in an effort to understand and cope with the present, they are beginning to look back.

A comprehensive history of the rise of the business woman has not yet been written. But roughly speaking I should say that the first stage extended from the eighteen-eighties well into the present century. During this stage any well-born woman who got what we now bluntly call a 'job' was an object of widespread pity. 'She had to go to work' is an expression that dates, as we say. It carried an implication of tragedy.

Business opportunities for women of the period were restricted, with few exceptions, to keeping a boarding house, clerking in a dry-goods shop, dressmaking, millinery. These occupations were all more or less declassing. It was a good many years before a woman with a taste for cookery was to have a vision of profit and prestige that would make of her, instead of a boarding-house drudge, the owner of a chain of tearooms and restaurants. A woman dry-goods clerk was socially submerged until the dignified high-paid position of woman buyer came into being. An even greater length of time was to elapse before a countess would turn modiste, thereby giving social sanction to still another occupation adapted to women's tastes and talents. As late as 1906, during a stay in Virginia I was

witness to the struggles of a young woman trying to persuade her family that she would be happier trimming hats than accepting the only alternative that offered — marriage to a neighbor. A year or so later the girl established herself as a milliner, though at the cost of a break with her family, who claimed she had disgraced their name. The effect of early martyrs upon the social coefficient of business women is sometimes overlooked.

This is especially true of almost the only other business choice open, during the period under consideration, to women forced to support themselves and others. The woman stenographer, now looked upon as holding the key position for women in business, survived under a heavy initial handicap of social disapproval. The first women stenographers were serious-minded, but they were soon under suspicion as a class because of the new relationship to men, and the symbolic conception of a stenographer by the late nineteenth century vested her with blonde hair, dyed, and with designs upon her employer. Thirty years ago there was such stigma attached to stenography that it took more than ordinary courage for a girl who was at all sensitive to adopt it as a livelihood. But although the general feeling of compassion for any woman — not of the factory or servant class — who 'had to go to work' stopped short of the stenographer, she pitied herself. Consider for a moment this young woman who broke a path into business for the endless procession that has followed. She had never even heard of 'economic independence' as applied to women. The idea of business as a 'glorious opportunity' for herself, or for any other woman, was one she could not have reached by the uttermost stretch of her imagination. She thought — what almost everybody else thought at the time — that business could never be anything for a woman but a sad necessity.

No longer than ten years ago women felt humiliated if their circumstances drove them unexpectedly into business. Doubtless even yet there are women confronted with the prospect of 'jobs' for themselves who are not entirely free from this feeling. Traces of the sentiment linger, moreover, — according to the more vigorous and outspoken of his critics, — with a connotation of contempt, in the business man's contemporary attitude toward the business woman. But in any prevailing sense pity for women in business has to-day all but spent itself.

It gave way by imperceptible degrees to a new situation. The 'female help,' as many old-fashioned employers still call women in business, at first aroused little interest on the part of the business man, and no concern. In an incredibly short space of time, however, the movement of women into business was greatly accelerated. A chivalrous impulse — an impulse to protect her, if I understand it correctly — was called forth by the business man's sudden perception of woman close at hand, in his everyday business life. There was something a trifle piquant, rather appealing, in her advent. There was as yet, it must be remembered, no expectation that the female help would ever occupy any but unimportant positions. During this friendly interlude women in business began to find themselves; began to branch out, unobserved at the start, into innumerable new directions. Helen Woodward, in her illuminating work, *Through Many Windows*, crystallizes this moment in the business woman's ascent — idyllic in retrospect — by a perfect example. In offices where she worked twenty years ago men would address her as 'Sister.'

But business women, as well as business men, have outgrown such simplicity. Throughout the length and breadth of the business world of 1927 it would be, I imagine, impossible to discover a man who calls a woman working for or with him 'Sister.' 'Sister' struck the last note in an episode which it would be pleasant to dwell on. In it was no suggestion of a tone shortly afterward sounded in the phrase, 'woman's invasion.' Whoever originated this strident term, it was plain that the old settlers had at last taken alarm.

II

For a while the alarm was hardly more than a vague uneasiness. If women kept coming into business, what would happen? Twenty years ago, or less, a man could issue a challenge to feminism, such as John Macy's recent *Equality of Woman with Man: A Myth*, without being suspected of having his tongue in his cheek. There was still no feeling that woman could ever be the business rival of man. The most insignificant man in business could bolster himself up with the thought that he was, after all, a male. But he now received one jolt after another in rapid succession. He saw the business woman occupy position after position that it had been supposed no woman could fill. As a result, paradoxically, his condescension stiffened, rather than relaxed. The third stage in the business woman's development seems distinctly marked by this new attitude toward her, with its hint, for the first time, of hostility. Driven to the last refuge, his historic position, — so business women explain the matter to themselves, — he felt that he could scarcely assume too lofty a mien.

But this accounts in part only for what appears to be the business man's present view. One of the business women I have quoted advanced a plausible theory of its origin. She pointed out that the first woman with whom the business man had close contact in business, his personal stenographer (later known as a secretary), was, as a rule, his social as well as his educational inferior. She seldom had completed high school, if, indeed, she had more than finished the grammar grades. Often she had learned shorthand at night school while working by day at the bench. To such a girl 'the boss' was a great man. If he looked down upon her, obviously it was because she looked up to him with more than ordinary humility. The personal stenographer's value was, in fact, for a long time rated according to her doglike fidelity. Modern business is still sprinkled with relics of this type. But, speaking generally, the business man's secretary to-day is more often a college graduate than he is himself. The variety and number of her interests equal his own, and the character of their social backgrounds and connections is often almost identical. Conditions have completely changed. Despite this fact, there seems little doubt, in view of the evidence, that the business man's early impression of the business woman has colored to some extent his whole later outlook.

The influence of this early impression marches on and on. The latest college graduate to enter a business organization from New Haven, Cambridge, or Chicago, though he may be amenable, even timid, in other directions, nevertheless, taking his cue from a mental attitude which he recognizes in business men who have arrived, begins to bully the business woman he finds handiest; yet she may be fifteen years ahead of him in business experience.

I used to be puzzled by the behavior

of a very young executive when I called at his office on a necessary errand. Whenever I met this young man socially, his manners were impeccable. But in his office I could have stood till Doomsday before he gave the least sign that it would be acceptable to him to have me sit down. In the course of time I would carry a chair from a corner of the office — if the session promised to be lengthy — and place it conveniently near the one in which he was ensconced. I am perfectly able to carry a chair. All I wanted was an indication that I was not an intruder. One day I realized that the discrepancy between the young man's social and business manners was due to the model he had studied, a former chief, who, though never actually uncivil, had never taken pains to conceal his opinion of women invaders who had achieved the rank of business executives.

When another woman who sometimes had dealings with this young man mentioned to an older business man a certain flagrant discourtesy of which the younger had been guilty, the elder defended him, 'Well, you women want to be equals, so why should you expect any special consideration?'

'We don't,' she replied. 'All we want is such consideration as one business man gives another.'

This retort expresses, I believe, the view most business women take of the matter.

There was another early impression of business women that contributed its jot, very likely, to the attitude that we are subjecting to scrutiny. A few months ago, when traveling, I met a woman whom I had known as a girl, who has since become the leading — indeed probably the only — woman in the world in her own line. I did not immediately recognize her as an old acquaintance. Studying from across the aisle her serene, lovely face, I thought: 'What a charming mother she must be!' She has, as a matter of fact, never married, and presides, not over a family, but over a staff of lawyers, expert accountants, and engineers. In the course of our subsequent talk she told me that at the beginning of her career, when she had had to interview men of large interests, as she was sent back and forth across the continent to study the problem of this one and that, they never failed, after they became acquainted with her, to comment on the fact that she was 'a lady.' One man said to her: 'It was a big shock when you walked into this office. No one had prepared us. You see, we business men always expect a woman in some new and unusual line to be more or less of an adventuress.'

The experiences of a woman who started in 1904 to travel out of Chicago for a collecting agency with a national clientele confirm this statement. She was young and personable, but very serious. In the beginning almost every business man whom she tried to interest in the service she had to sell attempted to take some liberty. One man insisted he could only sign the final contract she presented if she would kiss him. 'I wanted,' she said twenty years after, 'not to kiss, but to slap him. But my two babies came up before me. I was their sole support, as well as my own. So I said laughingly, "Oh, my kisses are hardly worth so much as all that!" I had to have the contracts, though to get them without conceding anything was a struggle that often sent me back to my hotel room a wreck for the day.'

As a whole, business women are inclined to make allowance for frivolous treatment of their own business aspirations and for masculine condescension in general. It ruffles less than it amuses them. To quote another: 'The modern

business woman . . . must expect to break down some barriers in the mind of the business man.'

III

Harder to overlook are obstacles of another sort that the business man throws in the way of each step in the business woman's advance. There may never have been any conscious and concerted movement to 'hold the door shut against her,' as someone has expressed it; but it is pertinent to inquire how often business men have come forward and said, 'Here a woman has never held such a place as this before, but why not?' Usually she must fight to the utmost if she would achieve a new opportunity to demonstrate woman's latent business capacity. I recall the vigorous opposition to a woman's becoming paymaster, the first in a certain concern. I recall also — a promising sign — that when news of the struggle reached the president of the company he made it known in unmistakable fashion that thereafter, when a woman had proven her fitness for a position for which she was in line, there was to be no question, on the ground of sex, of her being promoted to it.

In this connection it may be mentioned that women tell me they meet with greater generosity from men who have attained the highest business places than from those of intermediate rank. The inference has been that the former, established in name and fortune, regard themselves, in a sense, as *hors de concours*, although the difference may be as reasonably attributed to a breadth of understanding more characteristic of the business leader than of the men he has outstripped.

The most unlovely charge the woman in business has to prefer against her business brother is his willingness — nay, often his eagerness — to take credit for her achievements. There is not a business woman who speaks her mind who does not have an experience to add to the overwhelming evidence on this point. A woman executive whom I know had most of the management against her in a certain business crisis, and prominent among them her own chief. Little by little she won them over. It turned out that her position had been well taken. Less than six months later her chief solemnly related to her how *he* had overcome the opposition in question! 'He forgot for a moment,' she laughed, in recounting the incident, 'that he was talking to me!'

As the business woman laughs at the attempt to lord it over her of each raw recruit among college men coming into business, so she laughs at die-hard manifestations on the part of his masculine elders. But is it strange if sometimes the laughter is tinged with bitterness? Her whole business future may depend upon recognition of business service which she herself has rendered. Yet here are matters, she feels, however mistakenly, too delicate to protest. Proudly hidden, this bitterness has been increasing since Armistice Day, a date that marks the business woman's emergence into the fourth and present stage of her growing-up.

I well remember the executive who came out of conference late on the afternoon of November 11, 1918, his face wreathed with smiles, to announce, 'The psychology of this place changes from this day!' It was not necessary to explain to women who had been taken on to train for important places what this meant.

In spite of the fact that a 'psychology' newly acquired by the business man to meet the exigency of the war embraced its opportunity to 'change' overnight, women held on wherever

they could, to work which they had found congenial, and they continue to progress. By all tokens they are, however, still unwelcome — at all events to more than an inconsequential share of the ponderable rewards that business offers.

IV

'Equal pay for equal work' is a slogan that recorded the business woman's protest against what she considered gross unfairness. Like most slogans, it is not quite so good as it seems. In factory work equitable adjustment can be made, and to some extent has been made, through piecework, where the output alone regulates the wage. For office or store jobs of a simple routine character there seems insufficient ground for discrimination in pay on the score of sex. But take, for example, a young man and a young woman, college graduates, entering business. Neither is worth, relatively speaking, what both at the start commonly receive. Their pay has been fixed on the basis of the higher return they are expected to make in time, as the result of their superior advantages. If potentiality, then, properly enters into pay as a determinant, it is debatable whether the young woman, starting at the same rate as the young man, is not getting more in proportion than she should. Of the two she is the poorer risk. It may be argued that the young man's greater liability to secure a job with another concern offsets marriage as a factor of impermanence. But will anyone acquainted with business dispute that marriage takes a heavier toll of the average business house through its promising young women than do rival concerns in picking off its promising young men?

Whether women committed to business careers care to face the fact or not, they must drag the dead weight of a multitude of other women who use business as a stop-gap. There are those who see a more cheerful prospect for business women in the decay of matrimony. But so long as young girls continue to file cards in wrong places because in their daydreams they are filling 'hope chests,' too much confidence cannot be placed in the overthrow of this venerable institution. Business women will do better, in all probability, to look forward to the dawn of an era in which, with the limitation of families and with scientific management of the home, women can combine domesticity and business without too great sacrifice of either. So long, however, as liability to marriage means loss to business, women's pay will inevitably be more or less affected. And it is difficult to see how on such a basis anyone can make out a sound case of injustice to women.

But all this is not to blink another aspect of the matter. The truth is, there is seething dissatisfaction among the abler women from one end of the business world to the other. What distinguishes the exceptionally able woman from her sisters is her resentment. In addition to what she considers far from handsome treatment in other respects, there remains the fact that women who have served business organizations capably, and have given every reasonable assurance of continuing to do so, are receiving from a half to a third or even a smaller proportion of what is paid men in positions that call for the exercise of similar powers. The sole reason why this resentment does not come to the surface in the form of open rebellion is that business women do not feel themselves strong enough yet, as a class, to force the issue.

The complaints cannot be lightly dismissed on the ground that they represent the opinion of what is numerically an insignificant proportion of all

business women. The calibre of the complainants must be taken into consideration. It is the very flower of business women who bring the indictment against the business man. These are the women — or the type of women — who will some day give him, in sporting language, a run for his money. And their ranks are yearly augmented by young college women — a rapidly growing body of sympathetic and ardent adherents.

Are business men going to let these smouldering fires break some day into high flame, or are they going to put them out by substituting the spirit of coöperation for that of competition?

So far as the business man is concerned, speaking personally, I should be pleased to see him pursue the latter course. When it comes to the business woman, why should she balk at more hurdles, when she has already taken so many that have not been lowered an inch for her own vault?

V

There are, in point of fact, several ways of escape open to the business woman. The most obvious is to go into business for herself. For her inspiration, city and country alike furnish examples of women's personal and successful business ventures. It should be said at once, however, that only a small proportion of women can rely on this solution. The vast majority lack the necessary capital. And only a handful possess the combination of qualities that can weather conditions inseparable from business started on a shoestring. Every business organization in the land contains men who relinquished dreams of going into business for themselves when they recognized their own lack of the specific qualities which such an enterprise demands. There is no reason to suppose that women are endowed in these particulars more richly than men. Most women, as most men, who go into business must join, and remain in, established organizations. It is for this reason that I have confined myself almost entirely in the present discussion to what has been, and will be, the principal theatre of woman's business activities. The lines she must follow there, if she continues to advance, are, it seems to me, clearly laid out.

Many able women contend that the greatest weakness in woman's position to-day, when she reaches executive stature, is her association so largely with nonproductive lines. They believe that proper recognition of the business woman awaits her identification with positions that bring in business. There is force in the argument. But for women to make further productive contributions to business will not of itself, in my opinion, materially alter their present business status. It was a woman who devised a dress accessory to meet a modish need of the day, and a man with whom she was associated in business who reaped, according to all reports, the fortune that resulted. If women wish to receive anything like the benefits they are entitled to from their own productive business ideas they must insure themselves against theft both on the petty and on the grand scale.

Though it goes against the grain, business women must refuse to let their business accomplishments be chalked up to the credit of business men, even if the men in question are senior in rank. A perilous course — yes. But, granted it calls for a different order of courage, are our women pioneers in business going to let themselves be written down less brave than their pioneer great-grandmothers who wielded the axe, stood off Indians, broke sod in the West, killed rattlesnakes?

Women make an egregious mistake,

however, when they assume that they alone in the business world must struggle for proper recognition. It would be a nice point to decide whether they are being submitted to a much more severe ordeal than men have long accustomed themselves to expect. Certainly men have been by no means strangers to the experience of having their business ideas appropriated by business associates. In reference to pay, why do business women, even experienced business women, overlook the fact that business notoriously pays men, as well as women, as little as it can? The same course is open to a business woman, when she feels that she is receiving unfair treatment, that is open to a business man. She should, of course, be well fortified, if she takes the stand that her services are worth more than the mark that has been placed upon them. I have known cases where women, men also, in the presence of their familiars, have indulged in threats that unless their compensation was increased they would seek other positions, when there was nothing their business seniors so much desired. The situation is inevitably fraught with risk. But it is a risk business men have again and again been forced to take. If standing up for their rights means, as it easily may, that women must sometimes go out and look for other jobs, they can console themselves with the reflection that innumerable men have elected to follow the same spirited but difficult course.

When employers tell the business woman that they realize her value, her obligations, but that she is a woman, sex has been used as a subterfuge to which the watchdogs of the treasury will continue to resort so long as women remain submissive. Despite the fact that women executives are everywhere receiving much smaller salaries than men of comparable business value, the charge commonly made by business women that this discrimination is based solely on sex does not rest, in my opinion, on any too firm a foundation. It involves a misapprehension of the nature of business. Indeed, here we approach, as I see it, the crux of the matter.

It is this misapprehension that is responsible for no small part of the business woman's bitterness. It explains why the highest type of woman to be found in business is, broadly speaking, also the one who is most keenly dissatisfied with existing conditions. It is the sensitive and educated woman who expects the business world to approximate her ideal. Hundreds of women of this type have served business long, laboriously, passionately, capably, resting their claims to business recognition on business merit. But while it is true that without a worthy business performance to her credit the business woman can hardly expect outstanding reward, it is equally true that something more is required. Business is operated only to a limited extent along idealistic lines. Those who are in a position to confer business rewards do not come forward, except in rare instances, with open hands. Rewards are won through struggle more often than bestowed; authority is seized more often than delegated; voices must insist on making themselves heard in business councils, for they will seldom be invited, far less urged, to participate. After all, women are late-comers — the business world is still a man's realm, and it is of the very essence of the business career that it is a vigorous affair. There are women, as men, for whom its give and take, frequently of hard blows, provides exactly the fillip that gives zest to existence. But it is a question whether women who shrink from the necessary steps to preferment in this rough-and-tumble world are preëminently fitted for it.

None the less, just such women are needed by business. No one, I imagine, would claim with any seriousness that the entrance of women into business — millions of them — has thus far made any appreciable impression on the business spirit. It is a noteworthy as well as deplorable fact that where women have become employers they have almost without exception fallen into those same practices that have made men the target of business critics. It is therefore to the vision of a relatively small group of business women who refuse to relinquish their business ideals, and to whom existing conditions are not congenial, that we must look for some of the leaven of business life. These are women who have been drawn into business, in part at least, by their desire to feel themselves factors in social growth and welfare.

Happily there remains for business women in general one means of attaining satsifaction in business life, or an aid to that end, which has not yet been developed to anything like the extent to which it is, I believe, susceptible. I refer to the cultivation on their part of friendly relations with business men. Friendship among business men is the cement that holds them together in mutually profitable business efforts. Men advance in business quite as often because they are liked by other men as because they are capable. Women, in their efforts to prove themselves, have too often sacrificed the business graces to a rigorous but sterile pursuit of the business virtues. If business men have been far from hospitable to business women, the women, on the other hand, are not wholly free from blame. They have accepted too readily the rôle of competitors; have shown perhaps as often as men — in recent years, at any rate — a streak, only lightly veiled, of antagonism.

There is need, unquestionably, for radical readjustment on both sides — for greater magnanimity from business men, and for more deft, more skillful adaptation from business women. If the business woman will insist on agreeing that the business man is an adversary, she must recognize that he is a powerful one and that, on the whole, her chances are probably better of winning than of whipping him. But should the miracle of miracles happen, and the business man decide to cultivate the friendship of the business woman, a diplomatic victory of no mean calibre would be achieved, with the participants on both sides thereby immeasurably strengthened.

NATIONAL TRAITS IN LAWN TENNIS

BY A. WALLIS MYERS

I

THE authors of lawn tennis have much to their credit. They founded a pastime which permits men and women of all nationalities to meet in friendly competition under a common code of rules. But this was not their only benefaction to mankind. The game, by its popular vogue and catholicity, has provided a medium for physical and mental expression that is satisfying both to the individual and to the patriot. 'Words but direct, example must allure,' says Stirling. The athletic emancipation of women, one of the features of the present decade, has been hastened and nourished by lawn tennis, a game so happy in its scope for industry, movement, and grace. No invention could have been better timed. It arrived to give society of either sex not only exercise and health, but, as its cult developed, an art through which national characteristics could be exploited. The lawn-tennis court became an international arena; the language of the court assumed the power and utility of Esperanto; frontiers melted before the game; the pride of race and individuality was none the less stimulated.

Lawn tennis was first pursued on private English lawns by middle-aged people. Its original disciples had been addicted to rackets and real tennis, the royal and ancient game. They were men of part or whole leisure, and their womenfolk, praising Providence for providing an outdoor exercise more violent than croquet that could give them an athletic status equal to that held by their lords, embraced it, first with curiosity and then with devotion. Croquet hoops and mallets were flung down, domestic lawns were bisected by nets; in some cases, where Nature interfered, noble oaks and elms were sacrificed. Lawn tennis spread, not with the violence and speed of the prairie fire, but gently and insidiously, like influenza. It was a social diversion, frequently lampooned by *Punch*, never taken seriously by those who did not pursue it, never visualized as a world sport by those who did. Its first adherents were men of sedate habits and of muscles trained for games with standard and fixed styles. The feet were anchored for the service, the face of the racket was little more than half the size of the present-day weapon, the net was high and sagging, the balls were not always covered with cloth, the staple stroke was a slice as in tennis, and the side-line drive was unknown. The game was grafted on to ancient games by a conservative people. The prophets of the seventies might have seen in this very fact the germ of greatness; it was not detected until the Renshaw twins, with youth and supple limbs at their command, revealed the potentialities of a vigorous, competitive art.

The Renshaw brothers were the real fathers of lawn tennis as we know it to-day, and had they not accepted the

faith, making converts by their personality and other champions by their example, it is conceivable that the pastime would have died a natural death, or at any rate have been in suspended animation. It may be noted in passing that the twins developed their art, not on a turf surface, but on a covered floor of tar asphalt. This fact was significant. The original nursery of the game in England was a private lawn, frequently mossy, generally clotted in the matter of grass roots; well mown, of course, but more like a Turkey carpet than the firm, resilient plane on which the modern game has been bred. The motto of the aboriginals was 'safety first'; they had to dig the ball out of the ground. The gardener's ideal of a lawn-tennis court in the eighties — and the first championship meetings at Wimbledon embraced it — was that honored in the college quadrangles at Oxford and Cambridge. When invading sight-seers asked for the recipe the answer would be, 'Mow and roll every day for five hundred years.'

The English style was founded on such a surface; it may be said to have been handicapped by it ever since. Half a century ago the prevailing habit was to hit the ball from corner to corner — an almost interminable exchange; and for this custom the nature of the surface was the main cause. Ireland attained distinction because her countrymen — then, as now, iconoclastic — invented a running drive, a kind of forcing shot off a low ball. 'Turf' is a dialect word for peat, and many a court resembled an Irish bog. It was by perfecting a low running drive that Mr. W. J. Hamilton, one of a brilliant Dublin group, won both the English and the Irish championship, and it was another Irishman, Mr. J. C. Parke, whose powers of mobility on a wet court, developed on the Rugby football field, made him famous both in England and in Australia. Mr. Parke was not a greater player in the classical sense; his service was unprovocative; he had limitations as a volleyer. Leinster gave him his character; a stout arm and a stout heart won him his victories.

But I would return to my point, which is that surface, like 'dress Davy,' has made all the difference. Had lawn tennis been pursued only on lawns its career would undoubtedly have been cabined and confined. It would never have become a world pastime, for the reason that grass courts are unknown in many countries. Save in England and Ireland there are no turf courts in Europe, and yet the game flourishes throughout the length and breadth of the Continent. I am writing this article at Cannes, almost within a stone's throw of the original outdoor court in France. Constructed of a binding sand, extracted from the Estérel Mountains, a beautiful feature of the Côte d'Azur, it was laid down in the garden of the Beau Site Hôtel in the early eighties in order that the Renshaw brothers, wintering abroad, might pursue their hobby. This court has become famous, not only by virtue of its history, but because almost every champion, including several champions from America, has played on it. After Cannes came other courts of a similar substance on the Riviera. The game had already been practised on covered courts in Paris; other capitals met a growing demand. Stockholm, illustrating Swedish enterprise, built quite a flock of covered courts, installing artificial light to defy the winter.

It was natural that Continental players should develop at a greater speed than those from England, where climate and surface checked incubation. It is true that for nearly a decade no really first-class player from France

emerged, and the British pilgrim of first-class rank could generally anticipate victory at the summer tournaments which he visited. This ascendancy, appearing to ignore the incidence of surface, was only temporary. It was due partly to the colonizing faculty of the British, permitting them to impose their coolness and phlegm in a new environment, and partly to the relative inexperience of their opponents. The strokes of Max Decugis and André Gobert were more fluent and pleasing to the eye than those of men who beat them at first in actual match play; the will to win, dominant in the visitor, was absent. As soon as it was cultivated — and its growth was essential — the tables were turned. The benefits of surface, of quicker footwork, of a firm eye, were realized. The Dohertys, with their outstanding genius, could always beat the best Frenchmen, Germans, or Belgians of their age just as they beat, save on one or two memorable occasions, the best Americans. But the Dohertys had classical strokes and a temperament far above the average. They stood out in their epoch just as the Renshaws stood out before them and Mlle. Lenglen and Tilden after them. They betrayed national characteristics as other champions betrayed them, but they were thrown up, almost in splendid isolation, by the evolution of time.

No one country can claim or can expect a monopoly for such phenomena. It might be assumed that either France, which has produced Suzanne Lenglen, or America, which has provided Helen Wills, would have supplied successors or antitypes of these fine stroke players. Both have inspired the youth of their respective countries; they have fired a trail among the girlhood of Europe and America and of countries beyond which is still blazing; and if one is now a professional and the other remains an amateur the value of their personalities in developing women's play cannot be overestimated. And yet, strange to say, neither France nor America has produced the player who is likely to be regarded in the near future as an even greater artist than either of these two.

The distinction will probably fall on Spain, for in Señorita Elia de Alvarez, the most brilliant exponent of the modern game, has been discovered a girl of twenty-two who with grace of movement combines a vigorous stroke and an intuitive skill which make her the most fascinating player to watch the world has ever produced. Though born of Spanish parents she has spent nearly all her life outside Spain — in Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland, and England, migrating from place to place with her parents. This movement has nourished her versatility; she is adept at languages and at many other sports besides lawn tennis. It has also deepened her character; she would be much less a great artist if she had spent her life in Spain. National traits — fluency of movement, impetuosity, dignity of carriage — are visible, but she has developed mentally in excess of her sisters because of her contact with the outer world; not otherwise would she have attained the self-reliance which is at once a feature and a force in her lawn tennis.

II

During the half century of lawn tennis the sceptre of power may be said to have passed to five countries in turn. It may not be unprofitable to note these cycles in sequence and to examine their causes. England was naturally preëminent in the first epoch. Her natives had founded the game, competition from outside was limited and fugitive; laurels were collected

more or less automatically. But the strokes and strategy of Englishmen had been developed and intensified by international matches with Ireland. When the Renshaws retired, the English group surrounding them missed their inspiration, and since most of its members were middle-aged the standard of play was inclined to fall. Irish enterprise and audacity revived it, and Dublin provided in Dr. Joshua Pim a champion whose game had the hall mark of genius. The matches for the championship at Wimbledon between Pim and Wilfred Baddeley crystallized two schools — the cautious, calculating methods of the Englishman and the robust, adventurous, devil-may-care style of the Irishman. The latter did not always prevail, but its greater brilliance was undeniable, and when Pim was at his best he was virtually unplayable. It is scarcely exaggerating to say that he could hit a dollar note placed anywhere on the court. When America saw Dr. Pim in the early Davis Cup matches, he had emerged from retirement and was but a shadow of the real champion. Both Pim and Baddeley were all-court players; they had absorbed the art of the Renshaws, though neither had the rapidity of execution of William or the meticulous accuracy of Ernest.

Evolution had been at work steadily. The Renshaws had to create strokes — there had been none to guide them; their successors got the benefit of precedent and the encouragement of example. As the Renshaws began England's supremacy, so the reign of the Dohertys ended it. These famous brothers lacked the fire and physique of some of their predecessors and many of their successors, but they resisted all comers for ten years. An occasional defeat in the doubles at Wimbledon only served to emphasize the volume of their triumphs. They were the 'princes charming' of the lawn-tennis court, and the grace of their deportment and the serenity of their temper have never been equaled. Yet, perfect stylists as they were, with no vulnerable spot in their armor, it may be doubted whether the increased pace and tension of tennis in recent years would not have exposed their physique to an insupportable strain. It is true that they won matches in the heat and tumult of America against America's picked men, but the American players at the beginning of the century were not so versatile in attack or so powerful in service and drive as their successors of the last decade. It has been said that, given present-day conditions, the Dohertys would have mastered them just as they mastered the googly service of Dwight Davis and Holcombe Ward when they first encountered it.

The game, however, has moved forward with each succeeding decade. The advance may not be detected as and when it occurs; the faithful historian in looking back is conscious of it. In women's play progress has been well-nigh revolutionary even within the last fifteen years. The champions of the past, could they be restored at their best, would have no chance against the champions of the present. Improved equipment, changes in dress, greater opportunities for practice, the stimulant of publicity, have all promoted progress.

Australasia was the third country to furnish the world's champions. Norman Brookes for two years and Anthony Wilding for four won the title at Wimbledon, and between them these two envoys carried off the Davis Cup. The first was an artist, unmatched in volleying skill, the second an athlete, wielding drives sustained in vigor by inexhaustible stamina. Both possessed the confidence and courage indigenous to their respective countries in sport,

and though they differed as much in personality as in the methods of their play they enjoyed the common heritage of a forceful character.

Norman Brookes also had the asset of surprise attack. Britons and Americans were in the lead; no other country was deemed ripe enough to dispute their claim. Norman Brookes was the dark horse of 1905. His destructive service and magical volleying dominated Wimbledon of that year; his path to the title was only checked by H. L. Doherty, who stood out of the championship until the challenge round. When Brookes returned to England two years later his service was strengthened materially. A great English driver, S. H. Smith, had demonstrated that a break delivery, however sinister, could be smothered at birth if the proper weapon was employed. The Brookes of 1907 had added length and pace to his service, qualities which strengthened his complementary volleying and added to the total of his victims.

Wilding's physique came from New Zealand; his game developed in England, where he graduated at Cambridge University. His was the sturdiest defense to a volleying assault I have ever seen. Could he have volleyed more himself, like W. M. Johnston, he would have been irresistible throughout his epoch. Without the generalship of Brookes, Beals Wright, or Tilden, he beat McLoughlin at Wimbledon in 1913 by a superb display of robust and coördinated driving. Incidentally he exposed the limitations of McLoughlin's art, forestalling R. N. Williams in that achievement.

There is no poison which has not its antidote. Provided the sting of McLoughlin's service could be extracted, there was just a chance for his opponent. And in the case of Norman Brookes, as both H. L. Doherty and Tilden proved, the most disturbing reply to his volleying campaign was a shrewd and well-placed lob. There has been no last word in lawn tennis yet; therein lies its compelling interest—the Roland has been awaiting the Oliver. The first volleyer of all, Spencer Gore, was defeated in his second year because his adversary conceived the notion of raising the ball over his head; and at the last American championship final at Forest Hills the volleying skill of Borotra, which had defeated both Johnston and Richards, was curbed by the calculating tossing of Lacoste.

The supremacy of America in the lawn-tennis world — a supremacy that she still holds, though with less assurance of its continuity — did not assert itself until the last decade. Previous to the Great War no American had succeeded in winning the men's championship at Wimbledon, and if the Davis Cup had been won back in 1913 the margin of victory was perilously small, while the failure which had attended three excursions to Australasia confirmed the view that Americans were more formidable in their own country than abroad. In the fifty months of the Great War the closure of competitive sport in Europe was complete; in America the interregnum was much briefer. When the Armistice was declared all nations, irrespective of side, reacted from the strain and concentration of arms; they turned with avid relief to the peaceful exercise of sport. America enjoyed this reaction like other belligerents, but she had the advantage of the shorter break, and her champions, when they emerged, were found to be in a higher class than their contemporaries. This was a natural and inevitable development; it was assisted by the more intensive organization of the game in the United States, an organization which stimulated and

enriched the game in colleges and schools and did not neglect the opportunity for expansion in public parks.

Apart from these general agencies, all working to vivify American sport, the competition between the East and the West, as between England and Ireland a generation earlier, provoked a public interest which spurred on the players, increasing alike their skill and their zeal. Without connecting poles the current cannot circulate. History has shown that countries increase their lawn-tennis standard and prestige if they can provide not only one champion of high calibre but another of equal or nearly equal strength who can extract the best from his opponent. This matter of vis-à-vis has been paramount. The annual matches between Willie Renshaw and H. F. Lawford brought fame to the old centre court at Wimbledon; they advertised lawn tennis in the early stages as nothing else could. If in the next decade Wilfred Baddeley had not been able to cross swords with Joshua Pim, the slump in British lawn tennis after the Renshaws retired would have been disastrous. Similarly the matches between R. N. Williams of the East and M. E. McLoughlin of the West gave a fillip to American lawn tennis of a value which can only now be estimated. Later came the sequence of brilliant battles between W. T. Tilden of the East and W. M. Johnston of the West. These championship encounters focused interest throughout the whole country, but their interest was not confined to the day of the fight. The champions' prowess both at home and abroad was an educational factor of ever-deepening force. For six consecutive years Tilden was invincible in Davis Cup and championship matches — a unique record and much more impressive because other countries, like America, have been expanding their personnel, and the quality of opposition brought against the American champion was of the strongest.

William Tilden has brought to the lawn-tennis court physical strength and mental equipment of no ordinary pattern. These qualities have assisted his progress; without them he could not have maintained his remarkable record. But although Tilden's personality is distinctive he has not climbed the ladder of fame without absorbing the cumulative lessons of succeeding ages. That is to say, his game has been developed and perfected after a natural and orderly evolution. Tilden's rise was not meteoric; he had to serve a stern apprenticeship; he had to pass through the mill. He had also, before his victorious career began, to reassert the orthodoxy of the all-court game. He had to restore 'Larnedism' to American lawn tennis. He had to prove that solid and lasting success can only be constructed on a foundation of sound driving strokes.

The storming volleyer, novel and daring in his methods, had his triumphs both in America and in Europe, but his reign was threatened and could be interrupted by accurate ground strokes confidently and coolly controlled. The dynamic service of Gobert, covered by volleys of wonderful variety and finish, was challenged and ultimately frustrated by Wilding's piercing drives. McLoughlin found his match in Larned and then in Williams. Brookes was beaten by H. L. Doherty at Wimbledon and by Tilden at Auckland, and Borotra finds in Lacoste the most disturbing parry to his game.

Tilden has drunk deeply at the fountain of experience. A scientific student of the game, not only has he relied on his own contemporaries for the advancement of his own game, but unconsciously the virtues of former

champions have been transmitted to him through the medium of his older adversaries. But, great player as Tilden is, the greatest of his epoch, he does not necessarily typify the highest potential art of the game. The future may have something greater still in store. Tilden's stature has assisted his service; his long stride, apparently fortified against fatigue, is trained to produce the fiercest drives. But even a Goliath can have his limitations; the sling of a lighter and more acrobatic David can be deadly.

III

We have seen that no one nation can hold indefinitely the crown of lawn tennis. The emblem of power in half a century has already crossed the Seven Seas and back again. The very catholicity of the game, its extension in hidden places, its relation to psychological factors beyond the control of organizers however zealous, make the championship breed uncertain; and of course political and industrial unrest can affect the destiny of any sport. The future of France on the lawn-tennis court has never been brighter; she has champions of youth, genius, and ambition. But the rise of France to the highest peak is no sudden, unsuspected movement. Her recent triumphs were preceded by many disappointments, even by an almost fatalistic feeling that her countrymen could never achieve signal success abroad. When the French first came to Wimbledon they used to cast wry faces at a slippery, oily surface upon which neither their feet nor their strokes would go right. Now the leading Frenchmen recognize that a turf court is the championship court par excellence; it responds to their delicacy of touch, it extracts the refinements of their game, it ministers to their buoyant nature. It was almost the same thing when the French first went to America. They were disturbed by the American ball, disconcerted by the speed and 'devil' of the American attack. But their enthusiasm and resource were such that they came again each year with strengthened hopes and sharper weapons. If Mlle. Lenglen could hold undisputed sway in the women's realm — and her career was a great incentive to her brothers — they did not see why Frenchmen should not triumph as well. The first All-French final at Wimbledon was almost certain to bring another, and it may be doubted whether the last All-French final has been seen at Forest Hills. The French morale has been strengthened miraculously within the last five years. It is not at all surprising that the French should play lawn tennis well. The game lends itself directly to their mood for motion, their gift for swift repartee, their democratic bent. But before the war it was this vivacity which seemed to check their progress, robbing them of the highest honors. Perhaps the war chastened them; at any rate it has deepened their power of concentration and removed some of the insularity which handicapped their progress.

Evolution is taking place in other countries. The enterprise and adaptability of the Japanese, their philosophic outlook and their stamina, have made them ardent disciples. They have already proved their capacity on foreign soil; they need very little more before they are on a level with nations of greater experience. In Czechoslovakia, Italy, Spain, and Scandinavia the volume of lawn tennis has increased with unyielding vigor. The leading players of these countries, as of others, are now mixing freely with the other nationals of Europe. Each year their standard is improving; each year the disparity of form is less

marked. In India the same progress is apparent, delayed only by the wide distance which separates one tournament from another — a handicap that aviation will no doubt remove in the near future. In South America the game is marching boldly forward, favored by climate and material resources.

The surprising thing is that in all these countries a common code of rules and etiquette should prevail. Literally there has been no legislative schism. The professional exhibition match has come to America and may be paraded elsewhere, but this excursion is at present sporadic and there is no evidence that amateurism, upon which the game was founded and through which it has been propagated, will not maintain undisputed sway. More professional instructors are required and will doubtless be provided, but they will come in the main to teach the game and not to exploit it for personal or selfish gain. Originally a domestic pastime, lawn tennis owes its wide expansion to the cardinal virtue that it is essentially a family and social recreation. It is a game for all the peoples. A spectacle it must be; its popularity as such has grown in proportion to the number of persons who actually pursue it.

REFUGEE

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Over the stones, over the bridge, over the sea,
After my heart went I; and followed on
Slow body after me.

After the gold, the isle of rose; after the fall
Of folding gray; — to find if that might be
The end of all.

Into the west, into the last of beckoning light;
Till the shed star made sudden lilies grow
In pools of night.

TWO PATHANS

BY MARY LUCIA BIERCE FULLER

I

In Bombay you may see, at one time or another, most of the races on earth, and castes innumerable. When, long ago, I went to school there I learned to know the turbans of many provinces and castes, and the manner of sari and kirtle, bodice and veil, of women from Kashmir to Ceylon. I very soon learned that certain tall, handsome men who wore baggy trousers, yards wide, long white tunics, embroidered waistcoats, long-tailed turbans wound round padded, peaked caps, and very stout, magnificently squeaking, brass-inlaid slippers, were Pathans. Whenever we saw them on the roads or beaches my ayah would shake her head, dilate her eyes, and say in a low tone full of vehement ill will, 'A bad caste, a wicked caste!' Wickedness, alas, is strangely interesting. I would ask for items, and heard many a tale of usury, extortion, and violence. In India, for no occult reason, Pathans find money-lending an easy, fattening livelihood. Hindus, however timid or indigent, will borrow money; and what with incredible interest thrice compounded, incredible impudence, incredible credulity and foolhardiness, juggled accounts, false receipts or none at all, abject illiteracy — it was no marvel that all my ayah's tales ended in irreparable disaster: 'And so went all the fields of my maternal uncle's father-in-law'; or 'And so went all the jewels of my niece's co-wife's paternal aunt.'

And so it was that I looked at Pathans somewhat as I looked at the beautiful lazy tigers in the Victoria Gardens, but with profound disapprobation. I never spoke with one until many years after, when, at the age of twenty-one and after six long, long years in America, I went back to the darling land of my birth — went with my homing heart flying ahead of the ship and beating back impatiently for the helpless body imprisoned in 'time and circumstance.' For three years then I lived in Bombay with my father, and learned many interesting things — as, for instance, that all Pathans were not ravening tigers, that many ate their bread in the sweat of their brows; and that certain tall, free-striding men dressed altogether in dark blue, without peaked cap or waistcoat, and with trousers only a trifle bagged, were Pathan mechanics in railway workshops. Indeed the first Pathan with whom I ever had speech was one of these, and not for many years more had I occasion to converse with one of those picturesque swaggerers who so adorn our Indian roads.

Our mission house had a latticed side verandah, easy of access, where I kept a writing table, and there many sorts of people came and went, mostly, of course, people with a *matlab*, a dull axe of some sort to grind on my little whetstone. Many of them were brought to me by Raghu, our officious little gardener, who accounted it glory that there should be much coming and

going, and consequent laudation of his Sahib. Delighted at the sight of needy visitors, he would first try to extract a small tip, and then trot them up to me, lingering inquisitively, if unnoticed, until they went.

One day he appeared at a swifter trot than usual, his eyes popping with fright, while on his heels strode a tall Pathan with a glint of amused contempt in his fine eyes. The Pathan made me a splendid salaam, but with no hint of servility, and stood at attention. I invited him in, and he, slipping off his brass-inlaid slippers, stood on the red cotton rug within the latticed door, a splendid figure of a man for all his plain dress: 'tall as a palm,' to quote Raghu later, with a clear olive skin, flashing black eyes, slightly aquiline nose, and a glossy black moustache and beard which did not conceal his mouth, delicately cut and full of feeling. What one noticed at once, and liked at once, was the charming straightforward glance of his eyes. They were as honest as a child's. His hair curled in his neck, and there were curled lovelocks before his ears.

I asked him to sit down, but he preferred to stand.

'What will you?' I said.

'I have heard great praise of the *Bibi's* father. Folk say that he hath a very gracious temper, and will leave his food to help a man. I desire a letter from his hand to the big Sahib of the relwai workshop.'

His deep voice was incredibly soft, and his faltering Hindustani sounded like baby talk. It was charming to hear so splendid a creature speak so gently.

'My father is out of the city.'

'So the Bibi's Mali said, but I believed him not.' He smiled.

'Mayhap I can write the letter,' I said. 'Have you knowledge of any work?' From an inner pocket he drew forth a flat tin case and out of that a paper pasted on cheesecloth; with a proud smile he laid it before me. It was a printed certificate from the G. I. P. R., or perhaps the B. B. C. I. R. Ilyas Khan, son of Adam Khan, or perhaps it was Ibrahim or Yakub Khan, was a first-class workman — iron moulder, if I remember — with three years' service and excellent behavior to his credit; he had taken leave to visit his home.

'With such a paper, what need have you of any letter?' I asked, astonished. He smiled, and frowned, and straightened.

'If my Sahib, whose name is on that paper, were in Bombay I should ask no letter. But my Sahib is in Wilayat, and the new Sahib knoweth me not. And the doorkeeper of the Sahib's office is a Hindu, and demandeth a gift — two annas [four cents] he demandeth. The Bibi knoweth that this is Bombay and the sarkar alloweth not weapons and maketh a great matter of every killing, or smiting, even of idolaters. A Pathan must be as a poor sheep in this place. Rather would I spit on the face of an idolater than to put good silver in his hand. Wherefore I desire a letter. If I take a letter he must give it to the Sahib, and I shall get audience — and the Hindu pig will eat only his own teeth. May Allah curse all idolaters!'

'How, then, got you audience with the first Sahib? Was his doorkeeper a good Musalman — who demanded four or eight annas in place of two?'

Ilyas Khan laughed. 'Nay, he too was a Hindu. Nor would I give him aught. But I was new then and very bold. I will tell the Bibi what I did.' He laughed again at the remembrance, and his white teeth flashed between his red lips. 'I knew nothing then of the temper and manners of Sahibs; but I had need of work, and when the Hindu refused me entrance I waited beside the

outer gate until the Sahib came out in his carriage, and then I ran and seized the horse's bridle. The ape on the box began to chatter and call out. "O Sahib," he saith, "behold this shaitan of a Pathan!" The Sahib looked forth in anger, but great was my kismet, for he was a Sahib that knew men. I made him a salaam, and when he had looked at me his anger went, and he called me to him.

'"What would you?" he said. "I would speak with the Presence," I said, "but the idolater at the door demandeth a gift, and the Presence may see that I am a Pathan!" The Sahib laughed. "Raito!" said he, as we should say, "Very good." "Look, Pathan, I am in haste. Sit you there before me, and speak your desire as we go."

'So I got into the Sahib's carriage and told him what I would: "I am new come from Afghanistan and I know naught; but I am young. I have strength, nimbleness, wit, and a mind to work. I will not be proud. I will learn diligently, for, look you, I must send back money to my house, else my babes and my old father die of hunger." He wrote seven words on a piece of paper and told me to come again in the morning.'

'And when you went, what did you?'

He chuckled. 'The doorkeeper had seen me stop the Sahib's horse; he had seen the Sahib take me into his carriage; but still the pig must ask to see the paper in my hand; so I cut his sharp nose with the stiff edge of the paper and went in like a Lard [Lord] Bahadur. A Brahmin clerk looked at the paper and took me to an old Sahib. The old Sahib looked at me and said, "Damgood, damgood," and put me to work. He taught me all I know. He is as clever as a jinni, that Sahib. Also his temper is like a jinni's, very hot and fiery. "Dam" is ever in his mouth, and he hateth a fool. By the grace of Allah, I am not a fool; wherefore I learned and came to good pay. Then after three years my heart yearned for my babes and the hills and the snows, and I went home and stayed twelve months, and now I have come back.'

'What are your *zai* and your *khail?*' I asked. Not for nothing had I read my Kipling in my homesick school days in America.

He was startled and pleased. 'The Bibi knoweth of our khails and zais? The Bibi hath great learning.' He told me the names of his tribe and clan, the clans with whom they were friendly and those with whom they were at feud, the name of his village and how many days' march it was from the Khaiber Pass; but all this I have forgotten, and remember now only his own name, Ilyas Khan, which is none other than the name of Elijah the Tishbite.

'And what is the temper of the Sahib who has come in the place of your Sahib?' I asked.

'Proud,' he said, frowning, 'very proud and angry. When the doorkeeper, who is a new pig, would not let me in, I watched for the Sahib as before. But I saw that he is not a wise Sahib. He knoweth not men. Wherefore I spake not with him; and, hearing of the Bibi's father, I came hither.'

I dislike writing to unpleasant Sahibs, but I liked Ilyas Khan. I took up my pen and wrote circumspectly.

II

In the evening he returned to thank me. Some evenings later he came again with a friend, a man of his own khail, whom he therefore called brother. He was newly come. Would I give him also a letter? I did. The brother got work, and again the two came, to return thanks. In another week or two they were back with a third, another

khail-brother. He also got a letter and a job. Then came a fourth and a fifth brother, and every month or oftener the five would make me a state call.

I can see them now: tall, handsome men, with charming grave manners and an extraordinary gentleness and sure grace of movement. They would drift into the verandah like shadows, make their salaams, and sit down on the old red rug. They interested me enormously, and I often wished their Hindustani were not so limited, or that I knew their Pashto, the deep-chested Persian patois spoken in southern and eastern Afghan villages. The new men, also, spoke Hindustani with the soft indistinctness of baby talk — very diverting it was to hear them — and so brokenly that they usually left it to Ilyas Khan to speak for them, but he never spoke freely before them. By right of seniority, too, he was spokesman; and I noticed that the youngest man, a kinsman of Ilyas Khan's wife, maintained in Ilyas Khan's presence a deferential modesty that in one of his stature was almost affecting. A wife's kindred have always second place in her husband's house.

I would remember Kipling's tales of the Afghan frontier, and try to imagine these soft-footed, soft-voiced, keen-eyed men at home. They spoke little of their homes. Longing for their high mountains and homely little villages tied their faltering tongues; besides, how could they make me understand that far-away life? I let them say what they would and forbear when they would. They modestly disclaimed much experience of killing. Certainly there were feuds: old feuds and new feuds; feuds in name only — ashes without fire — and hot, bitter feuds that brought whole tribes to war. A man must walk warily at all times — he might not so much as plough without his gun. Yea, sometimes, by the grace of Allah, a bullet went home. Nay, doubtless, killing a man was no light matter; it was a matter calling for thought, and that not of one angry man, but of the elders of the clan. Nevertheless every man must fulfill his kismet, whether he killed or was killed, and all things were by the will of Allah, to whom be glory forever.

But Pathans were not an evil folk. (They smiled with charming reassurance.) They had their bellies to fill, like other folk. Fields must be tilled, cloth woven, shoes and saddles sewn, houses built, pots made, and waistcoats embroidered. Pathans did not altogether pass their lives killing enemies, though Bombay folk feared them as they had been tigers. (They smiled with scorn, and yet were not displeased with their terrible reputation.)

'Yea,' I said gravely, 'doubtless your tribe and clan are full of most virtuous men, and doubtless even some others are praiseworthy; but surely the men of such and such tribes and clans — are they not but vile dogs, worthy only to be shot?'

They laughed. 'The Bibi hath taken us in the snare of our own words. Yea, of a truth, many Pathans are base knaves, faithless to salt, knowing not honor. In Jahannam they shall burn, even with idolaters.'

An occasional flash of their fine eyes helped me to picture these gentle fellows ruthlessly shooting down their tribal enemies. Was this gentleness of theirs the helpless docility of shorn Samson, the meekness of the hard-worked bull, or the mildness of the tiger at rest? The sight of shrinking, grimacing Raghu always roused the tiger in Ilyas Khan, and I think that he could have shot him with as little compunction — with, indeed, as much righteous satisfaction — as he would have shot a pig. Idolaters and swine, what were they but one unclean,

accursed breed? Not that he said anything of Raghu to me — he accounted himself to have some knowledge of manners; it was only the cold aversion in his eyes that made me thankful he would never meet our poor little clown across the frontier.

After they had called once or twice, I went to the Bible Society and got them each the four Gospels in their own beloved Pashto. Fortunately they could all read, and they were very much pleased to get the holy *Injil* (Gospel) in their own tongue, for though, of course, they knew of it as a part of their sacred *Qanun* (canon), they had never seen it before. They received the little books with the true Mohammedan's reverence for a holy book, handled them carefully, wrapped them in a clean cloth, and took them home. Irreverence is not a Mohammedan sin. I have seen, in the old days, illiterate Mohammedans pick out of the dust a scrap of paper, written or printed, and place it under a stone at the side of the road, lest it contain a holy word or a name of God and be trodden underfoot. But now, alas, many Mohammedan shopkeepers in the cities wrap their wares in printed paper, careless of its import. These also are they who no longer leave a customer at the muezzin's call and, turning toward Mecca, tranquilly say their prayers, unconcerned whether he wait or depart, since all things are ordained by Allah. 'For the belly!' says the new generation at each turning aside, and shrugs its shoulders, while the old generation rages, or sighs.

The Mohammedan version of the Gospel is rather different from that of the Bible, since it omits or alters such matters as are inconvenient to Islam; and someone may have told Ilyas Khan and his friends that the Injil I gave them was not the true Injil, but if so they were too polite to mention it. Mohammedans love controversy and are often very difficult in argument. Every debate is in some sense a jihad (holy war), and they argue to win; and being a high-tempered people they may become unpleasant, not to say very unpleasant, not to say ferocious.

Whether Ilyas Khan and his friends held themselves too unlearned for controversy, or whether they held it ungracious to confute an avowed benefactress, or, perhaps, *infra dig* to dispute with a woman, I do not know; but I think that modesty rather than manners kept them from trying a bout with me. However it was, I was thankful. I wanted only that they should read the Gospels; that, at least while they read, they should see the form of the Son of God, whom they honored only as a Prophet, and hear His words of life; perhaps they too would fall at His feet, crying 'My Lord and my God!' There is strong magic in those little books, and one never knows whom they may enthrall. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth,' and even strong Pathans have delighted to call themselves 'bond servants of Jesus Christ.'

After a year Ilyas Khan came alone one evening to take leave of me. 'I go to my country — for two months only. I have leave. When I return I would bring the Bibi a gift. What desireth the Bibi?'

For a moment I saw bright embroideries and felt greedy. 'I desire nothing,' I said.

'But something I will bring,' he said doggedly. 'In all my country is nothing the Bibi desireth?'

'Why bring anything?'

'Because a Pathan may not forget favor.' He drew himself up proudly. 'The men of my khail are true to salt.'

'Enough of this favor! A thousand thanks you have said for this favor. What was it, then? A very little letter. Cost it anything? Great labor was it?

By the grace of God and the merit of your own certificate some marks of my pen got you work. Without *your* paper, what virtue were in *my* paper? Thank God, and say no more of it.'

'Nay,' he said stoutly, 'is it a little thing that by the Bibi's hand I and my babes have been fed these twelve months? The grace of Allah, impoverisheth it Him? And shall we not thank Him, because that His favor costeth Him not labor? Verily I am beholden to the Bibi, and a gift I must bring. I would not bring a foolish gift; wherefore I ask, "What desireth the Bibi?"'

His logic was charming. I laughed. 'Very good. Bring me then a gift. I will tell my desire. Bring me fruits or nuts of your country.'

His face fell. 'Only that? There are many goodly things in my country.'

'Doubtless,' I said carelessly. 'I have seen them in shops. They are questionless beautiful, but I desire not them. I delight to see strange fruits. Bring me something not seen in Bombay.'

He considered a moment, and then with a lighting of his whole face he said, 'Ha! I will bring a pot of *ghi!*'

I quailed inwardly, for I had read of Tibetan butter. 'Ghi? Surely there is much ghi in Bombay?'

'There is ghi of a kind, yea; but hath it flavor or fragrance? It is like so much water. But the ghi of *my* country — Wah! It needeth but a small lump in a great pot of rice and the house is filled with the fragrance! Wah!' He threw out his arms, and his eyes sparkled.

My heart sank. What must be that ghi beside which the rancid stuff sold in Bombay bazaars was tasteless! Most particularly I desired it not! But how not to grieve this delightful Ilyas Khan?

'Wah! That is indeed ghi!' I wagged my head judicially. 'Still, I have not lived always in Bombay; and here and there, here and there, I have eaten very excellent ghi, and ghi of great fragrance. I would eat something new. There are many fruit-bearing trees in your country, and there are no such pomegranates in all India as they bring from Afghanistan. Bring me new fruits or nuts.'

He was disappointed, but unsuspecting. 'Something new I will find without doubt. But if I brought other than a thing to eat?'

'I shall be displeased,' I said gravely. 'I shall not receive it.'

'As the Bibi willeth.' He bowed.

'So long you have walked without fear; will you remember to walk warily at home? Even Peshawar is not Bombay.'

He laughed a little. 'A man verily forgetteth much here, but by the Bibi's prayers and the grace of Allah I shall go and come in safety — unless my kismet be otherwise.' On a sudden he was serious, inscrutable. Was it really homesickness that took him, I wondered. And yet that longed-for little son, the little girl, the baby boy — these might well pull a man with a face like Ilyas Khan's. Perhaps, after all, he had never killed a man in his life — and perhaps, God knew, he had been summoned to settle an old — or new — score with a careful bullet.

'Hurt no man, and God will return you in peace. Said not Isa [Jesus], — Holy is His name! — "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again"; and "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword"?'

He nodded, and then, touching his brow and breast in the beautiful Mohammedan way, he bowed low and departed. In two months he was back, head high, and radiant. Slipping off handsome new slippers sparkling with brass insets, he entered with a great salaam and laid a tin box on my table.

I looked within and found a fat honeycomb still fast to a bit of branch.

'No worthy gift, but a new thing and sweeter than sugar. A little creature of my country maketh it with cunning of the sweet of flowers.' He had evidently never seen honey in India, and I made much ado of it. At least the delicate wild flavor was new, and almost as delightful as my memory of Ilyas Khan and his friends. I saw them only a few times after that, for I went soon to Berar, to work in a girls' orphanage. However, they used to inquire after my welfare as long as my father was in Bombay, and I received many gracious messages of salutation and blessing.

Steel they were; and steel is not tempered without fire. Their fires were deep, burning in an ancient pit of hardship and suffering, banked by isolating mountains, fed by reckless fatalism and ruthless laws, fanned by fierce traditions and lifelong companionship with death. In their presence one felt this hot, hidden fire underlying their courtly gravity, their hampered speech, and their charming surface frankness, as one feels the depth of the sea underlying alike its slow swells and its light surface gayety.

Steel they were; but not all steel. And fire may do more than temper. Though imprisoned in an iron code, it may flame out in conflagration — in revolting atrocity.

III

I met several Pathans after that, including two Christians, but it was only five years ago, on a short journey to Poona, that at last I met a Pathan usurer, an engaging old ruffian, hawk-nosed and bearded, lounging at his ease in a crowded Third, and regally taking up the room of three ticket holders. He was really superb, with a rugged Semitic beauty, and lovelocks oiled and curled, for all his fifty years. Two foxes sat in his two eyes, and if he had ever known Pity he had long ago forgotten her. Biblically speaking, he had no bowels.

His dress advertised his prosperity: immense trousers that fell in splendid folds, a sheer muslin tunic of the finest, a new peaked cap, a blue, white, and gold turban, a gold-embroidered crimson velvet waistcoat, fat gold rings, and on his tunic embossed gold studs joined by many little chains. He exuded well-being. One knew to look at him that he fared on rich, savory pilaus and curries, *kababs* broiled with garlic and green ginger, cakes and sweets dripping ghi and syrups. In Paradise he expected to feast limitlessly, with ravishing houris to pleasure him endlessly, and he was overlooking no delight here — that he was able to know as delight.

He looked at me with the bland, appraising curiosity with which a surfeited cat might look over a mouse in a cage; and presently he began a harsh rumbling in his beard, which he evidently intended for singing.

Never have I heard such singing. Indian music I know and love, and Afghan music is doubtless musical, but this had neither tune nor time. It was not croaking, it was not barking, it was — *sui generis*, so preposterous that at first I could have laughed; but soon the rough vibration of the heavy aimless voice became racking, and my Hindu fellow passengers also grew restless. Something had to be done: I asked him politely what he sang.

'I sing of the compassion of Allah, the Compassionate Compassioner,' he said, with a benevolence that seemed to me even more killing than his singing. 'Where live you?' When I said, 'Berar,' his fox eyes lighted as at a marrowbone. 'Ha! Well I know Berar! It is a good country. Akola, Amraoti, Murtizapur, Malkapur — all good

towns, and well I know them!' He laid a loving hand on his paunch.

The gesture brought to life all my knowledge of his kind, and I recklessly gave battle. 'Aye, I doubt not,' I said tartly, 'having in all those towns good fields and gardens filched from our poor Kunbis [farmers]. It is verily a good country for tigers; we have many. In the hills they are striped, and on the plains they are of another stripe — them we call Pathans.'

It was a very bad pun really, in our indulgent Berar Hindustani, but he let out a roar of laughter, while the rest made wry faces to conceal their satisfaction. He was used to fawning entreaties, tears, helpless rage, abuse, bitter vituperation even — behind his back; but not often was he withstood to the face.

'Yea, by the grace of Allah, I have thriven; but land I sell forthwith, for I am ever going about.'

'Aye, 't were more profitable to win it back for naught than to pay taxes and to serve it day and night.'

He smiled and wagged his head in perfect and affable assent — I was being only obvious. Then with an air of great reasonableness he leaned forward. 'Hearken, Bibi. Allah hath made both tigers and deer; likewise He hath made men, some wise, some fools. The fools perish by their folly, and by that folly are the wise profited. Shall we then quarrel with Allah?'

'Nay, Allah forbid! But I would quarrel with you, and mayhap on a time Allah Himself will quarrel with you. Nay, you verily now quarrel with Him, in that you quarrel with the poor and He is their defender. Look you, it is not the wise man who robbeth the poor. And, if Allah is well pleased with all things, for what then is Jahannam? Not only for Kafirs like me, and idolaters like these, but for some also who account themselves good Musalmans and *greatly* wise!'

I ended with a swelling gesture and flicked one hand in his direction. His face had clouded, but the gesture diverted him and he laughed again. Then he reasoned with me persuasively: 'Hearken, Bibi. Verily it is not well to deceive the faithful, but these fools are naught save idolaters, fuel for Jahannam. How shall Allah fend for them whom He will Himself destroy?'

What to say! 'Hearken, Pathan. Allah's judgment of other men concerneth not you; and Allah, said all the Prophets, is a God of Truth and may not be mocked. One Court there is where the Judge needeth not witness, and heedeth not gainsaying; and when deceivers may enter Paradise, then also may you grow a "mulberry tree from a pumpkin seed," as the saying is.'

He stared at me a moment, but refused to be serious. 'Bibi, your words appear sound, but you have not the true learning. You follow Isa, — on Whom be peace! — but without understanding. The Truth is only in Islam.'

'And which of all the prophets said other than I have said? Said they not ever that a man may reap only as he soweth? And Isa — Holy is His name! — said many times that words and works may not be divorced: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Is it not open?'

'Nay, nay,' he said stubbornly, 'your Injil is not the true Injil!'

'Say what you will,' I said, stubborn also. 'Shut your eyes and say the sun shineth not, — "Fat shutteth the eye," as the saying is, — but I will still say that Allah loveth not such works as yours. Think not that you can deceive Him as you deceive poor Kunbis.'

He looked at me drolly, as if I were sour fruit that had set his teeth on edge. 'Only a fool thinketh to deceive Allah,' he said piously. 'What so great evil do I? I lend my good rupees that I gather with long labor to wretches who would steal my eyes, an they could. And what is my profit? One little anna [two cents] on one big rupee [thirty-two cents]. Have I only in all the world not a belly? Or doth the world feed me only for naught?'

'One anna every month on every rupee — in one year with a little skill a rupee is become two rupees. If you forget to give a receipt, or the simpleton cannot read, it may be three rupees, or five, or ten! If he be hard pressed, the rate is not one anna, but two or even four annas every month on every rupee!'

He pretended great astonishment. 'Repentance, repentance!' He smote his cheeks penitentially. 'What shaitan of a money-lender doeth these things?'

'He sitteth in this train and calleth himself hard names! And he hath many kinsmen. I will tell you a true tale. A Hindu villager new come to Bombay borrowed a rupee of a Pathan neighbor. When, in two or three months, he went to repay it, the Pathan took the rupee and asked a rupee for interest. When the Hindu asked the reckoning the Pathan would have beat him, but he fled. Thereafter every month the Pathan waylaid him and took what he could. In three years he took above fifty rupees, nor gave a shred of paper in return. When the matter came to my ears he was asking five rupees a month — and the Hindu getting but fifteen! I sent that poor honest Pathan word that, asked he but another farthing, I would enter suit, and the fellow became dumb at once!'

During this recital the Pathan's face was a comedy in which played admiration, envy, pretended disapproval, and, at last, resentment that I had spoiled so good a game.

'Never heard I such a tale! I am but a poor sheep beside that Pathan — *tauba, tauba!*' Again he smote his cheeks, very ambiguously, it seemed to me.

'Deer ask no dealings with tigers, and why Hindus fear not to borrow money of Pathans I know not.'

'And is a Pathan, then, any worse than a Hindu money-lender — a Marwari for choice? For marvels of accounting, a Marwari is the father of ten Pathans! Many a Pathan cannot read. I tell you, Bibi, Hindus would borrow of demons, — false religion stealeth a people's wits, — and did an honest man not use his hands, and, yea, sometimes his stick also, he would never get his money again!'

He looked about him with a show of righteous wrath and met sullen looks and inscrutable indifference. So also the poor tiger, working hard to fill his gnawing belly, may harangue the tricky deer he devours, because they lead him a chase and sometimes even escape him. But before I could fit an arrow to my bow we came to a little station near Poona where was an encampment of Wadars, who had been there for months, road making. One could see their tiny huts, marvels of resourcefulness, beside the track near the station. Whenever a camp moved they would break up these huts into their component sticks and scraps and carry them to their next camp on the unhappy donkeys who carried the stone for the roads.

The train had not stopped before I heard, as I expected, the curious cries and vocalisms of the Wadar children. Hastily getting out all the coppers in my purse, I went to the window, to find a dozen little children busily thumping their ribs, and tapping or pinching their throats to produce all manner of

indescribable noises, quite the oddest human noises I have ever heard. At sight of me, a 'Sahiba' and presumably made of money, they redoubled their efforts. They were either quite or almost naked, burned very dark by the sun, and over their ribs on their right sides the skin was black and dry from their constant drumming.

Many passengers laughed at the antics of the children, some threw out coppers, and some amused themselves by frightening the desperately busy little buffoons. A threatening word or gesture would send them running like hares, but with the persistence of hungry puppies and kittens they would be back at once, warily keeping out of range of teasing hands while they kept up their pitiful entertainment. They were opportunists simply. Several groups of them were scattered up and down the short train, and for every copper there would be a swift, snatching scramble. Losers wasted no time in tears, but pinched, thumped, squawked, and hiccoughed the louder. As these were the littlest, I called them to me and put my coppers safely into their eager hands.

When my purpose became manifest the Pathan was all horrified protest: 'Bibi, Bibi, cast not away money to those black crows! Alms to the faithful are not amiss, but to these — Ya Allah!'

'And should they not have farthings for sweets? You and I had a many sweets when we were children.'

'Crows need not sweets, and these are so fat and well-liking, it is a scandal! Cease, I pray you!' The great creature wrung his hands and entreated me as though I were squandering a king's ransom. I thought that I had never seen anything so droll as his distress. The coppers were gone all too soon.

'Bibi,' he said, almost tearfully serious, 'you have cast away good money. Those are ba-ad people!'

'Bad!' I said, really surprised. 'How bad?'

'Of a surety they are bad. From beggars they will become thieves, and all their lives they will go about taking people's money and never working.'

I was delighted. 'Then they cannot be bad! For, look you, they will thus become like many excellent Pathans who all their lives go about taking people's money and never working.'

But he was deadly serious, at last. 'Nay, but the black peoples must work; for that did Allah make them.' It had a familiar sound.

'A prophet verily! I also will prophesy. Allah made all men to work, but if the black carry two burdens the white may go light — bless Allah! Wherefore let them break stone all day in the hot sun to make roads for you and me. Let their children likewise break stone and drive donkeys, and the little ones beat their tender sides black and shriveled to make us sport. But if their bones do not pierce their skin it is a scandal. That they should have sweets to eat is matter for lamentation. Black folk are but beasts. They work with so great ease, being made to that end, that but for the wonder-working of Allah they would not be old and withered when white folk are still young. And when they can no longer work, O Allah, do Thou speed them to Jahannam, lest they cumber the earth! Let him that hath ears hearken unto my prophesying!'

He made a despairing gesture. 'Hearken, Bibi. Allah hath not made all alike. He hath made horses, and He hath made asses. And asses were ever an ill breed. Though you trapped an ass in gold and scarlet housings, he would be no less an ass. Or will you indeed say that an ass and a horse are all one?' He spoke with triumph.

'Nay,' I laughed. 'If you speak of beasts I will say that an ass is an ass, and a horse a horse. And if you speak of men I will say that a horse is no less a horse for that he is not of Arab [Arabia] or Balkh. And, however you speak, I will say that Allah loveth asses, for "His tender mercies are over all his works," as Daud — on whom be peace! — saith in the *Zabur* [Psalms]. Indeed, asses have their virtues, as horses have theirs, and the world would lack a thing if asses were not.'

For answer he let out a gusty roar, and indeed the whole compartment laughed. 'Asses also have virtues — Ya Allah! Bibi, in what Qanun found you this learning?' He laughed again.

'It is in the Qanun of him that hath eyes. Even Akbar acknowledged asses as his subjects. Heard you never how he gave judgment for an ass against his master, for that the poor beast was ill fed?'

'Nay, what tale is this?'

Whereupon I told the tale of the grazing donkey who rang by chance the bell of Akbar's hall of audience, of how the emperor had him haled in, since none might ring that bell and depart unheard, and, finding him overlean and dejected, sent his laughing courtiers to find his petitioner's master, whom he then fined and commanded to present the beast monthly for his approval. I cannot certify that the emperor was verily Akbar, for the story is an old favorite, told in several forms of several kings, both Hindu and Mohammedan. However, it served my purpose, and the Pathan listened like a child. As I ended, the train pulled into Poona station, where everyone got out, bag and much baggage. In the crowd on the platform the big Pathan, with bulky bundles under arm and over shoulder, suddenly confronted me with an outthrust hand.

'Shek-hand *karo*, Bibi!' Should I? He was such a 'ba-ad' man! Then, seeing the rough friendliness of his smile, and remembering a certain severe parable about a mote and a beam, I held out my hand. He touched it awkwardly.

'Keep me in remembrance, Bibi. My name is Ismail Khan. By the grace of Allah I may meet you again in Berar. There was no sugar on your tongue to-day, Bibi, save for idolaters. In my country they say that even a great spear wound may heal quickly, but not the wound of a tongue.' Very droll he looked, and we both laughed.

'Then give up usury, I pray you, and rob no more our poor Kunbis.'

'Aye, aye! Look you, Bibi, the day you give up almsgiving, and cast no more good coin to idolaters' brats, that very day I will cease to eat what Allah layeth in my mouth! Let Allah be witness!'

I let him keep the last word, and he went away chuckling. At home I looked up Ishmael: 'He will be a wild man, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him.' But the name means 'he whom God heareth,' and I was pleased. 'The Lord is loving unto every man: and his mercy is over all his works.'

'Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the Compassionate Compassioner.'

POLITE TRAVEL IN THE THIRTIES

FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. GEORGE TICKNOR

On Monday, the twenty-fifth of May, we left Boston for New York, it being the first and most painful step in the serious and important undertaking of a sea voyage and an absence from home of an uncertain length. I will not try to perpetuate the preparatory scenes, such as the arrangement of our happy home, as if for a final separation from it, the calculations, preparations, and packing necessary, nor the still more terrible parting visits and adieus of the last week, for the weariness and sadness which they produced fixed them permanently in my memory, and I am sure descriptions of such things cannot amuse anyone.

It was a bright and mild spring afternoon, and the drive to Walpole was, in a degree, tranquillizing and refreshing, after the strong and painful excitement of our feelings during the last twenty-four hours. Mr. Ticknor and myself, Anna, within a few days of twelve years, little Lizzy, just two and a half, and Catherine Lecointe made the party, with our nephew, William Woodward, who accompanied us to New York, uniting the kind desire to be with us with the pleasure to be expected from such an excursion. Soon after we arrived at the little inn at Walpole, we were rejoiced by having Mr. Norton and Catherine join us, bringing with them not only the restoring influences of affection and intellect, but fruit, flowers, and kind messages. It was a trying evening, however, and I look back upon it, and upon the parting the next morning, as upon a painful dream, the impression of which I cannot get rid of.

We reached Providence before twelve o'clock, and drove directly to the steamboat. There we waited the arrival of the coaches from Boston, looking anxiously for our friends, and soon had the happiness of greeting Eliza, Mr. Guild, and Elizabeth. It was a great blessing to be thus aided and cheered by this succession of kind friends, for our spirits were a good deal wearied and exhausted, and the voyage which was before us, and the preparations for it, made each of us a little anxious from different causes.

I cannot bring myself to describe at any length the disagreeable and wearisome week which we passed in New York. The weather was very warm. Heat, dust, noise, and fatigue are the component parts of existence in that metropolis, and when one's only rest and refreshment are to be found in such bustling and dirty hotels as we were lodged in, the chance for contentment is very small. Friends were attentive and kind. Many residents in New York came to see us, and Mr. Savage, Mr. Ward, Mr. Gray, and Mr. and Mrs. Curson, who happened to be in the city, were with us daily. Our parlour was generally full, and the excitement and bustle were characteristic of the place. Mr. Ticknor was much occupied, and anxious; and I, in the anticipation of so new an experience as a sea life, felt fearful that I had not done all that was best and made

the most judicious preparations for the comfort of others. My health was very feeble and my nerves much worn, and I truly cannot remember any cheerful hours in that long-drawn agony of packing, heat, and company but when talking quietly with Eliza, or playing with our happy little Lizzy.

Everything promised favorably for our comfort in our sea home, and every preparation that thoughtful kindness or ingenious liberality could suggest was made for our pleasure and amusement, as well as comfort. We could learn nothing of our future companions but that there were several from Boston. The Captain had promised all possible arrangement for Lizzy's comfort, and our staterooms looked so spacious and accommodating that, forgetting seasickness, storms, and disagreeable companions, one might have anticipated a pleasant excursion.

On the next Monday, the first of June (being Anna's birthday), we left the hotel about ten o'clock, driving to a steamboat which was to carry us to the ship, the latter being anchored at a little distance in the harbour. Many friends had promised to meet us here, and I shall not soon forget the agitations and annoyances of the half hour before we left the wharf. The passengers were all on the deck of the boat, while a crowd of their friends and acquaintances and many idlers made a confusion which in the calmest state of mind is not agreeable. Many of our acquaintances greeted us, forcing us to talk when the heart was almost too full for utterance; and several like Chancellor Kent and Mr. Ward were there to give us a parting benediction, which was nearly the finishing blow to my laborious self-command. At last the boat moved from the wharf, still retaining a crowd upon the deck, for the thirty-two passengers of the good ship Europe, and their attending friends, made a great show. Eliza, Mr. Guild, and Elizabeth, William Woodward, Dr. Julius, Mr. Gray, and Mr. Savage, with our trusty attendant, Charles Philbrook, were with us, and their considerate and affectionate kindness I can never forget.

Looking back upon the city, the thought of what I had left, of the probable length of time to elapse before we should return again, if ever, made my heart ache bitterly at the prospect of parting with the few who still remained with us. But, though agitated and anxious, I could not help feeling the extreme beauty of the day. The atmosphere was clear and bright as possible, the sky and water of the most pure and softened blue, while the city, as long as it remained in sight, was a fine object, and the beautiful, very beautiful form of the whole harbour attracted our strong admiration. We approached the ship rapidly, and observed that another steamboat was, at the same time, conveying passengers to the London packet ship Westminster. The two vast receptacles looked like mere specks within the horizon, which was enlarging around us, and yet, what a world of feeling, agitation, expectation, and anxiety they were about to enclose.

The distance diminishes fast, the boat seems flying, and as I see my future prison nearer and nearer, I rack my brain to collect any forgotten message, or any kind word still omitted, so that, when the boat was fastened to the ship, and sailors and servants were ascending and descending, with much bustle and activity, I seemed to have lost sensation and perception. The anxiety about Lizzy's transportation from one to the other vessel roused me, and I was thankful when I saw both her and Anna safe. Then came the parting from Eliza and Elizabeth, and then I was led away, I knew not where.

I found myself leaning against something in the center of the deck, and with no pause for words, hardly for breath, Savage, Gray, William Woodward, Dr. Julius, who all accompanied us on board, took leave of us. What a horrid moment it was! All the passengers were leaning over the side of the vessel, and I joined them and had another glimpse of our friends as the steamboat rapidly disappeared.

The sails of our beautiful ship were all set, there was no noise or bustle, but we separated from the anchorage and the steamboat, and commenced our long and trackless path with a gentle dignity and the magnificent ease of a noble bird. But I could not fix my thoughts upon what was around me. I longed to be alone and went below to the cabin, which was quite deserted, and arranged some beautiful flowers which Eliza's kind thoughtfulness had provided for me. I found solitude not the best strengthener, however, and returned to the deck, where the passengers were watching the progress of the Westminster, which started at the same moment with the Europe, with the greatest interest.

We soon outstripped her, as well as a heavy Dutch ship-of-war, and long before night we had left them quite out of sight. Before that time, too, we were all feeling pretty wretched; and of the next ten days I have only some horrid dreamy recollections of my own sufferings and the sounds of those of others, of anxiety for Anna, who was wretchedly sick and did not know how to manage herself well, and of cruel efforts to go upon deck, when extreme faintness overpowered me and the multitude of strangers was most annoying. The Captain was always kind, attentive, and cheerful, and had such a great quietness of manner in the management of his ship and sailors that the whole seemed governed almost without means. I have a few memoranda written at the time, which perhaps speak with more animation.

At Sea, *June 13th*, 1835. — We have finished the twelfth day on board the good ship Europe, Captain Marshall; and I am still wondering and questioning whether it is really I, whether it is possible that my imaginings, and castles in the air, are absolutely brought to reality. That I, who have lived and moved all my life in the same little circle of friends, pleasures, and duties, should suddenly have my horizon so extended and such a variety and instruction opened to me. It brings new responsibilities with it, and I trust I shall not neglect them. I thought to have found myself braced to new industry and energy by the pure sea air; but on the contrary, the constant presence of strangers in so confined a space, the sights and sounds so new to me, and the lassitude after sickness, quite dissipate my attention, and I lounge away the hours; now and then reading or sewing a little; trying to amuse poor Anna, who can hardly be persuaded to leave her berth; or talking to some of the passengers equally désœuvré with myself.

The first nine days I was fully occupied by seasickness, but since then have been entirely free from it. Mr. Ticknor still suffers occasionally and Anna feels wretchedly all the time, unable to eat, and desiring nothing but to be left in her berth and supplied with amusing books. Fortunately Catherine is always well enough to keep about and to do all that is necessary, otherwise I don't know how we should get along, for the stewardess, who is a little above her place, is often sick, and always entirely occupied in serving Miss Perit. Lizzy is as bright and well as possible, happy and contented in all weather and all places, and

contributing constantly to our pleasure and amusement.

The first six days, while I was in my berth, the weather was delightful, the wind fair, and our progress so rapid that the Captain said on the eighth day that he had never been so far on his course before in the same number of days. On the eleventh we had made half the voyage, but ever since the eighth we have had northwest and southeast winds, which have tried the spirits and stomachs of all.

Yesterday, twelfth, the scene on deck was quite striking to a fresh water hand. The wind was north. We sailed 'on the wind,' as the phrase goes, which caused the vessel to careen a good deal. The breeze was very strong; it was 'a little dusty,' as the gentlemen say, which I should translate 'very stormy'; the clouds were dark and heavy, seeming to enclose us nearer and closer; it rained occasionally, so as to keep the deck and sails of a dark hue, which seemed caught from the solemn colouring of the sky and water. The vessel, with but little canvas spread, was driven rapidly through the dark waves, the wind roared loudly through the rigging and, with the dashing of the angry waters, seemed to command silence from all other created things. It was very solemn. Once I stood alone at the door of the companionway watching this new and awful exhibition of power and omnipresence. The noble vessel laid so much upon one side that the waves seemed rushing directly under my feet; no one was on deck but a few dripping sailors, and they slid about the slippery deck without noise, governed by the spirit of the blast. The ship, sometimes sweeping over the top of the waves, sometimes descending into what seemed a moving cavern, stooped and rose so gracefully and majestically as to fill me with wonder and admiration.

There is nothing that such a motion can be compared to. The sails were soon double reefed, and I began to imagine it a serious gale. I could not get my fears confirmed, however, and so kept them to myself. Mr. Ticknor and Anna were in their berths quite sick, while I was perfectly well, and so interested and excited that Mr. Perit joked me upon my enjoying a gale so much, as if it were no good sign for the quiet of my home. The wind continued strong through the evening, and at ten o'clock, when I went up to look about me once more, the scene was truly solemn and striking.

There was no one to be seen but the helmsman, and he, wrapped in his seaman's coat, was sternly and silently attending to his great responsibility. The moon was full, but her power, through the thick clouds, was only sufficient to show the form of the ship, and the heavy and tumultuous motion of the black waves. The whole vessel, deck, masts, and rigging, was entirely black, too, and seemed riding in the midst of a vast boiling caldron. The solitude of the place and hour, the entire silence except the strong voice of the blast, and the darkness, impressed and awed me painfully. I was chilled, and glad to go below to the comfort of lights and friendly faces. At twelve, the wind subsided, and today we have a bright sun, though a strong head wind. This produces much trouble about me, but I am brave and well. It is droll to see our little Lizzy struggling against the motion of the ship. Yesterday, when it careened so terribly that the cabin floor must have seemed to her like a very steep hill, she managed herself in the most adroit manner and rarely fell or got hurt.

June 15th. — Yesterday, though it was rather rough, was a cheerful day. The air was bracing and invigorating,

the sun was bright, and in the afternoon we were all on deck. Mr. Leigh, an Englishman, brought out his flute, and it put dancing into young ladies' heads, and though some had been lying on the sofa all the morning, it was soon commenced. I was dragged in to fill a space, but found it quite too difficult an art to jump at the right moment, when the ship was pitching and rolling at such a rate. It made a frolic, however, and that is a good thing on shipboard. We are rather fortunate in our companions; that is, amongst thirty-two people there are only three or four whom one wishes decidedly to avoid.

There is a queer medley, for there are four Englishmen, three of them miners in South America, two Spaniards, one Frenchman, one Scotchman, two Irish, one German; seven Americans are from Boston, three from Philadelphia, two from Mobile, and one from Charleston, South Carolina. It would not perhaps be quite right to sketch them as they appear in this trying life, this half sort of palace of truth. Some, however, are pleasant enough, and all harmless.

Mr. Ames, a Mobile cotton merchant, a hypochondriac, tall and awkward enough, is kind and affectionate to his young daughter of sixteen, and does what he can with his stores of cake, lemons, sardines, etc., to please the ladies and add to their luxuries. Mr. Perit and his daughter, from Philadelphia, are rather more accustomed to the forms of good society, but do not contribute much to the general pleasure. Miss Perit is tall, and rather graceful; is an imitator of Mrs. Butler, a would-be wit, is a monstrous talker and has many Philadelphia characteristics. The Englishmen, fresh from the Columbian mines, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Powles, and Mr. Wallis, are part cockney, part schoolboy, but they have done their part for our amusement, showing us some South American dresses, saddles, etc. Mr. Stephenson, an Englishman settled in Carthagena, S. A., says little, but uses his sharp black eyes actively and scrutinizingly; he enjoys the mirth and jokes about him good-naturedly, and is very civil to the ladies.

Then, there is Lord Powerscourt from Ireland, not yet twenty-one, quite handsome and animated, perfectly unaffected, accommodating himself easily to people and things, and willing to be quite social. We have many good games of ball together, and one Sunday afternoon he joined a party of us who were singing Psalm tunes in our cabin. I like him quite well, though I do not discover that he is much cultivated, or that he has anything strongly marked about him.

Mr. Miller, of South Carolina, is gentlemanly and equable, ready to talk to the ladies and to laugh and joke, but there is not much that interests about him. Lopez, a Spanish gentleman, and Raminey, a Spaniard of less refinement, are desirous to please, but have but little English and less knowledge how to succeed. They are great smokers, and the other day Mr. Lopez presented me with a slow match to light cigars, arranged, as in Spain, with ribbons. The ladies are Mrs. Taylor and her sister, Miss Newman, from Hanover St., Boston, Miss Perit, of Philadelphia, and Miss Ames of Mobile. Little can be said of them, and that little will never be missed. Mr. Taylor annoys us much by sitting in our cabin incessantly. But I have not mentioned good little Mrs. Marshall, the Captain's wife, whose amiability and quiet good sense make her quite a pleasant companion. Then there is a herd of men whom I know nothing of but their names and looks, though one of them, a Mr. Hagan, a rich Irishman from New Orleans, is so gentlemanly that if he

was not painfully shy I think we should get something out of him.

How great an interest a little matter excites in a sea life! The other morning, Lord Powerscourt called through the skylight of the ladies' cabin, 'A ship in sight,' and what a resurrection it produced! It was a rough, blustering, cold day, and Miss Perit, stretched on the sofa, was fast asleep, Mrs. Taylor was in the same happy state in her berth, Mr. Ticknor was reading in his, and the rest of us busy at work; but in half a minute all were on deck, watching and wondering. It was an English brig, which had sailed a fortnight before us, and we soon left her far behind. We did not pass very near her, but exchanged signals, and the hunting out her name in the signal book, and gossiping with the gentlemen, made an hour pass very merrily.

June 17th. — We are almost entirely becalmed, and I believe it has a composing effect upon the faculties. I feel none of the brightness of mind and energy of purpose which I flattered myself would succeed seasickness. The gentle rocking of the vessel, the regular flapping of the sails against the masts, and the mild, soft air no doubt have a tranquillizing effect. The time begins to seem long since we sailed; partly because the run at first was so rapid that our expectations became unreasonable. For three days we have made almost no progress, but it has been delicious weather, clear and mild; our attentive Captain stretches an awning to protect us from the sun, and we pass most of the day on deck. Even poor Anna has been brought up and laid upon a mattress. Lizzy is full of frolic, and finds plenty of playmates among the lazy gentlemen. She and Bevic, Lord Powerscourt's Newfoundland dog, are great friends.

The ladies produce their albums and fortune tellers and puzzles, and the gentlemen their curiosities. Mr. Wallis showed us today a pair of riding trousers made of tiger's skins, and many specimens of different ores. Lord Powerscourt exhibited a pair of snowshoes and some other Canadian and Mexican articles; and Mr. Stephenson has brought upon deck a large cage, with a pair of splendid South American birds, which sing deliciously and are as brilliant as our golden oriole.

June 18th. — Still head winds and very little of them. The Captain looks very dull, and we are all rather stupid. The day seems long, for it is hardly dark at nine o'clock; but we get through it very cheerfully. Of course, eating is the great resource and amusement. We breakfast between eight and nine, lunch at twelve, dine at four, and drink tea between six and seven. Sewing, reading, and writing fill many of the hours. I exercise regularly, and give some time to the amusement of the children. We tried jumping rope for exercise, but that did not answer, and then I made some balls, and found playing with them quite good fun. But today we lost the third overboard, so that it seems rather a losing game.

Last night, after a game of whist, I went up on deck to get a little fresh air, and was amazed and delighted at the scene. The ship was going at the rate of nine knots, so that the waves seemed to rush by with the greatest rapidity, and, being all brilliant with phosphorescence, they had the most graceful and etherial appearance possible. The ship's bows, dashing through the water, threw the waves from them, and as they fell off and passed away to a distance they seemed carrying light to darkened regions. It was perfectly dark except for the reflection from this beautiful light, which, to be sure, lighted up the sails and rigging in a

most picturesque manner. By the help of the gentlemen, and their minute directions when to lift up our feet and when to put them down, some of us ladies found our way to the forecastle, and there witnessed one of the most beautiful and curious appearances of the ocean. The mass of foam caused by the motion of this vast body was all as brilliant as sunlight upon a body of diamonds, with the additional beauty of rapid, graceful motion. The tops of the waves, to a great distance, were all lighted, and, what was still more curious and beautiful, a party of porpoises playing round the ship were perfectly imbedded in fire, as it were; and whenever they darted forward, or to a distance at the side of the vessel, they looked like comets. I enjoyed all this beauty, wildness, and novelty excessively and am very glad to have seen such an exhibition of one of the wonders of the ocean. Poor Anna is too feeble, and it was too late at night for her to have seen it.

June 20th. — One of the serious teachings in life has passed before us, and it certainly ought not to have been witnessed without touching some chord, or producing some good effect. I have often watched, while sewing on deck, a little boy about five years old, amongst the steerage passengers, who seemed most particularly robust, active, and playful. We heard a few days ago that he was sick with a cold. Mrs. Marshall sent some suitable medicine and the stewardess went to see about him. His mother is excessively reduced by seasickness, and seemed to have no perception or knowledge what she should do for him; and though the Captain directed an emetic, and her companions urged her to give it, I believe nothing was done for the poor little fellow, and he gradually grew worse and at last died of the croup. The last day he lived they kept him a great deal upon deck, because, they said, he wanted air, and it was awful to see his sufferings, and to know he was so soon to enter upon another existence.

The parents were very anxious, after his death, to have some service performed. The weather was windy, gusty and rainy, but to soothe their feelings, they and their friends and as many others as found room stood in the companionway and Mr. Ticknor read the funeral service. It was almost oppressively solemn to hear it in the solitude of this vast world of waters, with no other sound but the rustling voice of winds and waves, and to think that, though the little frame was to be committed alone to the stormy deep, what an incomprehensible change had been wrought in the real existence; a few hours before, suffering, ignorant, trammeled — now it was safe, happy, free.

June 24, 5 o'clock P.M. — The pilot on board, and we shall soon, I trust, reach our port. I have had more fear of the channel than of the whole of the rest of the passage, and cannot but be thankful that we are so nearly safe. We came in sight of land yesterday, and today, of course, have found the greatest interest in watching our progress and learning the different portions of the coast. We reached Holyhead early today and have been striving to get round it against a strong head wind. It has made it a rough and laborious day for the Captain and men, and I think they all felt it a great relief and comfort to get a pilot before dark. It was quite exciting to watch the little boats at a distance, and conjecture whether either of them would prove to be the pilot. And then it was a pretty sight, when one really approached us, to see it dancing on the tops of the

waves, with so light and rapid a motion, its form relieved against a very clear and deeply coloured sunset sky.

The moment that the pilot touched the deck was the subject of another interest, for it settled the question of the lottery. This is not an uncommon amusement on board these packet ships, and is easily described. Cards are provided, marked with the date of some day and a nautical quarter of it, including five or six days, any one of which may possibly be the day of arrival. These cards are distributed among the passengers, who give $2.00 for each, taking as many as they please. Some are given to the officers of the ship and to the stewards, who do not pay. The whole of the money so collected goes to the person who holds the ticket marked with the day and quarter when the pilot comes on board. If he had come up the side of the ship only one quarter of an hour earlier than he did, I should have been the winner; but the quarter of the hour gave it to Mr. Hagan, and, having enjoyed the fun of anticipation and expectation, I certainly did not regret the money.

We are tossing and tumbling about sadly, the wind is pretty strong, and dark, heavy clouds are gathering. How glad I am that we are so near Liverpool.

Liverpool, *June 27th*, 1835. — I never can measure or describe the deep, unutterable joy and thankfulness which I felt when I saw my husband and children safe on the stone pier, day before yesterday, and when I, too, stood once more upon the solid earth. My last memoranda give some slight hint of the sad struggle we had to get round that horrid Holyhead, tacking all day of the twenty-fourth and fighting both wind and waves. It was an anxious day to the Captain; and though he was relieved a little by the presence of the pilot, yet, almost immediately after, the wind, still so absolutely against us as that but for skill and science we must have been blown out to sea again, rose rapidly, so that by ten o'clock it was an absolute gale.

It was a fearful night, so dark and thick that an unpracticed eye could not distinguish anything, the ship rolling and tossing violently, and the noise and uproar of the elements appalling. The pilot soon ascertained that it was not possible to pass the bar of the river till at a certain state of the tide and by daylight; and so in the midst of the gale, almost within sight of the haven, we were obliged to 'lay to' for several hours. We went to bed as usual, for, though anxious, none of us ladies knew *then* the whole extent of our danger, and in 'lying to' the ship was more steady. There was no diminution of the wind, and the Captain did not leave the deck a moment.

At four o'clock both tides and light favoured our progress, and we once more got under weigh. The passengers were all stirring, some with a vivid sense of extreme danger, and the rest of us from a desire not only to see what was about us, but to be *ready* to *land*. About five o'clock I went up to the door of the companionway, and the scene was truly frightful. The bare masts and wet rigging and deck, the enormous waves, which seemed higher than any I had ever seen before (because we could compare them with objects on shore), and the solitude, which struck me more because the day before many ships and smaller vessels had been in sight, and because now, with land all around us, I expected to see still more. The wind still roared, and the fog still hung thick about us; but though indispensable that the pilot should see some landmarks, he said we could hold off no longer, and, making a long tack, prepared to cross the bar. Just then, by

God's merciful care, the clouds lifted enough to enable him to steer, and we rushed through the mouth of the river, crossing the bar with the whole fury of the blast about us, as if we were to be swallowed up by the raging waves, which came towards us with their wide caves open, like the jaws of a monstrous beast. The appearance of the waves was most strange to us, having become accustomed to the deep green of the open ocean, for they were so yellow and so thick that they looked like masses of sand, as if the spirit of the storm had scooped up the bed of the river to envelope and destroy us. But the gallant ship withstood these great dangers, and with a few sails set drove up the river at the gentle rate of eighteen knots an hour, twelve from the wind and six from the tide.

At six o'clock we had a sort of breakfast, not in the usual neat and exact order, but enough so for such a morning, and the Captain then came down for a moment or two, looking excessively worn and exhausted by the night of watching and anxiety. He said he would give $5.00 to be, at that moment, in port, and that if we had struck the bar, no two timbers would have held together two minutes.

As we approached the city, we found the shores and wharves lined with people watching our progress; and in the city the wharves, docks, ships, and roofs of houses were quite filled with anxious spectators. What a comfort it was to look at the firm set earth and the nice houses, and to think, 'Tonight we shall have a quiet bed.' We were all collected upon deck, rejoicing in our safety, for the gale was over, and examining the city; when, as we arrived opposite to the stone pier, the pilot gave the order to let go the anchor, the enormous chain cable rolled out with a most frightful noise, which was, of itself, alarming enough to ignorant ears; but I was still more startled to see the sudden appearance of anxiety among the sailors at the windlass, and the pilot rushing to them at his best speed. I knew something had occurred, and mentioned my alarm to Lord Powerscourt, whose arm I held at that moment; but he said little, not thinking it worth while, probably, to increase my fears. In another moment the other chain cable rushed out, with the same horrid noise, and an instant after we were safely at anchor. The alarm has since been explained to me, and my fears were not imaginary, though they were ignorant. The first anchor got entangled in the chain, and for a moment the second got caught in the first, so that, if their weight had not cleared them, the ship would have gone against the stone pier and been terribly injured, though probably not lost.

During this most disagreeable interval we saw a steamboat approaching us, but it was so tossed by the rough waves that it was far from agreeable to think of going down the side of the ship to it. However, things are generally worse in anticipation, and so, though the wind was still very violent and the boat very wet, we ladies and the children were so well guarded and cared for that we were but little incommoded, and when I saw my children safe on shore, and stood myself upon the noble pier, I looked back upon the turbulent waters and our sea-house with a feeling of gratitude and security such as I never experienced before. Carriages (shabby enough, to be sure) were waiting on the pier, and, bidding our fellow passengers good-bye, we drove to the Adelphis Hotel (where our rooms had been engaged for us by Mr. Gair), feeling every instant a refreshment and comfort that one can experience only after a month's confinement on shipboard.

The rest of that day (the twenty-

fifth, Thursday) we gave to resting, eating, bathing, and sleeping, all great luxuries. Anna we found so feeble and unable to bear exertion that that evening we sent for Dr. Bickersbeth to ascertain what sort of treatment was wisest and would restore her strength most rapidly. He ordered quinine and plenty of beefsteak, and she has already gained visibly. Though my history of our voyage has taken so much room, I have hardly mentioned either of the children. They have been perfectly good, and given as little trouble as possible. Anna was very patient through long indisposition and great discomforts; and Lizzy has been a gay, happy plaything every moment. The weather has been too damp and windy, ever since we landed, to allow her to go out, and so she has begged many times to 'go up a deck' — 'Please, Catty, go up a deck.' Mr. Gair came in soon after we reached the hotel to congratulate us on our safety, and, two hours after, Lord Powerscourt and Mr. Miller; but I was thankful to feel that the rest of the day would be entirely quiet.

Yesterday (Friday, the twenty-sixth) the natural languor and fatigue after such excitement and the month of sea life were heavy upon us all. Mr. Ticknor, however, was obliged to go to the Custom House, and when he sent home our luggage I was obliged to unpack and get some clothes for the children. Mr. Marshall and Miss Perit were my only visitors. We were hearing constantly the most terrible accounts of the storm on land, as well as at sea; but at sea the losses have been terrible. Three large vessels have been wholly lost very near Liverpool, and one of them came round Holyhead with us, and therefore must have been wrecked near us. It makes me shudder to think of the dangers we were in, and inexpressibly grateful for the kind providence which preserved us.

THE OLD BELIEVER

BY ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

I

In the famine year, Kvalinsk bazaar was a place of the dead. The black log elevators stood empty-bellied as the people, the last grain blown from their cracks. No cattle, no dogs, no cats, no pigeons — all had been eaten. In the Bread Row the corpses were corded like wood.

That was five years ago. To-day the bazaar is stacked with food. Green piles of watermelons, yellow pyramids of millet, golden mounds of wheat and rye. Most gay the red and rose mountains of the Apple Row, and moving among them a huge mountain of flesh on two short legs of enormous girth.

'How are you, Vlas Alexsevitch?' I called to him.

'I'm two hundred and eighty pounds — five pounds gain this week,' he replied exultantly. '*Slava Bogoo!* Glory to God! I'm recovering.'

By 'recovering' the old man meant getting back the three hundred and sixty pounds that hung upon his four-and-a-half-foot frame in the days before the Revolution. Then he was a veritable behemoth. But his was not the fat of sloth and indulgence, for, from the days when he went barefoot in winter, Vlas never spared himself.

A big wheat harvest across the Volga? There was Vlas, buying early, rushing it across steppe and up river to Kazan. Horses to buy from the Kirghiz, a thousand versts away? There was Vlas, waging war on the natives who stole the laggard ones from his drove, stealing twice as many in revenge. A caterpillar raid on his orchards? No sleep or rest for Vlas until the last pest was gone. A big wall-on-wall fight on Maslenitza? Vlas was in the thick of it, his great ham fists swinging till the last man was down. Vlas carried the scars of battle. 'My left ear knocked deaf by a whaling blow on my right ear,' as he proudly explains.

No, Vlas's immense diameter was not the fat of inaction. He got it by taking to the table the same enterprise he took into work and business and fighting. In normal times his zest for food is quite abnormal, but on saints' days, surrounded as he is by his ikons and his dowager daughters, swathed in his Old Believer caftan, waited on by his wife Shura, it passes all degrees of abnormality.

'Come on Saint John's Eve,' urged the old man, 'and bring your *baba*.'

We came at six to find Shura, majestic in a green *sarafan* with silver buttons reaching to her feet, bringing on the *piroghi*, a kind of pastry. A peculiar Slav failing is the pirog. No Russian housewife can rest easily with a plain piece of dough. She is impelled to wrap it round something — rice, liver, cheese, cabbage, fish, anything she can lay hands on; this, baked, becomes a pirog. There were five kinds around the samovar, and over all the fragrance of cherry tea.

'Fill the glasses to the brim,' said Vlas.

'The intelligentsia don't do that any more,' corrected Shura, passing the tiny morsels of sugar through which the Russians usually suck their tea.

'The intelligentsia don't do that any more,' snorted Vlas gleefully. 'They put the sugar, not in their mouths, but in their glasses.' He ran our glasses over with three splashing lumps and piled our plates with herring, sterlet, caviar, red and black, and eggs; then sweets to satiation, brined apples, pickled preserves, all-flower honey, and four sorts of spicy jam.

This, I presumed, was the supper. It proved to be but a preliminary skirmish to a long series of soups, tongues, hams, fish, joints. Crowning all, the great pies, — ten American pies in one, — almost rivaling Vlas in circumference, and following one another down into his enormous maw. Vlas's stomach was a lineal descendant of Gogol's Aphanasy Ivanovich, who after eating all day would get up at night to eat more; who found the cure of all diseases, including indigestion, in more abundant eating, and gorged himself to the glory of God and the Ancient Faith.

I paid my compliments to Vlas's food, his great capacity, and his size.

'Huh!' said the old man, shaking his head sadly. 'What I might be now if it had n't been for the Revolution!'

This pre-Revolutionary *papasha* — as he was called by daughters and sons-in-law — became the subject of half-boasting, half-bantering comment.

'Luckily papasha did n't fall in with Brikovka peasants in the hunger year,' said son-in-law Lukas, the tar-and-rope trader; 'he would have made a month's meat supply for the village.'

'Or turned into candles he would have lit the churches till Ilya's Day,' said son-in-law Feodor, the cloth merchant.

'Papasha does n't like the Revolution, but he might have died long ago if there had been none.' This from younger daughter Lina.

To her remark I gave point by citing cases of people saved from untimely graves, thanks to the work, hunger, and rigors imposed on them by the Revolution. There was Madame Rimsky Korsakova of S——. In the old days she rose at noon, full of ailments, to walk around her boudoir a hardship. The Revolution took away her money and gave her six people to help support. Now she is up before dawn, dragging great sacks of black bread and potatoes back from the bazaar, four versts away. The troubles of others give her no time to dwell on her own.

Then the old epicure, the landlord I met on a Volga steamer. In the old days of high living he had catarrh of the stomach, and half the doctors of Germany prescribing for him. The Revolution took away his delicacies and put him on a diet of black bread and cabbage soup — when he could get them. 'The best specialist was the Revolution,' said he. 'It gave me a stomach that digests nails.'

Vlas, it would seem, was another example of the saving power of the Revolution, fear and famine frying off great slabs of the fat that was smothering and choking him. All this to Vlas, of course, was sheerest nonsense, as ridiculous as making the sign of the cross with three fingers instead of two. To him food and fat are good things in themselves — the more the better.

Indeed, his chief grievance, it seems, against the Revolution was not for the six expropriated *datchas*, the three hundred poods of tallow, the six hundred poods of salt beef it took out of his cellar, but for the four poods of fat it took off his belly. His set aim is to win it back, and the old man beams satisfaction at his growing circumference, marking progress on the road to recovery.

II

'More vodka!' cried Vlas. Out of big *jorghums* he kept the red and white vodka gurgling, drinking with each guest in turn and, when he had drunk everybody full, drinking by himself — twenty tumblers. The only apparent effect of it all was to liven up his legs and set him capering across the floor, snapping his fingers.

I complimented him on the nimbleness of his legs.

'Yes,' said Vlas, slapping them. 'Woolen stockings on them all summer, and they never sweat or stink. I got them as captain of my ship on the Volga.'

'You mean your uncle's old barge,' scoffed Shura.

Passing this over, Vlas resumed: 'My grandfather lived to be a hundred and sixteen years.'

'One hundred and six,' put in Shura.

'Well, one hundred and ten,' conceded Vlas.

'Hundred and six — and not a year more.'

Vlas sullenly capitulated. Shura always puts a blight on his stories. When she is absent, his grandfather grows to be one hundred and twenty-six. His own thousand-verst journey to the Kirghiz becomes three thousand. Ten thousand horses were frozen to death before his eyes. His broken leg hung by the skin like a hinge. As with 'Lightnin',' who boasted that he drove a swarm of bees across the American continent without losing a bee, Vlas's tales have sweep and imagination.

But none of this when Shura is around. Besides an irritation arising from a too close and constant conjugal

life, Shura harbors against Vlas an incident of long ago. She was not consulted about her husband. He was picked up by her father, as was the procedure in those days. Not on that score does she base her grievance; but on her wedding night someone, knowing Vlas's weakness, came and cried into the bedroom window: —

'Eh, Vlas! A big wall-on-wall fight in the next village!'

'And the good-for-nothing,' said Shura with terrible venom, 'jumped into his clothes, fought all night, and did n't come back till morning.'

'Yes,' said Vlas sheepishly, 'and it's been eating her for forty-two years. When she's buried she'll still be talking about it.'

'I ran home,' continued Shura, 'but my father beat me with a halter and drove me back. If I had said anything my husband would have beaten me with his fist. But those days are over. They don't dare do that any more.'

'More's the pity,' commented Vlas gloomily. 'The Revolution has spoiled everything — even the women. In the old days women used to weep at weddings. Now it's the men.'

But Vlas's rancor against the Revolution for putting rebellion into Shura is softened by the fact that at the same time it has made her an economic asset. In the new land code the wife has equal claims to the land with the husband. To Vlas's two dessiatines of orchard are added the two that are Shura's in her own right.

This orchard is Shura's great, wide *terem*. Majestic, strong-featured, with a soft cashmere shawl pinned under her chin, she looks the *boyarina* one sees so often in the Moscow opera. Here all summer from dawn to dark she is pruning and scraping and spraying her beloved trees.

'*Mamasha* is so much in the orchard,' said daughter Lina, 'that she looks like it. Her hair is as white as the spring blossoms and her cheeks as red as the autumn apples.'

'She does n't ever go to the theatre,' said Vlas approvingly; 'the nightingales and cuckoos are horns and balalaikas to her.'

This was Vlas's one poetic outburst. His own approach to the orchard is highly practical. Pulling down a branch, he counts the little green knobs, calculates the number of poods the tree will bear, and puts a corresponding number of leaves in his pocket. At last, the leaves all laid out and counted, he announces, 'As she stands, two hundred barrels, one thousand rubles.'

A record crop this year. But apples are an uncertain quantity. Next year there may be none at all. So Vlas does n't depend only on his apples. He is a cereal expert. His season begins when the first wagons come creaking in from the villages, laden with the first offerings of the grain fields.

Along the long lines of peasant wagons moves Vlas. Down goes his arm, deep dredging into the open sack. Up it comes with a bursting handful. He sniffs it, hefts it, tosses it, sifts it, then cries out, 'One hundred and sixteen,' 'One hundred and thirty,' or 'One hundred and thirty-two.' These are *zolotniki*, the amount of flour a pood will grind into. He can do it with his eyes shut and never make a mistake.

'I never cheat a peasant, and they never cheat me,' Vlas asseverates solemnly.

'How is that?' I ask him.

'I knock them down when they try it. Or, at least, I did before the Revolution.'

III

In those days Vlas was a buyer for private traders, speculators, and merchants. Now individuals have been replaced by institutions. Now the log

elevators, standing like blockhouses along the river front, flaunt the signs, 'Bread Products,' 'Gosbank,' 'Goob Coop.' Now Vlas is a 'red merchant' buying for the Coöperative — a huge, impersonal corporation. He can't bargain with it, nor joke, nor drink vodka with it as he did with his former masters. Vlas misses that. But it does n't affect the zeal and energy and conscientiousness of his work.

He is the oldest buyer in the market, but the most active. When the grain sledges cross the frozen Volga, Vlas is up before dawn to meet them. When the red flag goes up on the central kiosk, announcing the opening of the market, Vlas, with all the gusto of an old wall fighter, plunges into the thick of the buying, his great globe body rolling in and out among the sledges, puffing, shouting, scolding, joking, chiding. This is Vlas's element — food in the raw, food in abundance, mountains of it, chuting into elevators, filling the barges — food going out to feed the world. And Vlas is part of the process. The joy of it shines in his face. It exalts. It intoxicates. It transfigures him.

On these big grain days a veritable revolution is wrought in his property-loving soul. The crass old individualist is socialized. 'My' orchard, 'my' house, give way to 'our' wheat, 'our' Russia, 'our' coöperative.

'Look what our coöperative has given me!' he cries, digging a paper out of his pocket and reading: 'In recognition of faithful services performed by Vlas Alexsevitch Podkletnov.'

'See!' says the old man. 'There's the seal. There's the sickle and hammer.' The same pride as a Red-Armist in his service medal.

'You know our country is great,' Vlas goes on. 'In the Kuban the crop ripens a month earlier than here. They talk of ordering me down there this season. Anywhere they send me I'll go, even to America. But they would n't let me in, would they? They would say I'm a Bolshevik.'

Old Believer Vlas, arrested as a Bolshevik! His great carcass heaves with laughter. Suddenly he stops, saying: —

'But I'm just like a Communist. I've got a red card. I'm a Union man.' He shows me a tiny red book, certifying his membership in the Union of Soviet Employees, and recounts its privileges: nine rubles out-of-work benefit; forty rubles at the birth of a child; free medicine.

'But what good is that to me?' says Vlas regretfully. 'I'm never out of work, never sick, and my baba is too old for babies.'

Vlas, however, is a good Union man. Dues paid to date, not a black mark on the pages for reprimands and reproofs, and on Soviet holidays Vlas always in the front ranks near the tribune, his good right ear glued to the speaker.

Maybe he can get a clue as to what the Revolution was about: to what purpose it took away his datchas, beef, and tallow, his Falstaffian figure, and the spirit of obedience that once was Shura's. Another grievance against the Revolution is that it loosed on him bandits and bourgeois-baiters. Though he tried hard to make himself inconspicuous, his nine poods too magnificently incarnated their conception of a 'bourzhuey,' and made him the target for their terror, rapacity, and humor.

One night robbers came, demanding five thousand rubles. On his refusal they led him down to an ice hole in the Volga, saying: 'Pray your prayers, old man, then down the river under the ice to Astrakhan!' A hundred times he crossed himself; then turned to find the bandits had vanished.

Another time a sabre was flashing above his head. 'Shall I carve him?' asked the swordsman. 'No! He's a full-blooded old devil. Too big a mess he would make.'

Again he was whisked away from his samovar to run the gauntlet of the Red Chambers. Four rifles blazed at him in the dark and he fell unconscious. Coming to, Vlas felt about for blood and holes in himself. There were none. It was a hoax with blank cartridges.

Naturally enough, these memories rankle in his breast, and occasionally smouldering resentment flashes into fire. But he tries valiantly to let bygones be bygones, to forget and forgive. All in all, the old man is a remarkable case of adaptation to the new system of life and ideas.

IV

One thing that helps reconcile Vlas to the new order is that to Vlas, as to all sectarians, the Revolution means freedom in religion, a release from the persecutions with which the State Church had hounded them since 1665. It had exiled them to the far-off forests and wastes of Russia. It had confiscated the treasures of their churches. It had broken up their monasteries on the Irtysh River. It had closed their asylums and divinity schools. It had fallen on them with fire and sword.

It is noteworthy that the Communists have used no measure against the Orthodox State Church which that Church has not used for centuries against the nonconforming faiths. In fact, it went far beyond anything the Communists ever attempted. No slanders were too base, no cruelties too vicious.

The Old Believers were declared a menace to the State and put outside the law. Their nostrils were ripped by pincers. Their children were made bastards and torn from their parents. Seals were put upon their altars and gates. Their clergy were forbidden to perform their offices. More than once Vlas has brought a priest at night, disguised as a merchant, to conduct worship. And to ward off a raid on his church Vlas often carried hush money to the police.

One time the procurator charged 'a serious crime' against Old Believers of Kvalinsk for 'the ringing of bells from their belfries, thus luring and tempting citizens to attend their services, a scandal not permitted in Saratov or Kuznetsk.' Orders were issued by the Governor to muffle the bells.

The Revolution of 1905 took the seals off their altars. The Revolution of 1917 gave them equal rights alongside other faiths. The right of assembly they used to convene in Kvalinsk a unity council of three branches of the Old Believers. Hither came three hundred delegates out of old Moscow, out of the forests of Archangel, the valleys of the Caucasus, the Caspian steppes — out of the Russia of far away and long ago. Had I not known Vlas, I should have wondered how this strange, weird assembly of figures could have survived the Revolution. Big, hulking merchants who might have stepped out of the marts of old Novgorod. Gaunt, hollow-eyed monks who might have stepped out of the ikon frames. Priests with fanatic devotion to the ancient ritual, like their forefathers, ready to be burned to death for it — and equally ready to burn others.

'A foreigner! A spy!' thundered at me a giant virgin-bearded Cossack of the Don. 'Put him out!'

They put me out. But old Vlas smuggled me in again. And in course of time they grew tolerant of me. I even lured one of them, a Siberian priest, to my house. Five goblets of

wine, and the pent-up hatred against the old State Church broke out in a flaming tirade: —

'Snuff-pinchers! They make the sign of the cross with thumb and two fingers! Cowards! They could n't compete with the true faith and they put seals on our altars. Liars! They founded their religion on deceit. So they betray everybody, even those who confess to them. Why, if someone confessed to me that he killed the Tsar, it would be my secret forever. Police spies, charlatans, wolves —'

In contrast with such extremists Vlas is a modernist and has departed far from the faith of his fathers. The strictest Old Believers will not touch tea and sugar, nor potatoes, for they were unknown before the days of Nikon. But to Vlas all food is good. The strictest Old Believers, holding that false religion defiles a man in body and soul, keep themselves sternly aloof from the 'worldly' as unclean. In the villages zealots often refused to shake the hand I proffered, and the bowl I ate from — as I found later — was the one from which the cat was fed. Any other dish I defiled would have to be broken or thrown away. When I told Vlas of this, he only laughed, and to prove that he had no such prejudices made me drink from the same bowl with him.

The Revolution has done much damage to Vlas's observance of the ancient customs and conventions. Even for those to which he conforms he gives secular and not religious reasons.

The strictest Old Believers lay no razor to their face, for the beardless may not enter Heaven. Bandits once waylaid Old Believers with the demand, 'Your money or your beard!' If the beard was severed, it was gathered up to be buried with its owner lest at the gates of Paradise he be unrecognized. When I asked Vlas why he does n't cut his whiskers off, he shook his head and said: 'Do I want to look like a dog?'

The strictest Old Believers use no tobacco. It was unknown before Nikon, and the Scriptures say: 'Not what entereth into the mouth, but what cometh out, defiles a man.' Vlas bases his abjuration of smoking on purely physiological grounds: it would cut down his weight. 'Do I want to look like a weasel?'

To Vlas sheer size and bulk are virtues in themselves. He is proud of his big self, his big daughters, his big ikons, his big cross with the legend, '*Vladika!* Ward off my enemies.' Proudest of all of his enormous *Nomakanon*, the Laws and Scriptures in archaic red and black Slavonic script. To Vlas a magic spell lies in its great dimensions and in its great age — more than three hundred years, he boasts. The very reading of it has healing power.

This Vlas was doing in a loud voice when I went to say good-bye. The room oven-hot, the ikon lamps alit, a sizzling samovar, haunches of pork and beef and pies on the table; and the old man, barefooted, in his black caftan, vodka pouring into him, sweat pouring out of him, was singsonging a prayer out of this holy book.

'Just curing myself of a cold,' said Vlas apologetically.

Good health to Vlas! Hoch to Vlas!

Maybe, long after the ascetic Bernard Shaw has finished his meatless, wineless days, this voracious, flesh-eating, vodka-drinking, Bible-reading, Union-carded Old Believer will continue to stand, a bulwark of his ancient faith, refuting all the laws of physiology and hygiene and some of the tenets of Marxism.

CELESTIAL RHYMES

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I SHALL write verses if I get to Heaven.
(But few more now.)
There I shall learn new rhymes for Fire, for Seven,
For Sleep, for Bough;
New rhymes for Star, and Wing, and Death, and Glory.
There I shall use
Clear iridescent words, no longer hoary
With time's abuse.

For when I have pursued the star-suns, burning
In long advance,
Swung in the curtains of the cold Aurora, learning
Her hidden dance,
When I have torn all bodiless fears asunder,
I shall require
Unchallengeable rhymes for Space — for Wonder —
For Time — for Fire —

Wiser than now in secrets always dying
Before their birth;
In rhythms blurred; in music blown and flying
Always, from Earth.

BEFORE CATHOLICS YIELD

QUESTIONS FOR PROTESTANTS

BY JUSTIN WROE NIXON

THE doctrine of the union of Church and State is evidently in a parlous condition. After a long and fairly honorable history it is about to pass, to use Archbishop Dowling's phrase, into 'the limbo of defunct controversies.' Catholics fear to pay their respects to it. Protestants spurn it.

It is not difficult to understand why the doctrine has few adherents in America to mourn its demise. In its historic Christian form it called for the solidarity of the State with the Roman Catholic Church. One of the characteristic features of the doctrine was that it accorded to that Church a preferred position before the law and placed the State under obligation to proscribe the public exercises of those forms of religion not in harmony with the established cult. In modern America, with our religious heterogeneity and with only a small minority of our people within the fold of the Roman Church, that feature was a serious liability. To Catholics it seemed an insuperable handicap in the struggle for social recognition. To Protestants it was a sinister anachronism.

And yet, now that the doctrine seems to be approaching dissolution, may we not discern virtues of a rather substantial character under a form of thought so forbidding to the contemporary mind?

The most casual student of the doctrine discerns in it a protest — a protest against the absolute State, against the arrogance of a secular nationalism, which our generation needs to hear. We need to know that the State is not above the moral law and that there are elementary human rights which, under God, the State is bound to respect. Italy and Russia both illustrate how brutally indifferent to those rights the State may be. No fiction of absolute sovereignty in an interdependent world can exempt the State from its obligations to mankind. The State which bullies a weak nation is just as guilty in the eyes of God as the man who takes advantage of a helpless neighbor. The gravest danger to individual liberty in our time, moreover, does not come from any threatened invasion of the rights of the State by the Church. It comes from an impudent Cæsarism which maintains that the State can do no wrong, that it is above criticism, that all its wars are righteous — claims which are blasphemous to religious men regardless of denominational affiliation. The State can be and is a grievous sinner and needs to repent. The Roman Catholic Church has taught this truth for centuries, and it is to be hoped that it will keep on teaching it. We Americans have a day of National Thanksgiving. Every modern State might well establish a day of National Repentance and Atonement for its collective sins.

We need such a day all the more

now that Nationalism has become the real religion of great masses of the population in both Europe and America. No other religion has ever asked so much of its adherents. As Lucien Romier suggests, 'it is the only religion which requires immediate and gratuitous human sacrifice and which imposes and obtains such a sacrifice without discussion.' But this, the prevailing religion of our time, has no day of Repentance and Atonement because the establishment of such a day would mean an acknowledgment that there was a Will above the will of the nation. It would mean a confession of national sins. In time of war such a confession would break the morale of the people. In time of peace no ruler could make such a confession and be reëlected. With popular governments it is more convenient for rulers to confess the sins of their predecessors.

Under the old régime of the union of Church and State, contrition and confession on the part of the State, through its responsible officials, were possible. There was a God with whose will and law the actions of the State should conform. That will and law, above all conflicting national ambitions, hatreds, and prejudices, was symbolized in a manner effective in impressing the mind of the humblest citizen, by one who sat in Peter's Chair at Rome.

What substitute has the religion of Nationalism provided for the confession at Peter's Chair of the sins of the State against a supernational moral order? Confession on the part of States there must be if we are to maintain our collective sanity. Perhaps the trouble with the modern world is that, in default of the purging experience of repentance and penance on the part of great States, they have become the victims of nationalistic paranoia. The psychological causes of war may be more subtle than we think.

Before this old doctrine of the union of Church and State passes finally from the realm of practical considerations, may we not recall also that it embodies a religious social philosophy? The Church of the Middle Ages did have a theory which covered the whole of life. There was a separation of powers, civil and ecclesiastical, but no separation anywhere from divine obligation. Christianity was, in truth, a way of living. Men pursued their careers, public as well as private, under the eye of God. The readers of Troeltsch and Tawney know how desperately the Church tried to expand its theory to meet new conditions. With the development of trade in the later mediæval period, and with the religious and commercial revolutions of the sixteenth century, the areas of social intercourse where the voice of the Church could be heard effectively grew smaller and smaller. The Church stood finally like a beleaguered city with bandits and revolutionaries ranging over her formerly peaceful pastures outside the city wall. But there were no abatements of her claims of sovereignty. Man's life and man's property, though for the time being the prey of brigands whom the Church could not control, belonged to God. Eventually the representatives of God would reclaim these areas of thought and activity which had been secularized by evil forces.

Puritanism took over the essential elements of this mediæval theory of life as a divine vocation. And Puritanism is the only self-respecting and logically consistent social philosophy Protestants have ever had. Puritanism substituted religious assemblies and consistories for popes and bishops. The Puritan Church had constantly to steady the ark of the State. The Puritan system, having been brought to this country, dominated New England.

It generated a temper of mind as inimical to the 'godless' State as any theory of Roman Catholicism. Vestigial action patterns created by Puritanism are with us still. When someone proposes that the State dispense liquor according to Canadian or Swedish plans, the cry goes up that 'it would be immoral to place the State in alliance with the unholy traffic.' The theory of the 'godly' State gets under way once more. In legislative issues which concern personal vices, marriage, divorce, and Sabbath observance, our inherited Puritanism still asserts itself.

Protestants, for the most part, have abandoned Puritanism and now find themselves without any religious social philosophy at all. Their religion is confined to private virtues, ritualistic observances, institutional practices and associations, and mystical energies. Specialized recreational, philanthropic, and educational functions are 'acquired characteristics.' Without are business, politics, international relations, education in the broadest and most effective sense, and general philanthropy. In every one of these spheres the Church, Catholic and Puritan, once had a social philosophy. Protestantism now covers them all with bland exhortations to practise the brotherhood of man and the golden rule.

The eclipse of religious social theory, however, does not mean the passing of all philosophy from these vast secularized areas of the modern world. Far from it. Nature abhors a vacuum in thought as well as in space. The area vacated by religion has been occupied by Militarism, Imperialism, and Capitalism, and on the Continent, where the masses have become estranged from Catholic teaching, by Socialism and Communism. The churches, Protestant and Catholic, behold at a distance the development of a secularized ethic whose principle is simply the prudential adjustment of conflicting impulses within the individual and of competing interests within society. The State according to this principle is an institution of power fashioned by the dominant elements within the social group to enable them to settle their own difficulties and to control the weaker members with as little friction as possible. The view that life, personal and collective, is the fulfillment of a divine vocation is utterly alien to this world of thought. 'Business' and 'politics' assert their complete independence of religious guidance and ignore even the suggestion that religious ideals are at stake in their respective spheres.

When the Church does undertake to express a collective interest in or judgment concerning any problem of public ethics, she seems 'out of character.' The activities of the Church in promoting Prohibition, for instance, are resented because they have no foundation in her social theory. If the churches are concerned with the Volstead Act, why are they not also concerned with the enactment and enforcement of a hundred other laws and with other political issues just as vital to human progress? The interest of the churches in the Eighteenth Amendment is an aspect of their vestigial Puritanism. If the churches would develop a Christian social philosophy and lay it alongside the ideal and practice of the modern State, they would find enough divergence to frighten them by the magnitude of their task.

Without a social philosophy, the churches are doomed ultimately to ethical impotence. The religious life cannot be lived in a social vacuum. Everywhere it is conditioned by the concrete situations of the modern world, for dealing with which 'business' and 'politics' claim sole responsibility. Farsighted men in the churches see the

significance, sinister for religion, of this claim to absolute ethical autonomy on the part of these secular interests. These men have organized the Federal Council of Churches and the National Catholic Welfare Council to give expression to religious ideals in public relationships. They are feeling their way amid a world of infinite moral complexity, but they know what they are about. They are aware that religion must be good for the whole of life if it is to be good for any part of it.

What if this doctrine of the union of Church and State is an ancient landmark surviving all the tramplings of a secular age, marking a way to a view of the world in which religion and life will have overcome their disastrous dichotomy? It is a rather safe guess that only a religion which is the companion of man through all the vicissitudes of his experience has any future in Western civilization. For a timid, apologetic religion, fawning on our secular prosperity for sustenance, humanity will ultimately have little use. It may tolerate such a religion for a while, paying it tribute out of consideration for a sturdy Catholic and Puritan ancestry which compelled respect, but in the end such a religion will be thrown out of its own house. Only a religion which troubles our modern secular world with the thought of 'judgment' can heal it.

Before Catholics yield their ancient doctrine to the final ravages of a triumphant secularism, it seems to the writer, accordingly, that in all fairness they may ask us Protestants such questions as the following.

Has contemporary Protestantism a vital conception of a supernational moral order, and does it accept as a religious obligation the task of establishing institutions which will symbolize and interpret that order to average men?

Has contemporary Protestantism a social philosophy, and, if it has, how does that philosophy differ from the Catholic view of society as a spiritual organism?

Has contemporary Protestantism thought through the meaning of this process of paring down the realm of spiritual sovereignty? Business, politics, and education claim emancipation from that sovereignty now. Ethics seeks autonomy. To-morrow the mystical energies of religion will be secularized by psychiatry. In fine, over what area of human interest is religion to remain sovereign, after it has given up its claim to a vision of the whole of life, public as well as private, in a divine perspective?

Before we secure adequate answers to these questions, we may discover that it is no slight achievement to build a structure of thought which enables man to live through the entire range of his associated life in the presence of God. Yet, such was the achievement in the days of its prime of the now apparently discredited doctrine of the union of Church and State.

REPUTATIONS: TEN YEARS AFTER

I. JOFFRE

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

Son of a village cooper to Marshal of France — such was the record of Joseph Jacques Césaire Joffre, who was born on January 12, 1852, at Rivesaltes on the eastern edge of the Pyrenees. A man from the people and of the people, plain in character as in origin, here was surely the ideal representative of the 'war to save democracy,' and by him the capacity of democracy may fairly be judged.

It was a family tradition that the Joffres were originally Spanish, their name Gouffre, and that the great-grandfather of the future Marshal had crossed the Pyrenees as a political exile. He was a merchant, but the business decayed, and Marshal Joffre's father, as soon as he was old enough to work, took up the trade of a cooper. He remained a simple workman until his marriage, when he inherited a modest competence from his mother, which enabled him to become a master cooper. Joseph was one of eleven children, and was helped up the first rungs of the ladder by the system of State-aided education. Showing a leaning for mathematics and science while at the College of Perpignan, he was encouraged to try for the École Polytechnique, and, after eighteen months' final preparation in Paris, passed into the Polytechnique at seventeen, fourteenth on a list of one hundred and thirty-two, although the youngest of his 'promotion.'

This was in 1869, and the outbreak of the Franco-German War the next year interrupted his course. Like his comrades, Joffre was called to active service as a *sous-lieutenant* and took part in the siege of Paris — serving in one of the forts. At the close of that disastrous war he returned to finish his studies, but, passing out too low to have the option of a civil-service post, he took a commission in the Engineers.

That same year the youth who was destined to be the other great legendary figure of the World War entered the Engineers also — but in the army of France's future ally. The parallel between Kitchener and Joffre was soon strengthened, for the loss of his wife led Joffre in 1885 to seek distraction in colonial service, where so many of the leading soldiers of France, as also of England, have done their military apprenticeship — a service, moreover, which is a forge of character and leaves also its peculiar stamp on the mind. His reputation already, among his comrades, was that of a reserved and silent man, one who, although a staunch comrade, was neither easy to approach nor easy to move. These tendencies the desert naturally developed.

His first service, however, was in

Indo-China; he took part in the Formosa campaign, and later spent three years at Hanoi as chief engineer in organizing the defense of Upper Tonkin. General Mensier, who appreciated his value, brought him back to Paris in 1888 to a post in the directorate of engineer services. The following year he was promoted *chef de bataillon* in the railway regiment, and later became professor of fortification at Fontainebleau.

In 1892 he was sent out to West Africa, where he was entrusted with the task of building the railway from Kayes to Bafulabe. If the duty seemed prosaic, it was to prove the path to glory. For it was late in 1893 that Colonel Bonnier's expedition set out to extend French influence to Timbuktu, and Joffre was taken from his railway work to command a supplementary column of one thousand men — two thirds of whom were carriers and followers. Passing up the left bank of the Niger, he joined Bonnier at Timbuktu. His account of this march, afterward published, has no literary or narrative power, but it at least shows infinite care to ensure the supplies of the column and its protection from Touareg raiders. But the five-hundred-mile march would hardly have won him fame but for the disaster which befell Bonnier, whose force was surprised and cut to pieces by the Touaregs. The remnant joined Joffre, who imperturbably decided to continue his march. Such calm disregard of their efforts seems to have nonplused the Touaregs, for he was allowed to reach Timbuktu without serious interference. Here he received orders for recall to his railway building, but disregarded them and, after making his garrison assault-proof, secured the submission of the whole territory. The disaster to Bonnier had caused a sensation in France, so that the news of the way in which Joffre had promptly retrieved it created the greater reaction, and he was promoted lieutenant-colonel and officer of the Legion of Honor.

Recalled to France in 1896 to be secretary of the Commission of Inventions, he was soon sent abroad again — to construct the defenses of Diego-Suarez, in Madagascar, the new French naval base in the Indian Ocean. Here he was under the command of Gallieni, and the contact thus established between the two men was to have a far-reaching influence on the destiny of Joffre and of France. In 1900 Joffre was promoted general of brigade, and quitted Madagascar on his appointment to command the 19th Artillery Brigade at Vincennes, whence he moved to the Ministry of War as Director of Engineers. Promoted general of division in 1905, he remained at the Ministry of War for another year, when he was given command of the 6th Infantry Division, and later of the 2nd Army Corps at Amiens.

In 1910, while holding this post, he was nominated to the Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre, whose members are the official advisers of the Minister in peace and the higher commanders designate in case of war. Joffre's prospective war appointment was that of head of the lines of communication, a post for which his previous career and technical knowledge clearly fitted him. Fate, however, intervened to cast him for a very different rôle, and one for which his qualifications outwardly seemed to be that he had none. He had come to fifty-eight years of age with hardly any experience in command of troops and no higher study of war. He was suddenly to be raised to chief of a general staff which had only one rival in its intensive — if not extensive — research into the conduct of large-scale operations of war. His equipment was the experience of a single little colonial

expedition in early life and a technical knowledge of fortification and railway construction. If he had been able to bring the minds of this staff down out of the clouds, from their philosophical contemplation of the offensive spirit, to the solid groundwork of material conditions, the surprising experiment might have been justified. But in fact he proved merely a solid shield behind which subtler brains could direct French military policy on the path to a crevasse which they had not perceived — because they were too absorbed in military occultism to watch the ground over which their steps were taking them.

II

How did this astonishing appointment come about? Through a military revolt, none the less powerful because it was waged by tongues instead of arms. It found its leader and prophet in Colonel Grandmaison, chief of the Operations branch of the General Staff. In the existing plan of campaign in case of war against Germany the French Army was distributed in a strategic formation in depth, roughly diamond-shaped, which could be manœuvred against the enemy according to the line of invasion that he took. Its strategy was thus of an offensive-defensive nature, letting the enemy make the first move and then, through the elasticity of the French dispositions, concentrating a powerful mass of manœuvre for a counteroffensive against his advance. But to Colonel Grandmaison this plan was contrary to the French spirit and constituted 'an almost complete atrophy of the idea of the offensive.' Instead of waiting for the enemy to disclose his hand, 'it is the quickness with which we engage the enemy that guarantees us against surprise, and the power of the attack which secures us against the enemy's manœuvres.' Grandmaison summed up his theory by saying, 'We must not recoil before this principle, of which only the form seems paradoxical: in the offensive, imprudence is the best of safeguards.' The conclusion was that, whatever the rôle of a force, there was only one mode of action — attack, which meant a headlong assault.

This theory certainly simplified the rôle of the leader, for directly an enemy was sighted he had merely to give the order 'Forward!' As General Boucher has told us, if on manœuvres any officer did not thus charge like a bull with lowered head, he was thought to be lacking in 'nerve.' The very simplicity of this theory combined with its appeal to the French temperament — an implicit tribute to the irresistible spirit of Frenchmen — to capture the imagination of the army. In the young who would have to stake their own lives the folly was at least tempered with a certain superb audacity, but in generals responsible for others' lives it was wholly culpable, and the only excuse is that they were afraid of being thought to be failing in nerve through increasing years.

General Michel, Vice President of the Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre, and therefore commander in chief designate, almost alone stood out against the tide, but under the existing system his prospective office did not give him power to control the doctrine of the General Staff. This dissociation of those who formed the doctrine — and the plan — in peace from the man who would have to carry it out in war caused a military crisis. As Michel was in a minority of one, the 'Young Turks' carried the day, for, dominating the General Staff, they were firmly entrenched in the Ministry of War, where the political chief was a bird of passage, and the vice president of the council an outsider.

Michel was relieved of his post. Gallieni, who had opposed his views, had the good taste to decline, on the score of age and an experience mainly colonial, the succession to the man he had helped to displace. Pau was offered the post, but stipulated that he must be given powers which the Government was unwilling to grant, more especially as his clerical opinions made him suspect to politicians ever haunted by the bogey of a military coup d'état. Gallieni then proposed Joffre; the new Minister accepted the suggestion and, addressing an audience of journalists, declared: 'With General Joffre . . . I shall strive to develop the doctrine of the offensive with which our army is beginning to be impregnated.' Joffre was known to be such a good Republican and so devoid of political attachments that the Government did not hesitate to give him the combined functions of Vice President of the Conseil Supérieur and Chief of the General Staff, a duality which endowed him with control in peace and command in war. Heavy in body and intellect, he was obviously no Cassius. (Strange how stoutness inspires the politician with trust.) Screened by his massive frame, and under cover of his all-powerful authority, the 'Young Turks' radically refashioned the official doctrine.

'The French Army, returning to its traditions, no longer knows any other law than the offensive. . . . All attacks are to be pushed to the extreme with the firm resolution to charge the enemy with the bayonet, in order to destroy him. . . . This result can only be obtained at the price of bloody sacrifices. Any other conception ought to be rejected as contrary to the very nature of war.' To this end the training reverted to the Frederician, aiming at a discipline of the muscles, not of the intelligence, sacrificing initiative, in order, by an incessant repetition, 'to develop in the soldier the reflexes of obedience.' The successive tactical regulations issued during the forty-odd years of peace which separated the wars of 1870 and 1914 shed a curious light on the way the memory of pain fades — and still more of its cause. Thus it came about that the first regulations of 1875 were nearest to the reality of 1914, whereas the last of the series was framed for a battlefield on which there were no bullets.

But the delusive basis of the new tactical doctrine was solid in comparison with the foundations on which the new plan of campaign was built. This, the notorious Plan XVII, was based on a double miscalculation. The initial strength of the German Army was estimated at not more than forty to forty-two infantry divisions — whereas there were seventy-two — and, although the possibility of a German move through Belgium was recognized, the wideness of its sweep was utterly misjudged. The Germans were expected complaisantly to take the difficult route through the Ardennes in order that the French might conveniently smite their communications! Based on the idea of an immediate and general offensive, Plan XVII ordained a main thrust by the First and Second Armies toward the Saar into Lorraine. On their left were the Third Army, opposite Metz, and the Fifth Army, facing the Ardennes, which were either to take up the offensive between Metz and Thionville or — if the Germans came through Luxemburg and Belgium — to strike northeast through the Ardennes at their flank. The Fourth Army was held temporarily in reserve near the centre, ready to combine with either the right or the left thrust, and two groups of reserve divisions were disposed in rear of each flank — relegation to such a passive rôle expressing

French opinion on the capacity of reserve formations.

General Michel had partly wrought his own downfall, because, foreseeing the wide German sweep through Belgium, he had proposed to swell his forces by incorporating the reserve divisions in the active army. Such an idea was anathema to the 'Young Turks,' who held that their cherished *offensif à outrance* could only be carried out by rigidly disciplined troops whose reflexes would carry them forward in spite of bullets. Thus the way was paved for the great, and almost decisive, opening surprise of the war — for the Germans, in contrast, had not hesitated to build up their attacking mass from an amalgam of active and reserve divisions, and thus obtained a superiority of three to two at the outset. And thus the pit was dug for the downfall of Plan XVII, and almost of France, by the hands of Joffre, guided by the minds of his entourage.

The phrase, if hard, is justified not only by unofficial evidence but by the words of Joffre himself before the court of inquiry which in 1919 investigated the causes of the loss in 1914 of the Briey iron fields — whence came practically all the iron-ore supplies of France. It is, incidentally, a further side light on the narrow outlook of the French command that their plan had not taken into account the defense of their vital economic sources.

III

No more pitiable disclosure of puppetry has ever been made than in Joffre's evidence. When asked to produce the plan of campaign, he first replied that he had no remembrance of it, and fatuously said: 'A plan of operations is an idea which one has in one's head, but which one does not commit to paper.' This was so absurd, as well as contrary to the evidence of all the other generals, that the President of the Court expressed surprise that there were no traces of a plan in writing. Joffre replied, 'There may be some, but it was not I who drew them up.' He became more and more confused under examination and ultimately said, 'You ask me a mass of things which I cannot answer; I know nothing about them.'

His slow wits, combined with his inexperience of higher war study, made him a modern Delphic oracle, the mere mouthpiece of a military priesthood among whom Grandmaison was the leading intellectual influence and Castelnau the acting high priest. On Joffre's appointment, his ignorance of European warfare had been officially recognized by the nomination of General Castelnau as his assistant, and chief of staff in case of war, and although this was subsequently changed to command of an army, owing to political distrust of Castelnau's clerical sympathies, he remained the chief influence on Joffre until the war came. As it was Pau who discounted the value of reservists, so it was Castelnau who underrated the danger of a German advance through Belgium and neglected the fortress defenses, saying, 'These strong places cramp me and take too many men. I don't want them.'

When the war came, a still more astonishing revelation of Joffre's surrender of his military conscience occurred at the conference of army commanders on August 3, 1914. General Dubail, commanding the First Army, declared that he would need strong reënforcements for his 7th Corps which was to begin the offensive in Alsace. Joffre merely replied: 'This plan is your plan; it is not mine.' Dubail, thinking he had not been understood, began to explain his needs, whereupon Joffre, his face beaming with his usual large smile, repeated his words. The conference

broke up without further light, and it was little wonder that some of the army commanders were uneasy, asking each other if there was any idea behind the massive forehead of their commander in chief.

Nor did enlightenment as to their own misconceptions come quickly either to Joffre or to his staff. On August 6, when the German guns were battering at the outer defenses of Liége, Joffre informed the French armies that 'it may be concluded that the Germans are executing a plan of concentration, drawn up two years ago, of which we have knowledge.' The reference was to a document found by a French officer, when traveling in Germany the year before, in the lavatory of his railway carriage!

Thus, in blind ignorance and supreme disdain for the enemy's moves, the main French advance into Lorraine began on August 14 — and on August 19 and 20 was broken in the battle of Morhange-Saarburg, where the French discovered to their surprise that the material could subdue the moral, and that in their enthusiasm for the offensive they had blinded themselves to the defensive power of modern weapons, a condition which was to throw out of balance the whole mechanism of orthodox warfare.

Faced with this repulse and the now unmistakable news of a German advance through Belgium, Joffre and Company, *Limited*, were forced to readjust their plan, which had, it is true, partially allowed for such an alternative. But as the plan only recognized the hypothesis of a German advance east of Liége and the Meuse, and not the wider arc the Germans were actually traversing, the French command were more than ready to believe that the enemy was merely 'conforming to plan' — the French plan.

Grasping once again at phantoms, Joffre and Company embraced this idea so fervently that they transformed their counter into an imaginary coup de grâce. Their Third and Fourth Armies were to strike northeast through the Ardennes against the rear flank of the Germans advancing through Belgium. The left-wing (Fifth) Army, under Lanrezac, was moved farther to the northwest into the angle formed by the Sambre and Meuse between Givet and Charleroi. With the British Expeditionary Force coming up on its left, it was to deal with the enemy's forces west of the Meuse, and then to converge upon the supposed German main forces in conjunction with the 'right fist' attack through the Ardennes. Here was another pretty picture — of the Allied pincers closing on the unconscious Germans! Curiously, the Germans had the same idea of a pincerlike manœuvre, with rôles reversed, and with better reason.

The worst flaw in the French plan was that the Germans had deployed half as many troops again as they had been credited with, and for a vaster enveloping movement. The French, pushing blindly into the difficult Ardennes country against a German centre supposedly denuded of troops, blundered head on into the advancing German Third and Fourth Armies, and were heavily thrown back in encounter battles around Virton-Neufchâteau. Fortunately the Germans were also too vague as to the situation to exploit their opportunity.

But to the northwest the French Fifth Army and the British had, under Joffre's orders, put their heads almost into the German noose. The masses of the German First and Second Armies were closing in on them from the north, and the Third Army from the east. Lanrezac, the French Fifth Army commander, alone had an inkling of the hidden menace.

All along he had suspected the wideness of the German wheel, and it was through his insistence that his army had been allowed to move so far north. It was due to his caution in hesitating to advance across the Sambre, to the arrival of the British on his flank unknown to the German Intelligence, and to the premature attack of the German Second Army, that the Allied forces fell back in time and escaped from the trap.

At last Joffre realized the truth, and the utter collapse of Plan XVII. An Olympian calm was his greatest asset, and with a cool resolution, admirable, if astonishing, in face of the disaster to which he had led France, he sanctioned a retirement which had already begun, while he and his staff were evolving a new plan out of the wreckage. He decided to swing back his centre and left, with Verdun as the pivot, while forming a fresh Sixth Army to enable the retiring armies to return to the offensive.

His optimism might have been again misplaced but for German mistakes. The first was the folly of Moltke, chief of the German General Staff, in detaching seven divisions to invest Maubeuge and Givet, and to watch Antwerp, instead of using Landwehr and Ersatz troops as in the original plan. This had been drawn up as far back as 1905 by Moltke's great predecessor, Graf von Schlieffen, who had decided on the route through Belgium, and whose governing idea had been to mass overwhelming strength in the wide-marching right wing. He had even welcomed the likelihood of a French advance into Lorraine, and made his left wing there purposely weak, for thus the action would be like a revolving door — the more heavily the French pressed on the eastern side in Lorraine, the more effectively would the western side in Belgium swing round and hit their exposed rear. Schlieffen's dying words were: 'It must come to a fight, only make the right wing strong.'

A more ominous infringement of his plan was when, on August 25, 1914, Moltke decided to send four divisions to check the Russian advance in East Prussia. All these were taken from the right wing, and the excuse afterward given for this violation of the principle of concentration was that the German command thought that the decisive victory had already been won!

Further, the German headquarters lost touch with the advancing armies and the movements of these became disjointed. The British stand at Le Cateau and Lanrezac's *riposte* at Guise were also factors in checking the German enveloping wing, and each had still greater indirect effects. For Le Cateau apparently convinced the German First Army Commander, von Kluck, that the British Army could be wiped from the slate, and Guise led von Bülow (Second Army) to call on von Kluck for help, whereupon the First Army wheeled inward, thinking to roll up the French left. The idea of a new Sedan was an obsession with the Germans, and led them to pluck the fruit before it was ripe. This premature wheel before Paris had been reached was an abandonment of the Schlieffen plan, and exposed the German right to a counterenvelopment.

While the French command clung too long to preconceived ideas, the Germans could not cling long enough to any idea. Almost daily during the advance they were changing their minds, — and the original plan, — until on September 4 they definitely abandoned it in favor of a concentric thrust on both sides of Verdun, which was intended to squeeze the French armies as in a pair of pincers. One further factor must be mentioned, perhaps the

most significant of all: the Germans had advanced so rapidly that their supplies failed to keep pace. Thus, in sum, so much grit had worked into the German machine that a slight jar would suffice to cause its breakdown. This was delivered in the Battle of the Marne.

IV

The reputation of Joffre is so linked with the drama of 1914 that it is essential to paint his figure against a background of events, but we have here reached a point at which we can break off for a brief sketch of his personal action during the great retreat.

It is beyond doubt that he did much by his moral — rather than by his mental — influence to repair the shattered fighting power of France. This influence was applied, not by any soul-stirring appeal, but by simply visiting the headquarters of his sorely tried subordinate commanders and sitting there, saying little, but conveying such an impression of ponderous and benign calm that they felt that affairs must be favorable elsewhere, however serious was their own situation. By similar intervention he sought to pour oil on the troubled relations between Sir John French and Lanrezac, and to secure some coöperation between their two armies, on the Allied flank, which were each 'ganging their own gait.'

More disputable is Joffre's action in dismissing several score of generals, including Lanrezac, during the retreat, which was mainly due to the blind folly of Joffre himself and his staff.

It was bitterly said later that it was fatal to offer suggestions to Joffre and to prove right when he was wrong; that Lanrezac was 'sacked' because he divined the German plan; Ruffey (Third Army) because he had proclaimed the vital need for heavy artillery; Sarrail — Ruffey's successor — because he proposed sending troops by sea to Dunkirk to strike the enemy's open flank. Although Joffre's known jealousy of possible rivals lends weight to this charge, it is not the whole truth.

Lanrezac's is the most famous case. For long recognized as the ablest manœuvre general in the French Army, he, like Gallieni, had distrusted the new Plan XVII, but his observations had no effect. As soon as Liége was attacked he urged that his army should be moved farther to the northwest as a precaution, but was curtly answered 'that the responsibility of stopping a turning movement [by the Germans] did not rest with him.' The rebuff did not quiet him, and day after day, as the news of German movements became clearer, he pressed his point. At last, on August 15, he received permission, but still with the promise that he must hold himself ready to march by the Ardennes — to the northeast! But for his insight and insistence the German right wing must have swept almost unopposed to victory; although Lanrezac had moved seventy-five miles farther west he was still overlapped by the German right wing. And in face of emphatic orders Lanrezac, by his refusal to cross the Sambre and attack, alone prevented his army from putting its head into the German noose. The fact that he proved right was not likely to lessen the irritation of the higher command at his importunity and disregard of their orders. All the public evidence strengthens the view that the man who unquestionably saved France was dismissed, at the end of the retreat, for his presumption.

But the intimate evidence of members of his staff raises a doubt. They say that this man, so acute of vision and intelligence during the concentration period, became hesitating and

flustered when the German forces were actually met, and lost his nerve as the pressure increased. Did his subaltern impressions of the *année terrible* of 1870 rise again to flood his mind? It may be significant that he was born in the West Indian island of Guadeloupe. It is at least certain that he only counterattacked at Guise — a tactical victory which had a great indirect effect — under pressure from Joffre. Moreover, his friction with Sir John French made impossible that cooperation between the Allies which was vitally important. At their first meeting at Rethel, Lanrezac acquired such a contemptuous opinion of French's military knowledge that he never troubled to return the visit and made no effort to maintain liaison — making his plans as if no British troops existed on his flank.

Joffre attempted to reconcile French and Lanrezac, but in vain, and his final step in replacing Lanrezac by Franchet d'Espérey may have been justified by the need for better coöperation and unflinching determination in the forthcoming counteroffensive. It is just also to say that Joffre had a long-standing admiration and personal regard for Lanrezac, and his reluctance during several days to take the actual step of dismissing Lanrezac is supporting evidence that his action was not merely pique.

V

The curtain was now to rise on the immortal drama of the Marne, that battle so indecisive in its fighting, yet one which by its mere frustration of the German plan changed the whole face and issue of the war. On the morrow of the battle the German armies, although undefeated, had lost the war.

It was natural that an event which caused such a miraculous change in the course of the struggle should be explained by appropriate stories, but the documented records of the two sides now enable us to disentangle fact from fiction. The popular legend was that, following upon a check on the frontier due to mere weight of adverse numbers, Joffre conducted a masterly strategic retreat — *reculer pour mieux sauter* — and then, after drawing the Germans on to the position intended, launched his premeditated counterstroke at the chosen moment. His order of August 25 was quoted to buttress this legend. It ran thus: —

'As it has not proved possible to carry out the offensive manœuvre which had been planned, the object of the future operations will be to reconstitute on our left flank with the Fourth and Fifth Armies, the British Army, and new forces drawn from our right, a mass capable of resuming the offensive while the other armies hold the enemy for the time necessary. A new group will be formed in the neighborhood of Amiens. . . .'

This order merely discloses a fresh burst of ill-timed optimism, for it was issued at the outset of the forced retreat, before Le Cateau and other rear-guard battles had revealed the full degree of the German pressure. Official orders are commonly worded with a vagueness which will cover the issuing authority in case of failure, but this one spoiled its general airiness by the incautious reference to a concrete locality — Amiens. With the retreat gathering momentum like a rolling stone, this suggested line of resistance was soon passed and the mirage of a French offensive vanished like its predecessors. A week later, on September 1, Joffre issued orders which, while still suggesting airily an ultimate counteroffensive, revealed a different outlook in the concrete details, by directing a continuance of the retreat

southward and indicating the line of the rivers Seine, Aube, and Ornain as the possible limit of the retirement. Such a line, well to the southeast of Paris, not only kept the capital exposed but was far from a good jumping-off place for any counterstroke.

But in order to know how remote in Joffre's mind was the idea of an early return to the offensive we need not rely merely on these orders. There is ample indirect evidence. For on August 30 Joffre — yielding to the pressure of a Government alarmed at seeing him abandon Paris, by his direction of retreat — detached Maunoury's Sixth Army to reënforce the garrison of the capital. This was the newly formed army that Joffre had assembled near Amiens, and parting with it meant, obviously, parting with any early hope of a counterstroke. For, once his retreat had taken him south of the Marne, he would be too far away for the garrison of Paris to coöperate, even if its independent commander were willing. And on September 2 Joffre rejected the suggestion of Sir John French that the Allies should make a stand on the Marne, saying: 'I do not believe it is possible to consider a general action on the Marne. But I hold that the coöperation of the English Army in the defense of Paris is the only course that can yield an advantageous result.'

When Joffre's supporters say that the idea of a counteroffensive was at the *back* of his mind, the historian can agree! The opportunity was perceived not by Joffre but by Gallieni, the newly appointed governor of Paris, under whose orders the Sixth Army had come. On September 3 Gallieni realized the meaning of von Kluck's wheel inward, realized that the flank of the German advance had thus exposed itself to a stroke from Paris, and with some difficulty won Joffre's agreement to such action. Such was Gallieni's initiative and foresight that before gaining Joffre's sanction he had begun to reënforce Maunoury and had ordered the latter to make his reconnaissances and dispositions for the advance.

Even then Joffre was slow to comprehend and nearly marred Gallieni's conception by directing that Maunoury's attack with the Sixth Army should be made south of the Marne, which would have lost the essential value of Maunoury's position on the German flank — for an enveloping manœuvre. Fresh arguments on the telephone led Joffre, on the evening of September 4, to adopt Gallieni's scheme and, in combination with the flank thrust, to order the whole left wing to turn about and return to a general offensive from Verdun westward, fixing the date for September 6. But the delay robbed the attack of immediate British support; despite Gallieni's direct appeal Sir John French decided to continue his retreat for want of contrary orders from Joffre, and on September 5 he marched southward again. When he retraced his steps on September 6, it was at so leisurely a pace that von Kluck was able to draw off two army corps from this sector to reënforce his menaced flank and check Maunoury's enveloping move. On the other hand, this lateral 'stretching' created the gap in the German front which enabled the French Fifth Army (now under Franchet d'Espérey) to drive in the bared flank of von Kluck's neighbor, von Bülow, and it was this danger, combined with the feared entry of the British into the gap, which caused the German order to retreat. The onrush of the 'irresistible' German war machine, already breaking down, was finally dislocated by this jar.

The most marvelous feature of the 'miracle of the Marne' was its evidence of human frailty — for a month the

rival commands had been outbidding each other in folly. The popular version, fostered energetically by Joffre's staff, reveals also how true to human nature is the proverb, 'All's well that ends well.'

Nevertheless, in justice to Gallieni's memory, it is right to emphasize other features. As he had inspired the counterstroke, so during the crucial days Gallieni rushed troops by every possible means — including the Paris taxicab — to back up Maunoury. Joffre, in contrast, not merely failed to mass troops on the decisive wing, — rather he held them back in face of Gallieni's importunity, — but on the morning of September 8 removed Maunoury's army from Gallieni's control and so checked both the flow of supports from the Paris garrison and Gallieni's efforts to exploit the opportunity of a great victory. And if Joffre had to thank Gallieni for forcing his hand, he had to thank Sarrail, commanding the Third Army, for staying his hand — by holding on to the vital pivot of Verdun in spite of Joffre's earlier instructions for retreat.

Thus, in sum, the Battle of the Marne was a strategic but not a tactical victory; and, given a respite from the initial pressure, the Germans recovered from their momentary confusion, standing firmly on the line of the Aisne eastward.

Here was reëmphasized the preponderant power of modern defense over attack, primitive as were the trench lines compared with later years. Then followed, as the only alternative, the successive attempts of either side to envelop the other's western flank, a phase known as the 'race to the sea.' The French, however, were always 'twenty-four hours and an army corps behind the Germans.' When the race neared its limit — the Channel coast — Joffre was wise enough to send Foch as his deputy to coördinate the Allied action. With the ultimate, but perilously narrow, success of the Allied resistance at Ypres and the Yser, trench warfare settled in and the whole front from the Swiss frontier to the sea was locked rigidly henceforth. Joffre's first attempt to unlock this barrier was expressed in the historic phrase, '*Je les grignote* (I am nibbling them).' If it was certainly no more effective than a mouse nibbling at a steel safe, the teeth it wore down were the fighting forces of France.

When this attrition-of-oneself strategy became unpopular, a variant was tried in the abortive offensives of May and September 1915 in Artois and Champagne. But it was idle to expect from Joffre a quick perception of the new conditions of warfare, far less any lead or ingenuity in divining a solution. When Colonel Carence, head of the Intelligence at the Ministry of War, came to him early in 1915 to plead the obvious need for heavy artillery, Joffre gave him a patient hearing, making no attempt to stem his flow of arguments. At first encouraged, Carence's tide of argument finally ebbed from sheer lack of response, whereupon Joffre gave him a friendly pat of dismissal and the enigmatic comment, 'You always loved your guns; that's excellent.'

I am reminded, too, of the anecdote told me by a French officer, later distinguished, who some years before the war was appointed to the 'English' section of the Intelligence at the Ministry of War. Going to pay his respects to Joffre, he was disconcerted by the great man's prolonged silence. At last, after a series of grunts, Joffre remarked, 'You are in the English section?' Further silence; then, 'Ah, well. They used to be our enemies; now they are our good friends. Goodbye.' What an oracle!

VI

Here we may turn to study the man in his new surroundings — as created by the trench-warfare stalemate. From his headquarters — the famous G. Q. G. — near the Chantilly race course, Joffre kept one eye on the front and the other — as well as both ears — on Paris, for in a man so devoid of political interests his interest in politicians was as remarkable as his skill in dealing with them, ever alive to incipient intrigues and quick to counteract them through his faithful entourage and press supporters. And to the politicians his personal reticence and sparingness of phrase — here his parsimony was an asset — formed a protective screen which baffled their subtler wits and tongues. He had, too, the political gift of compromise to smooth over a rough period, and several times conciliated opposition by the prompt transfer of an assistant to a distant sphere of activity. Let it be said that the sacrificed ones usually took their demission in good part — for the good of the 'Company.' Similarly he made a concession to political demands in 1915 by giving countenance to the Saloniki expedition, which he had formerly opposed. Although this support was superficial rather than genuine, his change of attitude weakened the military opposition to this move, and disconcerted the British General Staff, who were left to play a lone hand in opposition.

If his long tenure of command in face of widespread dissatisfaction was partly due to this native shrewdness, it was due still more to the world-wide prestige won him in popular opinion by the 'miracle of the Marne.' For if his attendant 'priesthood' had done little to produce the miracle, they were as prompt as their kind to exploit the opportunity and to foster the legend. To the Villa Poiret, the shrine of the 'Savior of France,' poured a ceaseless stream of adulation and presents from faithful worshipers in all parts of the world. Pierrefeu, writer of the official communiqué, has opened to us a peephole into the inner sanctuary, disclosing delightful aspects which the contemporary historian is able to confirm and supplement from other members of Joffre's entourage. How the placid Olympian 'sniffed appreciatively at this incense,' shutting himself up to peruse the letters and sample the presents, signing punctiliously the replies in acknowledgment. He was the better able to spare the time because, like a model commander, he left all military details to his staff and only gave the big decisions. His office table was unencumbered by notes or papers, his walls bare of maps — except when, on the visit of a photographer, a supply was hastily brought to festoon the walls and provide a background appropriate to the popular conception.

His hold on the public was enhanced because, although remote, he was yet so akin — the very type of the *bon bourgeois*. His universal nickname, 'Papa Joffre,' was not only witness to his hold on the affection of the people, but symbolical of the picture he presented in the popular imagination. Simple in manner and tastes, he kept a strict check on his household accounts, but relished his meals with all the gusto of a true French *rentier*, and valued his sleep. His staff learned that it was better to sacrifice duty than to be late for meals, and only in emergency would they dare to rap on his locked door after he had retired to bed — at ten o'clock.

Yet, laughable as these traits may seem in a neo-Napoleonic figure, they had the value of making him a calming influence among a race who tend to be excitable — and calm in emergency,

even if it springs from insensibility, is a priceless asset. Moreover, if he was swayed by the nimbler brains of his staff officers in the technique and theory of warfare, he was indisputably master, as dominant as he was obstinate, not only in the domestic sphere but on broad questions of policy. 'Thrice-armed is he who is forewarned,' and Joffre, adept at frustrating political threats, was quickly suspicious of rival stars in the military firmament and jealous for his authority.

The Battle of the Marne had barely been launched before he had skillfully checked the opportunity and potential ambitions of Gallieni, the quondam superior to whom he owed his present chieftainship. And he was quick to monopolize the public glory of that victory. But he overreached himself when a year later he sought to settle the growing controversy by a 'citation' of Gallieni's services which was at least a perfect example of faint praise: 'Placed on September 2 under the orders of the commander in chief, he gave proof of the highest military qualities . . . in facilitating, by all the means in his power, the fulfillment of the mission assigned by the commander in chief to these mobile forces.' Little wonder that this minimized recognition disgusted those who knew the truth.

This trait, moreover, paved the way for disaster — at Verdun in the spring of 1916. Like Paris, the frontier fortresses were not under the command of the chief of the field army, but instead their governors were directly responsible to the Ministry. During 1915 Joffre, who since the rapid fall of Liége and Namur had no trust in his old love, persuaded the Government to declass Verdun as a fortress, and, having got control, from then on drained it of its men and armaments. This removal of guns continued until a month before the German onslaught, and the casemates were simply used as shelters for troops. It was a grim jest of fate that the forts thus discarded which fell into German hands — Douaumont and Vaux — should have withstood over six months' intense bombardment from the French, the underground cover intact and not one field-gun turret destroyed.

General Coutanceau, the governor, had not shared this hasty assumption that permanent forts were valueless, but when, before a Parliamentary delegation, he dared to express his opinion, in contradiction to the Army Group Commander, General Dubail, he was not only rebuked but dismissed. Unhappily also the alternative defenses were neglected. Instead of an all-round defense, a single trench position was dug, and in rear only one subsidiary trench line was usable. This continuous front the new commander had not enough men or material to garrison, or to keep in an efficient state of repair.

Rumors percolated through to Paris, and in December Gallieni, now Minister of War, wrote to Joffre asking for information as to the defenses, and an assurance that they would be developed. Joffre's reply might well be framed and hung in all the bureaus of officialdom the world over — to serve as 'the mummy at the feast.' Rebutting the suggestions, he continued, 'But since these apprehensions are founded upon reports which allege defects in the state of the defenses, I request you to . . . specify their authors. I cannot be party to soldiers placed under my command bringing before the Government, by channels other than the hierarchic channel, complaints or protests concerning the execution of my orders. . . . It is calculated to disturb profoundly the spirit of discipline in the Army.' The

Germans were soon to dispel his doctrine of infallibility, as the mutinies of 1917 were to show that the incapacity of generals and their waste of human life are the most potent factor in disturbing the spirit of discipline.

If the claim of Joffre and his supporters to the credit of the Marne, on the ground that he bore the responsibility, be considered just, by that same standard he is convicted for Verdun. Actually his Intelligence branch gave early news of the German preparations, but the Operations branch was so full of its own offensive schemes that the warning fell on deaf ears. Only at the last moment were adequate reënforcements sent. As the German blow had been intended for February 13, Verdun was only saved by 'General Rain,' who held up the attack until the twenty-first. Even when the news of the crumbling front came through, Joffre was not moved, much less disturbed. At last, on the evening of February 24, General Castelnau — who, since his appointment as Chief of the French General Staff, had been sidetracked so far as possible by Joffre's ever zealous, and jealous, staff — took the initiative and, going direct to Joffre, gained his permission to send Pétain's Second Army to take over the defense of Verdun.

Still more alarming reports came in later, and at eleven o'clock Castelnau, with greater daring, insisted on the orderly officer disturbing Joffre's slumbers. Before the great man returned to his bed, he gave Castelnau authority to go to Verdun with 'full powers.' And in the months-long struggle which followed, Joffre and Verdun became twin symbols for patient and heroic endurance. But the French defenders lost three men to the attacking Germans' two, and the drain on the French reserves almost bankrupted their share in the long-planned Allied offensive on the Somme. Although the French fared better than their allies, the bitter cost for small gain of that long-drawn-out attrition battle sealed Joffre's fate, for he belonged to a nation which because of its more widespread military knowledge was more militarily critical. His star had deserted him; this time he did not acquire borrowed laurels from the brilliant autumn ripostes of his subordinates at Verdun, and the failure to safeguard it originally was now fully known. He had been retained in power through the summer mainly as a symbol to sustain the public confidence. As quick as ever to perceive the signs of the rising storm, Joffre sought to propitiate the angry gods by throwing overboard Foch, who had been in direct charge of the French action on the Somme, and this led to a tempestuous scene between the two. Although the sacrifice was of no avail ultimately, the Government at first thought of securing Joffre's demotion by the conventional method of promotion. They gave Joffre the new-coined title of Commander in Chief of the French Forces, whose duty would be to act as technical adviser to the Government in the general conduct of the war. This enabled them to bring Nivelle — in public eyes the hero of the Verdun counterstrokes — to G. Q. G. to take charge of the western front as 'Commander in Chief of the Armies of the North and Northeast.' But a few days later they changed their minds again, or, perhaps relieved by the absence of public outcry at the first step, gained confidence to make a bolder change. On December 27, 1916, Joffre was definitely retired and in compensation and recognition promoted to Marshal — the first Marshal of the Third French Republic.

Pierrefeu has exquisitely painted the final scene — how Joffre summoned his staff to say farewell, and asked who

would accompany him as the three orderly officers to which his new rank entitled him. Only one, the much abused but ever faithful Commandant Thouzelier, raised his hand. Joffre made no complaint, but, when all had gone, turned to the loyal one and, giving him a friendly pat, uttered his favorite exclamation: 'Poor old Joffre! Damned old Thouzelier!'

And by a paradox of fate the passing of Joffre, combined with the subtle manœuvre of Ludendorff, was to throw out of gear the Allied plan of 1917, leading France to fresh disaster, worse than any of those, save the first, to which his régime had contributed. In retirement, too, his help to the Allied cause was greater than in his activity, for his mission to the United States in 1917 was a triumphal procession, and as a symbol of France unconquerable he inspired Americans both with enthusiasm for the war and with a sympathy for France which for long counteracted the sources of friction.

Joffre's was not a character which lends itself to an extensive summing-up, for his virtues were primarily passive. His passivity, like his silence, was carried to such a pitch that he was one of the greatest of human enigmas. This was an inestimable asset in a world where the myth of the 'strong silent man' had not yet been exploded. Reluctant to believe that a man in so great a position could be as simple as he appeared, that his superhuman calm could come from insensibility, his silence from ignorance, even the Allied leaders who met him at close quarters felt there must be unplumbed depths in the apparent shallows.

That he had real strength, or at least solidity of character, is unquestionable, as is also his possession of a shrewd if limited common sense and an instinctive understanding of human nature. And because in a time of emergency outward impressions are more important than reality, Joffre's stolid calm and obstinate determination had an influence which offset many of his grave blunders. If his brain was as solid as his appearance, lacking in flexibility and imagination, his external effect on the minds of others enabled him to become the rock on which France held and Germany foundered. Only as the documentary records come to light and the need for moral prophylactics is replaced by the need for reality, so that future generations may profit by the experience of the last, can the historian come to a more penetrating verdict. Joffre was not a general, but a national nerve sedative.

OUR MEXICAN MISTAKE

BY * * *

I

In the last year and a half there has been considerable discussion of intervention by the United States in Mexico. It has been an intermittent discussion, arising according as developments in Mexico affected the interests of citizens of the United States. It has been, too, a rather passionate discussion, both in the press and otherwise — even more so, perhaps, than had been the case when, for example, in the years between 1913 and 1921 intervention was alleged to have been committed or to be inevitable. Regardless of their several interests and points of view, those persons in the United States who have publicly participated in this controversy have uniformly appeared to assume that it was some *future* act of intervention that was at issue. From no responsible quarter has there come the suggestion that a grave and unprecedented act of intervention had *already* taken place, not only seriously complicating the future relations between the two countries, but also establishing a precedent of great significance in the field of international policy. Even when the question of removing the embargo on the sale of arms arose, after the announcement that the United States would not extend the one-year 'antismuggling' treaty of March 18, 1926, it was still the shadow of some *future* act of intervention, or act tantamount to intervention (that is, the permission to export arms to revolutionists in Mexico), that those discussing the matter seemed to fear or to favor.

That such an act of intervention was carried out in the last days of 1923, that, despite specious argument to the contrary, it was a step grossly *ultra vires*, and that, in its departure from an important and long-established principle of our foreign policy, it has prejudiced our international good standing — these propositions seem not to have been realized by the majority of even well-informed persons and to have been judiciously overlooked, for a wide variety of reasons, by the few who comprehended the facts.

One of the first important acts of President Coolidge was the recognition, on September 3, 1923, of the administration of Alvaro Obregón as the government *de jure* of Mexico. Since the assassination of Venustiano Carranza in 1920 by men who were presumably bent on promoting the interests of Obregón, the Government of the United States had refused to recognize the Obregón régime as lawfully constituted and internationally acceptable; but at length a long series of negotiations, into the origin of which we need not enter, brought about a conference of plenipotentiaries of the two countries at Mexico City. The conference had terminated its three months' work on August 15, 1923, by concluding general and special claims conventions for the disposition of all pending disputes. With the granting of recognition, the

situation that had existed prior to the overthrow of Porfirio Diaz may be said to have come again into existence — namely, normal international intercourse between two sovereign states, each exclusively responsible for the maintenance of law and order within its own jurisdiction. Yet four months did not elapse before the Government of the United States took it upon itself brusquely to upset this situation, by interfering directly in the internal affairs of Mexico, and assuming, in consequence, a share — indeed, a preponderant share — of the responsibility for the maintenance of law and order in that country!

This surprising development had a great number of antecedents which deserve the fullest exploration in the light of day, but to which only brief reference is necessary here. Shortly after the granting of recognition by President Coolidge, it became generally known that a serious quarrel had broken out between the principal candidates for the presidency in the campaign then in course. These candidates were Adolfo de la Huerta, the Secretary of Finance who had conducted the important negotiations at New York in 1921, preliminary to the refunding of the Mexican foreign debt, and Plutarco Elías Calles, likewise a cabinet officer of President Obregón, and therefore, in the absence of notice to the contrary, implicitly bound by all the engagements entered into by, or on behalf of, the Obregón administration in 1921–23. An open break developed rapidly, and within a few weeks both factions had taken the field. Although President Obregón supported General Calles, General de la Huerta enjoyed the support of sufficient military forces to begin early to get the better of his opponents. The military position and prospects of the Obregón-Calles faction became distinctly unfavorable, and in the early days of December the triumph of de la Huerta was already being anticipated by impartial European observers in Mexico.

Apparently it was only in December that the idea took root in certain quarters that intervention by the Government of the United States should be resorted to if the Obregón administration could be saved in no other way. The form which effective intervention might take appears to have been uncertain until late in the month, about which time there appeared in Washington Ramón Ross, who had been one of the Mexican plenipotentiaries in the conference with Messrs. Warren and Payne during the preceding summer. As soon as Ross had seen the Secretary of State, a series of conferences took place between the latter and the Secretary of War; both cabinet officers, as well as other persons interested, conferred with the President. On the morning of Sunday, December 30, 1923, it was announced that the President of Mexico had urgently requested that war material of the United States Government be made available to him, and that the request had been granted. The Secretary of State permitted himself to be quoted as follows: —

> The Mexican Government has presented a request to this government to sell it a limited quantity of war material. This government has expressed its willingness to make the sale, in view of the relations between this government and the Mexican Government, which was formally recognized last September, and of the importance of the maintenance of stability and orderly constitutional procedure in the neighboring republic.

So lively appear to have been the expressions of protest on the part of the officers of the General Staff, and so unfavorable were the public criticisms

by Senators and Congressmen of both parties, that the administration found it necessary on Monday morning to issue a more detailed and authoritative statement. In line with the silly practice of avoiding responsible quotation of the President that has grown up in recent years, this statement had to be carried by the press as having been 'obtained in an informed quarter,' as the *New York Times* of January 1, 1924, characterizes the declaration. That it was issued by the President himself — even though internal evidence indicates the authorship of Secretary Hughes — was obvious, and indeed, a few months later, was so stated by the *Washington Star* (May 3, 1924), when discussing a sale of arms to the Government of Cuba, where an insurrection was getting under way.

The statement of December 31 laid its emphasis on two points: first, that the Obregón administration had deserved well of the United States for its zeal in giving effect to the financial and political agreements of 1921–23; and secondly, that the sale of arms to Mexico was 'in no sense a reversal of the policy regarding the sale of arms as announced by President Harding in his letter to the Secretary of War,' of April 23, 1923. One of the most outspoken critics of the Obregón transaction, Congressman Fairchild of New York, had drawn attention to a letter which Mr. Harding had written in the preceding spring to the Secretary of War, in which the late President had said: —

> Referring to your inquiry for advice relative to the sale of surplus arms and war supplies to proposed purchasers among foreign powers, I am writing to say that I hope that it will be the policy of the War Department not only to make no sales of war equipment to any foreign power, but that you will go further and make certain that public sales to our own citizens will be attended by proper guarantees that such supplies are not to be transferred to any foreign power.

For a few days it seemed as if Congress might seriously debate the merits of the transaction; and Mr. Fairchild indicated his intention to ask that Congress specifically adhere to the 'Harding doctrine.' But this prospect soon passed, for two reasons. In the first place, the measure was given the approval, expressed or tacit, of the leaders of organized labor, most of whom were deeply interested in the success of one of the battling factions in Mexico.[1] In the second place, the effect of the sale was already decisive, long before the arms and ammunition could be delivered to the purchaser. It was quite evident that if the United States sold arms to one of the factions it would follow this step, if necessary, by sending troops to use them. The significance of the sale was immediately recognized in Mexico and in Europe. De la Huerta's chances of securing foreign loans, supplies, or recognition of his belligerent status disappeared at once; even the morale of his military forces reflected the seriousness of the blow. From the day the sale was announced his was a lost cause.

II

In the second week of March, 1924, the War Department announced that

[1] Not all the labor leaders in Washington, however, were convinced of the sincerity of the Obregón-Calles faction's professions of devotion to the workingman; and one man, perhaps the most thoughtful and perspicacious labor leader in this country at the time, told the writer later that his suspicion of what might lie behind the whole transaction was first aroused when an emissary of a cabinet officer in Washington not particularly distinguished for his labor sympathies paid him a friendly visit casually suggesting that a word in favor of this sale of arms might well be a helpful thing to come from the labor man.

it had sold 11 airplanes, 33 machine guns, 15,000 Enfield rifles, 5,000,000 rounds of ammunition, and other supplies to the Government of Mexico. On March 20, 1924, Senator Walsh of Montana presented a resolution calling upon the Secretary of War 'to furnish the Senate with a statement of the particular statutory authorization by virtue of which he is reported to have sold' arms and ammunition to the Government of Mexico, as well as information on a number of specific points, such as, for example, the precedents for the sale and an indication of the obsolescence of the material sold. This resolution was immediately passed by the Senate.

The Secretary of War replied in two communications dated March 31 and April 24, 1924, which, together with such exhibits as he saw fit to furnish, will be found in Senate Document 104, 68th Congress, 1st Session. The reply falls far short of the Senate's request for information, failing, for example, to transmit any of the interdepartmental communications or copies of the instruments embodying agreements of sale, and like documents specifically requested in the resolution. After reciting the reasons advanced by the Secretary of State for the sale of arms, the Secretary of War went on to state that the question had been discussed in the Cabinet, which concluded that the Secretary of War possessed authorization to make the sale. The statutory authority for the sale was declared to exist in an army appropriation act of June 5, 1920, which reads as follows: —

> That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby, authorized, in his discretion, to sell to any State or foreign government with which the United States is at peace at the time of the passage of this act, upon such terms as he may deem expedient, any matériel, supplies, or equipment pertaining to the military establishment, except foodstuffs, as,[2] or may hereafter be found to be surplus, which are not needed for military purposes and for which there is no adequate domestic market.

'In view of the plain terms of this statute,' wrote the Secretary of War, 'I did not consider it necessary to ask for the formal opinion of my law officers or those of other departments, and none were furnished.' Nevertheless, one of the enclosures is a long memorandum from the Judge-Advocate-General, which recites all the opinions that had been given by his office subsequent to 1919 with respect to the sale of arms and ammunition to foreign governments. The memorandum sets forth at considerable length the situation that arose as a result of a limitation in an act of July 9, 1918 (40 Stat. 850), upon the sale of guns and ammunition 'to any other department of the Government, or to any foreign State or Government, engaged in war against any Government with which the United States is at war.' This limitation, it might be remarked in passing, had been a barrier in the way of the sale of arms and ammunition to Mexico in April 1919, when the Carranza administration was looking for supplies.

If we may summarize the documents submitted by the law officers of the War Department, and, indeed, the letter of the Secretary of State itself, it would appear that, with the exception of the special case of Cuba, there had not existed prior to July 9, 1918, any authorization for the alienation of government-owned arms and ammunition to any foreign governments; that, by virtue of that war measure,

[2] The omission of a verb (i.e., 'are' or 'may be') occurs in all prints of this act, (1) Public 251, 66th Congress, (2) C. 240, 41 Stat. 949, and (3) the United States Code (the restatement of all permanent legislation given force of law by the 69th Congress), title 10, par. 1262.

the Chief Executive was empowered to sell arms and ammunition acquired since April 6, 1917, provided that the purchasing foreign state or government was engaged in war against any government with which the United States was then at war; and that, by virtue of the Act of June 5, 1920, the Secretary of War was authorized to sell to any foreign government with which the United States was then at peace any matériel, supplies, or equipment pertaining to the military establishment as might then or subsequently be found to be surplus and not needed for military purposes.

It will be observed that the authorization of 1920 refers to matériel, supplies, and equipment which may be *surplus* or not needed for military purposes and not possessing an adequate domestic market. Let us first consider the adequacy of the domestic market. For Enfield rifles, and for ammunition and airplanes such as were sold to Mexico, there can hardly be said to have existed no adequate domestic market in 1923–24. Moreover, one would suppose that the Director of Sales of the War Department would have freely advertised such matériel for sale at about that time if he had had available stocks thereof. It may be, of course, that private correspondence or circulars were dispatched by the Department to prospective purchasers, but we are precluded from believing that such was the case because of the failure of the Secretary of War to submit copies of such documents when the Senate requested them. Whether or not the market existed, one may conclude that the Department had made no effort to determine its adequacy.

The question then arises whether the property sold to Mexico could be classified as not needed for military purposes and 'surplus.' If the country were at peace, presumably no readily replaceable military stores could be characterized as immediately necessary for military purposes; but as long as material had been acquired or manufactured for the use of the army and had not yet become obsolete, or even obsolescent, it would be presumed to be required for the military purposes for which the money expended upon it had been appropriated. In and out of Congress, between 1916 and 1921, there had been ample demonstration of the time required to produce high-grade rifles, machine guns, ammunition, and aircraft. Nor is the elastic term 'surplus' capable of being stretched indefinitely. It is true that during the years just after the Armistice the War Department had on hand far more supplies than it was likely to have occasion to use in the immediate future, but, as was the case with other departments of the federal government, a robust ambition to get rid of existing stocks and replace them with improved models had stimulated very considerably the estimation of 'surpluses.' The writer spent those years in the Treasury, and had frequent opportunity to observe this interesting phenomenon. In any event, the lists of inquiries received by the Department for arms, ammunition, and aircraft to be found at the end of the document we have been quoting indicate that inquiries for arms and munitions even subsequent to the Act of June 5, 1920, when emanating from countries this side of the Atlantic, had not been satisfied, with the exception of some negligible orders of Krag rifles for Nicaragua in 1921, of which we shall have more to say presently. On the other hand, it is rather significant that numerous requests by European governments, lately associated with the United States in the war, for rifles, machine guns, and other materials

had to be rejected for lack of a surplus. On June 5, 1922, the Jugoslav Government, which had been able to buy several million dollars' worth of such supplies in 1919, requested 500,000 Springfield and Enfield rifles, 500,000,000 cartridges, 4000 machine guns, and other substantial items. The notation in the list with the Secretary of War's reply reads as follows: 'No sale. No surplus available. Advised to arrange with manufacturers.'

One might go further and have a tenable basis for challenging the applicability of the act of June 5, 1920, to *any* sale of arms and munitions whatsoever to Mexico, regardless of the existence of bona fide surpluses. Only countries with which the United States was at peace on June 5, 1920, could be considered among possible purchasers. By the suspension of all diplomatic relations after the assassination of President Carranza, the short-lived restoration of normal relations between Mexico and the United States that had begun with President Wilson's recognition of Carranza gave place to relations somewhat difficult to describe, but hardly in any case to be given the full content of a state of normal, peaceful intercourse such as the courts have had occasion to define in construing the effect of pre-war and post-war treaties with Germany. How many members of the Congress which granted the authorization to the Executive to sell surplus arms to countries with which we were at peace would have included in that category the unhappy neighbor just previously thrust once more into international quarantine by the shocking murder of its president?

III

The army officers who opposed the sales of arms to any of the factions in Mexico had correctly visualized the consequences of this transaction. They foresaw the use that would be made of the precedent by this, that, and the other Latin American group hoping to secure from Washington an *official certification of the legitimacy of its claims*. They realized, of course, that it was not the particular store of arms which the prospective buyers would want, since the material they desired could be bought much more easily and promptly from private manufacturers, but rather the moral support to their claims which the transaction would each time involve.

Small wonder, then, that the officials who had to bolster up the sale of arms went about their task with slight enthusiasm. When it came to giving precedents for the sale to the Mexican Government, the subordinates of the Secretary of War could find but one genuine case of a sale of arms by one government to another, wholly outside the purview of the authorization of 1918 of sales to cobelligerents and the special case of Cuba — namely, the sale of a hundred thousand rifles by the Imperial Arsenal of Austria-Hungary to the Confederate States in 1861. The Secretary of War also referred to the sale of arms to the Kolchak Government of Russia in 1919, but inasmuch as Secretary Lansing's letter cited by him specifically justifies this sale on the ground that the government represented in Washington by Ambassador Bakhmeteff was considered to be a cobelligerent of the United States and therefore entitled to enjoy the advantages of the act of July 9, 1918, the precedent simply did not exist. Reference was also made to a loan of ammunition by authorization of President Roosevelt in 1906 to a firm holding a contract with the Cuban Government; but this case was equally irrelevant, for it was admittedly based upon special legislation relating to

Cuba, growing out of the Platt Amendment and Cuba's clearly limited sovereignty.

As might have been foreseen, use was made of the Obregón-Calles precedent within a very short time. We have already referred to the sale of arms to the Government of Cuba in May 1924, and the reference to the transaction with General Obregón as its justification — an unconscious assimilation of Mexico's status to that of Cuba. In the summer of 1924 several million dollars' worth of arms and war material was sold to a faction in Honduras. Other instances might be cited, but it will perhaps be sufficient to close with a reference to the sale to the Government of Nicaragua in February 1927.

It is perhaps worth while to reproduce the statement issued by the Department of State to the press on March 23, 1927, concerning this transaction: —

The Nicaraguan Government has purchased from the United States War Department: 3000 Krag rifles; 200 Browning machine guns with accessories; and 3,000,000 rounds of ammunition, the total price being $217,718. The Nicaraguan Government gives notes in the sum of $5000 each up to the total of the purchase price. The notes mature monthly and bear interest at 6 per cent, the first note to be paid on January 31, 1929.

These are the same terms upon which rifles, machine guns, and ammunition were sold to the Nicaraguan Government by the United States War Department in November 1921, at which time the Nicaraguan Government purchased 10,000 Krag rifles with 6,000,000 rounds of ammunition and 50 machine guns with 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition, total price $170,585 with interest at 6 per cent payable in 33 notes of $5000 each and one note for the balance, the first note payable January 3, 1924. These notes have all been paid off.

These munitions were sold under a contract dated February 25, 1927, and have been shipped from the United States and are now in Nicaragua. They were represented by the Nicaraguan Government as being urgently needed to maintain law and order in the country and suppress revolutionary activities which not only threatened the Constitutional Government of Nicaragua but also the lives and property of Americans and other foreigners.

It will be recalled that a similar transaction was entered into early in 1924 with the Obregón Government in Mexico after its recognition by this Government and during the de la Huerta revolution. The War Department sold on credit to the Obregón Government arms and munitions of the value of approximately $1,250,000.

The reference in the second paragraph of this statement to the transaction of November 1921 might lead the reader to suppose — and was perhaps so intended — that the Chief Executive possessed the same authorization in 1927 that he had enjoyed in 1921 for sales of War Department property to foreign governments. But in 1921 there were still available supplies of arms and munitions manufactured during the war and available for sale under the terms of the act of 1918 to which we have referred; and Nicaragua was one of the countries associated with the United States in the war against Germany. The material sold in 1927, however, can hardly be classifiable as 'surplus,' if the annual reports of the Secretary of War in recent years as to the needs and requirements of the military establishment are to be believed. Whatever may have been the case in 1921 with regard to authorization under the act of 1918, it is asking too much of us to invite us, in the face of insistent demands on the part of the military authorities for appropriations with which to expand the resources at their disposal, to assume that there are now, or have recently been, any 'surpluses' available for sale under the act of 1920.

It is hardly possible to express too

emphatically the regret that a student of our foreign policy must feel on reviewing the deplorable intervention in Mexico's internal affairs at the beginning of 1924. It has given rise to a series of incidents in other countries, and it could conceivably have a profound bearing upon critical conditions at home in certain circumstances. That act of intervention not only complicated the situation in Mexico, — as those who sanctioned it and many who endorsed it were soon destined to find out, — but it also exposed the United States to an equivocal position in international discussions regarding *every* aspect of the problem of regulating the malodorous traffic in arms. The hypothesis may seem extreme, and yet, in effect, what else did the transaction signify than the transformation of the relations between Mexico and the United States from those between two sovereign states to those which obtain between a limited sovereignty and a state which furnishes the final sanctions — as, for example, Cuba and the United States? By its decisive intervention in the internal political affairs of Mexico at the end of 1923, our government consciously or otherwise assumed moral sponsorship for the validity of the acts of the administration it sought to reënforce. Will anyone seriously question the likelihood that, if the United States were not the great world power that it is, European governments, seeking to hold someone *legally* as well as *morally* responsible for the confiscation of Mexican property of their nationals, would have little difficulty in persuading an impartial tribunal of the full liability of paramount sovereignty?

The departure from our traditional policy of nonintervention in the internal affairs of other countries involved in this reprehensible transaction of 1923–24 is destined to have far worse consequences for this republic than the resale of the military equipment we sold to Obregón to a Nicaraguan faction friendly to Calles. How remote now seems the outlook of a Secretary of State, who could write, as Cass did to our Minister in Mexico in March 1859 (Moore's *Digest of International Law*, par. 898), that, however great might be the sympathy of the people of the United States for the cause of the Liberal Party in Mexico, '*our government cannot properly intervene in its behalf without violating a cardinal feature of our foreign policy.*'

CHINA: AND YET AGAIN

BY J. O. P. BLAND

I

When, shortly after the inauguration of the nominally Republican Government at Peking and the abdication of the Manchu dynasty, I had the honor of lecturing on the Far Eastern question at various centres of learning in America, I found myself at a loss to account for the optimism generally prevalent in the United States with regard to the future of China. A book which I wrote at that time, in which I summarized the actual position in 1912, and from it predicted the chaos which has since prevailed, was generally received with polite incredulity. Both by my audiences and by the press it was borne in upon me very clearly that mine was a voice crying in the wilderness of unbelief. My views were regarded as 'reactionary,' those of an incorrigible monarchist, incapable of appreciating the regenerating virtue of Young China's enthusiasm for republicanism and democratic institutions. It was natural enough that public opinion in the States should be disposed to sympathize with the aspirations of the Chinese intellectuals who proclaimed their fervent belief in American ideals and their professed determination to apply them for the benefit of their country. Misled by their eloquent appeals, the imagination of the American people saw China, with the eye of faith, as a great nation of philosophers and scholars, like Wu Ting-fang and Wellington Koo, heading straight for the Promised Land of peaceful prosperity. Last, but not least, the path to an unbiased judgment of the Far Eastern question was darkened for many by the shadow of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Then came the Great War — the years that the locusts have eaten. On the course of events in China during those four years it is unnecessary, for our present purposes, to dwell. I would only observe, looking back, that the Allies probably never committed a more shortsighted error than when they decided to bribe China (there is no other word) to declare war upon the Central Powers, and thus enabled her, without having to have a ship or a soldier, to deprive Germans and Austrians not only of their extraterritorial privileges but of a considerable amount of capital and valuable property. Having regard to the realities of the situation in China and to the wider interests of humanity, it was a blunder which the civilized nations were bound to regret before long, if only because it precluded for many a day all possibility of that united international action whereby alone the Chinese nation can be saved from the dangers of disintegration which threaten it. But in 1917, when for purely financial ends China was induced to declare herself a belligerent, public opinion in America and England was already feeling the influence of the sentimental enthusiasms associated with the name of President Wilson, which finally played

so decisive a part at the Washington Conference.

Prior to the opening of that Conference — that is to say, in November 1921 — the editor of the *Atlantic*, greatly daring, had accepted for publication an outspoken article in which I endeavored to define the dominant factors of the Chinese problem, as it then stood, and to suggest a basis of international remedial action whereby it might be solved to the mutual advantage of the Powers concerned and of the sorely harassed Chinese people. That seed fell also upon stony ground. Its immediate and only noticeable result was to bring down upon the editor criticism and rebukes for allowing the *Atlantic* to be used as a medium for the dissemination of skeptical opinions so heterodox and depressing. So the voice in the wilderness was stilled.

Much water and a great deal of innocent blood have flowed beneath the bridges of China during the five years which have elapsed since the representatives of nine nations affixed their signatures to the Washington Agreements. And now once more, with the patient editor's permission, I propose to analyze the present critical position of affairs and to draw attention to the dangers which menace China more imminently than ever, as the result of idealism in high places and of the continued failure of the American and British Governments to face them fairly and squarely.

II

What's done is done. No good purpose will be served by crying over spilt milk or by demonstrating how easily intelligent anticipation and concerted action at Canton two years ago might have nipped in the bud the evil growth of Bolshevism *à l'orientale* which now threatens to lay waste the land. Let me only say that, as the result of the unchecked chaos of native misrule and of the new disruptive elements that have been introduced by the emissaries of Moscow, the problem of China is a much more serious matter to-day than it was five years ago.

When writing on the subject in 1921, I expressed the opinion that unless steps were speedily taken, under an international agreement, for the restoration of law and order by concerted action of the Powers there could be no possible prospect of any permanent settlement of the Far Eastern question; furthermore, that only by active participation in such an agreement could America ever hope to carry out her benevolent ideas of friendly coöperation for China's benefit; and finally that, 'failing active American participation, the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance appears to offer the only alternative solution of the problem.' At that time there was every reason to believe that the Japanese Government was prepared to welcome an American-Anglo-Japanese understanding having as its avowed object the restoration of financial and administrative order in China, with all due regard to her sovereign rights; it was manifestly futile, then as now, to talk of restoring the unfettered authority of the Chinese Government until financial and administrative measures had been taken to make an effective government possible. For these and other reasons there seemed to be valid grounds for hoping that the Conference might produce results immediately beneficial to the Chinese people, and ultimately to the world at large, if only responsible American opinion were not misled by the specious pleadings of China's representatives.

It was a big 'if.' No special gift of prophecy was needed to predict the policy which those astute diplomats, Mr. Alfred Sze and Mr. Wellington

Koo, would adopt at the Conference. I make no apology for quoting the following passage from my article in the *Atlantic* of November 1921, because, in addition to having anticipated their line of action at the Conference in every particular, it still constitutes an accurate presentment of the Cantonese Government's extremely effective propaganda abroad.

> They will undoubtedly present a glowing picture of the Chinese Republic, successfully progressing toward Utopia by the development of liberal ideas and democratic institutions, all regardless of the fact that these are as remote as the planet Mars from all the realities of the situation in China. They will make eloquent appeal to the sympathies of the civilized world, in the name of Democracy, on behalf of Young China's chimerical Republic, and of its splendid programme of purely imaginary reforms. . . . They will continue to describe the social activities and academic theories of a few thousand 'Western-learning' students and journalists as truly representative of the political convictions and institutions of the Chinese people.
>
> And all the while they will complacently ignore the lamentable and notorious facts of China's actual position, the utter demoralization and inevitable bankruptcy of the Peking Government, the lawlessness and insatiable greed of the military chieftains, whose rabble armies have devastated the country for the last ten years, and the untold sufferings of the defenseless people, more pitiful to-day than ever they were under the Manchus. . . . They will earnestly invoke the assistance of America and England against Japan, for the restoration of China's rights in Shantung, and of her unfettered sovereignty over the Northern dependencies; but they will say nothing of the lamentable fact that, since the death of Yuan Shih-k'ai (1916), the several political factions that have struggled for mastery at Peking have vied with each other in mortgaging to Japan, in return for subsidies and loans, many rights, privileges, and concessions calculated to jeopardize their country's political independence.

The real Far Eastern question, as it stood when the Washington Conference was convened, was whether, by virtue of a new policy of self-denying co-operation, it might be possible for the Powers to arrest the process of disintegration wrought in China by various disruptive influences, of which (though the fact is not generally admitted) the most formidable is the influence of 'Western learning.' The Far Eastern question, as it came to be discussed by the Powers in Conference, contained little or no reference to any unpleasant topics such as processes of disintegration. Thanks to the exigencies of domestic politics in the United States, and to the skill with which the Chinese delegates availed themselves of these, and of the jealousies and rivalries of the commercial Powers, the immediate aim and object of the Conference (to quote Senator Lodge) was 'to render such aid to China as may help her to secure real independence.' The nine-Power treaties and four-Power agreements in which the resolutions of the Conference were finally recorded had little or no bearing upon the facts of the case. They reflected, in the first place, the determination of President Harding and his advisers to conciliate an important element of public opinion by expiating Mr. Wilson's failure at Versailles and vindicating American idealism in world politics. Secondly, they bore unmistakable testimony to the fact that Great Britain, having decided to abandon the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, was prepared to follow the American lead in China and to adopt a policy of 'patience and conciliation,' even though it might involve the sacrifice of important national interests. In the words of Colonel Harvey, late Ambassador at the Court of St. James, it was henceforth to be 'a cardinal principle of British policy, under the avowed headship of the

King, to do nothing which might impair the friendliness of, or give offense to, the United States.'

Such success as the Conference achieved was chiefly due, as Senator Lodge observed, to the fact that its scope was strictly limited to matters of immediate concern to the United States. The avowed purpose of the Administration was to revitalize the principle of the Open Door and equal opportunity in China, and, with that end in view, to substitute for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance a new alignment of the Powers in which American leadership would be tacitly admitted.

As the policy expounded by Secretary Hughes began to take definite outlines, those who looked beyond the benevolent aspirations of the proposed agreements to the probable results of the new alignment perceived that, owing to the increasing disorganization of China, the principles upon which stress was laid were rapidly ceasing to have any real significance. Furthermore, it became manifest to close watchers of the political skies that beneath the attempt to revitalize these dry bones there lay a very definite, though unexpressed, intention to establish an Anglo-Saxon moral guardianship over China and at the same time to limit Japanese expansion on the Asiatic mainland. As the result of the atmosphere thus created, and of the attitude adopted by the Chinese delegates, the position in which Japan found herself at the Conference was plainly that of a defendant at the bar of international opinion. Baron Shidehara and the other Japanese delegates, accepting the situation, cheerfully subscribed yet once again to the principle of the Open Door. Also they tactfully refrained from any reference to that aspect of the doctrine of equal opportunity which arises out of the White Races' Asiatic Exclusion Acts. Smiling, as is their wont, they went their ways, to ponder at leisure over Mr. Harding's valedictory assurance that 'no seeds of conflict had been sown at the Conference, the very atmosphere of which was such as to drive national selfishness into retreat.'

But the watchers of the skies aforesaid, looking ahead, saw clearly that, with the close of the Conference, the Far Eastern problem had entered upon a new phase, of which the finally dominant factor must be Russia. Upon the determination of that undiscussed and unknown factor Japan's future policy must eventually depend. Until such time as, out of the chaos of Bolshevism, a government shall emerge in Russia with which Japan can safely deal, her attitude must perforce be, as it was at the beginning of the century, one of watchful waiting, combined with vigilant protection of the special position and economic interests in Manchuria which are of vital importance to her national security. Inasmuch as the Conference had done nothing to stem the tide of anarchy in China, and as, on the contrary, by proclaiming its belief in the policy of noninterference, it had ensured an acceleration of the process of disintegration, there was nothing for Japan to do (confronted with the possibility of isolation as the result of the new alignment of the Powers) but lie low and bide her time. The unconcealed purpose of China's diplomats and Westernized students to incite public opinion in America against Japan produced a widespread and unmistakable effect in evangelical and educational circles; but the tactful quiescence of Dai-Nippon's farseeing statesmen cut the ground from under the Chinese attempt to create strained relations. These were avoided; but American policy, at and after the Conference, became centred in the endeavor to win the good will of China, and a

position of diplomatic advantage at Peking, by supporting the opinions and ambitions of the ultramodern school of Chinese intellectuals and especially those who, having been trained to the profession of American democratic ideas in American universities, might therefore be expected to promote American interests.

China's representatives left the Conference convinced, by all that they had seen and heard, that they might now proceed with impunity to abolish the 'unequal treaties' and the foreigner's extraterritorial rights, inasmuch as none of the Powers concerned were likely henceforth to invoke the argument of force for their protection. They too went their ways smiling, fully prepared to take advantage of that post-war development of the public conscience in England and America which has made it increasingly sensitive, humane, and sympathetic toward the rights of weaker nations. They themselves had helped to sow the good seed which had come to fruition in the ascendancy of a new democratic theory, prepared to credit uncivilized, or politically unconscious, nations with the qualities requisite for the successful working of democratic institutions. (To the influence of this strange theory the present parlous condition of China is very largely due.)

III

It is not necessary, for the purposes of this article, to recapitulate the course of events which, since the close of the Conference, have made civil war the only profitable profession in China, inspired her students and politicians with a spirit of unreasoning hostility to the foreigner, and finally led the Cantonese 'National' Party, struggling for supremacy over its Northern rivals, to accept the doctrines and dollars of Bolshevism. The political record of these five years has been ably and concisely summarized in a work quite recently published by the American Geographical Society — namely, Mr. Walter H. Mallory's inquiry into the causes and results of chronic famine conditions in China. The following passage from this work is well worth quoting, particularly because of the vital truth contained in its concluding sentence: —

> The central authority has grown weaker and weaker until at present its mandates are practically without effect. In the meantime the military leaders in the various provinces, realizing their power and subject to no restraining influence, have worked each for himself, rising and falling like the tide. Temporary combinations are effected for the purpose of eliminating anyone who appears to be gaining the ascendancy; but when this is accomplished the allies split up to fight among themselves, until the time is ripe for another effort at military consolidation.
>
> All men are equal; all claim the same privilege of preying on their fellows. The idea of responsibility to the State, in the absence of a monarch, is not yet envisaged; it hardly enters at all into the consideration of modern Chinese leaders, *for the reason that the old spirit of family enrichment at the expense of other families is the paramount motive.*

To this lucid exposition of the situation may be added the following brief quotation from a recent British Blue Book, wherein His Majesty's Consul at Foochow describes the appalling conditions to which, in the absence of efficient government, the common people have been reduced: —

> The Government of Foochow has for the past two years been bandied about from one set of adventurers to another. It has never for a moment enjoyed the stability necessary for carrying out reformatory measures. It has subsisted by levying arbitrary loans,

by seizing revenues pledged to the creditors of the Chinese Republic, by enforcing the cultivation of, and collecting taxes on, opium . . . and by laying all the taxes it can on whatever appears capable of yielding a tax. . . .

The real abuses under which China labors are nepotism and corruption.

If we contrast these dispassionate statements of the true condition of affairs in China (which might be multiplied indefinitely) with the pious aspirations and abstract moralities recorded in the Washington Agreements, it must, I think, be admitted that, by common consent, the Conference ignored the real 'crux' of the Far Eastern problem. In its zeal for 'adventures in liberal action' it overlooked the undeniable fact that the widespread and increasing rapacity of the official class is the chief cause of China's national weakness and an insuperable obstacle to the creation of that 'stable and effective government' for which the Conference was to provide 'the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity.' The Agreements solemnly recorded China's 'intention and capacity to protect the lives and property of foreigners in China,' her 'earnest desire to bring her judicial system into accord with that of Western nations,' and other stereotyped sterilities, but the proceedings of the Conference entirely ignored the lamentable and all-important truth that the new class of semi-Westernized officials which has come to the front since the Revolution of 1911 has not produced any public-spirited and efficient administrators, or even a single leader, in whom the nation can trust. Since then, thanks to the skillful propaganda of a number of able Chinese diplomats and publicists, and to the powerful influence of religious and educational societies, public opinion throughout America, and to a great extent in England, has been deluded into the belief that the political activities of the Cantonese faction represent a real awakening of national consciousness and genuine patriotic ideals. It is a delusion to which missionaries and educationists are vocationally liable, if only because acceptance of Young China's promises and professions implies the belief that Western education can implant in the Oriental mind the Anglo-Saxon's standards of conduct and religious beliefs. Nevertheless, the incontestable truth remains that the acquisition of foreign university degrees has never yet modified in any perceptible way the traditional methods and paramount motives of Chinese officials.

During the five years which have elapsed since the Conference, America's policy has been to gain the confidence and friendship of the Chinese by 'liberality in policy and generosity in action.' England, following this lead, has persisted, at no small cost to British interests, in her attitude of 'patience and conciliation.' In both cases the assumption underlying the policy adopted is that out of the present chaos a stable and effective government will in time emerge, suited to the character and needs of the nation. It is an assumption that can only be maintained by turning a blind eye to all the unpleasant facts of a situation which has steadily gone from bad to worse since the leaders of the Cantonese Party made the amazing discovery that the foreigner is prepared to surrender his treaty rights and valuable vested interests to mob violence and organized intimidation. It is an assumption which errs, first from well-meaning but misguided sentimentalism, and secondly from failure to appreciate the social, political, and economic conditions reflected in the soul of the Chinese people.

How can it profit us, or the Chinese,

to talk of their conscious nationalism and patriotic ideals in the face of their administrative and legislative record, North and South, for the past ten years? Can anyone deny that the only law which has been recognized in China since the Revolution of 1911 is the law of armed force, or that the only thing which matters in Chinese politics, from Mukden to Canton, is money?

IV

What, then, of the future? The restoration of peace and prosperity in China, and her continued existence as an undivided and independent nation, depend first and foremost upon a clearer perception of the essential facts of the situation and the adoption of a firmer policy in America and Great Britain. Next, if the pernicious purposes of Bolshevism are to be checked, if some sort of order is to be reëstablished throughout the land, it is even more essential to-day than it was in 1921 for America, England, and Japan to come together and, uniting in a common purpose of good will toward China, support the law-abiding and well-disposed elements in the country in gradually producing the authoritative government which it needs. Continuance in a policy of facile optimism, noninterference, and graceful concessions is impossible, unless we are prepared completely to evacuate China as a field for our trade, industrial enterprise, and other activities, to fold up our tents like the Arab and leave it to the Japanese to dispute possession of the field hereafter with the Muscovite. Continuance in a policy which is prepared to surrender wholesale our treaty rights, and particularly extraterritoriality, must of necessity involve evacuation. As a distinguished American writer succinctly puts it, 'Extraterritoriality is a necessity of the case if foreigners are to remain in the country.'

The question of extraterritoriality is, like many others in this world of hard facts, not to be solved by virtue of abstract moral principles. China's moral right to object to the privileges thereunder enjoyed by foreigners is as incontestable as her moral right to object to the presence of foreigners on her shores, or her right to claim admission for her surplus millions into the United States and Canada on grounds of 'racial equality.' But none of these rights is admissible in practice, for the simple reason that when we come down to realities 'racial equality' is a snare and a delusion. Twenty years ago England and America pledged themselves by treaty to relinquish their extraterritorial privileges 'when satisfied that the state of the Chinese laws and their administration justify them in so doing.' If it was then impossible for Europeans to submit their persons and property to Chinese conceptions of law and justice, how much less can they do so to-day, when the last remnants of responsible government have disappeared in the North and Bolshevism is spreading like a plague in the South?

One of the most remarkable features of the present situation is that public opinion in the United States, which has set so good an example to the world by steadfastly refusing to have any dealings with Bolshevism, now extends its sympathy and moral support to the Cantonese faction in China, which is largely controlled and financed by the Communists of Moscow and openly identified with Bolshevist propaganda. Encouraged by American sympathy and by the peace-at-any-price attitude of the British Government (as manifested in the Hankow Concession agreement), this Cantonese wing of the Kuomintang Party now makes no secret

of its intention to go much further than the abolition of the foreigner's extraterritorial rights. Following Moscow's example and advice, it proposes not only to repudiate forthwith all existing obligations and agreements, but to clear the country of all foreigners, prohibit foreign shipping in Chinese waters, and 'nationalize' all foreign factories, banks, and private property. An outline of the party's programme (rapidly growing by what it feeds on) is set forth in resolutions drafted for the People's Conference, lately published in a work entitled *China and the Nations*, by Wong Ching-wai, the chairman of the Kuomintang Executive Committee.

If, pursuing paths of peace and political idealism, America and Great Britain are prepared to abandon their treaty rights in China and the fruits of two centuries of legitimate commercial enterprise, it should at least be understood that the hostility which they are endeavoring thus to placate is far more Russian than Chinese in origin. The group of political adventurers which calls itself the Cantonese Nationalist Party has risen to unexpected heights of power by the aid of Bolshevist subsidies and Bolshevist propaganda, skillfully addressed to the natural chauvinism and predatory instincts of the lowest classes. But there is nothing in its leadership, record, or political methods to justify a serious belief in its capacity either to win the support of the better elements in the nation or to establish an effective government acceptable to the masses. If our treaty rights, and with them our lawful place in the sun of the Far East, are to be surrendered to their artificially created agitation, let there be no mistake: Soviet Russia, and not the unhappy Chinese people, will gain by our self-denying forbearance. The future of China will still lie on the knees of the gods, and her destinies will eventually be determined, in all human probability, by the course of events on her Northern borders. But this much may safely be predicted, that the cause of her national independence, and even of her continued existence as an undivided State, will not be promoted, but rather jeopardized, by the elimination of the commercial enterprise and political influence of the English-speaking nations. Are we really prepared to face the prospect of that elimination for the sake of a forlorn hope in political idealism?

THE CALIBAN OF ASIA

BY H. E. WORTHAM

I

On no subject do loose thought and loose talk more freely abound than on that of Asia. The yellow peril, we know, was once the Kaiser's pet bugbear, and his affection for it used to bring no little ridicule on that august personage. But our nerves had not then been shaken by the war. Nowadays the yellow-*cum*-brown peril has established itself in the affections of French, English, and American journalists and publicists; they love it for its very ugliness, as the Spanish Hapsburg loved his dwarfs or the eighteenth-century marquise her black page-boy. This fearful creature, this Caliban, 'has a name and a face,' — I am quoting M. Henri Massis, the French observer of world politics, — or rather it has two names and two faces: Bolshevism and Asiaticism. It is not his fault if our flesh does not creep as he displays this awe-inspiring monster, this great evil spirit, trying, in Chesterton's words, 'to melt everything in the same crucible.' On this subject Latin and Anglo-Saxon are equally impressionable.

Dr. Lothrop Stoddard in several volumes has marshaled battalions of facts which darken the horizon, even as that firebrand, Count Okuma, foresees the hordes of Asia black on the rims of the Balkans and the Alps. As we read his picturesque pages we feel that Europe indeed has its back to the wall of the gray Atlantic and that the very hearth and home of our civilization is threatened. Dr. Lothrop Stoddard is more hopeful than many others. 'The great nations of the West,' says M. Romain Rolland, 'are on the eve of ruin,' and his sensitive intellect seems to take almost a gloomy satisfaction in the reflection that the 'mad dogs of Europe' are tearing each other to pieces, that their talk of 'supremacy' and 'revenge' makes the victory of Asia the more imminent. But let no American take unction to his soul and thank God that He made America differently from Europe. For such political philosophers, however great their disillusionment, will never allow that the United States does well in remaining out of the cockpit as far as possible; they point out with admirable logic that the ganglion of American culture lies in Europe, and that if European civilization dies its revised American edition will equally perish. 'Asiaticism' is the common enemy against Europe and America. Asiaticism and Bolshevism, — which is the contribution of Russia, the renegade from the European system, — these are the forces which threaten to overwhelm the West under their spate of destruction. The Soviet Government, having made friends with Japan and galvanized the enormous body of China with the doctrines of militant communism, is at the head of a movement — so runs the argument — which is inimical to the ordered progress, the social activities, even the moral and ethical codes which

Europe has evolved at such enormous pains.

The vision is the more horrific from its very vagueness. It is concerned with the profound forces of history, forces that can hardly be separated into their constituent elements. And it is so difficult to preserve one's intellectual detachment in the presence of Bolshevism! It seems to embody all sorts of fearful compounds; the nihilistic thought of Asia added to the European desire for action, the bitterness of the Jewish race, and the intellectual waste products of industrialism — these are some of its ingredients. To such add the indubitable stirrings of Asia, taking into account the European race-memory which is not unmindful of Attila and others of his kidney, and you have the makings of a very alarming demon, so alarming that, when Mr. Zinoviev talks of the eight hundred million Asiatics who are to lay European society in the dust, you and I and all of us are almost ready to take that pleasant gentleman at his word.

Almost — but not quite. For if we look steadily at the beast which is so anxious to impress us with its length of tooth and claw he undergoes a strange metamorphosis. As in those dreams where one meets a lion but on patting him finds that he is the most amiable of dogs, so our Caliban at a second view is apt to take the likeness of any social reformer. His beard becomes clipped, his teeth display themselves in a smile of zealous enthusiasm, and out of his mouth flows not the breath of slaughter but a stream of statistics. A subject so enormous offers so many facts that one can prove any thesis. It is possible to argue that Tolstoy — who is anathema to the Soviet authorities — is the intellectual parent of the Russian revolt against Western imperialism and capitalism, which in reality are only synonyms for government and the right of the individual to the fruits of his labor. Gandhiism, now an exploded political force, has often been instanced as the protest of India against the spread of our social and industrial ethos. And one can quote numberless examples of the common habits among Oriental politicians of girding at Western 'materialism.' But to me Caliban steadily refuses to seem monstrous, and the more I look at the question the more it appears that, far from Europe being in danger of submersion by Asiaticism, there has been no period in the world's history when the predominance of Europe over Asia in the region of ideas has been more secure.

II

Before giving facts to support this contention, I may be allowed, since generalizations are the common stock in trade of those who frighten us with the vision of Asia redivivus, to draw one or two of my own. In the first place, therefore, I would point out that the social structure of the West has been built upon a theory of knowledge first regularly formulated by Francis Bacon. Bacon's object was 'not to make men perfect, but to make imperfect men comfortable,' and for the last two and a half centuries the 'new philosophy,' as it was once called, has been transforming, not only the face of the earth, but the ideas, the minds, and the hearts of the men and women who walk upon it.

Bacon has not thus conquered at first hand. His *Novum Organum* has never been widely read. He has, however, 'moved the intellects which have moved the world.' The English philosophers of the nineteenth century owe him a debt that can hardly be overestimated, and anyone who has come into contact with the intellectual youth of Asia will know how these young men

are stirred by the plodding systems of the utilitarians and of Herbert Spencer; their writings, and not the mysticism of a Tagore or the nihilism of a Tolstoy, are the quarry from which contemporary Asia has hewn its ideas. Thus the slogan of progress echoes to-day wherever you travel, from Beirut to Peking, a progress depending on a continued expansion of man's command over the resources and the power of nature, and demanding as its first essential the technique of Western government. Macaulay, a writer who has had enormous influence in the schools and colleges of the Orient, celebrated the achievements of the Baconian philosophy in a famous passage: 'It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished disease. . . .' I cannot quote it all. Its naïve materialism sounds quaint to us from the vantage ground of a century which has grown accustomed to the benefits it has conferred. But it is the language which Asiatic statesmen talk to-day. Mustapha Kemal Pasha in Turkey, King Amanullah Khan in Afghanistan, Riza Shah in Persia, King Feisal in Iraq, Mr. Chen in China, speak in accents sufficiently similar to suggest that the rebirth they postulate will produce, not the nameless horrors of a Tamerlane or a Jenghiz Khan, not the monster with 'a name and a face,' which publicists, eyeing the eastern horizon, see striding toward us, but an Asia desiring to become as like Europe as possible.

Europe, I write, when I should really say America. For pragmatical America has managed to put the Baconian philosophy on a firmer intellectual basis than it has ever been able to make for itself in Europe. The religion of business, that logical outcome of Baconism, has been established more securely in the United States than even among that nation of shopkeepers whose empire, I suppose, is the finest example of big business the world can show to-day. It resembles other religions in having man and not God as its kernel; but it is man who finds himself able to commune most freely with God, not in the simple life of poverty nor in the solitude of the desert, but in an environment created by a plentiful supply of commodities which can be procured only by modern industrial processes. That religion, that philosophy, that reaction to life, call it what you will, is the motive force of Asia to-day.

III

It is not easy to grasp the implications of this profound spiritual change among the peoples of Asia, the change from a static to a progressive organization of society. Few are willing to look at the matter with unbiased judgment; the past is too strong for them. Though they all admit that there is a new world, it is for them but the old writ large. They still see East and West divided by the gulf of thought. The very vastness of the subject tends to vagueness, and under their guidance we lose ourselves easily in clouds of conjecture, surmise, and prophecy.

But if we look at the problem piecemeal we shall see everywhere striking confirmation of the tendencies I have outlined. A generation ago Pan-Islamism was a serious anxiety to British statesmen, and the policy both of Great Britain and of France, the two European Powers with the greatest stake in Mohammedan countries, was sensibly influenced by the fears that it aroused. So late as 1919 these two Governments were seriously embroiled over their rivalry in the Islamic world: we saw France aiming at an hegemony by winning over the Turks in Angora, while Great Britain, true to its object of holding the road to India, supported the Arab *bloc* that was to be a counter-

poise to Turkey and from its central position was to dominate Islam. Great Britain, better informed, better served, and more flexible in the details of its policy than France, — the Latin logic is a terribly dangerous instrument for determining high policy, — has managed to accommodate itself to the changing circumstances of these last years with more success than its neighbor across the Channel. How much these circumstances have altered is shown by the fact that in 1915 the British Foreign Office looked forward confidently to the establishment of an Arab caliphate, and that in 1921 the so-called Pan-Islamic movement in India, anti-British and pro-Turk in character, caused serious misgivings in England and among Anglo-Indians regarding the wisdom of Mr. Lloyd George's policy toward the recalcitrant Turkish Nationalist Government. Once more those who still regarded Islam as a political force prophesied evil from the religious antagonism that was being aroused. It was at about this time that Dr. Lothrop Stoddard published his book, *The New World of Islam*, which, while it called attention to the Westernizing processes I have mentioned, failed to foresee the changes that were about to take place, changes so radical that to-day one can find no more justification for talking of a world of Islam than of a world of Christendom.

Far from being a vital political force, the politico-religious influence of Islam in its former strongholds has undergone an extraordinary eclipse. True, the Mohammedan East is burgeoning with a new life, but the springs feeding it are in no sense Islamic. The Ottoman caliphate has disappeared, and the attempt of ex-King Hussein to put an Arab caliphate in its place has been defeated by the action of a rival Arab leader. Yet Ibn Saud, in whose followers burns the true flame of religious zeal, and who now rules in Mecca, has little support from his coreligionists and on political grounds is equally distasteful to those of India and Egypt. Turkey, for four centuries the greatest Moslem Power, has become a secular republic. Mustapha Kemal, its president and virtual dictator, is a professed free-thinker, and his Government, bent on carrying out its programme of complete Westernization, even to the clothes of its citizens, rides roughshod over prejudices which any European Moslem Power would never have dared to disregard in its own subjects.

More remarkable still, Afghanistan, once the most sternly traditionalist of Moslem countries, where the mere presence of a Christian was an offense, has been started on a career of social and economic development by its energetic young ruler, King Amanullah Khan. He has asserted his independence against the Government of India and he has already come down with a heavy hand upon the fanatical spirit of the wilder and more unruly tribesmen of his remote and mountainous kingdom who wish only to walk in their fathers' footsteps. It is of course a far cry from Turkey, washed by the Mediterranean and open to European influences, to Afghanistan, hidden in the fastnesses of Asia, yet in both countries the same leaven is at work. Thus in the Allahabad *Pioneer* of December 2, 1926, there was an article about Afghanistan of which the headings were: 'Afghan Ambitions; Passion for Military Training; Banning the Purdah; People's Whole Outlook Changing; Western Ideals.' There followed two columns about the future development of that country, as foreseen by the newly appointed Afghan Consul-General for India. The making of roads, the fostering of home industries, and the emancipation of women, these were some of his points. Western clothes

were becoming universal; Afghan girls were going to school dressed like their European sisters, though their faces were still thinly veiled. Modern Western ideas, he said, were gaining a sure footing. When such things are happening in Afghanistan, which, with the exception of Tibet, used to be the most intransigent state in Asia, it seems hardly necessary for me to carry this point of my argument further.

It would be idle to pretend that Afghanistan, where the people still hold with tenacity to the traditions of Islam, has as yet been transformed. The process is inevitable, but its issue is for the future. A like change is taking place in Persia, accompanied by an equally acute sense of national independence and by the same tendencies toward remodeling the social fabric on Western lines. There too the emancipation of women is an acute question of the hour, and there too, as in other Mohammedan countries, — though this is not true of Afghanistan, — 'religion holds a very small place in the thoughts and life of the young men.' My quotation is a dictum of the present Mutamen-ul-Mulk, the president of the Persian parliament.

Farther westward, in Iraq, the process of building up a government on Western models is being accomplished amid general enthusiasm, and the religious conservatism of those strongholds of the Shiite sectaries, Kerbela and Nejef, while it complicates the relations between Persia and Iraq, meets with little sympathy in the political clubs of Bagdad. King Feisal, though a scion of the noblest family in Islam, a descendant of the Prophet whose forbears were lords in Mecca before the days of Charlemagne, is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the West. His younger brother he has sent to Oxford, his son to Harrow, and his one ambition, as anyone who talks with him realizes, is to see Iraq develop as a progressive, orderly, and scientifically administered state. Iraq a generation ago was a backward province of a backward empire. I can best show, perhaps, how its people have set themselves to master the technique of Western civilization as expressed in parliamentary government by quoting the words of an English observer in the current *Round Table:* 'We have tried,' he writes, 'deliberately to teach Iraq to run before she had learned to walk. Her stumbles have proved to be fewer and her average speed greater than the most ardent exponents of our present policy — Iraq is, of course, under the British Mandate — would have dared to prophesy six years ago. And the reason is that the people have shown themselves more enthusiastic over the experiment, more determined to make it a success, and more capable of making it so, than could have been anticipated.'

It is worth remarking, in passing, that it is in Iraq that the motor car and the aeroplane have won their most signal triumphs. We must never forget that these, with the cinema, are everywhere in Asia potent allies of Western ideology.

Egypt, which, thanks to British administration, is the richest and most advanced economically of the countries of western Asia, — for it belongs only geographically to Africa, — keeps its reputation as the land of paradox by affecting a conservatism in its religious attitude which nearly resulted in the proclamation of King Fuad as the Caliph. Since Cairo, thanks to the great University of El Azhar, has been for centuries the intellectual centre of Islam, it is perhaps as natural that it should be emphatically Mohammedan as that the government of Mussolini in Rome should be Catholic. Nevertheless Egypt, like the rest of the Moslem

world, is riddled with the 'new philosophy,' and its public men are bent on transforming it into the likeness of a modern European state. M. Maurice Pernot, a Frenchman who has lately studied conditions throughout the Mohammedan countries of Asia, testifies to the decline of religious influence. 'What remains here of Islam?' asked of him, not without regret, an Egyptian of the old school. 'Law? It is Europeanized except as regards personal status. Religion properly so called? It loses ground here, as in Turkey. Islam in Egypt will soon be no more than a literature or a philosophy. The national movement here to-day is independent of any religious motive.' And another declared that the University of El Azhar is to-day 'no more than a museum piece.' Anyone whose political memory carries him back twenty years, to the time when Pan-Islamism spread its tentacles throughout Egypt and the Egyptian nationalists tried to make their reforms square with the Koran and the Traditions, must agree that the epithet 'unchanging' is egregiously out of place when applied to this portion of the East.

It is curious, all the same, that the forces of Mohammedan conservatism should be stronger in Cairo, where British bayonets still occupy the citadel, than in once traditionalist Turkey. Eighteen months ago, for instance, a certain Sheik Ali Abdul Razek published a book upon the caliphate in which he set out to prove that there was nothing in the Koran, or in the Traditions, to show that Mohammed cherished ambitions of earthly kingship, or that the Prophet revealed anything relating to matters other than those connected with religious faith and practice. This attempt, — analogous to those of Christian divines of a past epoch to square science and religion, — which aimed at reconciling Western democratic life and government with Islam, resulted in the author being tried by a council of discipline for heresy and removed from his official posts. The process was supposed to have been instigated by the King, a somewhat vainglorious monarch anxious to revive in his own person the old glories of Islam, and the action of the royal defender of the faith was so hotly resented that it resulted in a political crisis and the return of the Zaghlulists to power. From this straw one may hazard the guess that, had it not been for Great Britain, Egypt would have followed the example of Turkey, and that the first President of the Egyptian Republic, in itself, a thing utterly at variance with Mohammedan ideas, would have been Saad Zaghlul Pasha.

The El Azhar a museum piece! Would any student of affairs venture to say that of the Vatican? Yet it looks as if the Egyptian who coined that startling epigram were not speaking without his book. Not long since, for instance, the students of the School of Cadis organized a protest against the turban and the flowing robes which they were required to wear, and they appeared at the school in the trousers of the West. The Government was firm, and the young men ultimately returned to their picturesque and traditional garb. But when the most conservative class in the country can act thus, — the nearest Western analogy would be if the students at a Catholic seminary insisted on wearing 'plus-fours,' — one can well believe that Egypt would be ready enough to follow the example of Turkey, were it free to do so.

IV

There, indeed, in Turkey we have the most surprising acknowledgment of the superiority of the West, the most

complete break with the past. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and Mustapha Kemal has left nothing undone to make the country over which he rules as like Europe as possible. The first things to go under in the welter of reform have been the practices and observances of Islam, which, in the view of the governing class, foster a mentality hostile to progress. The administration has therefore been secularized and the Turkish Government accords no official recognition to Islam. And though there has been no religious persecution, and men may still pray in the mosques or churches at their will, the *medressas* or religious schools have been closed and the *tekias*, the houses of the dervish brotherhoods, which played so picturesque a part in the old Turkey, have been disestablished. The process of secularization has been deliberately framed so as to make it difficult, one might say impossible, for an orthodox Mohammedan to live within the frontiers of the Turkish Republic. The plight of such resembles that of the Roman Catholics in England in the later years of Queen Elizabeth. Your Turk to-day, for instance, may not wear the fez with which he was wont to cover his head in obedience to the behest of the Prophet, and his women may no longer preserve their modesty by means of the yashmak, that veil which — as anyone who knew the old Stamboul is aware — was not always turned to modest uses. A graver infringement of Islamic precepts has been the abolition of polygamy, and marriages in Turkey are no longer celebrated by the cadis but by the civil officials. Then a new code of civil law has been introduced, modeled upon that of Switzerland, and a new penal code has been adapted from the Italian. Islam has about as much political influence in Turkey to-day as it has in the United States.

It would, of course, be absurd to claim that Turkey is indistinguishable from a European state, for it is one thing to decree reforms and quite another to make them effective. But it is remarkable that there reforms have, on the whole, the enthusiastic support of the people. One has only to visit Constantinople to observe how joyously the inhabitants have taken to their new life. In the eastern provinces change moves more slowly; nevertheless it moves. The fabric of Catholicism was not swept away nearly so easily by the Tudors in England — and historians instance this as a popular religious revolution — as traditional Mohammedanism has been abolished by Mustapha Kemal in the ancient homelands of the Osmanli sultan-caliphs who for four centuries were the popes and emperors of Islam. Only among the Kurds have these extraordinary changes produced any such feeling as induces men to fight and die rather than submit, and their animosity springs from national rather than religious motives: even the wild Kurds want their own national government and their own state. Nor has the policy of secularization in Turkey aroused any resentment in other Mohammedan countries. Far from any other Moslem Power wishing to play the rôle of Catholic Spain in the sixteenth century *vis-à-vis* England, we find that the Governments of Persia and Afghanistan are on the friendliest terms with that of Angora, while Egypt has transferred the admiration it felt for the old Turkey to the new, and the secular 'democratic' republic is very popular in Cairo, where the Pan-Islamic policy of Abdul Hamid's days used to excite a fanatical reverence. Egypt admires the efforts Turkey is making to refurnish its house in the European style; it envies the success with which it has thrown off the Capitulations, those shackles imposed

when Occidental and Oriental ideas of administration were radically different; and the Egyptians look to the day when the crumbling façade which hampers the extension of their own ambitions shall have been swept away also in the valley of the Nile.

V

So much for the way in which the militant religion of Asia has reacted to the solvent of European thought. And if space would allow me to deal with China and India I think that it would not be difficult to show how Asiaticism in those regions is not less a figment of tired brains and shaken nerves. To say that Asia is adopting the technique and the ideas of Europe in order the better to destroy us is surely the most childish of arguments, suitable for a Zinoviev who wishes to inspire an ogreish fear in the bourgeois breast, but not to be taken seriously by sensible men. Bolshevism is a problem apart; it has had nothing to do with the movements I have enumerated, and I am unwilling to draw its red herring across the track of my argument. If one thing about it is certain, it is that its intellectual parentage is European. It reposes on the same Baconian basis as any other theory of industrialism, and indeed it only begins to be possible, as a theory, in such an economic state. Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* will remember not long since an article on the opportunities for employing American capital in the exploitation of Russian resources. What more need one say?

Prune Bolshevism of its extravagances, strip it of its claptrap, and it becomes no more than a theory of distribution. One may admit its doctrines, as preached by its leaders, to be noxious; but that does not make them Asiatic. They are, indeed, the very reverse. Their very boldness is European.

The institution of the family, for example, and the respect of children for their parents have a profounder meaning among Oriental peoples than in Europe, — and once again let me emphasize that in talking of Europe I also include America, — where the whole story of social progress and reaction has centred round the position of women, who have hitherto throughout Asia frankly accepted an inferior status. As for Soviet Russia being implicated in China, or in Java, where a so-called communist rising on a serious scale took place last year, or in India, or elsewhere, one must not mistake the groupings of political expediency for anything more sensational. It may suit the Chinese Nationalists to use Russian aid against their foes, but to suppose that the Nationalists, if successful, will be bound to the Soviet Government by any other ties than self-interest is to allow fear to get the better of sober judgment.

After all, then, our Caliban is not so fearful a monster. Indeed, I shall have failed in my purpose if I have not made him out to be no more than a rather sorry scarecrow. The idea of Asia laying our civilization in ruins is the more absurd because Asiatics in general are far more peace-loving than Europeans. If they have had their warrior kings, as Europe has had in not less number, their philosophic quietism has at any rate refused to surround the adventure of war with that glamour which in spite of 1914–1918 still persists among us. 'We are accustomed,' says an acute English writer, 'to regard Orientals as turbulent and ill-disciplined, whereas the fact is that the majority of them have a far stronger instinct for obedience than the average Westerner.' With such material the leaders of Old Japan found it possible to change the

whole balance of the national life and the future course of their history; and other Asiatic peoples, less finely endowed possibly with the civic virtues than the Japanese, are now doing the same thing. With immense effort, with obvious exaltation, and with an intelligence sometimes naïve but nearly always admirable, Asia is adopting our ideals, our codes, our aspirations; trying to emulate our standards, of which it admits the superiority, both openly and tacitly. And our reply is to raise the cry of 'Asiaticism' and to look for another Attila! It would be ungenerous, were it not so silly.

Nor is the economic bogey, which many, including Dean Inge, take a gloomy pleasure in surveying, so very dreadful. A rich Asia would be a more profitable business neighbor for Europe and America than a poor Asia. The markets which meet the demands of eight hundred millions of Asiatics, no longer content to be the camp followers of the progressive white races, but themselves taking their place in the advancing line, would offer illimitable opportunities to our industries. It is at least as reasonable to argue thus as to assert that, once the yellow races establish effective economic competition with the whites, the latter will be driven out of business. Such prophets are determined that Europe shall have its back to the wall somehow — if not in one way, then in another. They are determined that their monster shall have a name, and that if one name does not fit, another shall be found which does. It is, as I have said, a churlish and frightened return on our part to the frank admission of the oldest continent that it has everything to learn from the youngest. It is hardly worthy of our achievements or of our spiritual heritage.

Spiritual heritage — these words are enough to make the prophets of evil intervene once more. They may admit that a Europeanized Asia will not turn and rend Europe, but they lament over the spiritual loss that will accrue to the world from the adoption by Asia of what the American vision has conceived as 'the lifting of the millions.' They must do so. The picturesque East as it appealed to a Loti, to a Blunt, and to scores of other Western souls in love with beauty so long as it is not of today and therefore cannot offend their scrupulous taste — that East spoke of decay and death. Such sentimentalities must be left to their tourist natures; they never moved an Oriental. Yet, though Asia has broken from its moorings and has begun to move its vast bulk over the uncharted seas of progress, seas whereon we have no idea where the Promised Land lies, seas that offer no havens and that are lashed with storms which may destroy the stoutest vessel, one cannot imagine that it will follow tamely in our wake. All we can do is to wish it Godspeed in the great adventure of the modern world, the greatest adventure on which humanity has so far been engaged.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON CONFORMING TO THE TRAFFIC

I HAVE sometimes wondered why a man who has just saved his life by dodging a Ford almost invariably behaves as if it were a matter of no importance. I do this myself, so I know by experience that such a man is probably not so indifferent as he tries to look. He can control his expression because his face goes about naked and is accustomed to observation; but his knees shake (in his trousers) and his hair rises (under his hat). Yet it was only the other day that I came upon a plausible explanation. Pedestrians, said a speaker at a Safety First convention in London, are largely responsible for motor accidents because they fail to 'conform to the evolution of vehicular traffic.' So far I have evidently conformed; the important question is, How long can I keep it up? For my conformity is imperfect, and my assumption of indifference — the manner, that is, of a man who *knows that he cannot be run over by a Ford* — is an instinctive effort to persuade myself that I already conform very much better than I do. My evolution would be arrested if I dropped to my knees in grateful prayer on the sidewalk; and so would the evolution of others if they crowded round to help me up and congratulate me on having again dodged a Ford. It will be understood, of course, that when I say 'Ford' I mean everything from this fine little car to the largest imaginable truck.

This is an illuminating discovery, explaining the present by the past and linking together the whole long series of survivals by which the pedestrian, alive and kicking, has come down into the twentieth century. Millions of years ago I see in imagination my prehistoric ancestor, a coarse, hairy fellow, yet with a certain family resemblance, dodging a dinosaur. If he could have looked millions of years forward, my prehistoric ancestor would have seen me, a refined, hairless fellow, yet with a certain family resemblance, dodging a Ford. I am by no means certain that he would have thought me an improvement. It is not my intention, however, to attempt a parallel between our conditions, which have little in common except the necessity of evading a destructive force and are widely differentiated by the fact that the survival of those hearty, uncultured men millions of years ago did not require also the survival of dinosaurs. As things are with us, every owner and operator of a Ford is often a pedestrian, little as he likes it, and every pedestrian more or less frequently goes about in a Ford.

Observe, for example, my own present condition. I am, as a rule, wholly subservient to the traffic policeman. I Go when he says Go — and I STOP when he says STOP. But, for all my trust in him, I Go more confidently if I can manage unostentatiously to sandwich myself between two good, stout fellow pedestrians. I agree with Cæsar. 'Let me have men about me that are fat,' I say, 'sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights' — or women either, or both together. But the fatter the better. I am almost timid. Yet the other day, far away from a corner and out of sight or reach of any traffic

policeman, I hopped off, as the aviators say, and went across a street in perfect conformity with the vehicular traffic. I was thinking deeply of something else, and, as I now see, my subconscious mind hastily got into uniform and became what is colloquially called a traffic cop. Go! Stop! Go! Jump! Jump Backward! Stop! Go! Run! Stop and Go! Dodge Left! Stop! Go! Run Around in a Circle! Go! Dodge Right! Backward and Forward! Change Step! Stop! Go! Jump! — and there I was, safe and sound on the other side of the street. But I relapsed immediately into the self-consciousness of imperfect conformity. My knees shook (in my trousers) and my hair rose (under my hat), though, of course, I assumed the conventional indifference, and went on my way as if nothing unusual had happened, humming or whistling. It is only after I have just dodged a Ford that I hum or whistle in the street.

On the sidewalk the conformity of each unit to the evolution of every other unit is well-nigh perfect. Without giving the matter any conscious thought at all, each drives himself or herself with unerring dexterity, now fast, now slow, deviating by a hair's breadth to pass a thin pedestrian or several inches to pass a fat one, constantly changing his or her course and rate of speed, darting one instant, dawdling, very likely in pleasant conversation, the next; and only on very rare occasions making such an error of judgment as causes one pedestrian to embrace another. Even then no harm is done that cannot be quickly remedied by a merry laugh and an apology — especially to the opposite sex. This, however, has been a long, slow process of evolution, as had been the parallel evolution of vehicular traffic until the invention of a mechanical horse of great speed to which pedestrians have not yet habituated themselves. It must be also taken into consideration that there are far more mechanical horses in proportion to population; or, to put it colloquially, more Fords than Dobbins.

Hardly more than a century ago Hazlitt wrote in an essay, 'Give me a clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me — and then to thinking! It will be hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder cloud, I plunge into my past being, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore.' (I am a little puzzled about that Indian, but perhaps he had been out fishing; and anyway, what he plunged off, and why he did it, must have been commonplace compared with Mr. Hazlitt's own dive.) It would appear on this evidence that lone heaths were then available for pedestrians within easy walking distance of large cities, so lone indeed that a pedestrian could laugh, run, leap, and sing without attracting undesirable attention. Occasionally, perhaps, the occupants of a post chaise or a tilbury — vehicles with which Mr. Hazlitt was familiar — might wonder at his behavior. But nothing faster, or more often, than a bull was likely to approach the traveler from behind; and the winding road in front needed no painted death's-head grinning around each gracious curve to lessen the likelihood of a head-on collision between privately owned and operated locomotives. Often, one may believe, there would be nobody in sight on the lone heath but Mr. Hazlitt himself. We have changed all that; but it was a long time yet before Mr. Ford began making those fine little cars, one of which, if he were alive to-day, Mr. Hazlitt would very likely own and

operate. There will be those to say that if he still insisted upon walking he might join the Boy Scouts. But this expedient would give no satisfaction to Mr. Hazlitt. 'One of the pleasantest things in the world,' he wrote, 'is going a journey; but I like to go by myself.'

It is not surprising, therefore, that the pedestrian is still a nonconformist to the evolution of vehicular traffic; but it may fairly be argued that his evolution lags in part because of the very efforts being made to protect him from the consequences of his nonconformity. Nothing is more erroneous than the idea, frequently advanced by pedestrians, that motorists are indifferent to the safety of pedestrians — except, perhaps, the equally silly notion, frequently advanced by motorists, that pedestrians are indifferent to the safety of motorists. The frank statement at the Safety First convention that pedestrians are really responsible for being run over went hand in hand with further efforts to keep them from being run over. But the protection of pedestrians is not the way that nature would conduct matters. Crossing the street in a reasonably confident state of mind, yet a shade apprehensive lest the vehicular traffic start with a rush before the last pedestrian is quite over, — and this, I imagine, is how the last forty or fifty of the Israelites felt when they crossed the Red Sea, — does not advance the evolution of the pedestrian as a free walker in an overpopulated world. It tends, if anything, to make a sheep of him. But even if pedestrians conformed to traffic there would be pride and place for the traffic policeman. It would be all right, as I have just shown, for one pedestrian to cross by himself, but several hundred pedestrians at once would take up too much space. So there would still be need of the graceful gestures of a handsome man in uniform, or the pretty flashing of colored lights in a tower, to tell these pedestrians when to Go and when to Stop. But the pedestrians would respond better. They *would* Go, and they *would* Stop, and none would Stop when they were told to Go or Go when they were told to Stop. The time may come when such direction is rendered unnecessary by tunnels, and the pedestrian will run lightly downstairs on one side of the street and lightly upstairs and out on the other; or by bridges, in which case the pedestrian will do just the opposite. That he will ever become a mechanical bird and fly over is, I think, as out of the question as that he will ever become a motor vehicle himself by wearing wheels and a motor; and so, whatever happens, the nonconformist will be in the same danger, out of his tunnel or off his bridge, that he is now in when out of sight of a traffic policeman.

Fortunately there remain many places that may still relatively be called lone heaths, where natural beauty is now diversified by the introduction of works of art illustrating the life and manners of the times, and where the vehicular traffic is spread so thin that quite often Mr. Hazlitt might for a minute or two have the road all to himself. It is on these lone heaths that the pedestrian may come to know the motor car, as his prehistoric ancestor came to know the dinosaur, through all his senses. Many things on which I pride myself my prehistoric ancestor did not know, *but he knew dinosaurs*. He knew what they looked like, sounded like, smelled like, tasted like, — fortunately our present situation is not complicated by the palatability of a Ford, — and, either by hearsay or by experience, felt like. He was quick — and this I cannot do even

if I have plenty of time — at shinning a tree. On these lone heaths, where there are no traffic policemen, the pedestrian may practise and acquire conformity to the evolution of vehicular traffic. And when the time comes that he can honestly and comfortably say with Hazlitt, 'a winding road before me — and then to thinking!' he will be in good working conformity.

BURIAL

'You are a doctor?' inquired the person in the pear-shaped hat.

The interrogation lacked the embroidery of usage. It was simple, direct, of the soil.

The traveler from those fabulous countries which lie a hundred nights' lodging from the village answered: 'No, I am not a doctor.'

'You have a book,' answered the person in the pear-shaped hat.

There was finality in the remark; as if the possession of a book by a person from those wizard regions were indisputable proof of science.

'What is the matter?' said the traveler.

The person in the pear-shaped hat lifted a thin brown arm, covered from the elbow up in a loose sleeve of blue cotton cloth. He pointed to a space of rising ground across the road from the village. The place was dry and bare except for a score of low, shapeless mounds marked by rough stones from the hillside, set on end. A group of blue-coated villagers stood among the stones and gazed dully at the traveler.

The person in the pear-shaped hat said: 'We are burying a man over there. Yesterday his wife fled from his house and he became ashamed. He became ashamed, so that he ate opium. So much opium that his heart stopped beating. Is he dead? Is he not dead? We are not sure. But we think that he is dead. And it is our custom that if a man die he must be buried at once. So we are burying him. But we are not sure. You, who are a doctor — '

The traveler said: 'No, I am not a doctor.'

The person in the pear-shaped hat turned away. He rejoined his companions. Then two from among them stooped and lifted from the ground by each end a long narrow object, wrapped in white cloth. The bundle was tied at both extremities with string, but from one end protruded two brown feet.

The men laid the bundle carefully in a hole which had been prepared. A third man took up a spade and began to shovel in the earth.

The traveler shuddered. He thought: 'Under that crush of earth, if he is still alive, he will never wake. He will escape in his sleep.' He thought: 'Even if I could snatch him back, who am I to decide that he must return? He has escaped the torture of being ashamed; escaped hunger, disease, extortion. Let him lie.'

The creaking road carriage crawled over the shoulder of the hill. The wretched village, the group of mute, blue-coated villagers, the bare, forbidding place of burial, were blotted out of sight.

JALNA: A NOVEL

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

WHEN Captain Philip Whiteoak and Adeline Court were married in India in 1848, they were the most brilliant couple in their military station. But the inheritance of property in Canada prompted Philip to sell his commission and bring his wife and infant daughter Augusta to Ontario. A great stone manor house was built and a thousand acres of wilderness transformed into the semblance of an English park. 'Jalna' the estate is called, after the military station where the couple first met.

The story is of the present time. Adeline, her husband long since dead, is an indomitable old woman, eagerly on the verge of completing a full century of life. She has two surviving sons, themselves old men: Nicholas, whose wife left him for a young army officer, and Ernest, a bachelor. A third son, Philip, is dead. His two marriages embarrassed the declining estate with six children. From the first marriage came Meg, the only girl, and Renny, now master of the cohesive little Whiteoak clan. From the second came Eden and Piers, now in the twenties, Finch, sixteen, and Wakefield, nine.

Meg was at one time engaged to Maurice Vaughan, a friend of Renny's, but a month before the marriage a foundling girl was left on the Vaughans' doorstep. Maurice acknowledged his fault, and Meg broke the engagement. As the story opens, Renny has warned Piers against 'nonsense' with Pheasant, the unwanted daughter of Maurice, now grown into an appealing girl. The household shows natural but unbridled resentment when Piers and Pheasant make a runaway marriage. They are received by the family in a pungent interview, in which only Renny's masterful hand finally establishes the rebellious couple as inhabitants of Jalna. In the meantime Eden has upset Whiteoak tradition and incurred Renny's puzzled disgust by writing a volume of poems which has been accepted by a New York publisher.]

VIII

EDEN found that his steps made no noise on the thick rug that covered the floor of the reception room of the New York publishing firm of Cory and Parsons, so he could pace up and down as restlessly as he liked without fear of attracting attention. He was horribly nervous. He had a sensation in his stomach that was akin to hunger, yet his throat felt so oddly constricted that to swallow would have been impossible.

A mirror in a carved frame gave him, when he hesitated before it, a greenish reflection of himself that was not reassuring. He wished he had not got such a brazen coat of tan in the North that summer. These New Yorkers would surely look on him as a Canadian backwoodsman. His hands as he grasped the package containing his new manuscript were almost black, it seemed to him, and no wonder, for he had been paddling and camping among the Northern lakes for months. He decided to lay the manuscript on a table, picking it up at the last minute before he entered Mr. Cory's private office. It had been Mr. Cory with whom he had corresponded about his poems, who had expressed himself as eager to read the long narrative poem composed that summer. For the book had been well reviewed, American critics finding an agreeable freshness and music in Eden's lyrics. As books of poems went, it had had a fair sale. The young poet would get enough out of it, perhaps, to buy himself a new winter overcoat. He stood now, tall and slender in his loosely fitting tweeds, very British-looking, feeling that this solemn, luxurious room was the threshold over which he would step into the world of achievement and fame.

A door opened and a young woman entered so quietly that she was almost at Eden's side before he was aware of her presence.

'Oh,' he said, starting, 'I beg your pardon. I'm waiting to see Mr. Cory.'

'You are Mr. Whiteoak, aren't you?' she asked in a tranquil voice.

He flushed red, very boyishly, under his tan.

'Yes. I'm Eden Whiteoak. I'm the —'

Just in time he choked back what he had been about to say — that he was the author of *Under the North Star*. It would have been a horrible way to introduce himself — just as though he had expected the whole world to know about his book of poems.

However, she said, with a little excited catch of the breath: 'Oh, Mr. Whiteoak, I could not resist coming to speak to you when I heard you were here! I want to tell you how very, very much I have enjoyed your poems. I am a reader for Mr. Cory, and he generally gives me the poetry manuscripts, because — well, I am very much interested in poetry.'

'Yes, yes, I see,' said Eden, casting about to collect his thoughts.

She went on in her low, even voice: 'I cannot tell you how proud I was when I was able to recommend your poems to him. I have to send in adverse reports on so many. Your name was new to us. I felt that I had discovered you. Oh, dear, this is very unbusinesslike, telling you all this, but your poetry has given me so much pleasure that — I wanted you to know!'

Her face flashed suddenly from gravity into smiling. Her head was tilted as she looked into his eyes, for she was below medium height. Eden, looking down at her, thought she was like some delicately tinted yet sturdy spring flower, gazing upward with a sort of gentle defiance.

He held the hand she offered in his own warm, deeply tanned one.

'My name is Alayne Archer,' she said. 'Mr. Cory will be ready to see you in a few minutes. As a matter of fact he told me to have a little talk with you about your new poem. It is a narrative poem, is it not? But I did so want to tell you that I was the "discoverer" of your first!'

'Well, then, I suppose I may as well hand the manuscript over to you at once.'

'No. I should give it to Mr. Cory.'

They both looked down at the packet in his hand, then their eyes met and they smiled.

'Do you like it very much yourself?' she asked. 'Is it at all like the others?'

'Yes, I like it — naturally,' he answered; 'and yes, I think it has the same feeling as the others. It was good fun writing it, up there in the North, a thousand miles from anywhere.'

'It must have been inspiring,' she said. 'Mr. Cory is going to visit the North this fall. He suffers from insomnia. He will want to hear a great deal about it from you.' She led the way toward two upholstered chairs. 'Will you please sit down and tell me more about the new poem? What is it called?'

'"The Golden Sturgeon." Really, I can't tell you about it. . . . You'll just have to read it. . . . I'm not used to talking about my poetry. In my family it's rather a disgrace to write poetry.'

They had sat down, but she raised herself in her chair, and stared at him incredulously. She exclaimed in a rather hushed voice: 'Poetry! A disgrace!'

'Well, not so bad as that, perhaps,' said Eden, hurriedly. 'But a handicap to a fellow — something to be lived down.'

'But are they not *proud* of you?'

'Y-yes. My sister is. But she does n't know anything about poetry. And one of my uncles. But he's quite old. Reads nothing this side of Shakespeare.'

'And your parents? Your mother?' It seemed to her that he must have a mother to adore him.

'Both dead,' he replied, and he added: 'My brothers really despise me for it. There is a military tradition in our family.'

She asked: 'Were you through the War?'

'No. I was only seventeen when peace came.'

'Oh, how stupid I am! Of course you were too young!'

She began then to talk about his poetry. Eden forgot that he was in a reception room of a publisher's office. He forgot everything except his pleasure in her gracious, self-possessed, yet somehow shy presence. He heard himself talking, reciting bits of his poems, — he had caught something of the Oxford intonation from his uncles, — saying beautiful and mournful things that

would have made Renny wince with shame for him, could he have overheard.

A stenographer came to announce that Mr. Cory would see Mr. Whiteoak. They arose, and, again looking down on her, he thought he had never seen such smooth, shining hair. It was coiled about her head like bands of shimmering satin.

He followed the stenographer to Mr. Cory's private room, and was given a tense handshake and a tenser scrutiny by the publisher.

'Sit down, Mr. Whiteoak,' he said, in a dry, precise voice. 'I am very glad that you were able to come to New York. I and my assistant, Miss Archer, have been looking forward to meeting you. We think your work is exceedingly interesting.'

Yet his pleasure seemed very perfunctory. After a short discussion of the new poem, which Mr. Cory took into his charge, he changed the subject abruptly, and began to fire question after question about the North at Eden. How far North had he been? What supplies were needed? Particularly, what underwear and shoes? Was the food very bad?

Eden in his mind was trying to picture Mr. Cory in that environment, but he could not, and his fancy instead followed Miss Archer, with her bands of shimmering hair and her gray-blue eyes, set wide apart beneath her lovely white brow. He had begun to hate Mr. Cory, since he believed he had found out that he was only interesting to the publisher as a Canadian who knew all about the country to which his physician had ordered him.

Yet at that moment Mr. Cory was asking him almost genially to dinner at his house that night. 'Miss Archer will be there,' he added. 'She will talk to you about your poetry with much more understanding than I can, but I like it. I like it very well indeed.'

And, naturally, Eden suddenly liked Mr. Cory. He suddenly seemed to discover that he was very human, almost boyish, like a very orderly grayish boy who had never been really young. But he liked him, and shook his hand warmly as he thanked him, and said he would be glad to go to dinner.

He had no friends in New York, but he spent the afternoon happily wandering about. It was a brilliant day in mid-September. The towerlike skyscrapers and the breezy canyons of the streets fluttering bright flags — he did not know what the occasion was — exhilarated him. Life seemed very full, brimming with movement, adventure, poetry, singing in the blood, crying out to be written.

Sitting in a tearoom, the first lines of a new poem began to take form in his mind. Pushing his plate of cinnamon toast to one side, he jotted them down on the back of an envelope. A quiver of nervous excitement ran through him. He believed they were good. He believed the idea was good. He found that he wanted to discuss the poem with Alayne Archer, to read those singing first lines to her. He wanted to see her face raised to his with that look of mingled penetration and sweet enthusiasm for his genius — well, she herself had used the word once; in fact, one of the reviewers of *Under the North Star* had used the word, so surely he might let it slide through his own mind now and again, like a stimulating draft. Genius. He believed he had a spark of the sacred fire, and it seemed to him that she, by her presence, the support of her admiration, had the power to fan it to a leaping flame.

He tried to sketch her face on the envelope. He did not do so badly with the forehead, the eyes, but he could not remember her nose, — rather a soft feature, he guessed, — and when the mouth was added, instead of the look of a spring flower, gentle but defiant, that he had tried to achieve, he had produced a face of almost Dutch stolidity. Irritably he tore up the sketch and his poem with it. She might not be strictly beautiful, but she was not like that.

That evening, in his hotel, he took a good deal of care with his dressing. His evening clothes were well fitting, and the waistcoat, of the newest English cut, very becoming. If it had not been for that Indian coat of tan his reflection would have been very satisfying. Still, it made him look manlier. And he had a well-cut mouth. Girls had told him it was fascinating. He smiled and showed a row of gleaming teeth, then snapped his lips together. Good Lord, he was acting like a movie star! Or a dentifrice advertisement. Ogling — just that. If Renny could have seen him ogling himself in the glass he would have knocked his

block off. Perhaps it were better that genius (that word again!) should be encased in a wild-eyed, unkempt person. He scowled, put on his hat and coat, and turned out the light.

Mr. Cory lived on Sixty-first Street, in an unpretentious house set between two very pretentious ones. Eden found the rest of the guests assembled except one, an English novelist who arrived a few minutes later than himself. There were Mr. Cory; his wife; his daughter, a large-faced young woman with straight black shingled hair; a Mr. Gutweld, a musician; a Mr. Groves, a banker who it was soon evident was to accompany Mr. Cory on his trip to Canada; Alayne Archer; and two very earnest middle-aged ladies.

Eden found himself at dinner between Miss Archer and one of the earnest ladies. Opposite were the English novelist, whose name was Hyde, and Miss Cory. Eden had never seen a table so glittering with exquisite glass and slender, shapely cutlery. His mind flew for an instant to the dinner table at Jalna, with its huge platters and cumbersome old English plate.

'Mr. Whiteoak,' said the earnest lady, in a richly cultivated voice, 'I want to tell you how deeply I appreciate your poetry. You show a delicate sensitiveness that is crystal-like in its implications.' She fixed him with her clear gray eyes and added: 'And such an acute realization of the poignant transiency of beauty.' Having spoken, she conveyed an exquisite silver spoon filled with exquisite clear soup unflinchingly to her lips.

'Thanks,' mumbled Eden. 'Thank you very much.' He felt overcome by shyness. Oh, God, that Gran were here! He would like to hide his head in her lap while she warded off this terrible woman with her stick. Presently Mr. Cory claimed her attention and Eden turned to Alayne Archer.

'Speak to me. Save me,' he whispered. 'I've never felt so stupid in my life. I've just been asked what my new poem was about and all I could say was — "A *fish*"!'

She was looking into his eyes now and he felt an electrical thrill in every nerve at her nearness, and at an intangible something he saw in her eyes.

'So you are feeling shy! I do not wonder. Still, it must be very pleasant to hear such delightful things about your poetry.'

Looking down over her face, he thought her eyelids were like a Madonna's. He said: —

'I tried to make a sketch of you to-day, but I tore it up — and some verses with it. You'll scarcely believe it, but I made you look quite Dutch.'

'That is not so surprising,' she answered. 'On my mother's side I am of Dutch extraction. I think I show it quite plainly. My face is broad and rather flat, and I have high cheek bones.'

'You draw an engaging picture of yourself, certainly.'

'But it is quite true, is it not?' She was smiling with a rather malicious amusement. 'Come, now, I do look a stolid Dutch Fräulein — acknowledge it!'

He denied it stoutly, but it was true that the Dutch blood explained something about her. A simplicity, a directness, a tranquil tenacity. But with her lovely rounded shoulders, her delicately flushed cheeks, those Madonna eyelids, and that wreath of little pink and white flowers in her hair, he thought she was a thousand times more charming than any girl he had ever met.

After dinner Hyde, the novelist, sauntered up to him and said: 'You are the lucky dog! The only interesting woman here! Who is she?'

'Miss Alayne Archer. She is an orphan. Her father was an old friend of Mr. Cory's.'

'Does she write?'

'No. She reads. She is a reader for the publishing house. It was she who — ' But he bit that sentence off just in time. He was n't going to tell this bulgy-eyed fellow anything more.

Hyde said: 'Mr. Whiteoak, had you a relative in the Buffs? A red-haired chap?'

'Yes. A brother — Renny. Did you know him?'

'Did I know him? Rather. One of the best. Oh, he and I had a hell of a time together. Where is he now? In Canada?'

'Yes. He farms.'

Hyde looked Eden over critically.

'You're not a bit like him. I can't imagine Whiteoak writing poetry. He told me he had a lot of young brothers. The whelps,

he used to call you. I should like to see him. Please remember me to him.'

Hyde began to talk about his adventures with Renny in France. He was wound up. He seemed to forget his surroundings entirely and poured out reminiscences ribald and bloody which Eden scarcely heard. His eyes followed Alayne Archer wherever she moved. He could scarcely forbear leaving Hyde rudely and following her. He saw the eyes of Mr. Cory on him, and he saw gleaming in them endless questions about hunting in the North. He felt as though walls were closing in on him. He felt horribly young and helpless among these middle-aged and elderly men. In desperation he interrupted the Englishman.

'You said you would like to meet Miss Archer.'

Hyde looked blank, then agreed cheerfully: 'Yes, yes, I did.'

Eden took him over to Alayne, turning his own back firmly on the too eager huntsman.

The two shook hands.

'I have read your new book, in the proof sheets,' Miss Archer said to Hyde, 'and I think it is splendid. Only I object very strongly to the way you make your American character talk. I often wish that Englishmen would not put Americans into their books. The dialect they put into their mouths is like nothing spoken on land or sea.' She spoke lightly, but there was a shadow of real annoyance in her eyes. She had plenty of character, Eden thought — she was not afraid to speak her mind. He pretended to have noticed the same thing.

The Englishman laughed imperturbably. 'Well, it's the way it sounds to us,' he said. No protests could change his conception of American speech. He said to Eden: 'Why don't you Canadians write about Americans and see if you have better luck?'

'I shall write a poem about Americans,' laughed Eden, and the glance that flashed from his eyes into Alayne's was like a sunbeam that flashes into clear water and is held there.

Would they never be alone together? Yes, the pianist was sitting down before the piano. They melted into a quiet corner. There was no pretending. Each knew the other's desire to escape from the rest. They sat without speaking while the music submerged them like a sea. They were at the bottom of a throbbing sea. They were hidden. They were alone. They could hear the pulsing of the great heart of life; they could feel it in their own heartbeats.

He moved a little nearer to her, staring into the room straight ahead of him, and he could almost feel her head on his shoulder, her body relaxing into his arms. The waves of Chopin thundered on and on. Eden scarcely dared to turn his face toward her. But he did, and a faint perfume came to him from the wreath of little French flowers she wore. What beautiful hands lying in her lap! Surely hands for a poet's love! God, if he could only take them in his and kiss the palms! How tender and delicately scented they would be!

The pianist was playing Debussy. Miss Cory had switched off the lights, all but a pale one by the piano. The sea was all delicate singing wavelets then. He took her hands and held them to his lips.

As he held them, his being was shaken by a throng of poems, rushing up within him, crying out to be born, touched into life by the contact of her hands.

IX

Alayne Archer was twenty-eight years old when she met Eden Whiteoak. Her father and mother had died within a few weeks of each other during an epidemic of influenza three years before. They had left their daughter a few hundreds in the bank, a few thousands in life insurance, and an artistic stucco bungalow overlooking golf links and a glimpse of the ocean in Brooklyn. But they had left her an empty heart, from which the love that had been stored increasingly for them during twenty-five years flowed in an anguished stream after them into the unknown.

Her father had been a professor of English in a New York State college, a pedantic but gentle man who loved to impart information to his wife and to instruct his daughter, but who, in matters other than scholastic, was led by them as a little child.

Though an earnest little family who faced the problems of the day and their trips to Europe anxiously, they were often

filled by the spirit of gentle fun. The gray stucco bungalow resounded with professorial gayety and the youthful response from Alayne. She had no intimate friends of her own age. Her parents sufficed. For several years before his death Professor Archer had been engaged in writing a history of the American Revolutionary War, and Alayne had thrown herself with enthusiasm into helping him with the work of research. Her admiration had been aroused for those dogged Loyalists who had left their homes and journeyed northward into Canada to suffer cold and privation for the sake of an idea. It was glorious, she thought, and told her father so. They had argued, and he had called her laughingly, after that, his little Britisher; and she had laughed, too, but she did not altogether like it, for she was proud of being an American. Still, one could see the other person's side of a question.

Mr. Cory had been a lifelong friend of her father's. When Professor Archer died, he came forward at once with his assistance. He helped Alayne to dispose of the bungalow by the golf links, — those golf links where Alayne and her father had had many a happy game together, with Mother able to keep her eye on them from the upstairs sitting-room window, — looked into the state of her father's financial affairs for her, and gave her work in reading for the publishing house of Cory and Parsons.

After the first blank grief, followed by the agony of realization, had passed, Alayne had taken a small apartment near her work, and night after night she pored over her father's manuscript, correcting, revising, worrying her young brain into fever over some debatable point. Oh, if he had only been there to settle it for her! To explain, to elucidate his own point of view in his precise and impressive accents. In her solitude she could almost see his long, thin scholar's hands turning the pages, and tears swept down her cheeks in a storm, leaving them flushed and hot, so that she would have to go to the window and press her face to the cool pane, or throw it open and lean out, gazing into the unfriendly street below.

The book was published. It created a good impression, and reviewers were perhaps a little kinder to it because of the recent death of the author. It was praised for its modern liberality. But a few critics pointed out errors and contradictions, and Alayne, holding herself responsible for these, suffered great humiliation. She accused herself of laxness and stupidity. Her dear father's book! She became so white that Mr. Cory was worried about her. At last Mrs. Cory and he persuaded her to share an apartment with a friend of theirs, Rosamund Trent, a commercial artist, a woman of fifty.

When Alayne joined Miss Trent she settled down into a sad tranquillity. She read countless manuscripts, some of them very badly typed, and the literary editor of Cory and Parsons learned to rely on her judgment, especially in books other than fiction. In fiction her taste, formed by her parents, was perhaps too conventional, too fastidious. Many of the things she read in manuscript seemed horrid to her. And they had a disconcerting way of cropping up in her mind afterward, like strange weeds that, even after they are uprooted and thrown away, appear again in unexpected places.

She would sit listening to Rosamund Trent's good-humored chatter, her chin in her curled palm, her eyes fixed on Miss Trent's face, yet all of her was not present in the room. Another Alayne was wandering, crying like a deserted child, through the little bungalow. Sometimes the other Alayne was different — not sad and lonely, but wild and questioning. Had life nothing richer for her than this? Reading, reading manuscripts, day in, day out; sitting at night with gaze bent on Miss Trent's chattering face, or going to the Corys' or some other house, meeting people who made no impression on her. Was she never going to have a real friend to whom she could confide everything — well, almost everything? Was she never — for the first time in her life she asked herself this question in grim earnest — was she never going to have a lover?

Oh, she had had admirers! Not many, for she had not encouraged them. If she went out with them she was sure to miss something delightful that was happening at home. If they came to the house they seldom fitted in with the scheme of things. Sexually she was one of those women who develop slowly — who might, under certain

conditions, marry, rear a family, and never have the wellspring of her passions unbound.

When the manuscript of young Whiteoak's book was given her to read, Alayne was in a mood of eager receptivity to beauty. The beauty, the simplicity, the splendid abandon of Eden's lyrics filled her with a new joy. When the book appeared she had an odd feeling of possession toward it. She rather hated seeing Miss Trent's large plump hands caressing it, — 'Such a ducky little book, my dear!' — and she hated to hear her read from it, stressing the most striking phrases, sustaining the last word of each line with an upward lilt of her throaty voice — 'Sheer beauty, that bit, is n't it, Alayne, dear?'

She felt ashamed of herself for grudging Miss Trent her pleasure in the book, but she undoubtedly did grudge it.

She rather dreaded meeting Eden for fear he would be disappointing. Suppose he were short and thickset, with beady black eyes and a long upper lip! Suppose he had a hatchet face and wore horn-rimmed spectacles!

Well, however he looked, his mind was beautiful. But she had quaked as she entered the reception room.

When she saw him standing tall and fair, with his crest of golden hair, his sensitive features, his steady but rather wistful smile, she was trembling, almost overcome with relief. He seemed to carry some of the radiance of his poetry about his own person. Those brilliant blue eyes in that tanned face! Oh, she could not have borne it had he not been beautiful!

It seemed as natural to her that they two should seek a quiet corner together, that he should, when the opportunity offered, take her hands in his and press ecstatic kisses upon them, as that two drops of dew should melt into one, or two sweet chords blend.

It seemed equally natural to her to say yes when, two weeks later, he asked her to marry him.

He had not intended to ask her that. He realized in his heart that it was madness to ask her, unless they agreed to a long engagement, but the autumn night was studded with stars, and heavy with the teasing scents of burning leaves and salt air.

His love for her was a poem. Their life together would be an exquisite, enchanted poem, a continual inspiration for him. He could not do without her. The thought of holding her intimately in his arms gave him the tender sadness of a love poem to be written . . . yet he must not ask her to marry him. He must not and — he did.

'Alayne, my beautiful darling — will you marry me?'

'Eden, Eden — ' She could scarcely speak, for the love that now filled her heart that had been drained empty of love almost drowned her senses. 'Yes — I will marry you, if you want me. I want you with all my soul.'

X

Eden had begun the letter to Meg, telling her of his engagement, in much trepidation. But as he wrote he gained confidence, and told of Alayne's beauty, her endearing qualities, her influential friends who would be able to do so much for him in the publishing world. And she was independent — not an heiress, not the rich American girl of fiction, still she would be a help, not a handicap to him. Meg was to believe that she was absolutely desirable.

The family at Jalna, always credulous, with imaginations easily stirred, snatched with avidity at the bare suggestion of means. They settled it among themselves that Alayne was a rich girl, and that Eden for some reason wished to depreciate her wealth.

'He's afraid some of us will want to borrow a few bucks,' sneered Piers.

'He'd have never been such a fool as to marry if the girl had not had lots of brass,' growled Nicholas.

'He was bound to attract some cultivated rich woman with his talents, his looks, and his lovely manners,' said Meg, her smile of ineffable, calm sweetness curving her lips. 'I shall be very nice to her. Who knows, she may do something for the younger boys! American women are noted for their generosity. Wakefield is delicate and he's very attractive. Finch is —'

'Neither delicate nor attractive,' put in Renny, grinning; and Finch, who was wrestling in a corner with his Latin, blushed a deep pink, and gave a snort of mingled amusement and embarrassment.

Grandmother shouted: 'When is she coming? I must wear my cream-colored cap with the purple ribbons!'

Piers said: 'Eden always was an impulsive fool. I'll bet he's making a fool marriage.' He rather hoped that Eden was, for he found it hard to endure the thought of Eden's making a marriage which would be welcomed by the whole family while he himself was continually made to feel that he had made a mess of his life.

Meg wrote her letter to Alayne, inviting her to come to Jalna for as long as she liked. She was to consider Jalna her home. All the family were so happy in dear Eden's happiness. Dear Grandmother sent her love. ('Have you got that down, Meggie? That I send my love? Underline it. No mistake.')

Alayne was deeply touched by this letter.

She took Eden up the Hudson to visit her two aunts, the sisters of her father, who lived in a house with a pinkish roof, overlooking the river. They were delighted with Alayne's young Canadian. He had such an easy, pleasant voice, he was so charmingly deferential to them. Even while they regretted that Alayne was going away, for a time at least, they were exhilarated, elated by her bliss. They took Eden to their hearts, and, seated in their little austerely perfect living room, they asked him innumerable questions about his family.

'Let me see, there are six of you, are n't there? How very interesting. Just imagine Alayne having brothers and sisters! She used always to be praying for them when she was little, did n't you, Alayne?'

'There is only one sister,' said Eden.

'She wrote Alayne such a kind letter,' murmured Miss Helen.

Miss Harriet proceeded: 'And your elder brother went through all the terrors of the War, did he not?'

'Yes, he was through the War,' replied Eden, and he thought of Renny's rich vocabulary.

'And the brother next to you is married, Alayne tells us. I do hope his wife and Alayne will be friends. Is she about Alayne's age? Have you known her long?'

'She is seventeen. I've known her all my life. She's the daughter of a neighbor.' His mind flew for an instant to the reception given to Piers and Pheasant when they returned to Jalna after their marriage. He remembered the way poor young Pheasant had howled and Piers had stood holding his bleeding ear.

'I trust Alayne and she will be congenial. Then there are the two younger brothers. Tell us about them.'

'Well, Finch is rather a — oh, he's just at the hobbledehoy period, Miss Archer. We can hardly tell what he'll be. At present he's immersed in his studies. Wake is a pretty little chap. You'd quite like him. He is too delicate to go to school, and has all his lessons with our rector. I'm afraid he's very indolent, but he's an engaging young scamp.'

'I am sure Alayne will love him. And she will have uncles, too. I am glad there are no aunts. Yes, Alayne, we were saying only this morning we are glad there are no aunts. We really want no auntly opposition in loving you!'

'Then,' put in Miss Helen, 'there is Eden's remarkable grandmother. Ninety-nine, did you say, Eden? And all her faculties almost unimpaired. It is wonderful.'

'Yes, a regular old — yes, an amazing old lady, Grandmother is.' And he suddenly saw her grinning at him, the graceless ancient, with her cap askew, Boney perched on her shoulder, rapping out obscene Hindu oaths in his raucous voice. He groaned inwardly and wondered what Alayne would think of his family.

He had written asking Renny to be best man for him. Renny had replied: 'I have neither the *time*, the *togs*, nor the *tin* for such a bust-up. But I enclose a check for my wedding present to you which will help to make up for my absence. I am glad Miss Archer has money. Otherwise I should think you insane to tie yourself up at this point in your career, when you seem to be going in several directions at once and arriving nowhere. However, good luck to you and my very best regards to the lady. Your aff. bro. Renny.'

The check was sufficient to pay for the honeymoon trip and to take them home to Jalna. Eden, with his head among the stars, thanked God for that.

They were married in the austerely perfect living room of Alayne's aunts' house

on the Hudson. The Corys, Rosamund Trent, and the other friends at the wedding repast thought, and said, that they had never seen a lovelier couple.

As they motored to New York to take their train Eden said: 'Darling, I have never met so many well-behaved people in my life. Darling, let us be wild, and half mad and delirious with joy! I'm tired of being good.'

She hugged him to her. She loved him intensely, and she longed with great fervor to experience life.

XI

Wakefield slept late that morning, just when he had intended to be about early. When he opened his eyes he found that Renny's head was not on the pillow next his as usual. He was not even dressing. He was gone, and Wake had the bed and the room to himself. He slept with Renny because he sometimes had a 'bad turn' in the night, and it was to his eldest brother he clung at such times.

He spread-eagled himself on the bed, taking up all the room he could, and lay luxuriously a few minutes rejoicing in the fact that he did not have to go to Mr. Fennel's for lessons on this day because it had been proclaimed a holiday by Grandmother. It was the day on which Eden and his bride were expected to arrive at Jalna. Their train was to reach the city at nine that morning and Piers had already motored to fetch them the twenty-five miles to Jalna, where a great dinner was already in preparation.

The loud wheezing that preceded the striking of the grandfather's clock in the upstairs hall now began. Wake listened. After what seemed a longer wheeze than usual the clock struck nine. The train carrying the bride and groom must at this moment be arriving at the station. Wakefield had seen pictures of wedding parties, and he had a vision of Eden traveling in a top hat and a long-tailed coat with a white flower in his buttonhole, seated beside his bride, whose face showed but faintly through a voluminous veil and who carried an immense bouquet of orange blossoms. He did wish that Meg had allowed him to go in the car to meet them. It seemed too bad that such a lovely show should be wasted on Piers, who had not seemed at all keen about meeting them.

Wake thought that he had better give his rabbit hutches a thorough cleaning, for probably one of the first things the bride would wish to inspect would be his rabbits. It would be some time before they arrived, for they were to have breakfast in town.

He began to kick the bedclothes from him. He kicked them with all his might till he had nothing over him, then he lay quite still a moment, his small dark face turned impassively toward the ceiling, before he leaped out of bed and ran to the window.

It was a day of thick yellow autumn sunshine. A circular bed of nasturtiums around two old cedar trees burned like a slow fire. The lawn still had a film of heavy dew drawn across it, and a procession of bronze turkeys, led by the red-faced old cock, left a dark trail where their feet had brushed it.

'Gobble, gobble, gobble,' came from the cock, and his wattles turned from red to purple. He turned and faced his hens, and wheeled before them, dropping his wings with a metallic sound.

Wake shouted from the window: 'Gobble, gobble, gobble! Get off the lawn! I say, get off the lawn!'

'Clang, clang, clang,' resounded the gobbler's note of anger, and the hens made plaintive piping sounds.

'I suppose you think,' retorted Wakefield, 'that you're fifteen brides and a groom. Well, you're not! You're turkeys, and you'll be eaten, first thing you know. The *real* bride and groom will eat you, so there!'

'Gobble, gobble, gobble.'

The burnished procession passed into the grape arbor. Between purple bunches of grapes Wake could see the shine of plumage, the flame of tossing wattles.

It was a lovely morning! He tore off his pajamas, and, stark naked, ran round and round the room. He stopped breathless before the washstand, where the brimming basin foaming with shaving lather showed how complete had been Renny's preparations for the bride and groom.

Wakefield took up the shaving soap and the shaving brush, and immersed the brush in the basin. He made a quantity of fine, fluffy, and altogether delightful lather. First he decorated his face, then produced a nice epaulette for each shoulder. Then he made a collar for his round brown neck. Next his two little nipples attracted him. He adorned them as if with the filling from two cream puffs. In order he decorated all the more prominent features of his small person. By twisting about before the mirror he managed to do even his back. It took most of the shaving stick, but the effect when his toilet was completed was worth all the trouble.

He stood in rapt admiration before the glass, astonished at what a little ingenuity and a lot of lather could do. He pictured himself receiving the bride and groom in this simple yet effective attire. He was sure that Alayne would think it worth while traveling all the way from New York to see a sight like this.

He was lost in revery when a smothered scream disturbed him. It was uttered by Mrs. Wragge, who stood in the doorway, one hand clapped to her mouth, the other carrying a slop pail.

'My Gawd!' she cried. 'Wot an 'orrible sight! Ow, wot a turn it give me! My 'eart's doawn in my boots and my stumick's in the top of my 'ead!'

She was too funny, standing there, red-faced and open-mouthed. Wakefield could not refrain from doing something to her. He danced toward her, and before she realized the import of the brandished shaving brush she had a snowy meringue of lather fairly between the eyes and down the bridge of the nose.

With a scream, this time unsmothered, Mrs. Wragge dropped the pail of slops and pawed blindly at her ornate face. Meg, giving a last satisfied examination of Eden's room, which had been prepared for the bridal pair, hurried toward the sounds of distress from her handmaiden, and, catching the little boy by the ankle just as he was disappearing under the big four-poster, dragged him forth and administered three sharp slaps.

'*There*,' she said, 'and *there*, and *there*. As though I had n't enough to do!'

When Wakefield descended the stairs half an hour later his expression was somewhat subdued, but he carried himself with dignity, and he was conscious of looking extremely well in his best Norfolk suit and a snowy Eton collar.

As he passed the door of his grandmother's room he could hear her saying in a cajoling tone to Boney: 'Say "Alayne" now, Boney! "Pretty Alayne"! Say "Alayne"! Say "Hail Columbia"!' Then her voice was drowned by the raucous tones of Boney uttering a few choice Hindu curses.

Wakefield smiled and entered the dining room. He knew that if he rang the bell Rags would bring him a dish of porridge from the kitchen. It was an old silver bell in the shape of a little fat lady. He loved it, and handled it caressingly a moment before ringing it long and clearly.

He went to the head of the basement stairs and listened. He could hear Rags rattling things on the stove. He heard a saucepan being scraped. Nasty, sticky, dried-up old porridge! He heard Rags's step on the brick floor approaching the stairway. Lightly he glided to the clothes cupboard and hid himself inside the door, just peeping through a narrow crack while Rags mounted the stairs and disappeared into the dining room. Wakefield smiled slyly as he glided down the stairs into the basement, leaving Rags and the porridge in the dining room alone. On the kitchen table he found a plate of cold toast and a saucer of anchovy paste. Taking a slice of toast and the anchovy paste, he trotted out of the kitchen and along the brick passage into the coal cellar. He heard Rags clattering down the kitchen stairs, muttering as he came. A window in the coal cellar stood open, and, mounted on an empty box, he found he could easily put his breakfast out on the ground and climb out after it.

He carried his toast and anchovy paste to the old carriage house, and sought a favorite retreat of his. This was a ponderous closed carriage that had been sent for to England by Grandfather Whiteoak when he and Grandmother had first built Jalna. It had a great shell-like body, massive lamps, and a high seat for the coachman. It must have been a splendid sight to see

them driving out. It had not been used for many years.

Wakefield slumped on the sagging seat, eating his toast and anchovy paste with unhurried enjoyment. The fowls clucking and scratching in the straw made a soothing accompaniment to his thoughts. He thought: —

'Now if I had my way I'd meet the brideangroom with this beautiful carriage drawn by four white horses. I'd have the wheels all done up in wreaths of roses like the pictures of carnivals in California. And a big bunch of roses for her to carry — and a trumpeter sitting on the seat beside the coachman tooting a trumpet. And a pretty little dwarf hanging on behind, with a little silver whistle to blow when the trumpeter stopped tooting. What a happy brideangroom they'd be!'

Brideangroom. Brideangroom. He liked the pleasant way those words ran together. Still, he must not linger here too long or he would not be on hand to welcome them. He decided that there was no time left for cleaning the rabbit hutches. He would go across the meadow to the road, and wait by the church corner. Then he would have a chance to meet them before the rest of the family.

He clambered out of the carriage, a cobweb clinging to his hair and a black smudge across his cheek. He set the saucer containing the remainder of the anchovy on the floor and watched five hens leap simultaneously upon it, a tangle of wings and squawks, while a rooster sidestepped about the scrimmage watching his wives with a distracted yellow eye.

He trotted across the meadow, climbed the fence, and gained the road. How happy he was! Brideangroom. Brideangroom. The pleasant words went singing through his head. A spiral of wood smoke curled upward from a mound of burning leaves in a yard across the street. A hen and her half-grown brood scratched blithely in the middle of the road.

A car was coming. Their own car. He recognized its peculiar hiccoughing squeaks. He espied a clump of Michaelmas daisies growing by the side of the road, and he swiftly ran and plucked a long feathery spray. It was rather dusty, but still very pretty, and he stood clasping it, with an expectant smile on his face, as the car approached.

Piers, who was driving, would have gone by and left him standing there, but Eden sharply told him to stop, and Alayne leaned forward full of eager curiosity.

Wakefield mounted the running board and held the Michaelmas daisies out to her.

'Welcome to Jalna,' he said.

XII

Eden had not been sorry to see his little brother waiting at the roadside with daisies for Alayne. The meeting with Piers, the breakfast in his company at the Queen's, and the subsequent drive home had not been altogether satisfactory. Alayne had been tired and unusually quiet; Piers actually taciturn. Eden resented this taciturnity because he remembered having been very decent to Piers and Pheasant on the occasion of their humiliating return to Jalna.

Alayne gazed out over the misty blue expanse of the lake with a feeling approaching sadness. This sea that was not a sea, this land that was not her land, this new brother with the unfriendly blue eyes and the sulky mouth — she must get used to them all. They were to be hers. Ruth . . . amid the alien corn. She went over their names in her mind to prepare herself for the meeting. A tiny shudder of apprehension ran through her nerves. She put her hand on Eden's, and gripped his fingers.

'Cheer up, old dear,' he said. 'We'll soon be there.'

They had left the lake shore and were running smoothly over a curving road. A quaint old church, perched on a wooded knoll, rose before them. Then Eden's voice saying, 'There's young Wake, Piers!' And a little boy on the running board pushing flowers into her hand.

'Welcome to Jalna,' he said, in a sweet treble, 'and I thought maybe you'd like these Michaelmas daisies. I've been waiting ever so long!'

'Hop in,' commanded Eden, opening the door.

He hopped in, and squeezed his slender body between theirs on the seat. Piers

had not looked round. Now he started the car with a jerk.

Wakefield raised his eyes to Alayne's face and scrutinized her closely. 'What eyelashes!' she thought. 'What a darling!' His little body pressed against her seemed the most delightful and pathetic thing. Oh, she could love this little brother! And he was delicate, too. Not strong enough to go to school. She would play with him, help to teach him! They smiled at each other. She looked across his head at Eden and formed the words 'a darling' with smiling lips.

'How is everyone at home?' asked Eden.

'Nicely, thank you,' said Wakefield, cheerfully. 'Granny has had a little cough, and Boney imitates her. Uncle Ernest's nose is rather pink from hay fever. Uncle Nick's gout is better. Meggie eats very little, but she is getting fatter. Piers took the first prize with his bull at the Durham show. It wore the blue ribbon all the way home. Finch came out fifty-second in his Greek exam. I can't think of any news about Pheasant and Rags and Mrs. Wragge except that they're there.'

Jalna looked very mellow in the golden sunlight, draped in its mantle of reddening Virginia creeper and surrounded by freshly clipped lawns. One of Wake's rabbits was hopping about, and Renny's two clumber spaniels were stretched on the steps. A pear tree near the house had dropped its fruit on the grass, where it lay richly yellow, giving, to the eyes of a town dweller, an air of negligent well-being to the scene. Alayne thought that Jalna had something of the appearance of an old manorial farmhouse, set among its lawns and orchards.

The spaniels lazily beat their plumed tails on the step, too indolent to rise.

'Renny's dogs,' commented Eden, pushing one of them out of the way with his foot that Alayne might pass. 'You'll have to get used to animals. You'll find them all over the place.'

'That will not be hard. I have always wanted pets.' She bent to stroke one of the silken heads.

Eden looked down at her curiously. How would she and his family get on, he wondered. Now that he had brought her home he realized suddenly that she was alien to his family. He had a disconcerting sensation of surprise at finding himself married. After all, he was not so elated as he had expected to be when Rags opened the door and smiled a self-conscious welcome.

'Welcome 'ome, Mrs. Whiteoak,' said Rags, with his curiously deprecating yet impudent glance. It said to Eden silently but unmistakably: 'Ow, you may fool the family, young man, but you can't fool me. You 'ave n't married a heiress. And 'ow we're to put up with another young woman 'ere Gawd only knows.'

Alayne thanked him, and at the same moment the door of the living room was opened and Meg Whiteoak appeared on the threshold. She threw her arms about Eden's neck and kissed him with passionate tenderness. Then she turned to Alayne, her lips, with their prettily curved corners, parted in a gentle smile.

'So this is Alayne! I hope you will like us all, my dear. We're so happy to have you.'

Alayne found herself enfolded in a warm, plump embrace. She thought it was no wonder the brothers adored their sister (Eden had told her they did) and she felt prepared to make a sister, a confidante of her. How delightful! A real sister. She held tightly to Meg's hand as they went into the living room, where more of the family had assembled.

It was so warm that even the low, flameless fire seemed too much; none of the windows were open. Slanting bars of sunlight penetrating between the slats of the inside shutters converged at one point, the chair where old Mrs. Whiteoak sat. Like fiery fingers they seemed to point her out as the most significant presence in the room. Yet she was indulging in one of her unpremeditated naps. Her head, topped by a large purple cap with pink rosettes, had sunk forward so that the only part of her face visible was her heavy jaw and row of too perfect under teeth. She wore a voluminous tea gown of purple velvet, and her shapely hands, clasping the gold top of her ebony stick, were heavy with rings worn for the occasion. A steady bubbling snore escaped her. The two elderly men came forward, Nicholas frowning because

of the painful effort of rising, but enfolding Alayne's hand in a warm grasp. They greeted her in mellow whispers, Ernest excusing their Mama's momentary oblivion.

'She must have these little naps. They refresh her — keep her going.'

'We had better sit down,' said Meg, 'till she wakens and has a little talk with Alayne. Then I'll take you up to your room, my dear. You must be tired after the journey. And hungry, too. Well, we're going to have an early dinner.'

'Chicken and plum tart! Chicken and plum tart!' exploded Wakefield, and old Mrs. Whiteoak stirred in her sleep.

Uncle Nicholas covered the child's face with his hand, and the family's gaze was fixed expectantly on the old lady. After a moment's contortion, however, her face resumed the calm of peaceful slumber, and everyone sat down, and conversation was carried on in hushed tones.

Alayne felt as though she were in a dream. The room, the furniture, the people, were so different from those to which she was accustomed that their strangeness made even Eden seem suddenly remote. She wondered wistfully whether it would take her long to get used to them. Yet in looking at the faces about her she found that each had a distinctive attraction for her. Or perhaps it was fascination. Certainly there was nothing attractive about the grandmother, unless it were the bizarre strength of her personality.

'I lived in London a good many years,' mumbled Uncle Nicholas, 'but I don't know much about New York. I visited it once, in the nineties, but I suppose it has changed a lot since then.'

'Yes, I think you would find it very changed. It is changing constantly.'

Uncle Ernest whispered: 'I sailed from there once for England. I just missed seeing a murder.'

'Oh, Uncle Ernest, I wish you'd seen it!' exclaimed Wakefield, bouncing up and down on the padded arm of his sister's chair.

'Hush, Wake,' said Meg, giving his thigh a little slap. 'I'm very glad he did n't see it. It would have upset him terribly. Is n't it a pity you have so many murders there? And lynchings, and all?'

'They don't have lynchings in New York, Meggie,' corrected Uncle Ernest.

'Oh, I forgot. It's Chicago, is n't it?'

Eden spoke for almost the first time. 'Never met so many orderly people in my life as I met in New York.'

'How nice,' said Meg. 'I do like order, but I find it so hard to keep, with servants' wages high, and so many boys about, and Granny requiring a good deal of waiting on.'

The sound of her own name must have penetrated Mrs. Whiteoak's consciousness. She wobbled a moment as though she were about to fall, then righted herself and raised her still handsome, chiseled nose from its horizontal position and looked about. Her eyes, blurred by sleep, did not at once perceive Alayne.

'Dinner,' she observed. 'I want my dinner.'

'Here are Eden and Alayne,' said Ernest, bending over her.

'Better come over to her,' suggested Nicholas.

'She will be so glad,' said Meg.

Eden took Alayne's hand and led her to his grandmother. The old lady peered at them unseeingly for a moment; then her gaze brightened, she clutched Eden to her, and gave him a loud, hearty kiss.

'Eden,' she said. 'Well, well. So you're back. Where's your bride?'

Eden put Alayne forward, and she was enfolded in an embrace of surprising strength. Sharp bristles scratched her cheek, and a kiss was planted on her mouth.

'Pretty thing,' said Grandmother, holding her off to look at her. 'You're a very pretty thing. I'm glad you've come. Where's Boney, now?' She released Alayne and looked around sharply for the parrot. At the sound of his name he flapped heavily from his ring perch to her shoulder. She stroked his bright plumage with her jeweled hand.

'Say "Alayne,"' she adjured him. 'Say "Pretty Alayne"! Come, now, there's a darling boy!'

Boney, casting a malevolent look on Alayne with one topaz eye, for the other was tight shut, burst into a string of curses.

'Kutni! Kutni! Kutni!' he screamed. 'Shaitan ke khatla! Kambakht!'

Grandmother thumped her stick loudly

on the floor. 'Silence!' she thundered. 'I won't have it! Stop him, Nick! Stop him!'

'He'll bite me,' objected Nicholas.

'I don't care if he does! Stop him!'

'Stop him yourself, Mama.'

'Boney, Boney, don't be so naughty! Say "Pretty Alayne" — come, now.'

'Please don't trouble,' said Alayne, soothingly. 'I think he is very beautiful, and he probably does not dislike me as much as he pretends.'

'What's she say?' demanded the old lady, looking up at her sons. It was always difficult for her to understand a stranger, though her hearing was excellent, and Alayne's slow and somewhat precise enunciation was less clear to her than Nicholas's rumbling tones or Ernest's soft mumble.

'She says Boney is beautiful,' said Nicholas, too indolent to repeat the entire sentence.

Grandmother grinned, very well pleased. 'Ay, he's beautiful. A handsome bird, but a bit of a devil. I brought him all the way from India seventy-three years ago. A game old bird, eh? Sailing vessels then, my dear. I nearly died. And the ayah did die. They put her overboard. But I was too sick to care. My baby Augusta nearly died, poor brat, and my dear husband, Captain Philip Whiteoak, had his hands full. You'll see his portrait in the dining room. The handsomest officer in India. I could hold my own for looks, too. Would you think I'd ever been a beauty, eh?'

'I think you are very handsome now,' replied Alayne, speaking with great distinctness. 'Your nose is really — '

'What's she say?' cried Grandmother.

Ernest murmured: 'She says that your nose — '

'Ha, ha, my nose is still a beauty, eh? Yes, my dear, it's a good nose. A Court nose. None of your retroussé, surprised-looking noses. Nothing on God's earth could surprise *my* nose. None of your pinched, sniffing, cold-in-the-head noses, either. A good reliable nose. A Court nose.' She rubbed it triumphantly.

'You've a nice-looking nose, yourself,' she continued. 'You and Eden make a pretty pair. But he's no Court. Nor a Whiteoak. He looks like his poor pretty flibbertigibbet mother.'

Alayne, shocked, looked indignantly toward Eden, but he wore only an expression of tolerant boredom, and was putting a cigarette between his faintly smiling lips.

Meg saw Alayne's look and expostulated: 'Grandmamma!'

'Renny's the only Court among 'em,' pursued Mrs. Whiteoak. 'Wait till you see Renny. Where is he? I want Renny.' She thumped the floor impatiently with her stick.

'He'll be here very soon, Granny,' said Meg. 'He rode over to Mr. Probyn's to get a litter of pigs.'

'Well, I call that very boorish of him. Boorish. Boorish. Did I say "boorish"? I mean "boarish." *There's* a pun, Ernest. You enjoy a pun. "Boarish." Ha, ha!'

Ernest stroked his chin and smiled deprecatingly. Nicholas laughed jovially.

The old lady proceeded with a rakish air of enjoyment. 'Renny prefers the grunting of a sow to sweet converse with a young bride —'

'Mama,' said Ernest. 'Should n't you like a peppermint?'

Her attention was instantly distracted.

'Yes. I want a peppermint. Fetch me my bag.'

Ernest brought a little old bead-embroidered bag. His mother began to fumble in it, and Boney, leaning from her shoulder, pecked at it and uttered cries of greed.

'A sweet!' he babbled. 'A sweet! Boney wants a sweet! Pretty Alayne! Pretty Alayne! Boney wants a sweet!'

Grandmother cried in triumph: 'He's said it! He's said it! I told you he could. Good Boney!' She fumbled distractedly in the bag.

'May I help you?' Alayne asked, not without timidity.

The old lady pushed the bag into her hand. 'Yes, quickly. I want a peppermint. A Scotch mint. Not a humbug!'

Grandmother and the parrot leaned forward simultaneously for the sweet when it was found, she with protruding wrinkled lips, he with gaping beak. Alayne hesitated, fearing to offend either by favoring the other. While she hesitated Boney snatched it, and with a whir of wings flew to a far corner of the room. Grandmother, rigid as a statue, remained with protruding

mouth till Alayne unearthed another sweet and popped it between her lips; then she sank back with a sigh of satisfaction, closed her eyes, and began to suck noisily.

Alayne longed to wipe her fingers, but she refrained. She looked at the faces about her. They were regarding the scene with the utmost imperturbability, with the exception of Eden, who still wore his look of faintly smiling boredom. A cloud of smoke about his head seemed to emphasize his aloofness.

Meg moved closer to him and whispered: 'I think I shall take Alayne upstairs. I've had new chintzes put in your room and fresh curtains, and I've taken the small rug from Renny's room and covered the bare spot on the carpet with it. I think you'll be pleased when you see it, Eden. She's a perfect dear.'

Meg went to Alayne and put her arm through hers. 'I know you would like to go to your room,' she said.

The two women ascended the stairway together. When they reached Eden's door Meg impetuously seized Alayne's head between her plump hands and kissed her on the forehead.

When Eden came up he found Alayne arranging her toilet articles on the dressing table and humming a happy little song. He closed the door after him and came to her.

'I'm glad you can sing,' he said. 'I had told you that my family were an unusual set of people, but when I saw you among them I began to fear they'd be too much for you — that you'd get panicky, perhaps, and want to run back to New York.'

'Is that why you were so quiet downstairs? You had an odd expression. I could not quite make it out. I thought you looked bored.'

'I was. I wanted to have you to myself.' He took her in his arms.

Eden was at this moment, inexplicably, two men. He was the lover, strongly possessive and protective. As opposed to this, he was the captive, restless, nervous, hating the thought of the responsibility of introducing his wife to his family, of translating one to the other in terms of restraint and affection.

She said, stroking his hair, which was like a shining metallic casque over his head: 'Your sister — Meg — was delightful to me. She seems quite near already. And she tells me she had this room done over for me — new chintz and curtains. I am so glad it looks out over the park and the sheep. I can scarcely believe I shall have sheep to watch from my window.'

'Let me show you my things,' cried Eden, gayly, and he led her about the room, pointing out his various belongings from schooldays on, with boyish naïveté. He showed her the ink-stained desk at which he had written many of his poems.

'And to think,' she exclaimed, 'that I was far away in New York, and you were here, at that desk, writing the poems that were to bring us together!' She stroked the desk as though it were a living thing, and said, 'I shall always want to keep it. When we have our own house, may we take it there, Eden?'

'Of course.' But he wished she would not talk about having their own house yet. To change the subject he asked, 'Did you find Gran rather overpowering? I'm afraid I scarcely prepared you for her. But she can't be explained. She's got to be seen to be credible. The uncles are nice old boys.'

'Do you think' — she spoke hesitatingly, yet with determination — 'that it is good for her to spoil her so? She absolutely dominated the room.'

He smiled down at her quizzically. 'My dear, she will be a hundred on her next birthday. She was spoiled before we ever saw her. My grandfather attended to that. Quite possibly she was spoiled before ever he saw her. She probably came into the world spoiled by generations of tyrannical, hot-tempered Courts. You will just have to make the best of her.'

Alayne leaned against him, breathing deeply of the tranquil air of Indian summer that came like a palpable essence through the open window. She became aware that he was observing someone in the grounds outside. She heard the sound of a horse's hoofs and, turning, saw a man leaning from his horse to fasten the gate behind him. Her beauty-loving eye was caught first by the satin shimmer of the beast's

chestnut coat. Then she perceived that the rider was tall and thin, that he stooped in the saddle with an air of slouching accustomedness, and, as he passed beneath the window, that he had a red sharp-featured face that looked rather foxlike beneath his peaked tweed cap.

'Renny,' murmured Eden, 'back from his porcine expedition.'

'Yes, I thought it must be Renny, though he is not like I expected him to be. Why did you not call to him?'

'He's rather a shy fellow. I thought it might embarrass both of you to exchange your first greetings from such different altitudes.'

Alayne, listening to the muffled sound of hoofs, remarked: 'He gives the impression of a strong personality.'

'He has. And he's as wiry and strong as the devil. I've never known him to be ill for a day. He'll probably live to be as old as Gran.'

Gran — Gran, thought Alayne. Every conversation in this family seemed to be punctuated by remarks about that dreadful old woman.

'And he owns all this,' she commented. 'It does not seem quite fair to all you others.'

'It was left that way. He has to educate, provide for the younger family. The uncles had their share years ago. And, of course, Gran simply hoards hers. No one knows who will get it.'

Gran again.

A gentle breeze played with a tendril of hair on her forehead. Eden brushed his lips against it.

'Darling,' he murmured, 'do you think you can be happy here for a while?'

'Eden! I am gloriously happy.'

'We shall write such wonderful things — together.'

They heard steps on the graveled path that led to the back of the house. Alayne, opening her eyes, heavy with a momentary sweet languor, saw Renny enter the kitchen, his dogs at his heels. A moment later a tap sounded on the door.

'Please,' said Wake's voice, 'will you come down to dinner?'

He could not restrain his curiosity about the 'brideangroom.' It seemed very strange to find this young lady in Eden's room, but it was disappointing that there were no confetti, no orange blossoms about.

Alayne put her arm around his shoulders as they descended the stairs, feeling more support from his little body in the ordeal of meeting the rest of the family than the presence of Eden afforded her. There were still Renny and the wife of young Piers.

Their feet made no sound on the thick carpet of the stairs. The noontide light falling through the colored glass window gave the hall an almost churchlike solemnity, and the appearance at the far end of old Mrs. Whiteoak emerging from her room, supported on either side by her sons, added a final processional touch. Through the open door of the dining room Alayne could see the figures of Renny, Piers, and a young girl advancing toward the table. Meg already stood at one end of it, surveying its great damask expanse as some high priestess might survey the sacrificial altar. On a huge platter already lay two rotund roasted fowls. Rags stood behind a drawn-back chair awaiting Mrs. Whiteoak. As the old lady saw Alayne and her escorts approaching the door of the dining room, she made an obviously heroic effort to reach it first, shuffling her feet excitedly, and snuffing the good smell of the roast with the excitement of an old war horse smelling blood.

'Steady, Mama, steady,' begged Ernest, steering her past a heavily carved hall chair.

'I want my dinner,' she retorted, breathing heavily. 'Chicken — I smell chicken. *And* cauliflower. I must have the pope's nose, and plenty of bread sauce.'

Not until she was seated was Alayne introduced to Renny and Pheasant. He bowed gravely, and murmured some only half-intelligible greeting. She might have heard it more clearly had her mind been less occupied with the scrutiny of him at sudden close quarters. She was observing his narrow weather-beaten face, the skin like red-brown leather merging in color into the rust-red of his hair, his short thick eyelashes, his abstracted yet fiery eyes. She observed, too, his handsome, hard-looking nose, which was far too much like his grandmother's.

Pheasant she saw as a flowerlike young girl, a fragile *Narcissus poeticus*, in this robust, highly colored garden of Jalna.

Alayne was seated at Renny Whiteoak's left, and at her left Eden, and next him Pheasant and Piers. Wakefield had been moved to the other side of the table, between his sister and Uncle Ernest. Alayne had only glimpses of him around the centrepiece of crimson and bronze dahlias, flowers which in their rigid and uncompromising beauty were well fitted to withstand the overpowering presence of the Whiteoaks.

To one accustomed to a light luncheon the sight of so much food at this hour was rather disconcerting. Alayne, looking at these enormous dinner plates mounded with chicken, bread sauce, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, and green peas, thought of little salady lunches in New York with mild regret. They seemed very far away. Even the table silver was enormous. The great knife and fork felt like implements in her hands. The saltcellars and pepper pots seemed weighted by memories of all the bygone meals they had savored. The long-necked vinegar bottle reared its head like a tawny giraffe in the massive jungle of the table.

Renny was saying in his vibrant voice that was without the music of Eden's: 'I'm sorry I could not go to your wedding. I could not get away at that time.'

'Yes,' chimed in Meg, 'Renny and I wanted so very much to go, but we could not arrange it. Finch had a touch of tonsillitis just then, and Wakefield's heart was not behaving very well, and of course there is Grandmamma.'

Mrs. Whiteoak broke in: 'I wanted to go, but I'm too old to travel. I did all my traveling in my youth. I've been all over the world. But I sent my love. Did you get my love? I sent my love in Meggie's letter. Did you get it, eh?'

'Yes, indeed,' said Alayne. 'We were so very glad to get your message.'

'You'd better be. I don't send my love to everyone, helter-skelter.' She nodded her cap so vigorously that three green peas bounced from her fork and rolled across the table. Wakefield was convulsed by laughter. He said, 'Bang!' as each pea fell, and shot one of his own after them.

Renny looked down the table sharply at him and he subsided.

Grandmother was peering at her fork, shrewdly missing the peas. 'My peas are gone,' she said. 'I want more peas; more cauliflower and potatoes, too.'

She was helped to more vegetables, and at once began to mould them with her fork into a solid mass.

'Mama,' objected Ernest mildly, 'must you do that?'

Sasha, who was perched on his shoulder, observing that his attention was directed away from his poised fork, stretched out one furry paw and drew it toward her own whiskered lips. Ernest rescued the morsel of chicken just in time. 'Naughty, naughty,' he said.

As though there had been no interruption, Meg continued: 'It must have been such a pretty wedding. Eden wrote us all about it.'

By this time Renny had attacked the second fowl with his carvers. Alayne had made no appreciable inroads on her dinner, but all the Whiteoaks were ready for more.

'Renny, did you get the pigs?' asked Piers, breaking in on conversation about the wedding with ostentatious brusqueness, Alayne thought.

'Yes. You never saw a grander litter. Got the nine and the old sow for a hundred dollars. I offered ninety; Probyn wanted a hundred and ten. I met him halfway.'

The master of Jalna began to talk of the price of pigs with gusto. Everyone talked of the price of pigs; and everyone agreed that Renny had paid too much.

Only the disheveled carcass of the second fowl remained on the platter. Then it was removed, and a steaming blackberry pudding and a large plum tart made their appearance.

'You are eating almost nothing, dear Alayne,' said Meg. 'I do hope you will like the pudding.'

Renny was looking at Alayne steadily from under his thick lashes, the immense pudding spoon expectantly poised.

'Thank you,' she answered. 'But I really could not. I will take a little of the pie.'

'Please don't urge her, Meggie,' said Eden. 'She is used to luncheon at noon.'

'Oh, but the pudding,' sighed Meg. 'It's such a favorite of ours.'

'I like it,' said Grandmother, with a savage grin. 'Please give me some.'

She got her pudding and Alayne her tart, but when Meg's turn arrived she breathed: 'No, thank you, Renny. Nothing for me.' And Renny, knowing of the trays carried to her room, made no remark; but Eden explained in an undertone, 'Meggie eats nothing — at least almost nothing at the table. You'll soon get used to that.'

Would she ever get used to them, Alayne wondered. Would they ever seem near to her — like relatives? As they rose from the table and moved in different directions she felt a little oppressed — she did not quite know whether by the weight of the dinner or by the family, which was so unexpectedly foreign to her.

Old Mrs. Whiteoak pushed her son Ernest from her, and, extending a heavily ringed hand to Alayne, commanded: 'You give me your arm, my dear, on this side. You may as well get into the ways of the family at once.'

Alayne complied with a feeling of misgiving. She doubted whether she could efficiently take the place of Ernest. The old woman clutched her arm vigorously, dragging with what seemed unnecessary and almost intolerable weight on her. The two, with Nicholas towering above them, shuffled their way to Mrs. Whiteoak's bedroom, where she was established before the fire by painful degrees. Alayne, flushed with the exertion, straightened her back, and stared with surprise at the unique magnificence of the painted leather bedstead, the inlaid dresser and tables, the Indian rugs and flamboyant hangings.

Mrs. Whiteoak pulled at her skirt. 'Sit down, my girl; sit down on this footstool. Ha — I'm out o' breath! Winded —' She panted alarmingly.

'Too much dinner, Mama,' said Nicholas, striking a match on the mantelpiece and lighting a cigarette. 'If you will overeat you will wheeze.'

'You're a fine one to talk,' retorted his mother, suddenly getting her breath. 'Look at your own leg, and the way you eat and swill down spirits!'

Mrs. Whiteoak leaned over Alayne, where she now sat on the footstool, and stroked her neck and shoulders with a hand not so much caressing as appraising. She raised her heavy red eyebrows to the lace edging of her cap and commented with an arch grin: —

'A bonny body. Well covered, but not too plump. Slender, but not skinny. Meg's too plump. Pheasant's skinny. You're just right for a bride. Eh, my dear, but if I was a young man I'd like to sleep with you.'

Alayne, painfully scarlet, turned her face away from Mrs. Whiteoak toward the blaze of the fire. Nicholas was comfortingly expressionless.

'Another thing,' chuckled Mrs. Whiteoak. 'I'm glad you've lots of brass. I am indeed.'

'Easy now,' cried Boney. 'Easy does it!'

At that moment Grandmother fell into one of her sudden naps. Nicholas took Alayne's hand and drew her to her feet.

'Come,' he said, 'and I'll show you my room. I expect you to visit me often there and tell me all about New York, and I'll tell you about London in the old days. I'm a regular fossil now, but if you'll believe me I was a gay fellow once.'

He led the way to his room, heaving himself up the stairs by the handrailing. He installed her by the window, where she could enjoy the splendor of the autumn woods, and where the light fell over her, bringing out the chestnut tints in her hair and the pearl-like pallor of her skin. It was so long since he had met a young woman of beauty and intelligence that the contact exhilarated him, made the blood quicken in his veins. Before he realized it he was telling her incidents of his life of which he had not spoken for years. He even unearthed a photograph of his wife, in a long-trained evening gown, and showed it to her.

He presented her, as a wedding present, with a silver bowl in which he had been accustomed to keep his pipes, first brightening it up with a silk handkerchief.

'You are to keep roses in it now, my dear,' he said, and quite casually he put his fingers under her chin, raised her face, and kissed her.

Alayne was touched by the gift; a little puzzled by a certain smiling masterfulness in the caress.

A moment later Ernest Whiteoak appeared at the door. Alayne must now inspect his retreat. No, Nicholas was not wanted — just Alayne.

'He intends to bore you with his melancholy annotating of Shakespeare. I warn you,' exclaimed Nicholas.

'Nonsense,' said Ernest. 'I just don't want to feel utterly shelved. Don't be a beast, Nick. Alayne is as much interested in me as she is in you, are n't you, Alayne?'

'She's not interested in you at all,' retorted Nicholas, 'but she's enthralled by my sweet discourse, are n't you, Alayne?'

They seemed to take pleasure in the mere pronouncing of her name, using it on every occasion.

To Ernest's room she was led then, and because of his brother's jibe he at first would not speak of his hobby, contenting himself with showing her his water colors, the climbing rose whose yellow flowers still spilled their fragrance across his window sill, and the complacent feline tricks of Sasha. But when Alayne showed an unmistakable interest in the annotation of Shakespeare, and an unexpected knowledge of the text, his enthusiasm overflowed like Niagara in springtime.

Two hours flew by, in which they established the intimacy of congenial tastes. Ernest's thin cheeks were flushed; his blue eyes had become quite large and bright. He drummed the fingers of one hand incessantly on the table.

So Meg found them when she came to carry Alayne away for an inspection of the house and garden. Eden was off somewhere with Renny, Meg explained, and Alayne had a sudden feeling of anger toward this brother who so arrogantly swept Eden from her side, and who was so casually polite to her himself.

Eden had told her that Renny did not like his poetry — that he did not like any poetry. She thought of him as counting endless processions of foals, calves, lambs, and young pigs, always with an eye on the market.

She would have been surprised, could she have followed him to his bedroom that night, to find how gentle he was toward little Wake, who was tossing about, unable to sleep after the excitement of the day. Renny rubbed his legs and patted his back as a mother might have done.

Wake, drowsy at last, curled up against Renny's chest and murmured: 'I believe I could go to sleep more quickly if we'd pretend we were somebody else, Renny, please.'

'Do you? All right. Who shall we be? Living people or people out of the books? You say.'

Wake thought a minute, getting sleepier with each tick of Renny's watch under the pillow; then he breathed: 'I think we'll be Eden and Alayne.'

Renny stifled a laugh. 'All right. Which am I?'

Wake considered again, now deliciously drowsy, sniffing at the nice odor of tobacco, Windsor soap, and warm flesh that emanated from Renny. 'I think you'd better be Alayne,' he whispered.

Renny, too, considered this transfiguration. It seemed difficult, but he said resignedly: 'Very well. Fire away.'

There was silence for a space; then Wakefield whispered, twisting a button of Renny's pajamas: 'You go first, Renny. Say something.'

Renny spoke sweetly: 'Do you love me, Eden?'

Wake chuckled; then answered, seriously: 'Oh, heaps. I'll buy you anything you want. What would you like?'

'I'd like a limousine and an electric toaster, and — a feather boa.'

'I'll get them all first thing in the morning. Is there anything else you'd like, my girl?'

'M — yes. I'd like to go to sleep.'

'Now see here, you can't,' objected the pseudo groom. 'Ladies don't pop straight off to sleep like that!'

But apparently this lady did. The only response that Wakefield could elicit was a gentle but persistent snore.

For a moment Wake was deeply hurt, but the steady rise and fall of Renny's chest was soothing. He snuggled closer to him, and soon he too was fast asleep.

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Accustomed to attack, and reasonably indurated against prejudice, the *Atlantic* does not often care to reply to the more extravagant forms of criticism, but when we are accused of conspiring to cheat the public it is time to lisp a gentle protest. If ever there was an honest debate, honestly printed, it was the Smith-Marshall correspondence. Both gentlemen wrote with vigor and absolute conviction of their minds and hearts. The villainous statement, wherever made, that the debate was a pretense, framed by collusion in advance, is an unqualified falsehood, cruel to Mr. Marshall, whose whole life is a testimony to the sincerity of his convictions, libelous to Governor Smith, whose career has been lived in the calcium light of publicity, and insulting to the *Atlantic*. Incidentally it is ridiculous.

The *Atlantic* has received scores of contributions in reply to both Mr. Marshall and Governor Smith. The decision to publish none of them is based on the belief that the proper place for further discussion of the issues raised in these two important letters is the newspaper press.

A YOUNG American born in the Middle West, **Ernest Hemingway** has been, in the stages of a remarkable career, an amateur boxer, newspaper man, bullfighter (in Spain), and soldier of fortune. In the war, he fought with the French and Italian armies, was seriously wounded, and decorated. So it is hardly to be wondered that from Paris, Mr. Hemingway's headquarters, have come in recent years a series of short stories and a novel of surpassing vigor and accuracy. His present narrative we accept as literature not too brutal for its subject, and human as war. To those unfamiliar with the prize ring it may be pointed out that for a fighter such as 'Jack' to bet against himself is a violation of professional ethics, extenuated in this instance only by the fact that the champion had reached the end of his career and believed he was to be beaten. Though giving his best, he had actually lost the decision on points when his opponents double-crossed him and coached the challenger, Walcott, to commit a deliberate foul. To accept the foul was to win the decision — and to lose the 'fifty grand.' By retaliating in kind, Jack steered the fight back to its natural and, if you will, rightful conclusion. **Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell** is president of St. Stephen's College on the Hudson, a small and distinctive Episcopal institution, about which he writes:—

> When we started the reorganization eight years ago, we determined that the proper unit for our sort of work was two hundred and fifty men. We are, moreover, not enlarging the scope of our work, but will continue definitely our attempt to develop intelligent interest in the classics and in the liberal arts generally. You are quite right that our chief usefulness lies in that very definiteness of purpose, combined with intimate flexibility in our teaching relationships. The success we have in bringing out the creative individuality of our students is to me an almost miraculous thing. Our graduates are almost uniformly doing original and worth-while work.

Lover rather than fancier of dogs, **Sir W. Beach Thomas** has found through intimate experience that spaniels are the most intelligent and responsive of canine friends. **Anne W. Armstrong** has enjoyed considerable success as an employment manager for two internationally known concerns. From her listening post she has detected signs of the growing resentment among business women and their women associates. Her observations have been made on the Pacific Coast, in Illinois and Michigan, in the South, and in New York and Pennsylvania.

* * *

Tennis player and writer, **A. Wallis Myers,** the Englishman, is a veteran of many tournaments where he has observed the national styles and temperaments in action. Mr. Myers has for many years followed tennis for the London *Times*. **Josephine Preston Peabody** died before her

lovely work was finished. These unpublished verses are sent us by her husband. ¶'Home' to **Mary Lucia Bierce Fuller** is India, for there she was born and brought up, eventually becoming a missionary. For the sake of exactitude she tells us that 'Pathan' is pronounced 'putt-hahn'; that 'Wilayat,' often pronounced 'Bilayat,' is the mother of 'Blighty,' whose father, of course, is Tommy Atkins (it means 'capital' or 'governing country'); that 'ghi' is unsalted butter with all the water and buttermilk boiled out of it; and that Mohammedans have not as a whole any color prejudice. **Mrs. George Ticknor** was the wife of the American Ambassador to Spain and sister-in-law of the first publisher of the *Atlantic*. Her stately idea of 'how things should be' will startle many a modern traveler. ¶A former Congregationalist minister of Boston, **Albert Rhys Williams** now makes his residence in Moscow. Having known personally and well both Lenin and Trotsky, and having witnessed the Revolution with his own eyes, Mr. Williams has been invited by the Soviet Government to assist in the making of the spectacular motion picture of the 1917 revolt. **Fannie Stearns Gifford** sends us her rhymes from a stimulating seclusion in the Massachusetts hill country. **Justin Wroe Nixon** is minister of the Brick Presbyterian Church of Rochester. **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart** is an English military critic of the first rank, the able successor of Colonel Repington of the London *Telegraph*. The perspective of the post-war years and the publication of innumerable documents and memoirs have afforded Captain Hart the materials for a series of considered judgments on the Great Reputations of the World War.

* * *

Well schooled in his subject, the writer of 'Our Mexican Mistake' has held official positions at Washington, and has come to be a recognized authority on various aspects of our Latin American relations. **J. O. P. Bland**, a realistic political philosopher, is a veteran student and writer of Oriental affairs. For years he was Secretary to the Municipality for the Foreign Settlements in Shanghai and representative in China of the British and Chinese Confederation. ¶That things in Asia are not always what they seem is the reassuring conclusion of **H. E. Wortham**, an English observer.

* * *

The City of Toronto has presented **Mazo de la Roche** with a tea service of Sheffield plate in honor of her winning the Atlantic Novel Contest. When the applause subsides, Miss de la Roche and her adopted sister are to retire to their bungalow in the Ontario forest where 'Jalna' was written, and whence, rumor has it, a sequel is to be forthcoming.

* * *

Pause and consider.

LAKEWOOD, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In Miami, Florida, the writer purchased seven railway tickets, also Pullman accommodations, consisting of one drawing-room and four berths in Car #220 leaving Miami Saturday morning, May 14, at 9.30 A.M. for Cleveland, Ohio, the car being one of several for various destinations and in charge of Pullman conductor W. Walsh.

My party consisted of five elderly people, with a nurse and a family colored servant.

The Pullman conductor collected the tickets as usual and a half hour later notified me that our 'nigger' would have to ride in the Jim Crow car, meaning a day coach set aside for colored people. I did not comply with this request, but respectfully asked the colored servant to occupy a seat in our private drawing-room, which was done, and was satisfied in my own mind that I was clearly within my legal rights in doing so. At Palm Beach a telegram was dispatched to the sheriff at Fort Pierce. At Fort Pierce the sheriff boarded the train, leaving a deputy outside. The sheriff came directly to drawing-room A, and after pounding on the door, which I readily opened, in a sonorous Southern dialect demanded a nigger that was riding with white people; without removing his big wool hat, he said that we of the North could associate with niggers, but it was against the laws of the Commonwealth of Florida to do so.

His presence and language struck terror to the hearts of the ladies, and our mother, who is eighty-six years old, was made quite ill. Not wanting any further disturbance, I put the servant in the toilet of the drawing-room; the sheriff satisfied himself that the nigger had escaped, and left the car. The train pulled out, and we arrived at our destination without further molestation.

Now this is what hurts: —

If the carrying of a colored servant with you

in a Pullman is illegal in Florida, why the silence of the railway agents when the tickets are purchased? And, temporarily waiving the legal phase of this unwarranted insult, why do the citizens of the State of Florida spend thousands of dollars to entice tourists and settlers to the state, and then 'sting' them in more ways than one?

HERBERT MATHEWS

* * *

In the May *Atlantic* Dr. Rubinow led a revolt of Middle-Aged Fathers. Judging from the many quick responses, his criticism of college education has touched a sore spot.

CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read with almost complete approval 'The Revolt of a Middle-Aged Father' in your May issue. I am a high-school teacher approaching middle age.

I wish to say a word about the present tendency, in California at any rate, to give four years of secondary-school instruction, mostly academic, to substantially all children. The law, the desire of pupils to avoid work, the desire of parents to do for their children what is expected of them, and especially the herd instinct, combine to fill our classes in language, literature, history, science, and mathematics with young people who derive a negligible benefit from academic training. I have no complaint against these boys and girls. They are usually as good and sometimes as clever, and are likely to be as successful in life, as those other young people who have taste for study. Nevertheless, the former pupils — and they are the great majority — constitute a serious problem. For cultural values cannot be forced.

The resulting economic waste — school equipment, teachers' salaries, the idleness of so many grown boys, and the sacrifices of parents — is the least of the evils. More important are the habits of idleness acquired in this formative period. Most important is the detriment to our culture, which we must pass on through association to future generations. That any considerable intellectual interest can survive under conditions which prevail in Western high schools is beyond my comprehension.

A HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHER

* * *

The vacationists and the vocationists.

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read I. M. Rubinow's 'The Revolt of a Middle-Aged Father' and must speak out to cry Amen. That that ill-defined thing called culture is a necessity for effective living, that it 'embraces some understanding of the ego's relationship to the universe . . . that this general education is obtained in our colleges by only an infinitesimal proportion of students; that the effort to obtain it is not even encouraged either by the college or the student body; and that no one who possesses this much-desired culture — I am thinking of something much more substantial than the mere polish of a gentleman — has obtained it during the specified four years of college' is a formidable indictment. Can it be refuted?

I have been in colleges as student and teacher for more than twenty years and I cannot seriously question what Dr. Rubinow says here, and the whole of his analysis seems to me proof against successful attack. The part I have quoted is crucial. Touching this we must in fairness ask: Granting that no one who possesses culture obtained it during the college course, were not many given effective aids to culture in college? Would they all or nearly all have done equally well without the college? Is it possible to find a technique of selection and competent selectors to dismiss from college not only those who fail to make the rather easily made passing grades but also those who are obviously only taking vacation in college? Or is the conclusion inevitable that organized, formal, general educational curricula are by nature impossible or needless?

Dr. Rubinow suggests one thing: abolish the A.B., S.B., and the Ph.B. degrees. Could n't that at least be tried? Sound the call from coast to coast. Might the removal of a promise of a label that 'stands for nothing of definite intellectual or cultural value' constitute a good instrument for the separation of the vacationists from the vocationists and the inquirers after the way of life?

W. P. CLARK
Professor of Greek and Latin

* * *

Each in his degree.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Dr. Rubinow in his article in the May *Atlantic* would abolish the A.B. degree. Why abolish a thing that gives pleasure and does no harm? Why not reorganize and reform these academic honors? My plan would be as follows. At birth the doctor would confer on the infant the degree of A.B. (a boy) or A.G. (a girl) as the case required, in this way democratizing education at once. Intermediate degrees I would leave to the school authorities, such as C.E. (craps expert), B.S. (balmy smoker), F.R.S. (fancy roller skater). The important degrees would be awarded by the college entrance examination board on taking the examinations and would be M.A. (made all), M.S. (made some), and the

new and attractive T.O. (tried one). These degrees would entitle the holders to wear decorated slickers, compete in sports, edit college papers, join fraternities, and, after a reasonable interval, any reputable university club. The degrees to be conferred by the colleges and universities themselves would be based on the text, 'Give and it shall be given unto you,' and for this purpose Latin numerals would be used, not as the Romans used them, — that might be difficult for some executives, — but in any order that pleased the recipient. Thus L.L.D. would represent a contribution of $50+$50+$500 to the endowment fund, D.C.L. $500+$100+$50; the combinations are practically inexhaustible and most impressive, as D.D.C.C.M.M.= $3200. Ph.D. is troublesome, but, as that degree is sought almost exclusively by teachers with light purses, it might be freely rendered 'phew dollars' and conferred for very small contributions indeed. Thus, everybody having a degree, those who cared to study could do so in peace.

WM. H. LLOYD

* * *

The origin of foreign settlements.

NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

On my return from a winter spent in China after four years of absence, I have read with quickened interest the remarkable article in your April number by H. H. Powers, 'Amenities and Responsibilities.'

No analysis of the Chinese situation which I happen to have seen is one half so clear or so well-balanced. I would commend it to the deep attention of the reading public not only in America and Europe but in China; and especially would I commend it to the careful perusal of young men and women in China.

There are, however, several important points which Mr. Powers has failed to emphasize. He says: 'The trader had no rights and found no body of law or custom to regulate his dealings with the people. More fundamental still, he found the physical conditions of life such as he could not accept.' Mr. Powers does not explain that, firstly, foreign traders were forced, by the Chinese authorities, to live a segregated life in groups under direct control of their managers or chiefs, who were entirely responsible for the good behavior of the individuals, a responsibility which later devolved upon the Consul; secondly, that the foreigners were not allowed to leave their compounds except under guard; and thirdly, that the 'settlements' system was largely the outcome of this arrangement which, to repeat myself, *was enforced by China.*

FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

Hilda Rose and the Younger Generation.

PULLMAN, WASHINGTON

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Our English teacher has asked us to write our opinion of the series of letters written by Hilda Rose.

I cannot believe that this story is true, for if the author were the educated person she claims to be and had associated for eleven years with only the old man whom she described as an aristocrat and who enjoyed reading 'Bobbie Burns' she would not have made such a grammatical error as 'I and the school-teacher' in her letter. I can see how her vocabulary might become limited, but when she was the boy's teacher she would not have allowed herself to get in the habit of making such flagrant mistakes.

If the account is true I consider Hilda Rose a very impractical person, for if she had once been the good teacher, she claims to be, she could have secured a position teaching a rural school; Daddy and Boy could still have had the advantages of a farm, and she could have made a better living for them without performing the manual toil she claims to be performing. I feel sorry and do all I can to help anyone who is unfortunate and who is trying to the best of his ability but I have no sympathy for such poverty as this.

Again, Hilda Rose has failed in my mind, in another respect. She does not realize her responsibility to her child. She owes Boy something as well as Daddy. When she moved to Canada to please her husband she deprived her son of a chance to go to school. She admits that if the only other white settlers' girl were her daughter she would not allow her to marry the half-breed, yet she is raising her son in the same environment.

A Dubious Reader,

GALA J. PEED

PULLMAN, WASHINGTON

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have found 'The Stump Farm' By Hilda Rose very interesting for several different reasons, the chief one being because I am sure my own mother is having the same, or very nearly the same struggle for bread and butter that Mrs. Rose is having.

Our home consists of six hundred and nine acres situated on the bank of the Snake River. The largest part of this land is composed of a golden sand loam, very rich and fertile provided the supply of water is plentiful, but without water, it refuses to grow vegitation to any great extent on account of the hot July and August sun which raises the mercury to about one hundred and four in the shade, burning the tender green plants to a crisp brown.

Seventeen years ago, my father and mother moved into the little tumbled down shack on the bank of the river. The roof was moss covered and made a good sieve when it rained. We are still living in the same old shack to-day — only we are renters now, and then we were owners.

Father hoping to improve the place into a paying proposition put a heavy mortgage on the land in order to get a good water wheel installed for irrigation. The water wheel system was a failure and so we lost the place.

Father is now in his seventies and getting quite feeble while mother is only in the fourties, in good health and trying to make a living on that heap of sand.

After we lost the place, mother refused to give it up; instead she rented it. That was two or three years ago, now she is planning on buying it back. How she ever expects to pay for it with no money to start on is more than I can figure out; or how anyone could have the vitality to ever hope to buy it back after working and struggling as she has is beyond my comprehension. She works in the field with a plow, doing as much work there as a man; then besides this she does all of the house work and manages somehow to keep me in school.

She says, 'It's a home, and if we leave this one there may never be another to cover your Father in his old age.'

As the saying goes: 'Every clowd has its silver lining' so maybe Mrs. Rose and Mother will have their streak of good luck and find a gold mine or an oil well on their respective farms this spring. I sincerely hope that something turns up in their favor, for two people with the determined and never weakening spirit which they have should never die of poverty.

A High School Student

* * *

A gilt-edged dream.

New Haven, Conn.

Dear Atlantic, —

'A World of Dreams,' by M. M. W., in the May *Atlantic*, almost made me long for another attack of typhoid.

About fifteen years ago I was hustled to the Presbyterian Hospital in New York and promptly after arrival went into unconsciousness, remaining in that happy state for three weeks. In sounding out my nurse while convalescent, she told me there were a few days when if I had opened my eyes I might have seen the angels in the distance. This decision of hers on the general direction of my flight quite won me.

My dreams were not varied as were those of M. M. W. In fact they all centred on one subject — money. I was a moderate-salaried, unmarried lawyer for a corporation, with no other income. My dreams brought me $2,000,000. My generous benefactor was a friend of father's (not actually worth that sum himself), but his appreciation of what father had done for him when he was a struggling young man induced him to bestow that amount on me. The daily details in the process of transferring the fortune to me were tremendously vivid and real. For three or four weeks during my conscious convalescent period I had no doubts of the truth of it all.

The Night and Day Bank was a new institution in those days. A deposit of $5000 in the bank intrigued me. The deposit book I arranged to have left at the hospital office. I sent my nurse to the office one day during my convalescent period to get the bank book. She returned, reporting that it was not there, adding, 'Perhaps your mother took it.' My family lived some distance from New York, and mother had been in to see me the day before. That explanation I accepted without doubt.

A classmate and friend of mine came to see me. He was the chairman of the house committee of the club I lived in and had a larger and more expensive room than mine. During the chat I asked him if there were any rooms available like his, telling him merely that I wanted a larger and more comfortable room when I went back. He did not know, but would inquire, and subsequently sent up word that there was one which he was holding for me. That almost proved embarrassing later.

On one of mother's trips I told her of my good fortune and how I was going to live a little more comfortably, but otherwise go on as before. I begged her not to tell the rest of the family, wanting the pleasure of telling them myself after I went home from the hospital. Mother humored me and no disturbing doubts arose. And so my happy state continued. Though physically weak, I was perfectly conscious and able to receive my family and friends, chatting normally with them. It was the missing bank book that finally dissipated the dream. When that could not be traced I gradually came to realize that my fortune was a dream one.

An investment banker who lived on the same floor with me at the club had been carefully selected to handle my investments and advise with me concerning them. He was an extremely conscientious, serious-minded individual. I was greatly amused, in telling him afterward of my dream and his part in it, to see the expression come over his face which, translated into words, said, 'I wonder if he still thinks I have his securities.'

W. L. B.

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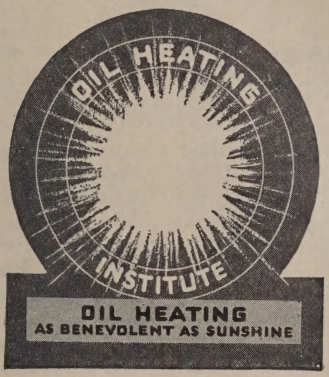

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A 7

THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

A Blessed Companion Is a Book

The Road to Xanadu, by John Livingston Lowes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. 8vo. xviii+600 pp. $6.00.

LITERARY 'research,' and more especially that branch of it that is known as *Quellenstudien*, is regarded, not altogether unjustifiably, by the nonacademic layman of average general culture as an occupation on a par with the milking of hegoats, in which, as Tennyson observed, there is neither pleasure nor profit. The source hunter, eager to prove that A stole this metaphor from B and that simile from C, is a candidate for the Deanship of the Academy of Legado, wherein 'there was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition: their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling.' The outsider, observing the patient painstaking of these investigators, is inclined to cry with Dryden, 'Trust Nature; do not labour to be dull!' and to dismiss such scholarship as 'a combing of cows' tails to gather the seeds of weeds.' Occasionally a book appears, thoroughly scholarly in method, which by its inherent vigor and vitality refutes these charges and vindicates 'research.' The author of such a book is one who loves life more than literature and loves literature because it is a part of life.

No finer vindication of literary scholarship has appeared in this country in our time than Professor Lowes's study of the genesis of *The Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan*. Regarded merely as a source study it is an amazing piece of work, for through the wide ramifications of Coleridge's reading this scholar has tracked down the hints and suggestions and minute details whence the poet derived the material which went to the making of the two poems. To discover this enormous mass of sheer fact required patience and acumen of a high order, for many a clue was so slight that it might easily have been overlooked. The starting point of this piece of literary detective work was the Gutch Memorandum book in the British Museum, a document whose great importance was first recognized by Mr. Lowes. Had nothing else been accomplished than the assembling of all these innumerable details (drawn from travel books, Neo-Platonic philosophy, transactions of scientific associations, current melodramas, sea lore picked up at Bristol, and a hundred other sources), the result would have been worth while. We should have a clearer conception of Coleridge's *Belesenheit*. But Professor Lowes has not been content to stop at this point; and his determination to push his inquiry deeper has turned what might have been merely an excellent example of *Quellenstudien* into a profound and intensely interesting study of the workings of the poetic mind.

Professor Lowes draws an analogy between the experience of the poet and the experience of the mathematician, quoting Poincaré's account of the unconscious work which seems to spring from sudden and haphazard inspiration, but which requires both a preceding and a subsequent period of conscious work. From his omnivorous and extremely attentive reading Coleridge gathered together ideas and impressions which, in Henry James's pregnant phrase, were dropped 'into the deep well of unconscious cerebration,' where they grappled with other ideas and impressions, taking on an increase of weight and significance, and ready, if and when the appropriate suggestion came, to surge up again into the field of consciousness. When these 'sleeping images' of things have again reached the light they are dominated and directed by the 'shaping spirit' which moulds them into poetic form. This phenomenon is illustrated, with an unexampled wealth of detail, by the case of *The Ancient Mariner*. For instance, Coleridge had been on several occasions impressed by the legend of the Wandering Jew and the character of Cain, and possibly by some form of the tale of the Flying Dutchman. These impressions sank into the 'deep well' and coalesced; and when they emerged again it was in the form of the Old Navigator, neither Jew nor Cain nor Dutchman, but a new creation, yet partaking in some measure of the character of each. The polar and tropical background is another such new synthesis of many elements; so are the albatross and its dæmon, the crew of the doomed ship, the ship itself, the sun in its various aspects, and the journeying moon with a star between its tips.

The Ancient Mariner is a highly finished and articulated piece of conscious craftsmanship, the result of the will moving the shaping spirit to mould the multitudinous and diverse materials that have risen from the subconscious. *Kubla Khan* presents a different phenomenon. No deliberate artistry fashioned it. The phantasmagoria of the poem arose as pictures, magnificent and fleeting, which were transformed immediately into words. A single example of the 'results' obtained by Mr. Lowes must suffice. He shows, from Coleridge's reading, that the 'sacred river' is the Nile, which, according to old tradition, plunged under the sea. But that tradition suggests another submarine river, Alpheus; and the association of ideas within the 'deep well' of the subconscious has produced the dream river 'Alph.' The stately pleasure dome,

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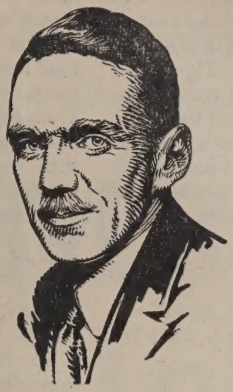

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

the deep romantic chasm, the Abyssinian maid, and the youth with flashing eyes and floating hair are similar upsurgings from unconscious depths.

It is a singular and alluring fact, not noticed by Mr. Lowes's reviewers, that the inquiries that have produced such rich results in the case of these two poems have failed utterly to cast light upon the origination of *Christabel*. The author frankly admits that the mysterious tracks from whence that poem came lie off the road that leads to the palace in Xanadu and the adventures of the Ancient Mariner. The scholar who uncovers the missing clue will have at hand the material for a sequel to Professor Lowes's admirable and delightful book.

S. C. Chew

Twilight Sleep, by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1927. 12mo. xiii+373 pp. $2.50.

In any consideration of the work of Mrs. Wharton, from *The House of Mirth* to *Twilight Sleep*, one is safely and pleasantly convinced of gradations, not grades, of excellence. Thomas Hardy between his greatest novels wrote stories so weak and ineffective from every point of view that, when judged in the kindest light, they seem incredible as products of his genius; Arnold Bennett has never fulfilled the promise of *The Old Wives' Tale*, nor has Hergesheimer realized his high destiny so clearly discerned in *Java Head* and *Three Black Pennys;* but Mrs. Wharton has never really descended from that plane of excellence which since its beginning has characterized her work. In each story have been evidenced that conscious care in plan and execution which knows no short cut to perfection and dignity of sentence structure, a recognition of the power of things withheld, dialogue which rarely if ever oversteps its mark, tense situations memorable most of all for their terrible simplicity. With such a consistently high record of achievement as hers in mind one is almost tempted to say that Mrs. Wharton could not write a poor novel. Whatever the story, the method must inevitably be distinguished.

Twilight Sleep is assuredly not a poor novel. Here as always the reader can rest in the perfect security of a careful and irreproachable style, can be sure that his sense of fitness will not be outraged, that his mounting eagerness and suspense will be neither too quickly satisfied nor sated. And yet with all its literary fineness one misses in this new novel that one surpassing distinction of other and greater books, *Ethan Frome*, *The Age of Innocence*, *The Old Maid*, that best of the *Old New York* sketches — namely, a compelling naturalness in character and in situation. There is nothing in *Twilight Sleep*, not even in those final scenes between Nona and her parents, clearly the best in the story, that is at all comparable to Ethan Frome and Mattie Silver at the breaking of the pickle dish, to Newland Archer and the Countess Olenska at lunch on the verandah at Point Arley, to Delia and Charlotte Lovell when the former discovers that Charlotte is the mother of a child by Clement Spender, whom Delia has always loved — scenes rarely if ever surpassed in American fiction. This newest story has no such high lights — not for want of occasion, but for want of actors. And right here, one must believe, lies the reason for its comparative inferiority to the novels just cited. From Pauline Mumford, who inconsistently embraces one 'cause' and one 'creed' after another with such unbelievable stupidity that she is neither humorous nor tragic, to the pampered and silly Lita, whom all the others think they want to save from self-inflicted tragedy, the characters, when viewed in the bright light of Mrs. Wharton's other creations, are puppets, pulled at times by too inadequate strings.

The reason for this is, however, perhaps not impossible to find. *Twilight Sleep* is very evidently a satire on the affectation and hypocrisy of the life lived by the modern millionaire class of New York. A satire is almost bound to sacrifice its means to its message; and this, in the opinion of one reviewer at least, is precisely what Mrs. Wharton's satire has done. Incredible Pauline, silly Lita, charming Nona, and sanctimonious Aggie Hueston, not to mention the four men who play opposite them, are types, even tragic warnings; but rarely, except in the case of Nona and of her father, are they anything else. *Twilight Sleep* is, in fact, in spite of its 'timeliness' and almost overwhelming modernism, reminiscent of those novels of the late eighteenth century, which marked the concern of Thomas Holcroft, Thomas Day, and others in new theories of education and religion rather than in the emotions of real people.

Mary Ellen Chase

Tristram, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. 12mo. viii+202 pp. $1.50.

On the whole, the earlier poems of Mr. Robinson, drawn from the stark life of New England, have more tang and flavor than his Arthurian studies. To one who loves the old romances, any modern treatment of them is likely to seem thin, and *Tristram*, for all its careful work and fine feeling, does not escape the accusation. The greatest mediæval love story has its roots deep in racial life. The richness and complexity of its connotations are one reason why poets are irresistibly drawn to it; no modern has done more than select here and there from the heritage left by the older tellers of the tale, and each has found in it what he desired. So Swinburne, gloating over his lovers in sonorous verbal harmonies, surrounds them with 'the light and sound and darkness of the sea.' Tennyson, echoing but stressing the tone of Malory, presents the story as a disagreeable prelude to the moral shipwreck of the Table

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Round. Arnold, most appealing of the three, dwells on the tragic finale, as found not in Malory but in the finer older versions.

No one can blame Mr. Robinson if he omits the potion, and the charming Tristram Enfances, and makes his own selection from the God's plenty of his predecessors. But how much he has left out, of greater tragic quality than what he has put in! His poem opens with a delicately touched passage on Isolt of Brittany, then passes at once to the marriage night of Mark and the more famous Isolt. These form an excellent beginning. But as we continue we look in vain for Tristram's chapel leap, for Isolt's rescue from the lepers, for the exquisite idyl of the life in the forest, so differently handled in Béroul and Gottfried, so enchanting in both. The betrayal of Mark's presence by reflection or shadow, the return of Tristram in fool's dress to Tintagel, the ordeal by fire — all omitted! To say nothing of the vivid traits by which the impetuous Irish princess shows character and race, such as her cruel treatment of Brangwaine and her swift repentance. Instead of these, we have a rather pointless insertion of Morgan le Fay, and a use of that late and tame invention, the sojourn of the lovers at Joyous Garde under the patronage of Lancelot — where they converse with one another, if truth be told, at rather tedious length. Their death is handled in an original and interesting way by Mr. Robinson. They are killed, not by Mark, but by Andred, with a hint at the instigation of Morgan. Mark is neither the noble figure of the old versions nor the contemptible king of Malory, but of mixed ordinary clay.

If Mr. Robinson elects thus to subordinate characterization and incident, and to prolong plain delineation of passion, none shall say him nay. But he did better in his *Lancelot*, where the intricacy of the tragic forces, assumed if not narrated, lent depth and color. Meantime, here as there, the style of the poem is a joy, at least to the few lovers of poetry left who are a little rueful over T. S. Eliot and the Sitwells. For Mr. Robinson writes firmly in the noble old tradition of the great masters. His cadences would have delighted their ear, though he makes more concession than they to the natural movement of thought and speech. He is — dare one whisper it? — perfectly intelligible. Moreover, he can move us now and then. The verse, habitually on a high level, even if it seem monotonous at times, can achieve occasionally a release of emotion enhanced by the unfailing dignity and control in phrasing. Nor is it lacking in flexibility. The accents of Morgan are not the accents of Isolt, and Isolt of Brittany has yet another pause melody. This younger Isolt is perhaps the least shadowy figure in the poem. Robinson, like Arnold, renders her with an especial felicity, and it is not easy to forget her, with the pathos of her repeated 'I am not one who must have everything.' We gladly refuse to credit the legend that she deceived Tristram about the sails.

VIDA D. SCUDDER

Mother and Son: The Soul Enchanted, by Romain Rolland. Translated by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1927. 12mo. vii+415 pp. $2.50.

THE war, seen through the personality of a sincere and noble woman, Annette Rivière — such is the pedal bass (for M. Rolland is as much musician as author) of this third volume of his feminist epic, *The Soul Enchanted*. Its theme is the relationship, during the storms of adolescence and of war time, between the mother and the son she has borne courageously out of wedlock.

One sees war-torn France now as by the brush of an historical painter, now as by the bit of the etcher's needle; families, refugees, communities — Paris, provincial towns, the frontier, Switzerland, individual fates, political manœuvres, together with a mordant vignette of Clemenceau. The writing steadily gathers momentum. It begins, like one of Beethoven's piano concertos, with an orchestral prelude — a view of war-time Paris focused in one of those many-familied houses, huge and old, built round a central courtyard, in which the Latin Quarter abounds. With the entrance of the solo instrument, Annette, the drama begins to unfold: her growing disillusionment with the war; that superb scene of her rescue of the German wounded from a mob; her engineering of an Austrian prisoner's escape to the bedside of a dying friend in Switzerland; her own return at deadly peril to shield a generous confederate; the scene with Clemenceau; and, in counterpoint with this, her son's escapades in a Paris racked with the fevers and passions of war; his encounter with his father, now become the political concert pianist of war oratory — all this in a tale told at *tempo vivace* mounting to dramatic climaxes.

The writing has extraordinary power. One can feel the invigoration. Not a page but will have some memorable episode, some shrewd thrust of dialogue, some choice turn of phrase over which the mind lingers as the eye will linger on some fall of drapery, some finely chiseled contour of thigh in the subtle stonecutting of an Athenian sculptor in a museum. The work shows extraordinary spontaneity. One could imagine that these episodes came rushing imperiously into the author's brain, that his pen had many a mad race to keep up with the winged sandals of his fantasy. I am thinking of that closing page of Annette's conversation with the blinded soldier, and those parting words of hers: —

'I am only a companion in your misery. But I bless your poor eyes. I bless your body and your thoughts, your sacrifice and your goodness. And you, in turn, must bless me. When the Father forgets his children, the children must be fathers to one another.'

No one invents such pages. They are given.

And I am thinking of that touching scene the evening when the mother and son, after years of misunderstanding, find their way to each other's heart, sitting, hour after hour, far into the night,

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unbosoming. 'And they continued to do so later, from one room to the other, when at last they decided to go to bed. Then, in the middle of the night, he got up and went in his bare feet into Annette's room. He sat down in a low chair by her bedside. They did not talk any more. They only needed to be near each other.'

How does a man of letters recapture the passion, the tenderness, the delicacy of such moments, quivering with the very heartbeats of life, when one soul finds another and no longer has need of speech? The spirit that creates gives to the giver. 'Dem Helfer half der Helfer droben.'

Better workmanship than this translation by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks would be hard to imagine. It is so good that it has the force of an independent work in English. And never has even M. Rolland been more outspoken about that pair of touchy subjects — war and sex. He has, in his free speaking, exposed himself to attack with complete indifference. He can afford to. For he is one of few men living through the war period who has earned the right to say, 'All evil comes from the fact that no one dares be sincere beyond the line where his own interests and passions are threatened.'

This book holds burning words. They are red-hot irons with which this man of courageous heart and honest mind goads the wild beasts of human hate and violence *out* of the arena in the colosseum of Imperialism. The spiritual core of the book is in these words which he has written of Annette Rivière; but they are equally true of Romain Rolland: —

'The peculiar duty assigned to her was to save the sacred sentiment that filled her, this Friendship — Friendship, the country that survives all the Iliums. In order to respond to this appeal she was ready to forego people's respect and to transgress every human law. A higher law had spoken. If every one did the same, in his own restricted domain, it would be the greatest Revolution of humanity.'

LUCIEN PRICE

Brother John, by Vida D. Scudder. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.) 1927. 12mo. xii+334 pp. $2.50.

THE seventh centenary of Saint Francis has been marked by a realization of how contemporary the Little Poor Man really is. Into a world bored like ours he came with a solution to life's problems startlingly simple, with a new-old key to joy. Within the near past there have appeared some excellent new interpretations of the Little Brother. Many people have hoped that Miss Scudder, whose mind and heart have long been given to Franciscan research and meditation, would at this time share the results of her study. In *Brother John* she has dealt, not with the Saint himself, but with the equally interesting subject of what to do with him once he had lived and laughed and learned on La Verna that love means crucifixion.

Through the eyes of John of England, called, as was Francis himself, from luxury and position to wed Lady Poverty, we see the early Franciscans struggling to reconcile the Religion with the world as it is; endangered on the one hand by fanatic mendicancy and on the other by such surrender to order and communal possession as threatened to destroy *libertà francescana.* After long struggle John himself espouses the cause of the Spirituals or Strict Observers, undoubtedly what Francis himself intended; but he has sympathy enough to understand the arguments of those who would surrender something of the freedom of absolute poverty for the pursuit of learning, like Bonaventure and Roger Bacon, and of those who, like Pope Gregory, sought by regularizing the Order to make it more immediately serve the Church. The author presents to us a large gallery of thirteenth-century people. They are strongly pictured; no mere names. We see them as real men. Oddly only John himself seems colorless, scarcely more than a mirror for other portraits and a mouthpiece of ideas. Nor, despite the fact that she knows her Umbria, has Miss Scudder made her pictured places very vivid.

However, it is not with characterization or description that the author is chiefly concerned, but with spiritual conflicts. In presenting these she is peculiarly successful. Here we have no romance less than that of souls in basic travail, something hard to write about without either sentimentality or dullness. Avoiding both, she has told a story so interesting that even one used only to more obvious problems will find himself loath to put the book by. This is due not merely to the writer's skill but also to the immediacy of the conflict. How to reconcile the service of God with possession and power, how to be free to love and yet constrained in love — these are dilemmas every man's to face. In these early Franciscan days they constitute vivid drama.

Miss Scudder's style is appropriate: direct, honest, and, if one may venture to say so, unfeminine. One feels that she understands Francis better than she might comprehend Sister Clare.

It is not often that American novelists have dared to deal with basic spiritual problems. This book is for those who welcome a realism of the soul.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

From Man to Man, by Olive Schreiner. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. 12mo. xxx+461 pp. $2.50.

'THIS book is going to be awfully outspoken; *An African Farm* was nothing to it,' wrote Olive Schreiner in a letter dated July 21, 1884, regarding the novel published after her death under the title *From Man to Man,* or *Perhaps Only.* She worked on it intermittently during many years; her letters bespeak her intense interest in it: 'I

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love it more than I love anything in the world. I've never loved any work so.' She lived with her characters as if they were real people; her inability to finish the book brought her a sense of frustration and defeat: 'I seem to have done so little with my life.'

It is a story of two women: one, Rebekah, an intellectual idealist, bound in marriage to a sensualist who is false to her; the other, Bertie, a victim in her extreme youth of a man who departs with no further thought of the ruin he has wrought. The story of Rebekah's love for a man of her own type, and of her renunciation because of duty, was planned, but never written; the story of Bertie's tragic life is depicted with masterly realism, but unfinished. The action takes place partly in Africa, partly in London.

Here, as in *The Story of an African Farm*, the reader finds a power of vivid characterization, passionate presentation of the concrete of daily experience, deep sense of the tragedy of life, and an arresting beauty of nature background. This is on a larger scale than the earlier novel, more balanced, and without the touches of exaggeration that brought a Dickens note into the humorous parts of her first story. If the narrative seems at times a bit broken, not wholly a unit, because of the long period over which the work extended, there is compensation in the fact that we have here the gathered thought and the poignant experience of a lifetime.

The author's piercing keenness of thought in regard to almost every aspect of human life is evident throughout. Sometimes, as in presenting the idea of the unity of all life, of its organic nature, and of progress from lower to higher forms of being, she is discussing ideas familiar in the nineteenth century, and her force comes not so much from the newness of the thought as from the vital intensity of her treatment, an intensity both emotional and intellectual. Sometimes, as in her answer to the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, her thought is strikingly original and arresting.

To bring out a something of Christianity latent in the physical order, where others have seen nature 'red in tooth and claw,' is no small achievement, and it is significant utterance on the part of one who held herself no Christian. One wishes that the philosophy, science, history, and sociology summed up in the chapter entitled 'Rainbows in the Avenue' could be separated from its story context and printed in essay form. To put this survey of nearly the whole of life into the mind of one woman in one night is as dramatically wrong as the thought is, taken by itself, intellectually stimulating.

If this is, as the author said, a sex novel, it is a sex novel not in the modern manner. There is no insidious taint in it; it is not propaganda of a new and lower order of morality, but the reverse. Her protest against the inequality of sex standards is dramatically cogent; if in the intervening years the standard has changed, it has not been in the direction she wished. Still deeper than her arraignment of a wrong social code is her presentation of the tragedy and the glory of womanhood in the order of nature; here she writes as no one else has written, and as no one but a woman could write.

Why was the book never finished? Was the cause ill health, or, in part, removal for a long period from the wide horizons of her native veldt which so stimulated her mind and her imagination? Was she too intensely human to achieve the sustained detachment of the artist, too closely involved in the forces she was trying to portray? The conviction with which you are left — that the author found life too great for dramatic presentation, outstripping her artist power to depict — adds to the interest and challenge of the book.

MARGARET SHERWOOD

The books selected for review in the *Atlantic* are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board: —

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Riata and Spurs, by Charles A. Siringo — HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co. — $3.00
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CONSERVATISM AND CHEAP MONEY

BY WILLIAM PETER HAMILTON

If it is true that all signs fail in dry weather, it is almost axiomatic that cheap money cancels many useful indicators in business and finance. In a great bull market in stocks, like that which is now in its fourth year, establishing new high average prices in the industrial stocks, at least, one of the most important considerations in these later stages is whether stocks 'carry themselves.' If, for instance, the dividend return, even at the high price paid, is generous enough to make it possible to carry the stocks in bank loans with a margin tolerably assured, the actual level of prices becomes relatively unimportant. This is the condition to-day without sufficient exceptions to be worth considering.

To the experienced financial observer there is a danger here as well as an assurance of safety. It has been said with considerable truth that much of the buying of stocks, even at the top, has been for investment. A good deal depends upon the character of the investment. The Stock Exchange, for instance, has a tolerably correct line on the quantity of stocks carried in New York on margin by brokerage houses, and the amount of the banking accommodation which is secured by such stocks in loans. But banks all over the country, with money cheap and looking for borrowers, are glad enough to make loans, especially those callable without notice, on reputable Stock Exchange collateral, which means active common stocks as well as bonds. It is impossible to say how much borrowing of this kind has been done, but the position must be extended, and any general calling of loans arising out of some unforeseen development would throw a sudden burden upon Wall Street. It is not difficult to see what would happen. The first measure of safety would be a vigorous liquidation in stocks. There is not much that Wall Street fails to foresee, and it is matter of record that when any great turn in business affairs occurs Wall Street is always thoroughly liquidated before the rest of the country. It might almost be said that this automatic-safety-valve quality gives the financial centre its greatest moral value.

Every boom in business has its limit, while the tendency to overtrade and overexpand is an inseparable part of human nature itself. This is something no device can prevent, not even the almost incredible possibilities in credit expansion of our Federal Reserve System. I am not reviving here the somewhat exploded theory of business cycles. In a book published five years ago I pointed out that the old ten-year cycle made its last appearance in 1893, and that 1907, and even the liquidation of 1920, were out of all line with the financial panics of the past.

But this is not to say that prosperity and conservation will not alternate, and that the corrective of liquidation, more or less forced, will not be required from time to time. We are still a long way from the millennium. There is a cumulative effect of depressing influences which the country, at the time, has taken in its stride so far as business confidence is concerned. Wall Street does not deceive itself, and it is tolerably clear to those financial authorities whose very existence depends upon foresight that conditions to-day are decidedly spotty. All business is not good. Some industrial corporations are

A Financial Meeting Place

In the pages immediately following, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY groups the announcements of banks and bankers, with particular reference to those which offer a service in Commercial and Investment Banking. We believe it is to the interest of our readers to present such advertisements in this manner, and, on our part, we undertake to accept, for this Department, only such announcements as, in our judgment, are submitted by firms and institutions which, through their character and experience, are worthy of the confidence of our readers.

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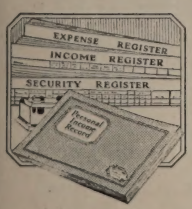

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making bigger money than ever before, but others — as, for instance, in the textile trades, in copper, petroleum, coal, and even in some branches of the iron trade — think themselves lucky to break even. Certainly the farmer is not prosperous, and there is a check in the building trades so marked that it might be inferred that the boom is over, with both business and housing accommodation in excess of present requirements.

Wages are still high and even inflated, with organized labor getting all the best of it. But only a part of our wage earners are unionized, certainly not more than one seventh, Some authorities put the figure at ten per cent. It all depends upon what you include in such a term as 'gainful employment.' The immigration laws have done much to maintain a somewhat artificial condition, with wages in places actually above war level in spite of a well-established decline in the cost of living. Liquidation in that department is difficult, but when it is brought about by extending unemployment it is apt to be drastic.

When speaking of cumulative effect here, not only these somewhat general considerations but specific happenings must also be reckoned. It is easy to overestimate the total loss of a spectacular disaster like the floods in the Mississippi basin. Much of the damage is superficial, but much of it also is in wealth which would have been created but will now be missing in the year's return of production. In an important part of the Cotton Belt, where the longest staple American cotton is grown, there will be practically no crop. If we are committed to the proposition that quantity production is the basis of our prosperity and that the overwhelming cotton crop of 1926 was in no real sense a calamity, a consideration arises which it is impossible to ignore. A great deal of our country banking is bad banking, by people unfitted for the banking business and allowed to undertake the custody of other people's money with altogether too little capital of their own. Bankruptcies there perhaps form a part of the greater agricultural situation, but must mean something on the debit side. The general collapse of the speculative building boom with the development of real estate, except in a few well-financed and favored sections, is not to be ignored. The broad inference would be that the business of the country needs regularizing, and that we have been attaching more than enough value to generalizations not yet proved. We are to remember, also, that efficiency in mass production carries its own Nemesis. In the matter of dwindling profits, which are still directed to paying high wages, the law of diminishing returns is sufficiently apparent to the dispassionate observer.

A consideration which must be increasingly important in the coming months should on no account be ignored. This is that the general crop outlook is only moderate at the best and bad at the worst. There has been a definite turn of an adverse kind in winter wheat, while the outlook for spring wheat is not only below that of last year but below the average for a number of years. Corn is not doing well, and grain crops throughout the country, thanks to an inclement spring, are from three weeks to a month late. Practically the one exception is the fair promise for cotton in the Atlantic states. This is to some extent offset, unfortunately, by the large area where our longest staple is grown now put out of business by the Mississippi flood. Nations do not grow rich on small crops and high prices. We are long past the days when crop failures meant railroad receiverships; nevertheless no business man with a sound conception of economics will fail to see that prosperity comes from production, from newly created wealth. If a redundant cotton crop in 1926 was a source of embarrassment, it by no means follows that a short wheat crop in 1927, whatever the world price of wheat may be, is a cause for congratulation.

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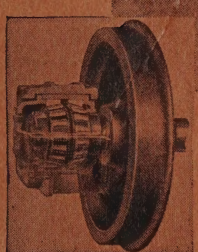
40 cents a copy $4.00 a year



International Newsreel

Viewing a Timken railroad bearing application on display in the baggage car of the "Pioneer Limited." From left to right: President H. E. Byram of the Milwaukee Road; Mr. H. H. Timken, President of The Timken Roller Bearing Company; Mr. J. T. Gillick, Chief Operating Officer of the railroad; General Passenger Agent W. B. Dixon; and the Engineer of the train, Mr. Nicholas Kaiser.

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THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1927

BEAUTY THE NEW BUSINESS TOOL

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

SOME years ago Thomas A. Edison went to Europe. In the course of his wanderings he came to that exquisite Gothic jewel, the Chapel of Saint Hubert, which hangs so entrancingly on the castle wall of Amboise, and which everyone knows is the tomb of Leonardo da Vinci. Here Mr. Edison gave out an interview to the gaping newspaper correspondents to the effect that Leonardo was the outstanding mechanical genius of his time, inventing many useful devices and anticipating others. He did not mention that Leonardo was also an artist on the side, either because he did not know or because he did not consider it important. The newspapers commented on the omission, and *Collier's Weekly* sent Julian Street to interview Mr. Edison's chum, Henry Ford, because what these two men say on any subject makes newspaper copy. The substance of Henry Ford's remarks was that he would not give five cents for all the art the world had produced. And the *New Republic* capped this naïve observation with the comment that one needed but a glance at the Ford car to believe it.

Henry Ford is cited here merely as an illustration. His frank and blunt statement expressed the opinion held by most manufacturers at the beginning of the era of mass production and industrial efficiency, though few were so honest. Art was something for museums. They endowed museums out of the money they made, and some of them even accumulated private collections. Those with a weakness for beauty were tempted to conceal it, lest they be suspected of unfitness to have a place in the practical, hard-headed, efficient world.

Back in the mauve decade, or the gay nineties, new inventions and discoveries were transforming our industrial system, but when a manufacturer produced a machine that worked he stopped. It never occurred to him to go on and make his device pleasant to look at as well as efficient. It must have been the persistent influence of the Puritan tradition that made manufacturers so suspicious of beauty and gave them such pathetic faith in mere ugliness. Beauty somehow seemed antagonistic to integrity. They managed in those days to reverse William Morris's dictum. They seldom found it necessary to make a thing beautiful in order to make it useful.

It was in those days that Henry Ford began making his famous car. It was

an honest piece of work, a motor car that functioned, at an unbelievably low cost, though it did violence to three senses, sight, hearing, and smell; but people in those days were unable to forget long enough their wonder that the thing should be to mind the intrusion of more ugliness into a world that was losing peace and silence and the beauty that inheres in old things. And so the Ford car was put out, and chugged along faithfully on all our roads. The public laughed at it and christened it 'Lizzie,' but bought it and used it in increasing numbers, and Mr. Ford rested secure in his belief that he had solved one of the major problems of human existence and that there was nothing more to be done.

There is no doubt that Mr. Ford was sincere in what he said about art. He believed that the homeliness of his car was one of its virtues. He correctly read the minds of his fellow citizens, who suspected that mere prettiness camouflaged the fact that sterner virtues were lacking. The Ford car was homely, but it did its work. And standing firmly on this belief Henry Ford broke all records of production, distribution, and sales in a country where such things are a religion.

About this time Mr. Ford was waited upon by the research expert retained by a publication to study the changing habits of people and their effect on markets for goods. The inauguration of such bureaus of investigation marked the beginning of a new era in business — the application of scientific methods of research to manufacture and distribution. The purpose of this bureau was to render a constructive service to business as a preliminary to selling advertising space in the publications to which the expert owed allegiance. He had just completed an exhaustive survey of the trends in the motor-car market and had gone to Detroit to lay his findings before Henry Ford. The survey comprised three important conclusions: the manufacture of motor cars would in the future be concentrated in the hands of fewer organizations; woman would be an increasingly important influence in the purchase of cars; beauty in line and color would be the determining factor in selling cars. Mr. Ford's comment was that none of this concerned the Ford Motor Company, and he continued serenely on his way, producing his marvelously efficient car in increasing numbers and selling his product without difficulty.

Meanwhile the making of motor cars passed into its second phase and came under the sway of the cult of beauty. Mechanical improvement had reached its perihelion; the lower-priced cars were becoming dangerously efficient, and it was necessary to do something to justify the price asked for the more costly ones. The big cars were made more sightly. And then we had large gorgeously appareled cars at high prices, and small ugly useful cars at low prices. The car with the long wheel base and the stream line became the symbol of wealth. The stubby car which continued to retain the graceless lines with which it was born was the symbol of homely worth and modest circumstance. Under its humble exterior there beat an honest motor. Then Walter Chrysler showed that it was possible to make a small car beautiful, and motor manufacturers realized that people did not demand big cars, but merely cars in which they could take pride, and the growing congestion of our streets made occasion for a shorter wheel base. Manufacturers began experimenting with small cars of better appearance.

Inspired by this tendency, the Chevrolet Company added design and color to mechanical efficiency, and then for the first time in the history of the

motor car the output of the Ford Company was exceeded by a rival manufacturer. The Chevrolet Company produces more cars than Mr. Ford, and beauty has become a commercial talking point.

For some months the newspapers have been asking what Mr. Ford is going to do. The probability is, though this prophecy may be either confirmed or controverted by the facts before this paper appears in print, that Henry Ford is asking himself the question: Just what has beauty to do with the sale of a motor car?

For the business of making and selling things must add a new facet to its polyhedron. By the irony of circumstances the type which the manufacturer must now emulate is old Leonardo da Vinci himself, who combined to a rare degree the practical and the imaginative qualities, and whose achievements ranged from the wheelbarrow and the double-spiral staircase at Blois to La Gioconda and the Last Supper.

II

Up to the beginning of the great industrial era of machine-made things, mass production, nation-wide distribution and advertising, most of the implements and furniture with which we performed the act of living were made by hand, and things made by hand unconsciously acquire a certain element of beauty.

Consider how satisfying are the shapes of some of these old things — a coach, for instance, or a spinet; a sickle or a ladle. The humblest utensils of our grandfathers are preserved in museums to-day, partly, of course, for the historic associations, but mainly because they have a certain charm. And gradually all that charm vanished. The hand worker who controlled every step of the thing he was making was replaced by a machine minder who had nothing to do with the design. The directing minds, absorbed in the new wonder of so many things made so easily, ignored the fact that it was just as easy for a machine to stamp or print a good pattern as a bad one, and by some perversity nearly always chose the bad one, and aggravated that fact by producing the bad design in incredible quantities. The public, tickled to get so many things so cheaply, accepted them without question, and thus we had a depressing period when, in New York City, brownstone houses were built literally by the mile, and country houses were of two stories, mansard roof, and cupola, with cast-iron dogs and deer on the lawns, and furnished with horsehair sofas, flowered Brussels carpets, gilt-embossed wall paper, and ormolu clocks under glass bells on the mantelpieces above imitation fireplaces.

We passed from the hand to the machine, we enjoyed our era of the triumph of the machine, we acquired wealth, and with wealth education, travel, sophistication, a sense of beauty; and then we began to miss something in our cheap but ugly products. Efficiency was not enough. The machine did not satisfy the soul. Man could not live by bread alone. And thus it came about that beauty, or what one conceived as beauty, became a factor in the production and marketing of goods.

The first influence in this regeneration was perhaps the advertising artist. Advertising is a pioneering profession, earnestly concerned with keeping ahead, struggling always to find new mediums in which to express something that has not been expressed before. It seized upon the power of the artist to say things which could not be said in words, and thus a large group of men trained in artistic standards was brought to work in close conjunction

with factories producing goods. The first step toward making the advertising attractive was to make the goods attractive. It was frequently necessary to introduce the article sold into the advertisement, or at least its package, and most products and packages were so ugly or so commonplace they spoiled the picture; and thus began that steady, unremitting pressure on the manufacturer to make his goods or his packages worthy of being placed in an artistic setting. Bales and boxes and cans and wrappers and labels and trade-marks were revised and redesigned, sometimes even to the extent of scrapping considerable goodwill that inhered in the old style, to keep up with a growing sense of taste in the consuming public. Such experiments were generally successful and encouraged others; the idea spread, and farseeing manufacturers carried it further.

The impact of beauty was manifest first in fashion goods and vanity products which owed their origin to French taste. They set up examples which the more astute manufacturers were quick to emulate. Future connoisseurs may collect the perfume bottles of the twentieth century as they now collect the snuffboxes of the eighteenth. A new art known as *flaconnage de luxe* has grown up around those delightful bits of glassware, mere containers of merchandise, but designed in sympathy with their contents. Gallé was the French pioneer in beautiful glasswork, but Lalique carried the art further, developing new effects by blowing the glass in metal moulds. To give rarity to certain designs, they were blown in clay moulds, which were afterward broken. The credit for utilizing the more artistic forms of glassmaking to enhance the beauty of the perfume package is due to François Coty, who originated many of his own designs, but is said to have received inspiration and advice from Lalique. Among the glass blowers producing the artistic perfume bottles that decorate the windows of the drug stores are the Cristalleries of Baccarat, of Nancy, and Viard. In this country the most successful work is the Steuben glassware of the Corning people, rarely beautiful, especially the iridescent effects ranging from opaque blue to almost transparent, reminding the observer of Phœnician and Cyprian examples in the Metropolitan Museum. The Baltimore house of Swindell Brothers is producing some interesting scent bottles, and of our American perfumers Richard Hudnut has experimented successfully with strictly American designs. Indeed, the creation of an American school is part of the artistic plan of several trades, such as furniture, silk, leather, and glass manufacture, following the leadership of John Sloan in his endeavor to disassociate painting from the French tradition.

In applying art to machines we are on our own ground. Machines are native with us, and the effort to beautify them has created a new field of artistic endeavor, as witness the skyscraper, the motor car, the phonograph, and the radio.

Motor cars began to appear in color schemes suggested by the advertisements. The next step was to design motor cars in shapes suggested by artists, and soon manufacturers making cars in the upper price bracket had their own art directors and art departments, as complete and as influential on the product as the engineering department, steadily working to produce that conjunction of utility and beauty which was becoming necessary to make the car acceptable to the public.

Among our new playthings was the phonograph. For a long while it lingered in its ugly box with its blatant horn, and no one minded its hideousness in the strange new experience of

listening to it. It did not occur to us that it was not necessary to affront the eye to please the ear. But the spur of competition compelled the manufacturers to add every improvement they could think of, and when mechanical improvements were exhausted they turned to æsthetic ones, with the result that the great horn disappeared inside, the case took on some semblance of form, designers and cabinetmakers were consulted and period and other designs produced, so that now the phonograph may easily be an addition to the furnishing and decoration of a room. The transformation of the radio took less time. While it is still so new that broadcasting stations have not yet been assigned permanent waves, its makers are as much concerned with giving it an acceptable physical appearance as with lengthening its reach. That is because it arrived in an age in which both manufacturer and consumer are aware that there is such a thing as good taste. We demand beauty with our utility, beauty with our amusement, beauty in the things with which we live. And so the radio has been promptly put in the hands of the designers, to make it, if possible, a thing of beauty and a joy forever even when silent — or especially when silent.

Thus it might be said that good taste passed from the advertisement to the package, and from the package to the product, keeping pace with the growing appreciation of taste on the part of the public due to increased culture and sophistication. Immediately these better-designed goods and packages demanded a better environment in which to be sold, and thus we have a revolution in the furnishing of shops and stores. The old-fashioned store was a stereotype — a long, narrow room with two windows and a door in front and in back, counters down the full length on both sides, with the goods arranged on shelves behind the counters. No matter what kind of goods was sold, the layout did not vary. Now and then an enterprising merchant painted the front of his shop bright red or bright yellow, but this was due more to a desire for conspicuousness than to an artistic urge. To-day the store has given way to the shop, and in the smarter lines these shops are planned and decorated with all the skill and taste employed in designing a boudoir. The shop front, the tinting of the walls, the furniture, the arrangement of goods — everything has been transformed. The counter is gone; occasional tables take its place. Chairs are arranged for customers in such a way as to suggest the careless grace of a drawing-room. Everything is done to create a setting for the new style of goods. You see this in every industry. It might naturally be expected in the trades that cater to fashion, but even the Cunard Steamship Company has thought it worth while to build a temple dedicated to ocean travel in which to sell tickets for its steamship lines. When Æolian Hall was sold at auction the fact that it had just been awarded the Fifth Avenue Association's gold medal as the most attractive building erected in 1926 increased the price it fetched.

But conclusive proof of the extent to which belief in beauty has penetrated industry is the increasing number of factories of pleasing architecture and with landscaped grounds. The efficiency of beauty as a business force is agreeably confirmed by the belief of some executives that better work will be done in pleasant surroundings, and this belief is manifest not only in the factories but also in the offices, and it is a reasonable belief. George P. Rowell, the pioneer advertising agent, tells in his autobiography how he once lost a large account because he had been so

extravagant as to put beneath the black walnut table which served him as a desk a square of jute carpet. The disgusted advertiser said that he had no confidence in an advertising agent who put on so much style. To-day the office has undergone as great a transformation as the retail shop. Tinted walls, sash curtains, period furniture, stained glass, all the fittings which give character to a private house and which even a private house did not possess thirty years ago, are now almost the rule rather than the exception in offices. We are even coming to believe that the sick in hospitals get well quicker if the walls are painted the right color. In other words, we are just on the threshold of creating a new world on top of our modern industrial efficiency, a world in which it is possible through the much criticized machines to replace the beauty that the machines originally displaced.

III

The application of design and color to useful things has been carried to what might seem extravagant length, except that the results have been satisfactory. The furnace once existed in gloomy seclusion in a cellar filled with dust, ashes, and cobwebs, and was visited only when it needed attention. The modern heater is shaped and painted so that it becomes an object of furniture only a little less attractive than the porcelain stove of German fairy tale, and the cellar is rescued and becomes one of the living, or at least useful, rooms of the house. Even the radiator, that *bête noire* of interior decorators, is appearing in better designs, and the builders of new apartment houses have found it profitable to include practicable wood-burning fireplaces.

The immaculate paleness of the hospital is disappearing from our kitchens, pantries, and bathrooms. The kitchen cabinet, that amazingly efficient unit with every utensil and ingredient placed at arm's length and arranged in order of greatest use like the keys of a typewriter, is being made in colors to harmonize with the gay tile linoleums of the floors and the figured and decorative ginghams of the window curtains. The bathroom, so long the exponent or index number of our civilization, is being lined with colored tiles which are, after all, just as sanitary as the white ones and more restful to the eye, while the tubs and washbasins are exchanging their shapes of bare, cold, characterless efficiency for suggestions of Renaissance and other period designs to which color also adds its cheerful note. These rooms which were once the penetralia of our homes, necessary but ignored, are now show places.

A permanent exhibition of the Crane Company at Atlantic City testifies that open plumbing has become one of the fine arts, with its bathrooms in black and gold, with glass and porcelain wrought in cunning shapes, joining up with the arts of the potter and the glass blower. The evolution of the bathroom is typical. The change from the old tin boxed-in tubs and hand basins to efficiency and sanitation was a practical one. Open plumbing meant cleanliness, and in our pride at our new-found intelligence we rather overstressed the sanitary aspect and produced, as usual, something useful but ugly. Then, as manufacturers realized that there was a new selling argument in beauty and every article of manufacture was being studied from this point of view, it was realized that the necessary furnishings of bathrooms were unusually susceptible of decoration, without sacrificing cleanliness, our first objective. Other trades fell in line. It is possible to obtain towels and soap whose colors match the prevailing tint of the bath-

room, and patterned curtains of waterproof silks for windows or showers.

Perhaps the most thrilling manifestation is what has been done with light. Light simply demands consideration. It adds a beauty of its own to almost anything. Even the tallow candle burning in the night is a beautiful thing. Just as soon as we learned to soften the harsh realistic glare of electricity by means of colored glass, paper, and fabric, and to shape the standards or brackets into beautiful forms, we had a new decorative material of infinite possibilities. The smallness of the wire that carries the current adds to the freedom and plasticity of artistic treatment. The unwieldy nature of gas pipes long delayed the redesigning of lighting fixtures, and gas for light flourished in the age of ugliness. Perhaps nothing more hideous than the old two-pronged ceiling fixture was ever devised.

One might say that, after all, the home and its furniture constituted the natural field for improvements such as these; but what do you think of this? One of the Eastern railroad companies, according to an editorial in the *New York Times*, has just put into service twenty locomotives which are gay in green and gold, with maroon trimmings. One used to hear such expressions as 'the Pullman Palace Car School of interior decoration.' But now, not only do new cars show a consciousness at least of a simpler and better taste than that of the generation in which railway cars were born, but the engine which pulls the train has begun to adorn itself to appeal to a more sensitive public.

An indication of the amenability of railroads to purely æsthetic arguments was the gratifying promptness with which the New York Central accepted the suggestion of the Bronx Parkway Commission about one of its bridges. The normal efficient railway viaduct is two steel I-beams resting on rectangular pieces of concrete. The commission pointed out that such a bridge would be a jarring note among the springing arches and sweeping lines of the parkway bridges. The railroad changed the design of its bridge to one in sympathy with the setting and gained distinction by the act. And, while the act was a gracious and generous one, it was also an economically sound one, merely giving a broader meaning to the word 'service' and interpreting it in the new spirit of the age. These things note the mere beginnings of a movement the ultimate result of which will be that future industrial development will find it unnecessary to disfigure a landscape. Beauty is a greater force in human affairs than steam or electricity, than economics or engineering, and the meeting place of all can be found, for in fact it is being found.

There is behind all these changes simply the desire to sell. Beauty is introduced into material objects to enhance them in the eyes of the purchaser. The appeal of efficiency alone is nearly ended. Beauty is the natural and logical next step. It is in the air. When choice rests between two articles of equal utility, it veers toward the more attractive, as is shown in the case of Fords and Chevrolets. Moreover, in the new contest of beauty the possibilities are greater than in the contest of efficiency. In beauty the sky is the limit.

This remarkable turn of the industrial world toward beauty in design and color is not really a new thing. It is merely the size of the movement that is startling. From the earliest days the making of things followed the same process, but at a slower pace. Each new implement or tool was crude in its first conception, was refined and took on the semblance of design as

soon as its usefulness had reached the maximum. The first wheel, the first jar, the first bench, were not those that we know. The potter made a vessel that would hold water, but he carried the idea no further. It was a second step to realize that the bottle or jar could have a pleasing shape. These little processes of evolution have gone on following the introduction of each new device. But here we are in the midst of an industrial age with new devices, machines, utensils, coming forth in a flood, but going through the same process — first utility, and then beauty added, as each one goes steadily forward to that final happy and pleasing shape which satisfies. In fact, if it is true that there is in all of us an inherent craving for beauty, we may rest confident in the assurance that each new ugly thing that is hurled at us by the machines will, under the softening influence of time, use, demand, and competition, evolve into something better to look at.

IV

The effect of beauty in distributing goods is interesting from its economic aspect when we consider what is coming to be known as 'styling' the goods. When we speak of style, we usually mean a quality which makes a thing popular, with the corollary that popularity will soon cause it to cease to be stylish. Style flourishes best in a civilization in which a small class practises its rites and a large class stands enviously outside, barred by financial considerations and social ignorance from participating. What has happened, apparently, is that many more people have become conscious of style and the style idea has been extended to many more articles than were included in the original indictment.

This means that this new influence on articles of barter and sale is largely used to make people dissatisfied with what they have of the old order, still good and useful and efficient, but lacking the newest touch. In the expressive slang of the day, they 'date.' People buy a new car, not because the old one is worn out, but because it is no longer modern. It does not satisfy their pride. They refurnish the house, not because the old furniture is unable to perform its duties as furniture, but because it is out of date, out of style, no longer the thing. You cannot produce this state of mind by mere efficiency. You cannot make people substitute a new car that runs well for an old car that runs well unless it has some added quality. The new quality must be borrowed from the realms of good taste — smarter lines, newer design, better color, more luxurious upholstery, more art, or at least more taste.

Within strictly material limits the machine apparently can do anything. It is only a question of time when the most perfect motor car made can be reproduced at a fraction of its present cost. Mechanical knowledge is a tangible thing, easily acquired or imitated; but that intangible something which art gives, that creative, imaginative power, has no appreciable limits.

Much of the art influence which is transforming business is what is described, not very lucidly, as the 'new art.' The new art is the product of those men who are determined to break with tradition and produce art exactly as was produced that art which is now the tradition. They believe that art should reflect the age, especially an age which has introduced so many new values. The modern school of artists insists that we must have art that grows out of our life, not out of the life of a dead-and-gone era subject to influences so remote from to-day, and they are producing that art. It is logical that business should prove susceptible to

these new art forms, because, in a way, both are the result of the same set of causes. Both the industrialism and the art are modern. The forces that are making our fast-paced, bright-colored, sharply defined civilization are producing our modern art.

It is also natural that modern art should enter business by the door of advertising. Commercial art began when all art was still subject to the old academic tradition; but, as advertising is the most sensitive and mobile of all business forces, it was the first to feel the innate appropriateness of the new forms to express the spirit of modern industrialism.

When advertising first took up art to help make its message clearer, it was difficult to interest the artist. The artist of that day considered business beneath his contempt. But as time went on better artists became interested because of the greater financial reward, the larger opportunity, the better understanding between manufacturer and artist, the improvement in processes of reproduction; and so a race of artists was developed of remarkable dexterity. At first it was desired only to attain realism, but at length realism as a technique was so mastered that nothing more could be done. The magazines were filled with color pages of honest, sincere, straightforward painting that was, to use a commonplace phrase, lifelike. A dead line was reached, the dead line of excellence. By then the new art had arrived, the school of the more independent artists, trying to shake off bonds of tradition and strike out in new and unknown worlds of imagination, and this impulse was reflected in advertising design. The new art was imaginative rather than realistic. It attempted to suggest rather than to show. And these young men subsidized by business, stimulated by both money and opportunity, have done some very wonderful things, and have gone so far in their advertising creations as to make one wonder whether the public or any great part of the public can follow.

In the creating of this new business art the man who stands first is René Clarke. He was the first to feel its import to business. He has been happiest in finding that meeting point halfway between the utilitarian demands of business and the unlimited and undreamed-of possibilities of an art that is even now creating its own technique. Especially noteworthy has been his skill in creating patterns of compelling beauty of such common homely units as tin cans of vegetable oil, fried eggs, vegetables, rolling pins, and skillets. This power of seeing patterns in new compositions of the things around us has profoundly influenced the designing of book covers, packages, textiles, and even architecture.

One remembers with what a blare of tom-toms the new art burst on this country a few years before the war. In an armory in New York City about fifteen years ago was held a monster exhibition of the first showings of the new tendencies, largely imported, but with some contributions from the more advanced rebels in our own country. That was the time when such names as Piccabia, Picasso, Du Champs, Gauguin, Cézanne, Redon, became known on this side of the ocean. The exhibition was a riot. For days that vast armory was crowded with puzzled, giggling, startled, scornful, unbelieving people, who felt, some of them, as if the familiar world were tumbling about them. Shortly after the exhibition closed there appeared in the newspapers of New York a page advertisement announcing the first showing of gowns influenced by the new art to be made at a series of séances in the

Wanamaker auditorium. The day was cold and rainy, but the four exhibitions crowded that little theatre to its capacity. It was natural that a new art movement should register first in dress fabrics, although it was a little forward-looking to seize so quickly so new an art form. But the astonishing fact is this, that the newer art forms are now being utilized by manufacturers whose goods are remote from those ordinarily influenced by style.

Modern color and design are styling not only products hitherto in the style class — silks, prints, fabrics, textiles, gowns, hats, shoes, and sports clothes — but social stationery, foods, motor cars, building materials, house furnishings, book bindings, interior decoration, furniture, and bric-a-brac.

Some of the new silk designs admirably express the modern spirit. At first glance they appear to be just what they are, sprightly patterns, produced by repeating some simple motif. But the motif, instead of being the old romantic one of a leaf, bird, spray, or scroll, is some bit of our modern life, a map of New York City, a couple dancing the Charleston, 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,' a graph or statistical chart, the windows of skyscrapers at night, or a group of steam cranes. Beauty may be discerned in unexpected places. It already exists even in our machine-made age. The present ingredients are being assembled in new patterns which will eventually change the aspect of the world around us. Design and color are used to give them modernity.

V

You may ask, where are all these evidences of beauty in modern business? If the influence of art on machine-made products is so great, why do we not see more of it? It is true that the production of ugliness still outstrips that of beauty, and the machine works so fast that time must elapse before new standards applied at the source are evident in the distribution.

But the consoling thought for us bystanders is that there is now an economic reason for beauty. Art is indicated as a selling argument. Among other things it means that the artist is going to have a better market for the products of his imagination. Buying pictures to help the artist, or endowing art galleries in order that the public may have an opportunity to see beautiful things, is after all a makeshift. Subsidized art is of its very nature impermanent. It exists only through philanthropy. If art is the vital force in our lives that it should be, it does not need to ask favors. It does not need to depend upon charity. The only art that can survive and grow is art that is related to our life and our needs, and that has a sound economic foundation. It is far better that the world in which we live, our cities, our buildings, and our rooms, to say nothing of our landscapes, should be beautiful with the beauty that comes from appropriateness than that we should buy pictures unrelated to anything in our lives and hang them on our walls, and thus attempt to introduce a little vicarious beauty into ugly surroundings.

The slow but unmistakable turn of industry toward the creative arts means a future stable market for the artist's effort, putting him on a sound economic basis comparable to that of the chemist, the engineer, the economist, the statistician, and the efficiency expert, all of whom have been drafted by business as business grew beyond the specialized skill of the business man.

When a conscious attempt is made to collect and assemble at one place samples in any industry that have

received the benefit of taste in their manufacture, the effect is an impressive one. Each year the American Institute of Graphic Arts holds an exhibition called 'Fifty Books.' Each year that number of books is selected from the products of different publishers, chosen entirely on standards of good bookmaking, with no attention paid to their subject. Not only does each exhibition show that surprisingly good books are being made, but the history of the six exhibitions so far held shows how much the exhibitions themselves have contributed to producing material for future exhibits. The first year only two publishers voluntarily tendered exhibits. With great difficulty and by personal effort enough books were assembled to number fifty. This year 550 books were offered, and the fifty selected were better examples of the art of bookmaking than those shown six years ago. These exhibitions travel from place to place, and are being shown somewhere throughout the year. For the last two or three years it has been necessary to supply three duplicate exhibitions to comply with requests for local showings. Nor is it a purely æsthetic triumph. Publishers who have commissioned such printers as Elmer Adler, Bruce Rogers, or Berkeley Updike to make their books have learned that there is a market for the well-printed book, and have learned especially that better taste applied to the ordinary commercial book has an influence on its sale.

In a larger field the work of the Metropolitan Museum is significant. Some years ago, under the direction of Richard F. Bach, associate in industrial arts, it was arranged that the Museum collections could be used by manufacturers as a laboratory of design. Each year there is held an exhibition of products, made under ordinary commercial conditions, inspired by museum pieces. Like the Fifty Books, each successive exhibition showed a wider range of the creative power of American designers. Recently the restriction that the pieces exhibited should be museum-inspired has been removed, making it possible to introduce examples of the newer art not found in museums, but growing out of the life around us.

Recently the Art in Trade exposition sponsored by Macy's department store in New York City showed examples more in the modern spirit. Here were silks, furniture, upholstery, glassware, pottery, full of the life and movement of modern design and color, shown against backgrounds designed by Lee Simonson, planned in the same spirit, which revealed in a small way what can be done by manufacturers to give their products beauty in harmony with the age.

The significant thing about all three of these exhibitions is that, when commercial products transformed by taste are gathered together, the aggregate is impressive, especially when, as in most instances, the products shown are not exhibition pieces made for a special purpose, but the commercial product which is being regularly manufactured and sold.

There are also other signs that sordid business is awakening to the importance of good taste in creating a wider acceptance for its goods.

The New York Building Congress awards gold buttons and certificates for superior workmanship to workmen in various trades engaged on New York skyscrapers. Now there is talk of forming a group consisting of the financiers who furnish the funds for large buildings, the real-estate men who promote them, and the architects who design them, to exercise some control over the sky line of New York City, and especially to do away with the unæsthetic and stupid practice of building

a tall structure with a front façade facing the street inconsistent with the cheaper treatment of the sides and back. The setback, dictated entirely by expediency to avoid making dark canyons of our streets, has shown promise of great beauty, and it may be that the imaginative conceptions of Hugh Ferriss will some day be realized as actual buildings.

The *New Yorker*, that little weekly which has been making such sprightly comments on the life of our largest city, discusses new buildings in a department of criticism exactly like the older and more conventional departments devoted to other arts, a practice which it is hoped will become general. What is needed most now is intelligent criticism of commercial products, which we are just beginning to have in some quarters, so that there will be a standard of taste, and also that the manufacture of goods may be recognized as an art, as it so easily can be. But while intelligent criticism of this new industrial manifestation is desirable, the real test is the buying and consuming public.

It is by no means beyond the realms of possibility that such organizations as the United States Steel Company, or the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, will have art directors whose work will be to style the products of these concerns in the æsthetic spirit of the age. Already the General Electric Company maintains a committee on beauty, with a representative from each department. That a corporation engaged in manufacturing products of technical and engineering qualities should maintain a research laboratory to follow and develop the scientific possibilities of the things it makes has been an obvious course and excites no surprise, but it is significant that the same ambition that demanded a scientific laboratory should also demand a board of beauty. It means that nothing we make — particularly and especially the things which are the outgrowth of our remarkable mechanical and scientific efficiency — is beyond the need or the possibility of the refining touch of good taste.

It is to be hoped that manufacturers in the search for design to beautify their products will start with a clear conception of what beauty is, especially beauty in an article of use. Beauty is original. It is found in the thing itself. Good design is never imitative. You cannot take it over from something else. You cannot take a Greek temple and make a library, a Renaissance palace and make a railway station. You may produce a beautiful and exotic building, but it will lack the deeper beauty of appropriateness. Good design is produced only by studying the article to be treated, its use, its purpose, so as to shape and color it to suggest unerringly that use and purpose. It must make the thing beautified newly significant. We are helped in this if we are able to observe the beauty that already exists in the industrial world around us. We must acquire the new point of view, aided by the undeniable affinity that exists between some aspects of modern industrialism and some aspects of modern art.

Not only is art influencing business, but business is influencing art. Joseph Pennell, who railed unceasingly at this industrial world of ours, its factories, its advertising, its commercialism, contradicted himself with his etcher's needle by portraying the beauty that so often inheres in the steel skeleton of a skyscraper, or in a steam shovel eating its way into a vast excavation, or in a row of smoke-hung factory chimneys across the evening sky. The surest guide in divining new beauty in machine-made things is to grasp and interpret the beauty they naturally and intrinsically possess.

Before deciding your need of this article, read the article in the Contributor's column in back of Oct. mag.

WELCOME, STRANGER!

A TRIBUTE TO ELLIS ISLAND

BY A GUEST

I

I AM English. My name is Agnes Miller. My home, in Saint-Anne's-by-the-Sea, near Preston, Lancashire, had been broken up by the death of my mother and my health depleted by twelve years as a nurse, beginning with the strenuous years of the war. It was deemed advisable that I have several months of rest and change. England is a sad place for me, for the war took heavy toll among my friends. Relatives, girlhood sweethearts, brothers and husbands of my women friends — so many are gone that under the rouge of our gayest moments there is a complexion of settled sorrow.

I turned toward America, fresh, vital, buoyant young country that she is, her face showing hardly a line of grief, where England's whole visage is haggard from the struggle in which our men fought side by side for a common cause. Your soldiers came over to us, gorgeous youths as fresh as paint, tearing into the war like a football team into a game. And they went home, those that were left, trailing clouds of glory which we do not forget.

Something about those soldiers of yours, a suggestion of pure air, of wide horizons, of peace and a plenty which does not enervate, mingled with memories of a happy American visit some years before, made your shores seem to me the most desirable place in the world for spending a holiday. One of my sisters had gone, with her husband, to live in America, and although he was in the employ of an English firm (Price, Waterhouse and Company, accountants) my brother-in-law had conceived it to be only sportsmanlike to become a citizen and support the country from which he intended to draw sustenance and in which his children would be reared. Such thoroughgoing Americans have they become that we have resented not a little, on their rare visits to England, their attitude of the visitor rather than that of the native Briton. It was to their home in Cleveland that I was going for my vacation.

At first, considering it possible that I might like to live in America near my sister, I wrote to your consul in Manchester asking to be put on the quota. In the very civil letter I received from him I was informed that my name had been entered, but that, owing to the length of the list, it might be a year or possibly longer before I should be called.

As it was imperative that I take a vacation at once, I wrote immediately asking to be removed from the quota and put on the visitors' list. The vice consul promptly replied that this had been done and I set blithely about unwinding the red tape which ties up

foreign travel like yards of ribbon around a Christmas package.

On the twenty-sixth of October I set sail from Liverpool, and, although there were tears in my throat as I saw England fade away in the distance, my heart was high with expectation of the months that lay ahead.

The Cedric is a good boat. As I had heard much commendation of the new arrangements for inexpensive travel, I had taken passage tourist class. The service and cuisine were quite as good as I had been led to expect, and among my fellow travelers were many altogether delightful persons, some from the Continent, but for the most part British and Americans. Our crossing was pleasant but uneventful, and one sparkling afternoon we found ourselves coming into New York.

I was saying good-bye to some acquaintances — old friends, they seemed, after a week of such close companionship — when I heard a young girl say, close beside me, 'Cette place jolie, qu'est-elle?'

It was seventeen-year-old Marie Joliet,[1] who was coming to New York to work in her cousin's dressmaking establishment. The woman she addressed, a big jolly American, understanding, but unequal to replying in French, replied, 'Ellis Island. What do you think of it?'

Marie said that she thought it was lovely, and indeed so did I, as we looked at its clean-cut buildings, its trim gardens. There was something so fair-and-square-looking about its orderliness. I thought how like a fairy dream it must look to the poverty-crushed immigrants who left their old lives behind and came here to build anew. I was leaning against the rail thinking of this when young Vincent lounged up and spoke to me.

'I say, Miss Miller,' he said, 'did you know we're coming in? Are you being met, by any chance?'

'Not by any chance,' I replied, 'but by my friends the Robinsons.'

'That's good,' he said, 'because you'll need a bracer of some kind after the rigmarole of landing in this blessed country.'

'Really?' I said. 'What do you mean?'

'You'll see,' he said, with an air of mock mystery, and lounged away.

The wharf was full of happy people waving, picking out their friends on deck. Passengers were eagerly scanning the crowd for their own dear ones. It had been several years since I had seen the Robinsons, but finally I saw Margery just as she saw me, and we took off the gardenias we had agreed to wear and waved them at each other. Ted called out to know if I could come off at once.

'Oh,' I called back, 'they have n't put us through inspection yet, but I suppose that can't take long.'

'We'll wait here,' he called back, 'and you come off as soon as you can.'

We were all told to go into the dining room and we went, merrily crowding against each other in our excitement and eagerness to reach our waiting friends, to get our land legs under us after the week at sea. We were laughing and talking when we were suddenly made aware of the presence among us of someone issuing orders.

'Come along here and stop laughing,' were his very gracious words. 'If you don't keep quiet I'll keep you here all day. Take off your hats and gloves, stand close, and show your hands.' He wore a black beard and I judged from his accent that he was of Russian extraction. He managed to put into his voice and manner so much that was threatening and disagreeable that I was reminded of the ogres in my childhood storybooks and I was glad

[1] This name has been changed. — The Author

when we had satisfied his demands and were herded into the lounge by our stewards, men who had been our servants on the voyage, become suddenly our unwilling guards.

In the lounge three immigration officials were seated at desks, and, having somewhat regained our spirits as soon as we left the tsar-person behind, we came into this room — some of us, at least — laughing and exchanging little jests. Again we were bidden in no gentle manner to keep still, not to laugh or speak, and to sit down. We were questioned then, one by one, each at one of the three desks. It was my lot to go before a big, dark, clean-shaven man, who was exceedingly disagreeable, to be sure, about the way he put the necessary questions, but who finally said, 'That will do; you can go,' and turned to his next victim.

With a sigh of relief I went to the door and handed my papers to the man who guarded it, one of our dining-room stewards. He looked through them and then said, 'Where is your landing card, Miss Miller?'

'Good heavens,' I said, 'is n't it there?'

'No, Miss Miller. He must have kept it. Did n't he tell you he was keeping it?'

'He said nothing about it. It must be a mistake.'

'It would n't be a mistake. He must have kept it. They're devils to-day, anyhow. I'm sorry, Miss Miller, but you can't land without it.'

'But what shall I do?' I asked. Others were coming up and I was conscious of blocking their way.

'There is nothing to do,' he said. 'You had better go to your quarters and await instructions,' and he turned to the next in line.

On my way to my room I met a White Star man, one of the ship's officers, and appealed to him in my bewilderment.

'Did they detain you? Oh, Miss Miller, I am sorry. And they did n't even tell you why? I say, that's rotten for you. I wish I might do something to help you, but I am utterly powerless here. We are in the hands of the United States Government, and what it does we must abide by. These officials are like wild men if you give them any — what is it they call it? — "back talk."'

'But is there nothing you could do?'

'I should n't mind risking their fury for you if it would do any good, but it would n't. It might even make things harder for you in the long run.'

'But what am I to do? What will this delay mean?'

'Ellis Island, I'm afraid.'

'Ellis Island! But that's absurd. They can't send me to Ellis Island.'

'Perhaps not. There may be some hitch which will be straightened out. I hope so, for your sake.'

II

I went to my cabin. A cheerless place it was, with carpet up and cleaning begun. I realized that I should feel still more forlorn should I be compelled to stay on the ship all night, for my luggage, including my attaché case which contained my toilet articles and nightgown, had gone ashore. Remembering my pleasant impression of Ellis Island as we came in, I was not at the moment so much concerned with the fear of going there as of having to go to bed without using my toothbrush. My steward tried to get my attaché case for me, but was unsuccessful.

It still seemed to me a joke, albeit an increasingly unpleasant one — my being held for no assigned reason outside the country I had come so far to visit and with such innocuous intent.

I was summoned to dinner in time and there found several other Britishers.

Miss Harrison, a naturalized American citizen who had been at home in England on a visit, was held because she could not produce her income-tax receipt for the previous year. She had explained to the officer that it had gone ashore in her trunk, as she had no idea she would need to show it, and he had refused her permission to have it fetched.

Mrs. Enzer, a Welsh woman in the middle fifties, was coming to spend six months with her husband in North Dakota. He had taken out his second papers as an American citizen, and as soon as Mrs. Enzer's mother, back in Ilfracombe, should die she expected to come to America to stay. Meantime they managed an occasional visit when Mrs. Enzer's sister could relieve her of her mother's care. Mrs. Enzer had been warned that she might have some difficulty and had come armed with a five-hundred-dollar bond as surety, but this the immigration officer, for reasons he did not divulge, refused to accept.

One of the first-cabin passengers, a Mrs. Robertson[2] from somewhere in Yorkshire, though she had been on the quota and had with her ample proof that she would not become a public charge, found herself no better off than the rest of us. She was coming to live with her sister and nephew, naturalized Americans, and pursuant to their warning she had brought several thousand dollars to ensure herself against detention at Ellis Island.

Then there was old Mr. Bird, and Vincent, who said he supposed he was held because he was broke. Vincent was an Irish mechanic who worked in Brooklyn. He had gone home to visit his mother, who had sickened while he was in England. The young chap had overstayed his time waiting for her to get better. She died instead, and, what with her funeral expenses and buying his ticket across, he had only a few dollars in his pockets when he arrived in New York and was forced to tell how much he had.

Such was the little group who ate dinner together and then gathered in the library to talk over our situation. The library steward came to me at six-thirty and said, 'Miss Miller, your friends — they are still on the wharf, waiting.'

In my excitement I had forgotten all about them! 'Could you get a note to them, do you think?' I asked him.

He thought he could, so I scribbled that I was detained for some unknown reason and for them not to wait. I was told later that the steward slipped the note into my friend's hand as he brushed by him and said, 'Go outside to read this.' Presently he came back with Ted Robinson's card, on which Ted had written, 'I'll be back in the morning.'

We spent the evening as best we could without even the poor consolation of cigarettes or sweets, for the barber's supplies were under lock and key. Vincent played and sang for us at intervals, for he was a versatile beggar and no poor wit, and bent on doing what he could to lighten the tedium for the rest of us. Despite all his efforts, however, we went rather drearily to bed about eleven o'clock.

Next morning — it was your election day — we were called to breakfast at seven-thirty and then advised that, as the lounge was locked, we should have to wait in the smoking room. There, accordingly, we did wait, and wonder, to the nerve-racking accompaniment of busy winches, what was to be our fate and why.

At lunch a steward came to say that Mr. Bird and Miss Harrison were

[2] This name has been changed. — The Author

wanted. Mr. Bird was presumably set free, for we saw him no more. Miss Harrison came back, almost in tears because of the insulting treatment she had received. She had somehow got her tax receipt and had it ready to show, but the officer before whom she passed refused to look at it. The man behind her in line, an American whom we had known on shipboard, leaned over her shoulder to protest.

'You do not let Miss Harrison explain,' he said. 'She has her paper.'

'What's this man to you?' demanded the officer, and turning to the man he said, 'Why do you take such an interest in this young woman? You'll find it pays to mind your own business.' And with a few more meaningly pointed questions he sent her back to us prisoners, as we were beginning to call ourselves.

By lunch time we were feeling woebegone enough. Where were my friends, and to what inconvenience was my plight putting them? For I knew they would have been busy upon my behalf. What would my sister in Cleveland think at receiving no message from me when the boat landed? A thousand questions to which I found no answer added to my unrest. Only Vincent, of us Britishers, kept up a show of mirth, and all his jokes were tinged with sarcasm and had a tendency to be said from one corner of the mouth and directed at 'the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

After lunch the library steward came to me and reported that Mr. Robinson had been on the wharf since eight-thirty in the morning. I went up to one of the writers from the purser's office and asked if he could get a note to my friend ashore. The lad replied that he thought he could, and when I handed it to him he went over to a sailor and asked him to carry it for me.

At that an immigration officer appeared from nowhere and execrated him roundly for trying to help a detained prisoner to communicate, and threatened to report him and make him lose his job. I took the note and held it open to the officer, saying, 'Please read this, and you will see that the boy was not assisting me in anything nefarious.' No good. He not only refused to read the note, but repeated his threat of dishonoring the lad with his employers.

As soon as he had gone the sailor, who had a middle-aged, shrewd, kindly face, said to the boy, 'Sonny, this means your job. You'd better get to your boss right away and tell your story first.' Then to me he said, 'I think you can talk over the side to your friend if you go to the rail and beckon him to come in close.'

This I managed to do, and Ted shouted how sorry he was for whatever blunder caused me this mess, and that I must not worry. He was doing all he could and would eventually get me out, though I might have to go to Ellis Island before he could accomplish it.

Then I went to the purser's office again and asked if there was any way in which I could send a wire. The writer said he thought not, but just at that moment a Western Union boy came along the deck with his hands full of telegraph blanks and I rushed up to him.

'Could you send a message for me?' I asked.

Yes, to be sure he could. To my sister in Cleveland? Yes. A message would cost perhaps seventy-five cents — he was n't sure. Much relieved, I filled the blank, which would at least reassure Mab. Doubling the fee in order that the boy might be well repaid for befriending a lady in distress, I turned to the youth in the purser's

window for congratulations upon my coup.

To my disappointment he did not seem enthusiastic. 'Did you give him money?' he asked.

'Yes. A dollar and a half. Why?'

'I would n't trust him if I were you.'

My sister never received the wire. Whether the Western Union boy was dishonest, or whether the message was stopped by your system of espionage, I do not know.

We learned that the officials had gone ashore at four o'clock, that it was election day in the States, and that this had something to do with the officers being so surly. They were impatient to get ashore to vote. (Americans always laugh when I tell this. They say that could hardly account for it — that no American takes his voting seriously enough to upset his equilibrium.) We further learned that thirty steerage passengers had been detained and that the people who had come to meet them had caused a near riot the day before, crying, 'Give us our Maggie'; 'I come to get Lizzie O'Malley and she's comin' off that boat or by Saint Patrick — ' shaking their fists in the officers' imperturbable faces.

About five o'clock a man came up to me and asked if I were Miss Miller and I confessed as much, although the air of mystery and ill omen about everything was beginning to get on my nerves and I did not like to admit anything to a stranger.

'Well,' he said, 'Mr. Bartholomew telephoned me to see that you are all right.'

Wearily, I took it for what it was worth. Not very much to me, for I had never heard of a Mr. Bartholomew.

Dinner was a constrained meal, for the immigration officers were present. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

III

Wednesday morning we were given breakfast at seven, and at eight we were marshaled to the gangway and across the pier. We went through the customs and I was able to possess myself of my hand luggage. Then, in charge of two uniformed men, we were herded — cabin passengers, tourist class, and steerage — into a barnlike, miserably unventilated room with paper coming off the ceiling in strips, there to await the ferry for Ellis Island. It was then about eight-thirty and we were told that it might be twenty minutes until the ferry came.

The twenty minutes lengthened into an hour, an hour and a half. It was very hot in the room and the body smells of thirty steerage passengers, unwashed and excited, did not add to our comfort. I began to be dizzy and afraid I should faint, and I asked one of the guards if I might go outside. He said I might and grudgingly designated just where I might wait. I sat on a trunk and there a man came to me to say that Mr. Bartholomew sent word I was to be treated right, but that he was powerless to help me. I was by this time too tired to be mystified by the recurrence of the name of this unknown friend.

We waited three mortal hours for the ferryboat and when it came we were all but shoved aboard, bidden to sit down, and given apples to eat. Ellis Island lay waiting for us, very pretty in the sunlight with its good buildings and its gardens. Miss Harrison whispered to me that it did n't look such a terrible place. She whispered unconsciously, I think, because of a feeling that the guard might have some objection to our little exchange of commonplace remarks.

We were marched, when we reached shore, into a big hall which seemed

quite full of people all sitting disconsolately on benches, as if they were in some newfangled anteroom to Hell. They conversed in hushed voices. I felt sorriest for the children and the mothers with small babies. At four o'clock men came around with baskets of sandwiches and coffee in paper cups. The sandwiches were huge, coarse affairs. Miss Harrison, still at my side, whispered again, 'I can't eat this, Miss Miller, I simply can't.' 'Eat it,' I advised. 'You can't tell when we'll have another chance at food of any kind.' And I ate mine.

About fifteen minutes after that my name was called out: 'Agnes Miller!' and I was directed to go to the second of three desks at the end of the long room. There I was asked some routine questions — what was my profession, where I was trained, how long I intended to stay in America — and given a little ticket which I slipped into my glove, and a square of unprinted orange cardboard which had to be pinned to the lapel of my coat. From there I was sent through a sort of turnstile and upstairs into another huge hall.

This room was provided with benches and the walls were lined with shelves divided into cubicles, wherein we were bidden to put our luggage. The chamber was under the care and dominion of an enormous Negress called the matron. She advised Miss Harrison to put her things on a high shelf so that they might not get wet when the women scrubbed. From this we deduced that they would be there all night. Among the strange faces in the room we saw one familiar to us, that of young Vincent, who beckoned us over to his bench and sat down facing us. 'Siberia at last!' he said, grimacing.

With Vincent was a youth named Fisher, who, like Vincent, had overstayed his time in England because of his mother's death. He faced deportation, but, also like Vincent, put as bright a face on the situation as he could.

We sat and sat, discussing our plight in low tones, until, at five o'clock, a sort of tea was served in the dining room — coffee in cups without handles, thick bread, a kind of thick stew of meat and potatoes. We rallied each other into eating a little of this, and then we were marched back, under guard, to the hall, where we were locked in. There were so many of us by this time that only the women could sit. We were also given a glass of milk and a cracker each at seven o'clock, although the men got none. Then we were herded to bed — eight women to a room — and locked in. We were tired enough to drop and thankful to see that there were a toilet and a bowl for our use, and that on each bed there lay a little square of white cloth for a towel and a tiny cake of white soap.

Unfortunately there was a grating in the ceiling over our heads and someone peered through it every little while — an espionage perhaps necessary if we had been disposed to plot or throw bombs, but not conducive to the comfort of eight weary travelers who by this time asked only the boon of sleep. There were crumbs and hairs in the beds, mute witnesses that others had gone before us there, so we did not undress, but wrapped ourselves in our coats and lay on top of the cots. So exhausted were we that we fell asleep almost instantly, only to be wakened at nine o'clock by a banging open of the door and a raucous voice booming: —

'Everybody here well? Anybody want to see the doctor? Anyone want to see the doctor?'

The gracious individual who thus woke us from our first sleep (it might mercifully have lasted all night but for him) then banged the door to and locked it with a key that grated.

Whether it was he or some other who sat guard by the door all night and blew his nose every few minutes I cannot tell you.

At five-thirty next morning we were ordered to get up, dress, and sit on the benches outside our cubicle, after which we were bidden to follow a guard who led us back to the hall with which we had become familiar the day before. There we met our friend Vincent and learned that he had fared worse than we, because the men had bunks in one big hall where he slept with a Negro above and another below him, with almost every nationality under the sun in the shelves about. At seven o'clock we were called into the dining room and given a plate of scrambled egg, a cup of coffee, and a pear.

There were, we learned, twenty-two cabin passengers detained from the Celia, and as discomfort, like prosperity, makes friends, we fell to chatting with these strangers and heard from them some of their own dilemmas and the story of several notable cases on the Island.

Such was the case of Annie Sweeny, an Irish peasant girl who had come over to America to go into domestic service. Her roommate had developed diphtheria on the voyage and Annie was held in quarantine for two weeks thereafter, at the end of which time she was not only subjected to the usual tests for infection, but was compelled to strip and go before a roomful of doctors, old and young. Wounded in the most sensitive part of her peasant's soul, her sense of respectability, she had refused to pass through this ordeal a second time and had up to date been held nine weeks.

There was a pitifully clumsy man who had two small children to care for. The mother had been taken to the hospital upon arrival in port, and he had not been able to learn the nature of her illness, nor was he allowed to visit her. 'It looks to me,' he said, with an attempt at a smile, 'as if I were doomed to bring these children up on this island.' The little girl's dress was buttoned amiss and every time he tried to right the matter he made a different mistake. The boy, about three, was a ravenous little beast and not content with the breakfast served, so that the father gave him most of his own food.

At eight o'clock we were marched out under guard to take air in the gardens. Not only were we escorted, but there were guards in uniform stationed all about the place. Such a dejected lot were we that I suddenly thought what a life the guards' must be and I asked one of them, who had a human sort of face, 'Do you live here?'

He shook his head and replied, 'Thank heaven, no. Don't wish such a fate as that on me. No one lives here, really. We work in shifts and all go ashore when we're through.'

At ten o'clock — by that time we were again in the big hall — my name was called from the platform and I was preceded down a long corridor by a guard and shown into a small room resembling an English courtroom. The judge's place was occupied by a big bulldog-like man of about thirty, a bobbed and marcelled young woman who appeared to be his stenographer, and an elderly person who turned out to be an interpreter.

The man was smoking a big cigar, which he did not remove while he put questions to the young French girl, Marie Joliet, who had been on the Cedric with us. Marie looked frightfully pale, with blue circles about her eyes, and her slender little figure drooped with dejection. The man, whom the interpreter addressed as Mr. Ryan, put questions through the interpreter, and Marie, her voice so low

that I could not catch her words, replied. She was crying, and that seemed somehow hugely to amuse Mr. Ryan. He turned to the stenographer at one point and said, 'She says she's the man's' — here he put his hand before his face and spoke a word I did not catch, finishing with a great laugh.

The stenographer pursed up her painted lips at him and stuck out her tongue. 'She did not. She said she was his cousin.'

Ryan leaned back in his chair and guffawed, looking at the stenographer. 'I'll bet you a box of candy she said what I said.'

'I'll bet you. Have him put the question again.'

The question was put.

'There!' cried the stenographer with a delighted shriek. 'I get my box of candy!'

Finally they had finished with Marie and let her go. Next came an Irish boy who had been sitting beside me. He had rather a lame story, poor lad, about his visa being blown overboard when he was showing it to someone, and he was, I understood later, deported.

'Agnes Miller!' I was beginning to hate the sound of my name. I went and took my turn where Marie Joliet and the Irish boy had stood.

I was asked how much money I had, whether I had it on me, and who my banker was. Also where I took my nurse's training. The answer, 'Manchester,' satisfied, although there are so many hospitals in Manchester that even the astute Mr. Ryan could have learned nothing from that reply.

Finally he deigned to say, 'Well, you'll have to stay here until your sister comes from Cleveland and puts up bond for you.'

'But,' I said, 'if you'll only wire her, my brother-in-law will be glad to put up bond.'

'That won't do. Go back to the bench and sit down.'

I was desperate and took a chance. Surely the Robinsons were here on the Island by this time. 'But,' I said, 'there is someone here who will put up bond for me, if you will only call him.'

He beckoned to one of the attendants by the door and gave him an order. The attendant went out and presently returned with the Robinsons and a man I later learned to be Mr. Wilson from the firm of Price, Waterhouse and Company. They were not allowed to speak to me, nor I to them, but Margery signaled to me as best she could, while the men were in conference with Mr. Ryan, that all would be well. It seems that Ted Robinson's bond, offered the first day, was not acceptable because he was an Englishman. Another friend, Mr. Houston, was refused for the same reason. Mr. Wilson's bond was satisfactory.

Though I was a little reassured by Margery's signal, it was with a sinking heart that I saw my friends leave that little chamber, and I sat for another three-quarters of an hour on my bench with no more intimation of what was to be done with me. At the end of that time I was sent into another room, where a man who spoke a most broken English (indeed the crevasses in it were such that I could barely understand his meaning and I have n't a remote idea from what race he derived) deprived me of my orange ticket and gave me a green one.

Lunch was served in the dining room, and after that all the detainees except Mr. Fisher and me were called back — to the courtrooms, I suppose. Mr. Fisher had not yet been heard. We waited and waited, and finally I asked a charwoman who was busy about the benches what I was supposed to do now. She said, 'You'll have to ask the matron, miss.'

I looked at the noncommittal visage of the colored matron and decided to wait without asking.

At about two o'clock an officer appeared with a telegram in his hand and called out my name. When I answered he told me to get my luggage and follow him. This I did and found myself back again in Ryan's audience room, and lo, there were Mrs. Enzer and the unlucky Vincent, jingling his insufficient coins in his pocket and making a wry face over the situation, but still with a ready joke on his Irish tongue.

Mr. Ryan looked up and saw me, then crooked a finger at one of the wardens by the door. The man bent over his superior's desk and received an order, then came to me and told me that if I would follow him he would lead me to my friends. I bade my fellow prisoners good-bye and better luck and followed my guide outside, where Margery, Ted, and Mr. Wilson received me with open arms. It transpired that Mr. Bartholomew was the commissary for the White Star Line, a client of Price, Waterhouse and Company.

Thus, after a penal servitude the cause of which no inquiries have been able to elicit, I was made free of America for the four months I had so innocently planned to enjoy.

Do you wonder that the keen edge of my pleasure in coming was rather sadly dulled; that the nerves I had come over to rest were so much worse that I involuntarily dodged behind Ted Robinson at sight of a man in khaki, saying, 'Don't let him get me!' like a frightened child?

I had a charming time in your country and met many charming people, but not even their kindness can ever quite obliterate the impression of your national hospitality gained while I sojourned, a guest, on your beautiful Ellis Island.

PERSHING[1]

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

THE phrase 'a 100-per-cent American' has become both a description and a motto since the war. If General Pershing was not the prototype, he deserves to be — for it fits aptly both as a description of him and as a motto for him.

Born on September 13, 1860, near Laclede, Missouri, John Joseph Pershing was destined to as astonishing a rise from the nadir of lowliness to the zenith of power as Joffre, first commander in chief of the other great republic. And like Joffre this product of democracy was essentially undemocratic. His early years were a perfect fulfillment of the popular picture of the self-made man — as a boy, improving his education in hours snatched from work, then taking a course at the Normal School at Kirksville while supporting himself by teaching in a children's

[1] 'Joffre,' the first paper in this series, was published in July. — THE EDITORS

school. Law was his aim, but arms his fate, for, hearing of a competitive examination for the United States Military Academy at West Point, he turned aside to try for, and seize, the chance of a career free of apprenticeship costs. If the prize seemed likely to be small, the stake was nought.

More mature than most of the cadets, with the habit of command already ingrained through his teaching experience, he was elected president of his class as a freshman, then selected by his officers as corporal after a year, first sergeant the next, and in his last year first captain in the Corps of Cadets. These appointments were proofs more of character than of book knowledge. Physically tough, morally hard, he had come out on top in a rough-and-tumble school of youth, and he inspired more respect than affection. Even when, on graduating, he attained the dignity of commissioned rank, he did not hesitate to cure one case of insubordination with his fists. This, like the incident when, as a general in the pursuit of Villa, he pushed his way into the mess line among the soldiers for a plate of beans and cup of coffee, was later glorified as an instance of democratic habits. In reality it was merely an example of his unceremonious way of going straight for what he wanted by the shortest route and regardless of other people.

This unceremonious, or self-centred, instinct remained with him when he became a world figure and created many shocks in the politer atmosphere of Europe, where opinions might be as frank but were less so in expression. There were times when the language barrier was of value as a buffer. Even in smaller matters Pershing's ways were disconcerting. His disregard of time and appointments was proverbial. If he arranged to dine with one of the Allied commanders in chief, he thought nothing of keeping him waiting for hours. Pétain, fortunately, came to regard him as an interesting and highly original object for study, while Haig merely went on with his meal. Again, at a ceremonial arrival at a station, — Bucharest, it is said, — where royalty was waiting on the platform to greet him, Pershing was seen by the horrified station master to be in shirt sleeves, shaving. With a promptness which stamped him as a born diplomatist the station master ordered the train to be backed out until Pershing had completed his toilet.

Yet, if a 'rough diamond,' in his cadet days at West Point as in France later he had one aspect in curious and softened contrast — his love of dancing and of dances.

Graduating from West Point in 1886, he was commissioned in the Cavalry and passed almost directly to active service in the campaign against Geronimo, the notorious Apache chief, wherein he earned a mention in dispatches. Henceforward he was to take part in many of those little guerrilla campaigns which were the American officer's sole practical training for the command of the vast forces of 1918, and to win more commendations than any of his contemporaries. Pershing, however, had one interlude of a different nature. After heading a rescue party to save some cowboys from the Indians in 1889 and being in charge of Indian scouts in the Sioux rising of 1890, he retired for four years to the more peaceful occupation of being military instructor at the University of Nebraska, and utilized his spare time to graduate from the law school. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War he was back again at West Point as an assistant instructor, but resigned in order to serve with a cavalry regiment in Cuba, where he not only won more 'mentions' but attracted the attention

of Theodore Roosevelt and drew this tribute from his Commander: 'I have been in many fights, through the Civil War, but Captain Pershing is the coolest man under fire I ever saw in my life.' Twenty years later a member of Congress cast the slur that he had never seen Pershing within sixty miles of the front in France — an imputation that was hotly resented by many who had seen Pershing at the front and knew the difficulty which his staff had met in trying to hold him back from unnecessary exposure.

With the end of the Spanish-American War, Pershing had a chance to show that he possessed more qualities than mere bravery and energy. Sent to the Philippines, he found time from the trivial job of commanding a troop of cavalry to study the ways of the Moros, a savage and fanatical tribe of Mohammedans who were the terror of Mindanao and regarded as too intractable ever to civilize. His association with them and interest in a matter outside the beaten paths of routine caused jealousy and disapproval among his fellows — until an emergency came. Then this mere captain was called to take a general's rôle and to be not only military commander but administrator of the district where lay the Moro country. By the blend of military force with diplomacy and unexpected sympathy, helped greatly by the fact that he could negotiate with the Moros without the intervention of an interpreter, he brought order into that turbulent country. President Roosevelt paid him the rare tribute of citing his name in a message to Congress, and sought to find a loophole in the hard and fast regulations by which he could be given special promotion. To change regulations is hard enough, but this required the passing of new legislation in Congress, and in the meanwhile Pershing went out as military attaché to Tokyo. He was just in time for the Russo-Japanese War and was promptly detailed to accompany the Japanese forces in Manchuria, enduring the mortification of being a captain forty-four years of age among foreign generals hardly his senior.

But at last Roosevelt, tired of waiting for the slow machinery of Congress to enable him to give Pershing a step up the ladder of promotion, used his power of creating brigadier generals, but no less, to raise Pershing at a bound to this exalted rank — over the heads of eight hundred and sixty-two of his seniors. It was another example of the common experience, in England as in America, that the only hope of radical reform in the military forces lies in the chance of a dominating personality, seriously interested in military progress, as the political chief — the soldier chiefs have rarely the instinct or the power to break the entwining coils of red tape.

Pershing's jump in promotion naturally caused widespread jealousy, which found an explanation satisfying to its meanness in the fact that before sailing for Japan Pershing had married the daughter of Senator Warren of Wyoming, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. It was conveniently overlooked that he had not even met his future bride at the time President Roosevelt cited his services in the message to Congress. Nevertheless the innuendoes were so general that Roosevelt found it necessary to intervene with a statement that 'to promote a man because he married a senator's daughter would be infamy; to refuse him promotion for the same reason would be equal infamy.'

On his promotion Pershing returned to the Philippines as commander of the department of Mindanao and governor of the Moro province — there to complete his work of subjugation and

reconciliation. From the Philippines he passed to the command of a brigade at San Francisco, but when trouble developed on the Mexican border his record made it natural that he should be sent thither. While absent on this duty a disastrous fire broke out in the Presidio, the military headquarters at San Francisco, in which his wife and three daughters lost their lives. It was well for him that duty soon called him to an arduous task in which he could work off his emotion. This was the punitive expedition into Mexico in pursuit of the bandit leader Villa, who had crossed and ravaged the American border. Hampered by the difficulties of the country and obstructed by Carranza's nominal government, Pershing's strenuous and relentless pursuit was finally frustrated by his own government, and on President Wilson's orders he had first to halt and then to withdraw. In such a country such a wavering attitude not only encouraged defiance but imposed an unfair strain on the military commander. But a marked feature of Pershing throughout his career was a loyal and unquestioning acceptance of the dictates, however incomprehensible and irritating, of his superiors. Few would have accepted a task almost foredoomed to failure by its restricting conditions, but Pershing's instinct of obedience was so absolute that he gave the impression that he would sacrifice anything, even his men, rather than disobey an order.

As he was a man of undeniable ambition, this rigid subordination of himself, uncommon among men of such strong personality, probably sprang less from belief in the infallibility of authority than from a farsighted wisdom — smoothing the way for his own ascent. His combined tractability and efficiency won him favor in the eyes of President Wilson. Promoted major general, Pershing was appointed early in 1917 to succeed, on the death of Funston, to the supreme command on the Mexican border. And in May, after the entry of the United States into the World War, the President announced that Pershing was to go to Europe in command of the American forces. It was to be a dramatic change, particularly in scale, from his previous experience. To pass from guerrilla expeditions in jungle, mountain, and desert to the vast siege in progress — or stagnation — on the French front was a contrast so utter as to leave him destitute of any foundation of knowledge on which to build.

Fortunately he had partaken of other kinds of experience — building roads and schools in the jungle, maintaining a line of communications in hostile territory, bringing order into the disorder of a land occupied by an obstinate and insurgent people.

However different in degree from his new task, this experience had made him a trained administrator; he had acquired the habit of organization with the will and knack to get his plans carried into effect. There is even some ground for the verdict that his unmilitary experience had fitted him for the command in France as much as his military experience had unfitted him.

II

At the end of May, Pershing sailed for France on the Baltic with the nucleus of his newly gathered staff, leaving a semiparalyzed War Department, clogged by its own antiquated machinery and overwhelmed by its unforeseen responsibility, to send on material enough to build a shanty while he was erecting the framework of a military skyscraper. To chide the home authorities for their inadequate and dilatory measures might only lead to the wreck of his dream and the downfall

of himself. It was better that the pressure on them should come gradually from public opinion, growing uneasy over the delay, than from him; meanwhile the Allies must do their best to hold the pass. The latter had imagined that the United States would produce troops in the manner of a conjurer producing rabbits from his hat; instead they found Pershing ploughing the soil and sowing seeds with all the deliberation of a Middle-West farmer who reckons in months, not in hours, waiting tranquilly for the ultimate ripening of his crops. If they were disconcerted by the contrast between their conception of their new ally as a high-speed 'hustler' and the extreme deliberation which they found to be the reality, it was partly because they did not realize the difference between raising an army and using a navy already in existence, and partly because of the difference of outlook and temperament between a General Pershing and an Admiral Sims. If Sims's object was to win the war anyhow, Pershing's was, so it seemed, to win it with an American army stamped with the Pershing seal. If personal ambition was a factor, there are side lights which suggest loftier and more far-reaching motives — to hand down to his country a tradition of military pride, to awaken her to a realization of her own power, to establish the permanent foundations of a national army.

When he settled down to his task after the arrival celebrations were over, — an infliction personally distasteful which he had accepted in deference to the French desire to gain the full benefit of this moral tonic, — he early revealed the keynotes of his policy. It is interesting to recall the impression he made upon his new Chief of Staff, Harbord. 'He is very patient and philosophic under delays from the War Department' — although it took days and even weeks to get a reply to his cables and even to pass them from one branch to another of that archaic establishment. 'He is playing for high stakes and does not intend to jeopardize them by wasting his standing with the War Department over small things.' Further, the Chief of Staff found him 'very cautious' and concerned with detail to such an extent as to edit and alter every cable and letter that was put to him for signature. 'It is a good precaution, but one which can easily be carried to a point where it will waste time better employed on bigger things.' But, as evidence from every quarter confirms, 'his great fault is the utter lack of any idea of time' — time-blind as others are color-blind. If his concern with detail, most marked in the early stages, was partly inspired by his aim of getting all his staff to think and act as replicas of himself, in order that when the hour of trial came he might be freed from detail, his lack of a sense of time was prejudicial to his own policy. For allies could not but feel that a man who arrived casually at midnight for a dinner fixed at six o'clock would be likely to arrive on the battlefield when the battle was lost. This feeling inevitably led them to question arguments of his for going 'slow but sure' which were outwardly sound; and by creating justifiable uneasiness this defect increased friction, whereas the very incompatibility of his policy with the Allies' immediate needs urged the need of diminishing the other and unnecessary causes of friction. That, despite this, Pershing carried his policy through is a testimony to the strength and force of his character — all the more because he had to deal with men also strong and stubborn in the Allied armies.

When Clemenceau sent a hint, for dissemination, to the French Ambassador at Washington that Pershing and

Pétain did not get on well, Pershing, hearing of it, wrote direct to Clemenceau, telling him bluntly that he had spread a wrong impression. This rebuke from a mere soldier to the chief of an allied state, especially when that chief was Clemenceau, deserves to go on record as one of the boldest acts of the war. Bearding the 'Tiger' might well replace the familiar phrase about 'bearding the lion in his den.'

And, with all his caution toward Washington, Pershing did not fear responsibility. Harbord tells how, not long after his arrival, he placed an order for $50,000,000 worth of aircraft without obtaining authority, because he thought Washington was too slow. It is a further side light on his methods that he did not cable word of having given this order until it was too late for Washington to countermand it. Similarly, his cable of July 6, 1917, 'Plans should contemplate sending over at least a million men by next May,' and his full project of July 11 which visualized an ultimate expansion to three million, were severe jolts to the War Department, still thinking of a limited-liability war.

The work of building the organization for the army of his vision was a stern test both of Pershing and of his judgment in choosing men — an essential quality in a great leader. As Harbord aptly remarked: 'Officers whose lives have been spent in trying to avoid spending fifteen cents of government money now confront the necessity of expending . . . millions of dollars — and on their intellectual and professional expansion depends their avoidance of the scrap heap.' Pershing's achievement was a tribute not merely to himself but to America — that its atmosphere, or its geography, breeds men with the habit of thinking 'big' and with a mental elasticity that can survive even the restrictions which its army life imposes.

Pershing, unlike other famous commanders, was neither a puppet in the hands of a clever staff nor an artist of war relieved of organizing cares by technical experts so that his mind might dwell in contemplation of what Saxe termed 'the sublime branches of the art of war.' Pershing had proved himself an organizer and administrator in the Philippines and in Mexico, yet even so the quickness with which his mind expanded to the scale of the World War is a greater miracle than the war expansion of America, which was full of men accustomed by their civil training to 'big business.' And if, when the foundations were laid, he handed over the execution to others, while retaining control, he was but fulfilling the principle on which alone a great organization, once started, can be run. If he gave his subordinates shorter shrift than in the armies of the Allies, he also gave them a freer hand while they held their posts. If this method led to mistakes, it also sifted the grain from the chaff in quick time.

Moreover, he had a real knack in picking his men and a catholicity of selection unusual in the professional soldier. If the choice of Dawes, one of history's most versatile handy men, as purchasing agent of all supplies for the American forces, and later as member and moving spirit of the Military Board of Allied Supply, was the most apt example, Pershing's utilization of the brains of some of the younger professional soldiers in important staff appointments was almost as notable. So also was the use he made of Robert Bacon — former banker, Secretary of State, and ambassador — as his personal liaison officer, for Bacon did more than almost any man to oil the grating machinery of the Allied armies. This friction, often intense, was inevitable

because of the difficulty of reconciling Pershing's policy and America's interests with the immediate interests of her allies. It is absurd to pretend that the motives of any nation are inspired purely by quixotic chivalry. Even in the best, honor and self-interest are mingled, and their rulers would be unworthy of their responsibility if it were otherwise. If in August 1914 many in England called for war out of loyalty to the Entente, and would have gone to the aid of France even if their country had held back, as did numerous Americans; if the mass of England's citizens in taking up arms thought of nothing beyond the pledge to safeguard outraged Belgium and preferred war to the forfeit of this honor, even this is a lofty and enlightened form of self-interest. There is, nevertheless, no question that the wiser heads realized with equal force the menace of a triumphant Germany.

Honor, prestige, prosperity — who can disentangle them? Thus in 1917–1918, if it was natural that France and England, strained almost beyond endurance, should urge that the American drafts be infused into their depleted ranks, and logical that such a combination of new blood and a tried organization would give quicker results, it was also natural that America should decline to lose her identity and sacrifice her national pride by such a merging — tacit avowal of inferiority. And Pershing could also counter logic with a proverb rooted in experience, that 'no man putteth new wine into old bottles; else the new wine will burst the bottles, and be spilled.' Troops will endure much mishandling from commanders of their own nationality, but patience is soon strained when things go wrong under a foreign command. If America's allies had reason on their side in this controversy, Pershing had human nature on his, in claiming that American troops should be under American command.

III

In the study of Pershing's uncompromising advance toward his own goal lies the main historical interest of his first year in France. Grant is held up as history's great example of a man who, having fixed his goal in his own mind, pursued it unswervingly and with almost unique pertinacity despite all obstacles — and without hesitating over the cost. Pershing, who had other points of resemblance to Grant, maintained his purpose with a determination at least equal to that of Grant, and under difficulties greater in all respects save only that Grant had to drive a tired, Pershing a fresh, steed. Where Grant had a Lincoln behind him, Pershing had far less resolute and clear-sighted support. And Grant had no allies to complicate his problem. A cynic might even say that the war for Pershing consisted of fifteen months' fighting at the rear and two months' fighting at the front.

The first storm signals were hoisted when Joffre, in the flush of his triumphant tour of the United States which coincided with America's entry, was named to 'collaborate' with Pershing. The French had conceived the idea of rejuvenating their exhausted military body by grafting on the gland of America's youth, an operation that would have the advantage of putting an old head on young shoulders, if incidentally it would also contribute to French prestige. Soon after Pershing's arrival in France, Joffre and his entourage made their appearance at Pershing's headquarters, to be welcomed as honored guests. If this treatment appeared to satisfy Joffre, his staff soon showed that they had expected less honor and more consultation, to

become part of the family, not merely guests, and began to ask when the collaboration was to be discussed. But Pershing had 'no thought of engaging any nurse for himself, not even so eminent a one as Joffre.' When this attempt at 'infiltration' was seen to be a failure, the French began a series of more direct advances, reënforced by the fact that they had to supply so much of the material to equip the American troops and even their training camps and schools, which seemed to establish some claim to a voice in the control.

It may be thought, in view of subsequent troubles in repeating the mistakes made by their allies in 1914–1916, that the American leaders were too chary in accepting advice based on experience, but it may also be said that the French would have been wiser not to push their opinions so forcibly down American throats. Most of the Americans came to France willing to learn, but they were sensitive to the suspicion of being patronized. The British, in France at least, seem to have been wiser, or more reserved, and usually waited until their advice was sought.

But the suspicion of patronage was accentuated by the still stronger suspicion of the object behind it — that of merging the American troops in the French army, and so bringing to nought Pershing's dream of a great American army striking the decisive blow. He was willing to examine the French and British systems, to take from each points that he liked, but the finished model was to be definitely American, for good or ill.

With a conflict of aims between two such strong men and blunt speakers as Pétain and Pershing, an explosion had to come before a settlement was possible. Despite polite rebuffs and obvious hints that they were unwanted, the French strove to keep a finger in the pie by creating numberless 'missions,' until Pershing, losing patience, gave an unmistakable warning of the futility of their efforts by a peremptory refusal of the offer to give him a tactical adviser. It was then that a new method of indirect attack was tried, instanced in Pétain's criticisms to Colonel House of the American system of training and in Clemenceau's letter to Washington. All failed against Pershing's solid front; but if Pershing and Pétain came gradually to respect each other's determination, bickering between the staffs was not extinct.

The British hardly came into the tussle until later; they were not in need of man-power until after the campaign of 1917, when they had exhausted themselves in maintaining the war almost single-handed. The British Government, with the submarine danger past its worst, then offered to supply the ships to bring over one hundred and fifty battalions to be trained and merged in the British forces. General Tasker Bliss, the American member of the military committee of the Supreme War Council, was in favor of this scheme, but Pershing was only willing to use it as a means to his end, and stipulated that complete divisions should be brought over. Despite the gloomy prediction of his allies, his own view was that 'nothing yet justifies our relinquishment of our firm purpose to form our own army under our own flag. . . . There is no reason for scattering them among the Allies as divisions, much less as replacements, except in a crisis of sheer necessity.' That crisis came sooner than he anticipated. The haze of discussion was swept away by the sudden blast of the German offensive on March 21. Faced with the imminence of disaster, Pershing not merely accepted the supreme command of Foch, with the President's approval, but in the generous emotion of the

moment offered him the use of the American troops in France to dispose as he willed, unlimited by any conditions — perhaps realizing that in pursuit of his ideal he had underrated the immediate reality and risked the issue of the war. At the end of March there were five American divisions in France, but in response to the urgent and united appeal of the Allies the dispatch of troops was raised to 300,000 a month — nearly as many as had arrived during the previous twelve months.

This mood of Pershing's passed sooner than the crisis. Lord Reading had obtained from the Washington authorities a promise to send over only infantry and machine-gunners — liquid cement to fill the ominous cracks in the Western Front. Pershing demurred, and as a result of a conference with Lord Milner, the Secretary of State for War, arranged that this stream should only continue until May, and thereafter be regulated to a flow of organized divisions. Happily, by then the worst danger was averted, however narrowly, and Pershing's ideal could develop unchecked into a reality.

His principle of a separate and independent American army was related to another, the two forming the twin pillars of his policy. This second principle, a tactical one, was that of training his men for a war of movement with the rifle as the dominant weapon. The historian may feel less certain that on this point Pershing was serving the interests of his country. Pershing, and most of his officers, bred on open fighting, were aghast at the way in which the other armies, especially the French, had become immersed in trench warfare. Bred also on the rifle, they ascribed this immersion not to its true cause, the battlefield mastery of the machine gun, but to the excessive use of grenades and other trench weapons, and were confirmed in this opinion by the efforts that they found were being made by the British command to develop the use of the rifle afresh. This appeared to them much more significant than the development of the tank, which might be regarded as merely another trench-warfare device.

Further, they connected the loss of offensive spirit, which they found so marked among the French, with the prevalence of trench warfare and of trench weapons. Both assumptions were true in part, but only the lesser part. For trench warfare and trench weapons had arisen because riflemen could no longer make headway against machine guns.

Inspired by the right idea, but based on false premises, Pershing established the cult of the rifle in the new American army. And believing that it was possible to break through the trench front, given troops full of the offensive spirit, he trained his men for open warfare and attack with all the fervor which the French had shown before 1914. He realized that it would mean heavy sacrifices, but he felt that he had an ample draft of man-power to stake with — so had the French in 1914. In his advocacy of what was sometimes termed the 'Brusiloff system,' — getting men killed in order to get the war over quickly, — he did not appreciate that Russia, France, and Britain had all held the same faith; the first was now bankrupt, the second almost, and the third severely shaken. It was fortunate for Pershing that he had to face the Germans of 1918, not of 1914. If his policy was based on a balanced appreciation of this difference he could claim to be justified by the result, yet fate had an ironical last word, for he thereby thwarted the aim of his own policy of striking the decisive blow, in 1919, with an American army of his own creation taking the major share in the overthrow of the enemy.

IV

His emphasis on the rifle and his belief that victory in modern war could be won by weight of infantry were to have a marked influence on his strategy in the day when at last he was able to turn from organization to command in battle. In the sphere of strategy he thought clearly and directly, if not deeply, and his choice of the ultimate American battleground was fixed in his mind soon after his arrival in France. The British were committed to operations in Flanders and north-eastern France, an area which for all its handicaps — mud especially — was nearest to their home base and gave them the shortest line of communications through the Channel ports. The French offensive operations had all been conducted in the sector in front of Paris, and it was natural that they should concentrate to cover this vital centre. But the easterly sector facing and flanking Metz was obviously the Germans' most sensitive point, because a thrust there had only a short distance to penetrate before it imperiled the whole German front in France — by cutting the eastern end of the great lateral railway from Metz to Maubeuge and closing the Germans' exit of retreat east of the wooded Ardennes region. Moreover, it promised the vital economic effect of releasing the Briey iron region and threatening the Saar basin, upon which the enemy largely depended for his munitions. The choice of this sector, too, was the natural one for the Americans, because it clashed least with their allies' lines of communication and was easiest of access from their base ports in southwestern France.

Pershing had long to wait before his project could mature. On May 28 the 1st Division came into action at Cantigny, to cut the first notch of its splendid tally; early in June the 2nd Division at Château-Thierry helped to cement the breach made by the enemy's great drive to the Marne; in July and August nine American divisions took part in the counterstroke which marked the tilting of the scales on the Western Front. At last Pershing was able to summon back most of his scattered divisions to engage in the first All-American operation — the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient. Characteristically he made more than ample provision of force for the task. He was right to do so, for a failure would have been a moral disaster, and would have been hailed by the critics as pricking the bubble of his presumption in insisting upon independent command. Prepared with great care and with a secrecy remarkable in a raw army, delivered with a great superiority of force, both in American infantry and in French guns, the converging blow achieved its geographical object of pinching out the salient. If it failed to cut off the retreat of the enemy in the salient, it was not the first Allied stroke which had failed, through delay in orders and blocks behind the front, to reap the material fruits of success.

The strategic exploitation was a bigger issue. Pershing, with forces far larger than he needed for the task and composed of tried divisions, had wished to make the capture of the St. Mihiel salient a stepping stone to an advance toward Metz and the German rear flank. He gained Foch's agreement and the Allied Commander in Chief framed a plan whereby the British were to attack the Hindenburg Line and advance northeast toward Maubeuge, the French to push northward from Champagne, while the Americans were striking northeastward through Metz. Haig strongly disagreed with this divergent direction of advance and

urged that it was essential that all attacks should converge on the main German armies so that each might react more closely on the others. He persuaded Foch to this view, and accordingly the American sector of advance was changed to the Meuse-Argonne, where it would be nearest to the great lateral railway through Mézières and Sedan. Thus the St. Mihiel attack was strictly limited to the reduction of the salient, and Pershing even felt bound by his instructions, from Foch, to refuse Liggett's 1st Corps permission to exploit their opening success by advancing against the *Michel Stellung*, the base line of the salient.

This strategic tug of war between Haig and Pershing, with Foch as the rope, is not easy to judge. It is an obvious principle that a converging attack has greater chances and is more likely to produce immediate results than a diverging attack. Thus Haig had justification in military principles as well as in the need to ease the formidable task of the British in assaulting the ill-famed Hindenburg Line. But Pershing could argue that he was fulfilling the Napoleonic method of thrusting at the enemy's rear, and that success here might have a still more far-reaching effect than a converging advance. It depended, however, on a penetration far deeper and swifter than any yet imagined on the Western Front, and with an untried army this was surely a remote hope. Pershing would seem in this matter, as over the rifle, to have placed more reliance on faith and tradition than on experience.

The outcome was contrary to both opinions. For the British attack broke through the Hindenburg Line, against odds of nearly three to two in force, before the Meuse-Argonne attack had drawn off any enemy divisions from its front. And the Meuse-Argonne attack failed to break through, with odds of five to one in force. Thus the event proved that there was no need to ease Haig's attack and that it was not possible to fulfill his idea of cutting off the German retreat by a converging advance toward the Ardennes and the lateral railway. And it also proved that Pershing was unduly optimistic of his troops' capacity to sweep rapidly through the German defenses. Yet, in justice to him, it must be emphasized that he had scant time to prepare the Meuse-Argonne attack and to shift his centre of gravity to the new sector; he was thus forced to use only the higher staffs and not the troops tried out at St. Mihiel, and to employ mainly fresh divisions for his Meuse-Argonne blow. Despite their gallantry, these paid heavily for their inexperience, if also for the system and the staple weapon on which their training was based. Their severe check was also due to the Germans' repetition of the method of elastic defense — with the real resistance some miles in rear — for which the attackers were unprepared. Thus they ran into this cunningly woven belt of fire when their initial spurt was exhausted and their formation disordered.

Under such difficulties it was largely due to Pershing's driving force that the attack was sustained and continued to make headway, if slow, until October 14. He then handed over the command of the First Army to Liggett, giving Bullard command of the newly formed Second Army, under his higher control. If the loss was exorbitant, it was strategically balanced by the fact of drawing in many of the Germans' last reserves. It was also largely due to his drastic, even ruthless, action in changing commanders who had lacked driving force that the way was paved for the triumphant resumption of the advance on November 1.

Reviewing the course of the war's last phase it would seem beyond doubt that Pershing was unfairly tried, that an exploitation of the St. Mihiel stroke by an advance toward Metz, with the 'blooded' divisions and long-standing preparations which he used at St. Mihiel, would have made better progress than the Meuse-Argonne advance. Even so, however, it could hardly have made the rapid penetration which was essential to fulfill his strategic aim. Thus the ultimate verdict on his strategy, as on his training doctrine, must be that it was more idealistic than realistic. Like the French, in the early phase of the war, it foundered on the rock of machine guns. He thought that he was spreading a new gospel of faith when actually it was an old faith exploded. This was the one flaw in the great structure he had built.

It may even be said that he omitted but one factor from his calculations — German machine guns — and was right in all his calculations but one — their effect. It was the abrupt discovery by his troops of this omission which shook their initial trust in him, and led to some of the sweeping unjust post-war criticisms. This change of attitude was typified in a story which was widely told. In a column of American troops on the march a voice was heard saying, 'Pershing says he'll take Metz if it costs a hundred thousand lives.' Silence for a moment. Then another voice: 'Ain't he a damned generous guy.'

Yet even this remark has an undercurrent of chastened yet grudging admiration which is a tribute both to the driving force of Pershing and to the fortitude of his men. He lacked the personal magnetism which can make men lay down their lives gladly — he was far from a Robert E. Lee. But he had the character which compelled men not only to die but to work, cursing him, perhaps, but respecting him. He was hard, but life had tried him hardly, and if he gave affection to few it was generous when given — to those who had shown themselves *men* by his high standard. When he visited the battlefields after the war he stood silent awhile before the monument on the mound at Montdidier dedicated to the First American Division. At length, in a voice husky with emotion, he said, 'That was the best damned division in *any* army.' It was a tribute from the heart.

As for his achievement, it is sufficient to say that there was probably no other man who would or could have built the structure of the American army on the scale he planned. And without that army the war could hardly have been saved and could not have been won.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF THE CATHOLIC MIND

BY SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN

THERE is a story told of a venerable priest who, as he lay dying not long since, declared to his sorrowing friends that when Saint Peter asked him what title he had to salvation he would declare his only claim to be that he was not responsible for a single conversion to the Catholic Church. Of course, in strict theology God alone is responsible for the gift of faith, so that there lurks a profound truth behind the old priest's paradox. The dealings of God with the reluctant and fugitive soul are likened by Francis Thompson to pursuit by a celestial hound. For a man to pursue a soul as God does, if it were not impossible, would be blasphemous. The man who had caught such a soul would, as I hope presently to show, have made himself possibly responsible for the most intricate and subtle of human sufferings — the possession of what one knows to be the true religion.

One hears much of the consolations of religion. It is a familiar phrase of disapproving elderly ladies whose nephews have embraced odd sects: 'Oh, well, if it makes you happy, I suppose it is all right.' Remarks of this sort reveal, it would seem, a profound misunderstanding of the essential character at least of the Christian dispensation. Though the yoke be easy and the burden light, yoke and burden they remain nevertheless, and as the years go on the average human soul is apt to find them nearly intolerable. The imitation of Christ, which is the key to the Christian life, includes a crucifixion and a desolation certainly calculated neither to console nor to make happy.

Whether it be considered in its moral, its spiritual, or its intellectual aspect, the Christian religion — and *a fortiori*, I venture to suggest, the Catholic interpretation thereof — is hard. In point of morality, it demands a mortification of the appetitive part which is admittedly impossible to nature. Its spiritual system requires an all-consuming love of God without the concession of any inner awareness whatever that God returns that love. The dark night of the soul, the sense of desolation, of dryness, of emptiness, are the inevitable concomitants of the lives of the saints. With these phases of the problem I do not propose here to concern myself. My purpose is to suggest some of the subjective implications which lurk in the question nowadays so often asked: How can an educated man be, become, or remain a Catholic?

I

How can he do so, when he is fully aware that for all their excellence, their superiority to any other body of organized thought, the scholastic philosophy and theology are far from solving conclusively some of the principal metaphysical puzzles which torture the human mind? He cannot fail to realize, for example, that Kant and the idealists have an epistemology in many respects more convincing than that which depends on the categorical assertion that, unless the senses be

an infallible guide to truth, truth is impossible. He must be aware that the Catholic mind itself has been widely at variance as to the relations of free will and election, and equally aware that Spinoza has advanced a singularly plausible ground for doing away with arbitrary freedom altogether. He would be merely obscurantist if he refused to listen to these other voices simply because they upset him. He must concede them a hearing, and he must allow at least the possibility that they have spoken better than all the doctors of the Church.

Even the claims of the natural scientists cannot wholly be ignored, shallow as much of their philosophy may be. The Church itself teaches that God has established rules for the government of the universe. The presence of a body of divine revelation testifying to a considerable number of highly improbable exceptions to those rules, all occurring at a remote period of time for the benefit of an obscure Semitic tribe, is not wholly reassuring. Neither is the cure of pathological conditions by apparent miracles. Neither is the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius. The Catholic is of course aware of all the conditions which surround these difficulties to prevent them from being insuperable, but this does not keep them from torturing him and disturbing his intellectual peace. Despite all the faulty reasoning of mechanists and biologists, too, and despite the tragic misunderstanding of the character of the book of Genesis, no believer can rest wholly easy upon some sublime assumption that everything can be explained away, and that there is no conflict between science and religion as to the creation of the human race or the operation of the human soul.

If we turn to the field of history, the position of the Catholic is no less unhappy. The Church tells him that its whole existence rests upon the rational credibility of the Gospel narratives. Their historicity can only be accepted on the grounds upon which any document is granted historical worth. Yet this raises innumerable problems of criticism. Under his ordinary canons, for example, the historian must suspect the authentic character of any document which records the marvelous. The Gospels are strewn with the marvelous. Under his ordinary canons the report of words which the very text shows no one could have heard must be gravely suspect. What, then, of the prayer of Christ in the Garden? Nor is the Catholic unaware of the more intricate studies of the so-called higher critics, the grave questions as to authorship which they have raised, and the resultant doubts as to the historical weight of the writings themselves.

When the Russian communists declare that religion is the opium of the people, the Catholic who has studied his economics can scarcely afford to laugh that savage axiom away. Religion is an opiate in a certain sense. It does encourage the poor and downtrodden to remain as they are, to make no effort to improve their worldly estate, by lulling them into the hope of happiness after death to be secured by patience, by endurance of wrong and poverty and tyranny. It is to the interest, then, of the exploiting class to inculcate Christian principles among the exploited in order to create celestial values for which they will be content to surrender the more substantial terrestrial ones. The Catholic may know in his heart that this is only an accidental coincidence, that the goods of this world are nothing, that the rich, though they are Satan's minions, are nevertheless doing God's work by keeping the poor persuaded of this fact.

He may know this, but it is a hard saying, and he may well ask himself, occasionally, who can abide it.

II

If we leave the problems of a philosophical and scientific order, and turn to those which concern morality, the situation is not greatly improved. To be sure, the Church subscribes to the ordinary ethical principles of Western civilization. But what of some of its doctrines of morality? A boy and a girl passionately in love with each other go before a priest and promise to take each other as man and wife until death separate them. This marriage is held a sacrament, imprinting an irremovable character upon the soul, so that, however impossible their marital relations may become, only death can permit either of them to correct the mistake and seek a more suitable companion through life. Why is it that the death of one person removes an irremovable character? The Catholic may be fully aware of all the arguments of the theologians supporting the position of the Church on these points, but arguments they are likely to remain for him, and little more. He cannot but admit a certain force in the contention of his adversaries.

What of the hard and fast ruling of the Church in regard to birth control? Why this sudden insistence on nature, when man is usually excepted from the order of nature?

There is no need here to labor the so-much-belabored problem of political loyalty and Catholicism. But it is madness to deny the possibility of a conflict between a man's duty as a Catholic and his duty as a citizen. Is it truly moral to embroil a community in civil disorder for the sake of an abstruse point of conscience? Spinoza, for example, would hold that religion is so entirely spiritual that a conflict is impossible because the State is entitled to compel the body and the lips, but cannot compel the mind. So long as one thinks one's self in harmony with the divine will, one may safely do what one is ordered by competent civil authority. That is manifestly the end of martyrdom, but the blood of the martyrs is the seal of the faith.

Throughout the Catholic world, the credulous are encouraged to honor 'relics' which are not relics, to believe in miracles of which there is no proof, to pay devotion to saints who never existed. The Second Nocturn of the Office of Matins, part of the divine liturgy, has become proverbial even among the clergy for its lies. It matters little that no one is bound to believe these things. The bishops sanction and encourage the teaching of them, and activities on the part of the laity based on the assumption of their truth. Surely there is an intricate bit of moral philosophy involved in this policy — one not wholly to be ignored by the conscientious Catholic.

III

There remains a whole group of questions, which can only be adumbrated here, relating to the obvious fact that, whether or not the Church be a divine institution, it is certainly a human one. For example, papal government is far from a self-evident dispensation. Many doctors of the Church have taught that all power of government in any society rests in its members. From this they have drawn the conclusion that only a general council, representing all Churchmen, can govern the Church. There is even a case to be made out for Wyclif's dominion of grace with its corollary of government of the Church by civil rulers.

After papal government there is

papal infallibility. The pope is called infallible in faith and morals, but no theologians have decided what papal utterances are infallible; whether bulls, or encyclicals, or decrees of congregations of the Roman Curia enjoy this quality in whole or in part. Morals, too, is a broad word. How much is it supposed to include? If both pope and general council are infallible, has the latter any real power of teaching apart from the former? What of the subjective test of the true faith propounded by Vincent of Lérins — that which has been held always, by everybody, everywhere?

What is one to think of sacerdotalism? No one can study church history without recognizing the constant tendency of a professional clergy to identify itself with the Church, and to minimize or ignore the fundamental priesthood of all believers which is implicit in Christian teaching. There is, for example, education, an eminently priestly duty. Yet of necessity the child's first introduction to the Catholic faith comes, not from any priest, but from his mother or his father. If parents are entrusted by God with the sacred duty of imparting the saving knowledge of truth to infant minds, why are they not entrusted with the entire choice of their children's education? Why should they be threatened with excommunication for not choosing to send their children to a school run by priests whose general capacity may be far inferior to that of laymen? What business have priests, whose general formation has been along lines of philosophy and theology, to undertake the teaching of economics, history, biology, and pretend that they can possibly do it as well as lay experts who have devoted their lives to these special sciences?

Consider the government of the parish churches. These are the gifts of the community to God. Yet the community has no voice in their planning, their management, their decoration, the character of the services held in them. They are built by priests and managed by priests with the money given to priests by devout, industrious, and thrifty layfolk.

Why, year in and year out, are priests allowed to preach heresy and falsehood from their pulpits? The bishop is supposed to be the pastor of his flock. Why is no surveillance exercised in this matter? If the blind lead the blind, both must inevitably fall into the ditch. Why in almost every parish church in the United States are there money-changing tables at the door to aid in the exaction of seating fees when canon law expressly forbids this practice? Why, year after year, is vulgar theatrical polyphonic music allowed in the churches when the saintly Pope Pius X, whom a lip-worshiping hierarchy is now trying to canonize, adjured and commanded the churches to return to the Gregorian chant and the dignified polyphony of the sixteenth century? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* If the hierarchy is not obedient, how can it ask obedience of the laity?

IV

Such an *ex parte* statement of the difficulties which the Catholic mind confronts is of course misleading. I have had occasion to note more than once that valid answers and convincing explanations are readily available in the case of the majority of them. Yet some must remain, in the mind of every Catholic, marshy and dangerous quagmires of thought, which he would willingly sidestep, but in which the bitter requirement of intellectual honesty implicit in his religion compels him to wade.

Why, cries the skeptic, if your mind does not rest in your faith, if your

faith torments, exhausts, even nullifies your mind, why remain a Catholic? This question in a measure overstates the case. The Catholic, like everyone else, is deeply aware of his intellectual limitations. He realizes that, although he thinks he sees a logical lion in the way, it may be only a logical chimæra. He realizes that even the most systematic of philosophers, with or without religious guidance, has never produced a logic-proof system. He knows that there are a host of men living and dead, of far greater intellectual powers than his, who have scaled the dizziest heights of the world of thought without falling into the abyss of unbelief. A common human modesty and self-distrust, then, are his first safeguard.

Secondly, he is aware that very few good things, life itself included, are easy to keep, however easy they be to obtain. It does not follow, of course, that because a thing is hard to keep it is good, but it suggests the general probability of such a converse proposition. If the retention of his faith costs him more suffering than its abandonment, he should be cautious of throwing away the expensive for the cheap. Furthermore, he is cautious of that very cheapness. In many ways he recognizes certain immediate satisfactions to be gained by abandoning his religion. He might be relieved from the clandestine or open persecution which attaches to those who hold it. More subtle temptation, he would be relieved from that mortification of the appetites which it imposes upon him. He would be relieved from the irksome discipline of obedience to social or intellectual inferiors. These and other advantages lead him to suspect that his intellect is not wholly unbiased, that he is deliberately magnifying the problems which trouble him in the hope of finding an excuse for improving his worldly or his sensual position.

Besides, this intellectual crucifixion is so consistent with what his religion teaches him as to the purpose of life that it lends a sort of rational confirmation to his faith. Finding that the Christian life, the imitation of Christ, involves the mortification of the senses and desolation of the spirit, he is hardly surprised that it also includes the anguish of mental uncertainty. For these and for other reasons, perhaps, the Catholic is slow to make any or all of these uncertainties the ground for abandoning his faith.

V

Yet the answer to the skeptic's question lies deeper than words can really express. The only answer may very well be, 'God knows why I remain a Catholic; I don't.' One has been pursued and caught by the Hound of Heaven, and one cannot escape.

But if the full answer either transcends or is unworthy of the words wherein reasonable creatures express themselves upon other topics, there is still one possibility of clarifying the position of the Catholic by an analogy drawn from an experience more generally understood than is the experience of conversion.

Consider a man in love, as the saying goes, with a woman. Every part of the man is involved. His appetitive part desires to possess her. His intellective part drinks in her words, forms concepts of her, imagines or recognizes excellencies in her; and his affective or emotional part is in a condition in her regard not wholly different from that of a devout soul at prayer. Yet his appetitive part is and must be mortified. He can never wholly possess the object of his desire. His affective part is repeatedly afflicted with desolation, for, even if she return his love in equal or in greater degree, he can never know

it for certain. Finally, his intellect is in a torture. His reason will assure him that her possession and her love can do him no good, that he would be better off to forget her and go about his business, that the qualities he has imagined in her do not exist, that she is selfish, cold, and cruel. For all these objections a plausible case may be made out; for some of them he cannot find any answer at all. More than one misogynist has very well asked such a man, 'Why, if she causes you only mortification, desolation, intellectual torture, do you not cease to be her lover?' Why indeed?

'Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house, and the place of Thy glory's habitation,' the Catholic must cry in the end. That house, that place, is the Church Militant. It is a place of suffering, a house of bondage, and yet, because it is the house of the Beloved, it is a house of rest.

BLADES OF STEEL

BY RUDOLPH FISHER

I

NEGRO Harlem's three broad highways form the letter H, Lenox and Seventh Avenues running parallel northward, united a little above their midpoints by east-and-west 135th Street.

Lenox Avenue is for the most part the boulevard of the unperfumed — 'rats' they are often termed. Here during certain hours there is nothing unusual in the flashing of knives, the quick succession of pistol shots, the scream of a police whistle or a woman.

But Seventh Avenue is the promenade of high-toned 'dickties' and strivers. It breathes a superior atmosphere, sings superior songs, laughs a superior laugh. Even were there no people, the difference would be clear: the middle of Lenox Avenue is adorned by street-car tracks, the middle of Seventh Avenue by parking.

These two highways, frontiers of the opposed extremes of dark-skinned social life, are separated by an intermediate any-man's land, across which they communicate chiefly by way of 135th Street. Accordingly 135th Street is the heart and soul of black Harlem; it is common ground, the natural scene of unusual contacts, a region that disregards class. It neutralizes, equilibrates, binds, rescues union out of diversity.

In a fraction of a mile of 135th Street there occurs every institution necessary to civilization, from a Carnegie library opposite a public school at one point to a police station beside an undertaker's parlor at another. But one institution outnumbers all others — an institution which, like the street itself, represents common ground: the barber shop overwhelmingly predominates.

Naturally on the day of the Barbers' Annual Ball this institution clipped off, among other things, several working hours. The barbers had their own necks to trim, their own knots to conquer, their own jowls to shave and massage.

The inevitable last-minute rush of prospective dancers, eager for eleventh-hour primping, would have kept the hosts themselves from appearing at the dance hall, in their best, on time. Hence the association had agreed that every member's door be closed and locked to-day at four.

Shortly before that hour in one of 135th Street's 'tonsorial parlors,' the head barber, for whom a half-dozen men were waiting, dismissed a patron and called 'Next!' Already Eight-Ball Eddy Boyd, whose turn it was, had removed coat and collar and started toward the vacated chair.

'Make it boyish, Pop,' he grinned to the fat and genial proprietor. 'And long as you trimmin' me, lemme have two tickets for the stomp-down to-night.'

Pop Overton smiled goldenly and assumed the grand manner. 'You means to grace our function wid yo' attendance?'

The other's assent was typical Harlemese: —

'I don't mean to attend yo' function with my grace.'

As Eight-Ball put one foot on the foot rest of the chair, someone pulled him back ungently.

'My turn, big shorty.'

Eight-Ball turned, recognized Dirty Cozzens, an enemy of several days' standing.

'My turn,' disagreed he evenly.

'Yo' mistake,' Dirty corrected, and moved to brush the smaller man aside.

The move was unsuccessful. The smaller man exhibited something of the stability of a fire plug which one attempts to boot off the sidewalk. Dirty had bumped him without anticipating such firm footing, and now himself recoiled, careening off toward the mirrored wall with its implement-laden ledge. There was a little giggling jingle of instruments as his elbow struck this ledge. Then there was silence. Of the two barbers, one stopped pushing his clippers, but left them resting against the customer's neck while he gaped; the other halted, his razor poised, his thumb in one corner of his patron's mouth. Those who sat waiting dropped their papers, their conversation, and their lower jaws. Everybody stared. Everybody knew Dirty Cozzens.

Eight-Ball stood pat, as if awaiting an apology for the other's rudeness. Dirty also remained where he had landed, his elbow still amid the paraphernalia on the ledge, his eyes glaring, as if to let everyone see how he had been wronged.

The two made a striking contrast. Dirty Cozzens was a peculiar genetic jest. Heredity had managed to withhold his rightful share of pigment even from his hair, which was pale buff. His eyes were gray, their lids rimmed red. His complexion had won him his nickname, 'Dirty Yaller,' of which 'Dirty' was the familiar abbreviation. In every other particular his African ancestry had been preserved and accentuated. The buff hair was woolly, the nose flat with wide nostrils, the mouth big, bordered by so-called liver lips, unbelievably thick. Within the shadow of a black skin, even, Dirty would have been a caricature; with the complexion that he actually had he was a cartoon, a malicious cartoon without humor.

So had heredity handed him over to environment, and environment had done its worst; had put sly cunning into the eyes, had distorted the lips into a constant sneer, had set the head at a truculent forward thrust on the large, lank body. With its present evil face, his was a head that might well have adorned the sceptre of Satan.

His opponent was his antithesis. Eight-Ball had been nicknamed after that pool ball which is black, and his skin was as dark as it is possible for

skin to be, smooth and clean as an infant's. The close-cut hair hugged the scalp evenly, the bright black eyes were alive with quick understanding, the nose was broad but sharp-ridged, with sensitive nostrils, the lips thin and firm above a courageous chin. He was beautifully small, neither heavy nor slight, of proud, erect bearing, perfect poise, and a silhouette-like clean-cutness.

In the silence, Dirty's fingers reaching along the marble ledge found and caressed a barber's tool; an instrument which is the subject of many a jest, but whose actual use involves no element of humor; a weapon which is as obsolete as a blunderbuss, even among those whose special heritage it is commonly supposed to be — as obsolete and as damaging. Dirty, skilled in the wielding of steel, would never have considered this instrument in a set encounter, but the Devil put the thing now in his hand. He decided it would be entertaining to run his enemy out of the shop.

Pop Overton saw the movement, and it lifted him out of his daze. He said: —

'Aimin' to shave yo'self, Dirty?'

'None yo' dam' business,' snapped Dirty, still eyeing Eight-Ball.

'No,' said Pop. ''T ain't none my business. But hit's my razor.'

Dirty drew himself together, but not erect, — 'You seen what he done?' — moved then with slow menace across the distance between himself and Eight-Ball. 'You seen it, did n' y'?'

'Now listen, big boy. Don't you go startin' nothin' in my shop, you hear?'

'I ain't startin' nothin'. I'm finishin' sump'n. Dis started a week ago. Hot nigger, dis black boy, but I'm go'n' turn his damper down.'

Eight-Ball spoke: 'Don't burn yo' fingers.'

Dirty advanced another step, knees bent, one hand behind him. Had Eight-Ball retreated a single foot, Dirty would have tossed the razor aside with a contemptuous laugh; would have made a 'fly crack' about fast black guaranteed not to run; would have swaggered out, proudly acknowledging that he had picked the quarrel. But Eight-Ball had not retreated. Eight-Ball had stood still and looked at him; had even taunted him: 'Don't burn yo' fingers'; had watched him approach to arm's length without budging. Ought to take one swipe at him just to scare him good. Ought to make him jump anyhow —

Whatever might have happened did n't. Instead of the expected swift sweep of an arm, Dirty's next movement was a quick furtive bending of his elbow to slip the armed hand into his coat pocket; such a movement as might have greeted the entrance of an officer of the law.

As a flame flares just before it goes out, so the tension heightened, then dropped, when eyes discovered that the figure which had darkened the door was only that of a girl. She was a striking girl, however, who at once took the centre of the stage.

'Whew-ee!' she breathed. 'Just made it. Hi, Pop. Hello, Eighty. One minute to four! And the head barber waitin' for me! Some service, I scream — some service.' Wherewith she clambered into the vacant chair and effervesced directions.

The waiting customers first ogled, then guffawed. It struck them as uproarious that two men should appear to be on the point of bloodshed over a mere turn and neither of them get it. But the girl seemed quite oblivious.

Eight-Ball greeted her, 'Hello, Effie,' grinned, and returned to his seat. Dirty shuffled to the wall opposite the mirrors, got his hat, and went toward the door. As he passed the

head barber's chair he paused and spoke to the girl: —

'It was my turn, Miss Effie — but you kin have it.' He smiled so that his thick lips broadened against his teeth, and he touched his hat and went out.

His departure released comment: —

'Nice felluh!'

'Doggone! Sposin' he really got mad over sump'n!'

'He was n't mad. He was jes' playin'.'

'He better not play wi' *me* like dat.'

'Take 'at thing out'n his hand and he'd run.'

'Leave it *in* his hand and *you'd* run.'

Then, to everyone's astonishment, before Pop Overton had assembled the proper implements, the girl jumped down from the chair, scattering stealthy glances which had been creeping toward the crimson garters just below her crossed knees.

'Whose turn was it?' she asked Pop.

'Eighty's.'

'Thought so. Come on, Eighty. I got mine this morning.'

'What's the idea?' wondered Eight-Ball.

'Was n't it a fight?'

'Pretty near. How'd you know?'

'Anything wrong with these?'

A purely rhetorical question. There was certainly nothing wrong with Effie Wright's eyes — nor with her hair, nor with that rare, almost luminous dark complexion called 'sealskin brown.' One might complain that she was altogether too capable of taking care of herself, or that she was much too absorbed in Eight-Ball. Beyond that no sane judgment criticized.

Effie ran a beauty parlor directly across the street, and it was to this that she now referred.

'I was lookin' out the window over there. Saw you drive up in your boss's straight eight. Your friend was standin' in front of the saloon — he saw you, too, so he come in behind you. Pop's window's got too much advertisin' in it to see through, so I come on over. Seem like I spoiled the party.'

'Ain't this sump'n?' Eight-Ball asked the world.

'Angels rush in when fools is almost dead,' was Pop's proverb.

'Well, since you won't open a keg o' bay rum, I guess I'll breeze. — Say, Pop, got an extra safety-razor blade? — Yes. — Oh, a customer gimme a pair o' pumps to wear to the shindig to-night, and I got to whittle off here and there till I can get 'em on. Cheatin' the foot doctor. — A single-edged blade if you got it, Pop. Double-edged one cuts your fingers before it cuts anything else. — Thanks. Shall I lock the door on my way out? — Stop by before you haul it, Eighty.'

She was gone in a flurry of words.

'Can y' beat that, Pop?' Eight-Ball laughed.

'They ain't but two like her and she's both of 'em,' admitted Pop. 'But what's that Cozzens boy on you for?'

'We had a little argument in a dark-john game a while back.'

'Yes? Well, watch 'im, boy. Bad boogy what knows he's bad. And don't think he won't cut. He will. Thass th' onliest kind o' fightin' he knows, and he sho' knows it. They's nineteen niggers 'round Harlem now totin' cuts he give 'em. They through pullin' knives, too, what I mean.'

'He's that good, huh?'

'He's that bad. Served time fo' it, but he don't give a damn. Trouble is, ain't nobody never carved *him*. Somebody ought to write shorthand on his face. That'd cure him.'

'Yeah? Why n't you shave him sometime, Pop?'

'Mine's accidental,' answered Pop. 'Somebody ought to carve him artistically.'

'Well,' Eight-Ball said thoughtfully, 'maybe somebody will.'

II

The Barbers' Ball does not pretend to be a 'dickty' affair. It is announced, not by engraved cards through the mails, but by large printed placards in barber-shop windows. One is admitted, not by presenting a card of invitation, but by presenting a dollar bill in exchange for a ticket. It is a come-one-come-all occasion, where aspiring local politicians are likely to mount the platform between dances and make announcements and bow while influential bootleggers cheer. It was quite fitting, therefore, that this fête of, for, and in spite of the people should take place on 135th Street — this year in a second-floor dance hall just east of Lenox Avenue.

'Well, hush my mouth!' exclaimed Eight-Ball as he and Effie entered somewhat before midnight.

'Do tell!' agreed she.

For there were decorations. Nothing subdued and elegant, like the So-and-So's dance. Nothing 'fly,' like the Dirty Dozen's. Just color in dazzling quantity, presented through the inexpensive medium of crêpe paper — scarlet, orange, brilliant green, embracing the lights, entwining the pillars, concealing the windows, transforming the orchestral platform into a float.

The orchestra also made no pretenses. It was a so-called 'low-down' orchestra and it specialized in what are known as 'shouts.' Under the influence of this leisurely rhythm, steady, obsessing, untiring, you gradually forget all else. You can't make a misstep, you can't get uncomfortably warm, you can't grow weary — you simply fall more and more completely into the insistently joyous spirit of the thing until you are laughing and humming aloud like everyone else. You get happy in spite of yourself. This is the inevitable effect of shouts, to which the orchestra to-night largely confined its efforts.

The newcomers joined the gay, noisy dancers, finding their way not too swiftly around the crowded floor. Here someone advised them to 'get off that dime!' and there someone else suggested that they 'shake that thing!'

But the shout to which Eight-Ball and his girl inadvertently kept time had not yet saturated their emotions, and in spite of it they discussed less happy concerns.

'I been so mad I ain't had no dinner,' said Eight-Ball.

''Bout what?'

'Notice I did n't bring the car to-night?'

'Yes. Boss usin' it?'

'No. — Know when I left your place this afternoon, after you showed me that trick?'

'Yes.'

'Notice anything wrong with the car when I drove off?'

'Nope. Too busy watchin' the driver.'

'I went about half a block and felt somethin' wrong. Pulled up and got out to look. Two flat tires.'

'No!'

'Uh-huh. Front and back on the side away from the sidewalk.'

'They was O. K. when you parked?'

'Brand-new.'

'Blow-outs? Slow leaks?'

'No. Cuts.'

'What are you ravin' about?'

'Both tires had a six-inch gash in 'em, made with a knife —'

'What!'

'Or a razor.'

Effie stopped dancing. 'The yellow son of a baboon!'

'Everybody says they ain't nothin' he can't do with a knife. Looks like they ain't nothin' he *won't* do.'

The shout, the rhythmically jostling crowd, impelled them back into step.

'Eighty, you ought to half kill 'im. Of all the low, mean, gutter-rat tricks — you ought to lay 'im up f' a year.'

'How you know I can?' he grinned.

'Can't y'?'

'I can't prove nothin' on him. Who seen him do it?'

'Nobody did n't have to see him. You know he did it.'

'Nope. I can wait. He's sore. He'll keep on messin' around. Thinks he can't be had.'

'He can be had, all right. All I'm 'fraid of is somebody else'll have 'im first. Everybody that knows that guy hates 'im and most of 'em's scared to boot. Whoever whittles 'im down will be a hero.'

As the jazz relented, the object of her anger took form out of the crowd and approached.

'Evenin', Miss Effie,' said he, ignoring Eight-Ball. 'Been lookin' f' you. I give you my turn in d' barber shop to-day. How 'bout givin' me mine now?'

Effie looked through him at the decorations surrounding a post. As if she and Eight-Ball had been discussing the colors, she commented: —

'That's one color I'm glad they forgot — I can't stand anything yellow.'

Dirty turned garnet; but before his chagrin became active resentment the music returned with a crash. Eight-Ball and Effie moved on past him, their anger partially appeased by knowing that Effie's tongue had cut like steel.

And now the shout more easily took hold on them, hammering them inexorably into its own mould. The increasing jam of people pressed them more closely into each other's arms. The husky mellowness of soft-throated saxophones against the trumpet's urge, the caress of plaintive blues melody against the thrill of strange disharmonies, the humor of capricious traps against the solidity of unfailing bass — to these contrasts the pair abandoned themselves. Harsh laughter, queer odors, the impact of the mob, became nothing. They closed their eyes and danced.

They might have danced for an hour, only half aware of the jumble of faces about, of their own jests and laughter, of the occasional intervals of rest. Then something woke them, and they suddenly realized that it was at them that people near by were laughing — that a little space cleared about them wherever they moved and people looked at them and laughed.

At first they were unconvinced and looked around them for something comic. Then Pop Overton appeared, smiling roundly.

'Thought monkey backs was out o' style, son.'

'What?'

'Did you have yo' coat cut to order?'

Effie switched Eight-Ball around and gasped while onlookers frankly smiled. A triangle of white shirt back, its apex between Eight-Ball's shoulder blades, shone through a vertical vent in his coat, a vent twice as long as any designed by a tailor. In the crush and abandonment of the dance a single downward stroke of a keen-edged instrument, light enough not to be noticed, had divided the back of the garment in two as cleanly as if it had been ripped down midseam. The white of the shirt gleamed through like a malicious grin.

As Eight-Ball examined himself unsmilingly, Pop Overton sobered. 'I thought it was torn accidental,' he said. 'Judas Priest! I bet that — ! Say, Eighty, fo' Gawd's sake don't start nothin' here. We ain't never had a row —'

Eight-Ball and Effie, faces set, stood looking at each other in silence.

Dirty Cozzens stood in the shadow of the doorway beside that leading to the Barber's Ball, and in return for a generous drink unburdened himself to a buddy.

'It was in d' back room at Nappy's place. Dis li'l spade turns a black jack and wins d' deal, see? Well, he's a-rifflin' d' cards and talkin' all d' same time, and he says, "You guys jes' git ready to loosen up, cause I'm gonna deal all d' dark johns home. I promis' my boss I would n' gamble no mo', but dis is jes' like pickin' up money in d' street." Fly line, see? Den he starts dealin'. Well, I figgers dis guy's been so lucky and jes' turned a black jack for d' deal, it's time fo' his luck to change. So I ups and stops his bank fo' twenty bucks, see? And I be dam' if he don't deal himself another black jack — makin' two in a row!

'Well, he picks up all d' money befo' we can git our breath, see? Everybody laffs but me. I figgers dey's a trick in it. Would n' you?'

'Sho' I would. Two black jacks in a row. Huh!'

'So I calls 'im crooked. But he jes' laffs and tells me to talk wid mo' money and less mouf. Natchelly dat makes me mad. A guy pulls a crooked deal and says sump'n like dat. Would n' you 'a' got mad?'

'Sho' I would. Sho', man.'

'So I tells him to pass back my twenty, long as he said he was n't gamblin'. Den he stops dealin' and asts me is I big enough to take it. Tryin' to start sump'n all d' time, see?'

'Sho' he was. Tryin' to staht sump'n.'

'So I says I'll either take it out his pile or off his hips, see? But when I starts for him, d' guys won't let me put it on him, see? Fact, dey puts me out d' game. So natchelly I jes' got to get me some o' dis li'l spade's meat, dass all. I got to. He can't git away wid nuthin' like dat.'

'Tryin' to git away wi' sump'n. Huh!'

'Sho' he is. But I'll git 'im.'

'What you aim to do?'

'I been primin' 'im fo' a fight.'

'Dey claim he's pretty good wif 'is hands.'

'Ain't gonna be no hands. See dis?'

He drew from his right-hand coat pocket what appeared to be a quite harmless pocketknife. He pressed it under his thumb and a steel blade leaped forth, quick as the tongue of a snake, a blade five inches long with a sweeping curve like a tiny scimitar. It was hollow-ground and honed to exquisite sharpness. A little catch fell into place at the junction of blade and handle, preventing the protruding blade from telescoping shut. The steel gleamed like eyes in the dark.

'Whew-ee!' admired the observer.

'He won't be d' fus' one I ever put it on. And here's how I figger. His boss is tight, see? Fired two guys already fo' roughin'. Dis boogy's got two new tires to account fo' now. And when his boss sees he been cut, he'll find out it's 'count o' some gamblin' scrape and fire him too. Dass where I laff. See?'

''Deed, boy, it's a shame fo' all dem brains to go to seed in yo' head. You could sell 'em and buy Europe, no stuff.'

Then abruptly both shrank into deeper shadow as Eight-Ball and Effie came out.

III

Diagonally across the street from the dance hall stands Teddy's place, an establishment which stays open all night and draws all manner of men and women by the common appeal of good food. Oddly, it was once a mere barroom lunch, and the mahogany bar counter still serves the majority of Teddy's patrons, those who are content

to sit upon stools and rub elbows with anybody. But there is now a back room also, with a side entrance available from the street. Here there are round-top tables beside the walls, and here parties with ladies may be more elegantly served. It is really a 'high-class' grill-room, and its relation to the bar-counter lunchroom, the whole situated on democratic 135th Street, marks Teddy a man of considerable business acumen.

In one corner of the grillroom there is an excellent phonograph which plays a record repeatedly without changing. A song ends; you wait a few moments while the instrument is automatically rewound and adjusted; and the song begins again.

To-night the long-distance record was Tessie Smith's 'Lord Have Mercy Blues,' a curious mingling of the secular and the religious, in the tragic refrain of which the unfortunate victim of trouble after trouble resorts to prayer. The record was not playing loudly, but such was the quality of Tessie Smith's voice that you heard its persistent, half-humorous pain through louder, clearer sounds.

Just now there were no such sounds, for the room was almost empty. The theatre crowd had departed; the crowd from the dance halls had not yet arrived. Three or four couples sat about tête à tête, and near the phonograph Eight-Ball and Effie. Eight-Ball's back was turned toward the wall to hide the gape in his coat.

The phonograph wailed: —

'My man was comin' to me — said he'd let me know by mail,
My man was comin' to me — said he'd let me know by mail —
The letter come and tole me
They'd put my lovin' man in jail.'

Grief, affliction, woe, told in a tone of most heartbroken despair; desolation with the merest tincture of humor — yet those who listened heard only the humor, considered only the jest.

'Mercy — Lawd, have mercy!
How come I always get bad news?
Mercy — Lawd, have mercy!
How come I always got the blues?'

'Them's the blues I ought to be singin',' said Eight-Ball.

'You'll feel better after you eat,' soothed the girl.

'I'll feel better after I get one good crack at that half-bleached buzzard.'

'You ought to pick your comp'ny, Eighty.'

Her tone surprised him. He encountered her look, mingled tenderness and reproach, and his eyes fell, ashamed.

'All right, kid. I'm off gamblin' for life. — But if that dude keeps messin' around —'

'Don't forget — he cuts.'

'He better cut fast, then.'

As if willing to oblige, Dirty Cozzens appeared at the door. He stood looking about, head hunched characteristically forward, right hand deep in his right coat pocket; calmly observed the relative desertion of the dining room; then slowly advanced across the open space in the centre of the floor.

Quickly Effie reached into her bag, drew something forth, put it into Eight-Ball's hand. The movement could have been seen, but the object passed was too small for the closest observation to make out. She might merely have been indulging in a heartening handclasp. Eight-Ball looked at her, first with puzzlement, then with understanding and resolution.

This time Dirty ignored Effie. This afternoon he might have had a chance with her; now he knew he had not. Then he had hidden his weapon from her; now he wanted her to see. That, too, had been largely bullying; this was serious challenge. Then he had sought but a momentary satisfaction; the

satisfaction pending now would last, arising as it would out of the infliction of physical injury which should cost the victim his job. Let Effie share all of this — by all means let her see.

'Gimme my twenty bucks.'

Eight-Ball looked up, allowed his gaze to pause here and there over his enemy's frame; then patted his left trousers pocket. 'It's right here. — You big enough to take it?'

'Listen, lampblack. You been tryin' to git fly wid me ev'ry sence las' week, ain't y'? Put d' locks on me wid a crooked deal. Tried to start sump'n in d' barber shop to-day. Tole yo' woman to freeze me at d' dance to-night. Aw right. I'm warnin' y', see? I done warned you twice. I put my mark on yo' two shoes to-day and I put it on yo' coat to-night. D' nex' time I'm gonna put it on yo' black hide. See?'

Eight-Ball sat quite still, looking up at the lowering face.

'I tole y' I'd either take it out yo' pile or off yo' hips. Now put up or git up, you —'

Eight-Ball went up as if he'd been on a coil spring, suddenly released. Dirty staggered backward, but did not lose his footing.

Naturally none of Teddy's three waiters was in sight — it is unlikely that they would have interfered if they had been. Indeed, had they seen the initial blow of Eight-Ball, — a familiar patron, — they would have been satisfied to let him take care of himself. As for the other guests, they were interested, but not alarmed. One does not yell or run at such a time unless a pistol is drawn.

Recovering balance, Dirty Cozzens drew his right hand from his pocket. It is difficult to believe possible the expression of evil that now contorted his features. That expression, however, was not more evil than the glint of the miniature scimitar, whose handle his right hand grasped.

He held the weapon in what pocket-knife fighters consider best form — three fingers firmly encircling the handle, but the index finger extended along the posterior, dull edge of the blade, tending to direct, brace, and conceal it. A sufficient length of the curved point extended beyond the end of the index finger to permit the infliction of a dangerously deep wound.

Eight-Ball stood ready, leaning a little forward, arms lax, both palms open — and empty.

Dirty's scowl concentrated on Eight-Ball's hands, and that he did not move at once was probably due to his astonishment at seeing no weapon in them. Any such astonishment, however, promptly gave way to quick appreciation of an advantage, and he did what a knifer rarely does: he rushed, bringing his blade swiftly across and back in a crisscross sweep before him.

Eight-Ball neither side-stepped nor attempted to block the motion. Either might have been disastrous. Instead, he ducked by suddenly squatting, and, touching the floor with his left hand for balance, kicked suddenly out with his right foot. The sharp crack of his heel against his antagonist's shin must have almost broken it. Certainly he gained time to jump up and seize Dirty's wrist before it could execute a second descending arc.

One less skilled than Eight-Ball would have found this useless. From such a wrist-hold the knife hand is effectively liberated by simply inverting the weapon, which the fingers are still free to manipulate. The blade is thus brought back against its own wrist, and any fingers surrounding that wrist usually let go at once. Eighty had forestalled this contingency by a deft slipping of his grip upward

over the fingers that held the knife handle. The hold that he now fastened upon those fingers was the same that had yanked two slashed balloon tires off their rims some hours before, and it held Dirty's fingers, crushed together around their knife, as securely as a pipe wrench holds a joint.

And now those who had watched this little fellow empty-handed win the advantage over an armed and bigger adversary saw a curious thing occur. Regularly in the ensuing scuffle Eight-Ball's right hand landed open-palmed against Dirty's face — landed again and again with a sounding smack; and for every time that it landed presently there appeared a short red line, slowly widening into a crimson wheal.

Before long Dirty, rendered helpless now and losing heart, raised his free hand to his face, and as his fingers passed across it the crimson wheals that they touched all ran together. He looked at the tips of those fingers, saw they were wet and red; his mouth fell open; the hand which Eight-Ball held went limp, the knife fell to the floor; and Dirty Cozzens quailed, as craven now as he'd been evil a moment before.

He began to stammer things, to deprecate, to plead; but Eight-Ball was deaf. The muscles of the latter's left arm seemed about to burst through their sleeve, while the artificial vent in the back of the coat ripped upward to the collar, as with one tremendous twist he brought the other man to his knees.

In that mad moment of triumph no one may say what disproportionate stroke of vengeance might not have brought on real tragedy. But with that strange and terrible open palm raised, a voice halted Eight-Ball's final blow:

'Mercy — Lawd, have mercy!'

Tessie Smith's voice, wailing out of an extremity of despair: —

'Letter come and tole me
They 'd put my lovin' man in jail.'

The entire engagement had occupied only the few moments during which the phonograph automatically prepared itself to repeat. Now the words came as warning and plea: —

'Mercy — Lawd, have mercy!'

Eight-Ball released Dirty Cozzens, stepped back, picked up a crumpled paper napkin from the table where Effie still sat.

'Wipe y' face with this. Go on 'round to the hospital.' He urged Dirty, whimpering, out of the side door.

Then he turned back toward Effie, stood over the table a moment, returned her rather proud smile. Two of the men who had looked on came up. Said one: —

'Buddy, show me that trick, will you?'

Eight-Ball extended his right hand, palm downward, and spread the fingers wide open. Freed from its vise-like hiding place between firmly adjacent fingers, something fell upon the porcelain table top. It fell with a bright flash and a little clinking sound not unlike a quick laugh of surprise — the safety-razor blade which Effie had borrowed that afternoon from Pop Overton.

THREE CHINESE POEMS

TRANSLATED BY STELLA FISHER BURGESS AND LI AN-CHE

I

In the Ming Dynasty a certain number of court maidens were always set aside, for life, for the chance whim of His Majesty. Once the Emperor, out of pity for his troops in the North guarding the Great Wall, gave order that these maidens should busy themselves making winter garments for these soldiers. One such soldier, on receiving his coat, found within on a strip of silk the following unsigned poem

THE guards of the Wall, how great their discomfort!
Most acute on the field in hours meant for sleep.
My fingers have fashioned this coat for a soldier,
Though with no means of knowing to whose hands it shall pass.
Goodwill has here added more thread to the making,
Deep emotion has packed the wadding more close.
Gone is the chance of a meeting in this life,
But — reincarnation, and hope shall be fact!

II

Found carved on a rock above the hot springs of T'ang Ch'uan, Chihli
Written by a nameless court maiden

THE northern frontier! Winter at prime!
Yet even here there is one attraction —
This small pool, hot as boiling water.
Why when, from of old, in steady flow
These hot springs have gushed forth,
Why could they not have warmed cold human hearts?

III

'Han Yeh pu Mei, K'ou Chan'
Written by Yao Hsi Hsia, daughter of Yao Tai, of the Ching Dynasty

SLEEPLESS, on a cold night, I pour out my heart:
It is taking the long-drawn-out night for the moon, shining
on the curtain, slowly to set.
Sleepless, I sit up, compelled however weak.
In my thoughts are many things unutterable —
All implied in a muffled cry of 'Mother!'

VILLAGE JUSTICE

BY ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

I

FIFTEEN cases for the People's Court have piled up in the back villages of Khvalynsk Volost. That means a hundred peasants, each making a twenty- or thirty-verst journey down from the hills to Khvalynsk.

'Instead of coming to you, we are asking the Court to come to us.' This is the request that Red-beard Lopukhov from Pine Tar Village delivers to Judge Khonin.

'But the Court has no funds for travel,' explains the Judge.

'If you will come, we will furnish horses, food, lodging,' says the emissary.

'Agreed,' replies the Judge.

A bitter cold December day when the *yemshik* drew up before our doors. I fitted myself into the prosecutor's felt boots (*valenki*), the prosecutor into the Judge's; the Judge confiscated his boy's. Loading ourselves into a twig basket resembling a bathtub on runners, we climbed up the gully road. A long drive buffeting the wind on the high plateau above the Volga, and at last Pine Tar Village and into a big wall-on-wall fight proceeding in honor of the first fall of snow.

Pine Tar is a big village — six hundred and fifty houses, and a centre for many near-by hamlets.

A well-to-do village. Drawing a double income by adding to its grain fields great onion beds irrigated by many springs.

A cunning village. 'Six hundred dessiatines sowed' were the returns officially made to the tax appraiser. Hail beat down the crops, and claims were put in for twelve hundred dessiatines damaged.

A stubborn village. Sixty thousand poods was the grain requisition levied on it in 1919. The village heads announced, 'Thirty thousand is all that we will give.' Commissars came, arrested the village heads, sent them off to Khvalynsk. A new assembly was called, new heads elected, but the same reply: 'Thirty thousand we will give, and not one pood more.' They in turn were arrested and a Red division billeted in the village. The peasants hid their grain in the earth, sold it to Tatars in the night, carried it off in boots and aprons, distilled it into *samogon;* anything but give it up to the threatening commissars, who, after a year's effort, gathered in but fifteen thousand poods — half what the village agreed to give.

An Old Believers' village. Founded by the Sharpshooters (*Streltzi*) exiled thither after the revolt against Peter the Great, and enduring century-long persecution from the Orthodox State Church. Their bells were silenced; even the repairing of their prayer house was forbidden; and by special order of the Tsar sentinels were placed at the doors to bar all entrance.

Now the bells swing free, and their soft chiming at evening dusk led me to the prayer house.

Opening the door, I stepped into the Middle Ages — into a big-bearded,

black-caftaned peasant mass, white-framed by long rows of *platok*-headed women. In the centre an enormous book was held aloft in many upstretched arms, the strange Slavonic script lit by a gigantic green candle, while out of the painted pages forty peasants chanted the ancient liturgy, calling, with incredible rapidity, 'God's mercy on us!' surely not less than a thousand times. Even the Judge, who holds a Tolstoyan animus against the Church, but whom I induced to look in, admitted it was weirdly impressive.

Jeweled ikons, white incense clouds, golden-clad priests swaying with the censers, worshipers in deep prostrations to the floor, endless signing of the cross in unison, hundreds of candle flames pin-pricking the dark, and sombre, big-eyed saints gazing down from their silver frames. I might have succumbed to the mesmerism of the ceremony were it not for profane thoughts about the combustibility of those long beards waving so freely among the candles. Were virgin beards somehow fireproof? Or do they sometimes burn up? For Old Believers this would be a twofold tragedy: the loss of decoration in this world and of a passport into the next.

With these prophet-bearded men in great flowing coats the village looks as though it had stepped out of the Old Testament. And the resemblance is not merely superficial.

II

It was with the old patriarchal family, the Agaphonovs, that the Court was lodged. Four generations inhabiting two rooms, and on top of them came we — six in number. Samovar and soup were set up by *babushka*, and out of the Judge's sausage roll, the prosecutor's apples, and the defender's meat, we made a communal feast. After the roster of the morrow's cases, crimes of the village were called for. The Soviet jurists were young, but they already had a professional taste for crime, like doctors for disease. All that evening we heard the crimes of Pine Tar Village, past, present, and prospective.

They began with the story of what had happened at this very table around which we sat. Here, one saint's day, sat two big muzhiks, Vassily Nazarovich and Yegor Luda, celebrating their lifelong friendship in demijohns of vodka. They sang the old songs together, kissed, embraced, calling each other 'Little red sun,' 'Blue dove,' 'Little white dove' — all the Russian terms of endearment. But all so inadequate to the exaltation of their feelings! Nothing left but that peculiar means by which the peasant expresses the extremes of his affection — the fists.

'For love's sake, Vassily,' said Yegor, 'let's go out and fight!'

The two giants, squaring off, rushed at each other like bulls, voices crying, bodies crushing, fists thudding, crimsoning the snow with blood. Finally a sledge-hammer blow on Yegor's temple, knocking him dead.

Vassily, grief-stricken, wanted to kill himself. But so obviously it was 'a fight for love's sake' that Vassily's sentence was nominal — three months' jail and the injunction never to fight again.

The greatest tragedy in the village annals was in the blizzard of 1912, on a howling night that muffled every sound. It happened in the izba next door. Zakhar, a sober, God-fearing, industrious muzhik, suddenly picked up the usual instrument of peasant execution, an axe, and proceeded to chop his family to pieces. The six-year-old son desperately rushed the father, but was shoved out of doors, and beat his way through the storm to the Agaphonovs. When Jacob pushed

his way into the house he found blood spurts on the ceiling, the daughter headless, the wife in shreds, and Zakhar on top of the stove, smoking.

The murder has passed into poetry, a long epic ballad that was half sung, half recited by son Jacob in a steady monotone. Under its influence Grandfather Ivan, on top of his stove, drifted off to sleep.

Time for all to turn in. The last baby was put in a springing cradle hung from the ceiling. Father Anton and his wife lay on the bed. Son Jacob and wife stretched out on the floor. Likewise grandson Feodor and tangles of children. Likewise the Court. Removing coats, we stretched out in a row, trying to sleep in the equatorial heat engendered by this mass of humanity and two mammoth stoves. Too much for me. I went out to the cow shed. Later, judge and prosecutor came out to bunk with me in the straw, to brush away the snow that sifted through the cracks, and to speculate upon the ferocious passions that lie latent in these mild, blue-eyed, apostle-faced peasants.

III

In the morning we found the hall for the court filled with smoke and fumes from a leaking stove. 'Impossible!' said the Judge. The schoolhouse was proposed — that meant turning out the children. 'Impossible!' said the Judge. Someone said, 'Why not open the windows?' Attention, skeptics about the advance of revolutionary ideas among the masses! In a Russian village in winter time the windows were opened! As the smoke and fumes went out the crowd came in, and straightway the hall was warming up with a thousand oxygen-burning lungs.

'Before court opens, let's have a meeting,' said the Judge. The theory of Soviet law and legislation was the subject of the Judge's discourse. It was formal, heavy with verbiage. Deeply impressed were his auditors: A learned man is the Judge. He knows the law.

A practical man is the Judge. He knows peasant life, too. This is manifest in the informal talk that follows on the moot questions of the village: why boys steal grain; why families are breaking up; why daughters-in-law have become unmanageable. Homely, colloquial, to the point. The peasants were delighted. The cry, '*Pravilno! Pravilno!*' ('Right! Right!') grew louder and louder.

The Judge had attained his end. The competence of the Court had been established.

Meantime Lopukhov individualized for me some outstanding figures in the roaring, surging peasant mass.

Andrew Kooznetzov, the biggest kvas drinker. Zotey, the strongest man: getting under the belly of a horse and clutching the four legs together, he carried it out of the stable. Babinkov, a Russian southpaw, his left fist a battering ram that always smashes a way to victory in the wall-on-wall fighting. Boodilin, one-time hawker of reserved seats in Paradise to the Moravians — 'Few places left; buy now!' Gregory Isachev, for thirty years the chief chosen by the village for bribing officials; he never met a judge, surveyor, or *chinovnik* he could n't give a present to for the general weal of the village — some commissars to his credit, too. Jacob Beloogin, renowned horse thief, but never caught at it. Nikolai Kolgin, champion samogon distiller, his stuff eighty per cent strong. Vassily Lopukhov, who wants the return of monarchy: 'The birds,' he says, 'have a tsar — the eagle; the bees a queen; even the geese a *vozhaty*.' Izaac Emelianov, breathing slaughter against the Orthodox priest who ran away with the Whites to Siberia and now lives in a

neighbor parish. Isaac says, 'Let the priest show his head in Pine Tar and I will kill him.' Metrophanov, hell-roaring cavalryman, soured against Moscow because it does n't declare war on somebody — Poland, China, Africa, it's all the same to him.

In the sea of peasant gray was one fleck of vivid color, the new red-slashed uniform of the 'militioner.' He was a singularly aloof individual. Only his uniform to indicate that he had any connection with the Court and with the prisoners. In reality there were no prisoners. For in a Russian village one's share of the land is more binding than bail or prison bars. The procedure is very simple. An inspector investigates, draws up a protocol; the accused is notified when to appear for trial.

Everything is ready. Khonin introduces the cojudges (*zasedateli*), the peasants Kootishev and Damitov, who, as they are drawn from another village, Boltinovka, are assumed to be without partiality or prejudice. He explains that he acts as President of the Court, the cojudges having equal powers with himself. He declares the court open and calls the first case.

IV

'Gorbooshev — Anisim Simonovitch.'

'Birthplace?'

'Pine Tar Village.'

'Age?'

'Thirty-three.'

'Married?'

'Yes.'

'Property?'

'Boots and clothes I stand up in.'

'Do you challenge any member of the Court?'

'No.'

'Do you have confidence in your judges to give you a fair trial?'

'I do.'

Gorbooshev has a peasant's body, big, well built. A peasant's face, broad and smiling. But in voice and bearing is all the urbanity of a man of affairs. And so he is — or was. One-time Tsar officer, one-time Red Commander, one-time Communist, one-time Moscow Coöperator. Now standing before the bar of Pine Tar Village.

Drunk in the Khvalynsk market. Singing drunk on the Volga steamer. Sprawling drunk on the herring wharf at Volsk. But what of that? In Russia a man preserves the inalienable right to get drunk. Gorbooshev has inherited rights as well. He comes from a long line of notorious drinkers. His father, a most religious man, — compelling his family every morning to rise at three o'clock and pray before his forty ikons until five, — was a drunkard. So were his grandfather and great-grandfather. Gorbooshev's appetite has come down a long way and grown in the coming.

It is not drunkenness, however, that Gorbooshev is charged with, but his drinking up nine hundred rubles of the Pine Tar Coöperative, of which he was president and buyer. Sometimes it was a whiff from a samogon still that started up his thirst. Sometimes private traders primed the willing victim with vodka, and he sold them the wares of the Coöperative cheap in order to get money for more vodka.

All these exploits Gorbooshev explains in detail. He palliates nothing, conceals nothing, confesses all. All so objectively that it might be the misdeeds and debauches of someone else he is describing — so completely identifying himself with the community that he actually gets to grieving with it over the misfortune of having such a president. Their affliction is his affliction. And by a reverse process his weakness is their weakness. All of them — somehow the Court, too, whom he addresses as 'Comrade judges' — are

in the muck together, and somehow all together they must get out of it.

Now the defender, Vasiyev. He shows that Gorbooshev's vodka spreeing was not unmitigated evil. True, certain traders plied him with vodka for their ends; but he in turn plied other traders with vodka, selling them onions at fifty kopecks above the market price, on this one deal alone making an extra profit of sixteen hundred rubles for the Pine Tar onion growers.

Next the prosecutor, Bolshakov. He picks up the onions and, so to speak, rubs them into the defender's eyes. He shows that the onion buyers Gorbooshev corrupted were agents of the main Coöperative. 'Out of the main Coöperative come all our goods; out of this corruption come higher prices. Cloth leaving Moscow at thirty kopecks brings fifty kopecks in Pine Tar — thanks to these criminals. As once horse stealing was epidemic in the village, now it is Coöperative stealing. Moscow cries out, "Stop these thieves!" There they stopped them with bullets, shooting sixteen of these enemies of the Soviet. We don't ask you to shoot Gorbooshev, but to put him where such birds belong — in a cage.'

Acid, stinging words, taking the smile off the face of Gorbooshev. Like a great hurt child, he stands fingering the Lenin badge on his coat.

'Enemy of the Soviet'? Did n't he twenty times risk his life for that Soviet, leading his troops against the Whites? 'Criminal'? Was n't it he who put his feeble Coöperative on its feet, raising its capital from one hundred to twelve thousand rubles? 'Thief'? He had n't forged any documents, falsified any accounts. True, he took a little money. Not for his pocket, but for his throat, to slake the burning thirst there. And everybody else's thirst also.

'If he had only one bottle of vodka, he would give you half of it,' whispers a peasant to me. Greater love hath no man than this.

'How am I to blame? With the same thirst, in the same position, anybody might have done the same.' That's the way he feels. And that's the way most of the peasants feel, touched with pity when Gorbooshev, discouraged by the grilling, gives it up and throws himself upon the mercy of the Court. Had he turned round and thrown himself upon the mercy of the peasants, the Court in all probability would have been assailed by a storm of voices crying, 'Forgive! Forgive!' Knowing his peasants, Gorbooshev knows this well. He has fallen a long way, but not so far as this.

The case is closed. The judges retire to prepare the verdict. There are calls from the floor: 'The American! The American! Tell us about your land across the sea!'

I compare the two countries, peoples and food, incidentally touching on the relative leanness of Americans. A voice calls out: 'If, as you say, the Americans are thinner than we are, why is it that you, citizen Williams, are so full-blooded?' (*Polnokrovny* — polite word for 'fat.')

I explain: 'It's because I've been in Russia three years and eaten much bread and *kasha*.'

'And drunk much vodka and samogon,' mumbles a muzhik in the centre.

I break to them the dread news that in America all liquor — vodka, whiskey, wine, beer — is forbidden. A general groan, and an old man rising to ask, 'Is this the reason, then, comrade, you came to live with us in Russia?'

'And if it is a free country,' puts in another, 'why do they stop vodka?'

One reason I offer is the vast number of factories, trains, and automobiles in America. A worker a little

unsteady from alcohol may kill many people and destroy valuable machines.

'That means, brother muzhiks,' shouts a voice from the back, 'if we are going to have tractors we must give up vodka.'

Bursts of laughter and cries of 'Never! Never!'

Our pleasant colloquy is interrupted by the cry: 'The Court assembles!' The peasants rise, and Khonin reads the verdict: —

'In the name of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republics, the People's Court of the Sixth District [and so forth], hearing the case of Gorbooshev, age 33 [and so forth], for misappropriation of funds [and so forth], declares him guilty, and sentences him to one year in prison. But taking into consideration his services in organizing the Coöperative, his frank confession [and so forth], ten months of this term are made conditional. Two months to serve.'

From the formal decision the Judge at once passes to an informal interpretation. 'We bring in a sentence of guilty on one man. It might well be a sentence of guilty on a thousand men — upon all of you. You saw your president drinking. Some of you drank with him. You knew vodka costs money. You knew where he got it. But you did nothing about it. Never shall we have social institutions until we have social responsibility.' Pointing the moral of the strong man broken by strong drink, he declares a recess.

Now the peasants' verdict on the verdict.

'Too hard! Sitting in a cage — what good will that do?' Against this majority a few voices declare the sentence too soft. Gorbooshev's wife thinks he ought to have a year. Gorbooshev himself thinks it about right. At any rate, he can't get anything to drink for two months.

V

'Goorlev!' calls the secretary clerk.

An overcoatless peasant, carrying a silver-headed cane, steps forward. He is charged with 'insulting the Government' in the person of five members of the Soviet of Yelkhovka, a near-by village. They testify that he called them 'impostors, bandits, and thieves,' and that when they refused his demands he cried out: 'I'm a Communist, and I'll show you who runs Russia.' This is an old feud. Even here the five peasants keep slyly baiting hot-tempered Goorlev. Maybe they will provoke another explosion.

'They are all *koolaks* conspiring against me!' he declares. Swathed in enormous *tooloops*, they do have a distinctly koolak look. But it turns out that not one has more than a single horse or two cows. They are 'middle' peasants. Beaten on point after point, the Communist calls up his record in the Revolution. While these five skulked at home, he fought. 'Are not my services to be taken into consideration?'

'When you stand before a commission of the Communist Party, they are,' replies the Judge; 'but not here. This is a Soviet court. In it you stand like any other citizen.'

The Court's verdict, however, is inconsistent with this statement. 'Fifteen days of compulsory labor. *Taking into account that Goorlev is a Communist,* thirty days extra. A copy of this sentence to be sent to the Party.'

Next came two lads up for insulting a girl. They had painted her door with tar — in a Russian village no slur is worse than this. As is smeared the peasant's door, so is smeared the peasant's daughter. The culprits, frightened, declare they will never do it again. They are let off with a lecture on hooliganism and staying up all night till rooster crow.

Next, a village *baba* who performed criminal operations. Wires and spindles were her surgical instruments. Taking court exhibit A, a bent, rusted knitting needle, which she used in her last case, the Judge asked: —

'Is this clean?'

'According to us — clean.'

'Where did you keep the needle?'

'On the ikon shelf.'

'Did you ever disinfect it before using?'

'Sometimes sprinkled it with holy water.'

She is given six months, but when she promises to cease the practice, sentence is made conditional.

'Now,' says the Judge, 'let us look into this evil. We hold that the right to bear a child or not rests with the woman. If she is sick, or has too large a family, or there is dire necessity, she can come to the Khvalynsk hospital, where skilled physicians will perform the operation free. But how is it generally done? By ignorant babas like this one, often crippling or killing the mothers. Who is to blame for that? You men — you fathers. A girl goes "walking"; nature takes her course. Something happens. The frightened girl must hide it or be driven from home, beaten half to death by her father. But did none of you men go walking before you were married? Do you drive your sons from home, beat them half to death, when they go walking? How is the woman more to blame than the man? Equal rights for all. This is the Soviet position. The village too must come to this.'

VI

Through such homilies the Judge attains one of the objects set before the People's Court. It becomes a school of citizenship. When the attention of the hearers flagged, he would refresh the courtroom — and himself — with a story. Most of the stories were like the following, ironic reflections upon the old order.

In Ivanovka Village the old *starosta* was in trouble over the taxes. One night the inspector, a fierce, moustached, foot-stamping giant, came driving up in his troika.

Without seeing the starosta, he put up at the pope's house. A sleepless night for the already worried starosta. Worse still, in the morning a poor muzhik tried to commit suicide by hanging himself in his shed. He was cut down, still breathing, and the starosta, terribly wrought up, ran off to the inspector to report. Dripping sweat, cap in hand, he stood quaking before the door for a long time, not daring to knock. Finally, crossing himself, he pushed it open, thrust his white head in, and, coughing slightly to attract attention, mumbled: —

'Your Highness, I'm the starosta.'

'Well!' roared the inspector, turning to him.

'Please, sir, there is a muzhik who just hanged himself out there.'

'What did you do?'

'We took him down, Your Highness.'

'Took him down?' bellowed the inspector, pounding the table. '*Svoloch*, pig! By what right? You should have placed guards and reported to the authorities. I'll teach you —'

But the starosta was off to the shed, where he found the muzhik just gaining consciousness. Taking on the tone and manner of the inspector, he roared to the crowd: 'Svoloch, pigs! Go home! Disperse! And you guards pick up the man and hang him again.'

'But he's alive!' they protested.

'No matter. The inspector has commanded it. Hang him up, and you guards stand at attention.'

Hardly was the gasping victim strung

up when the inspector arrived on the scene.

'Your Highness,' said the starosta, again crossing himself and bending low, 'he begged not to be hung up. But we did it just as Your Highness ordered.'

The story is not so fantastic as might seem. As Nastyrev, a great peasant jurist, says: 'In the eyes of the muzhik, law is something terrible, mysterious, incomprehensible, in the name of which the Government terrorizes, abuses, and mutilates, whips out arrears in taxes, exiles to Siberia, disembowels corpses, pulls down houses, kills stock, drafts into the army, *ad infinitum*.' And Kocharovsky, another old authority on peasant life, says, 'The rôle of law in the life of the peasant is something similar to a dreadful natural phenomenon; the purpose of it is not understood, but its power is felt to be irresistible.'

Every old peasant knows how the officers of the law, arbitrary and aloof and sacrosanct, used to encourage a blind submission to authority, a slavish groveling before them.

VII

In glaring contrast to this old officialdom was the conduct of the new personnel, removing from the court every formality except rising to hear the verdict; wearing no insignia of party or office, unless the red worsted scrolls on the Judge's Novgorod felt boots may be accounted such; sharing with the peasants the decisions and application of the law; taking them into the secret of the making of laws and of judges.

'How did you become a judge?' asked the old Agaphonov.

'The Party told me to go and be a judge. "How can I?" I asked. "Simple enough," they answered. "Start judging, and you will be a judge." So I did — and here I am.'

All barriers with the Judge were down. He made himself utterly accessible. Each day he held court till seven. Then in our quarters a samovar court till midnight, son Jacob dispensing tea, the Judge dispensing stories and counsel to all who came.

It is like a confessional. A newly married soldier suddenly remembering he has a second wife in the Ukraine. A young Tatar bumping his wife off his wagon and stove in order to bring on a miscarriage. Another girl with child. Shall she give birth to it out of wedlock?

'Of course,' says the Judge.

'But it has no means of support,' says the girl.

'It has a father, has n't it?' says the Judge. 'If he won't pay, tell him you will bring him into court and make him.'

Rarely he thus calls up the strong arm of the law, always offering services of mediation, reconciling hastily married and hastily repentant youth, hot-tempered sons with despotic fathers, and to all would-be litigants quoting the proverb, 'Don't go into the courts. The bast shoe will cost more than the felt boot.'

All this good fellowship of the Judge the younger generation accepts in a natural, matter-of-fact way. But the elders cannot get out of their heads the ancient conception of a judge.

One night came a delegation of four, the spokesman the very image of Ilya Moorometz in the Tretyakov Gallery. With beard sweeping the floor as he bowed, he began with the ancient formula of address to officials: —

'Your Highness!'

'S-sh! Hush!' mumbled the others, tugging at his coat. This salutation they knew was n't right. But what is right?

'Mister!'

'Comrade!'

'Citizen!'

Each salutation, old and new, they try in turn, while the Judge keeps repeating, 'Sit down!' He has to force them into the chairs. But they could not be at ease. For with them holds strong the old idea of a judge as a dignitary of great power, and incidentally of great venality. A personage to be feared — and to be bribed.

'A gift to the judge, the case is decided,' goes an old Russian proverb. Every old peasant knows that, well remembering the old officials junketing with the richer peasants at the Elder's house. There behind the closed doors, around a demijohn of vodka, many cases were decided, generally in favor of the owner of the demijohn or the man who kept it filled.

Over in Yelshanka another Ilya Moorometz, carrying on the old tradition, slipped the Judge a bottle of vodka. Khonin brought the bottle to court, placed it on the table, and told the peasants what had happened.

'I've got the vodka, and, according to Statute 114 of the Criminal Code, the giver gets one year in prison. However, let him go. He was raised in the old ways. But we want new ways. We Communists are trying to clean out the dishonest and put in the honest; then you come around trying to corrupt us. Men are weak. So long as there are peasant bribe-givers, there will be official bribe-takers. To your cry, "Give us honest officials!" we answer, "Give us honest peasants."'

But Khonin has no cause to complain about his constituency. To a people nurtured in the institutions of autocracy, he comes with the most ultrademocratic of institutions. To a people for centuries kept aloof and in fear of their officials, he comes with ultra *camaraderie*, hands down and defenseless. I was on the lookout for someone to presume upon this with a gratuitous familiarity, some backslipping act of rustic boorishness. But there was none. These peasants were worthy of the democracy they were getting. The more he democratized his bearing, the more respect and deference he received. Before one's eyes one could watch the rise of the authority of the Court and the prestige of the Soviet.

Conversely, too, one may see the authority of the ancient faith and the prestige of the old institutions failing. Each trip has its devastating effect. One expedition of the Judge into the village is about equal to one ton of propaganda literature.

'Come to supper!' 'Comrade Judge, come over and we'll set up a samovar.' Scores of these invitations besiege him. So the Judge enters into the homes of the strictest sectarians, to whom anyone not an Old Believer is unclean, a 'worldly' man who contaminates even the dishes out of which he eats. Afterward they must be broken to pieces, or cleansed by a long ceremonial. When an Old Believer baba serves the Judge a plate of cabbage, he warns her, 'It will cost you forty *epitoms* or forty kopecks to get a new plate.'

But she laughs. Is n't the Judge for women? Has n't he praised the 'milk and blood' cheeks of her ten-year-old Marusya? Somehow the Judge is one of their own, and to him the religious interdictions do not apply. So the breach in the old customs is made. Maybe not always for the common good.

Smoking, for example. As hats for women and razors for men, so tobacco in the Old Believers' code is forbidden to all. And the Judge smokes. Four years ago he took up the habit, but he carries it on with all the zeal of a new convert. In the intermission after

the Gorbooshev case, he asked the peasants: —

'Now will you let me take a smoke?'

'Smoke! Smoke!' was the loud reply.

At his quarters he always laid the box of Cannon cigarettes on the table. Anybody might take one. But, as befitting Old Believers, no one did. So stood their forbears against tobacco in the days of Peter the Great; so stand their sons to-day. Thus I wrote it down, and thus my testimony would stand had I not observed one night Foma Karpovitch strangely edging his cap over to the box. Presently some cigarettes disappeared. Then Foma disappeared.

A few minutes later I opened the door of the cow shed to find three forty-year-old muzhiks coughing and blowing smoke through their beards. They tried to look innocent, then laughed, and, like bad boys caught smoking in the barn, swore me not to tell.

'Papasha,' said Foma, 'would abuse us dreadfully; maybe they would try us before the church.' Foma, however, was not to be caught napping. His line of defense was all laid out. The Old Believers' interdiction against smoking is based on the text, 'Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man.'

'Look!' said Foma, emitting a stream of smoke through his nostrils to the great admiration of his fellow accomplices. 'It does n't come out of my mouth, but out of my nose.'

'Evidently the making of a first-class judge in Foma,' was Khonin's comment when I told him the story.

A keen sense of the comic spirit in life has the Judge. It makes him look at all things humorously, objectively — even judges.

'To what end fines and jails?' he philosophized. 'How ridiculous to make men good by doing them evil! How presumptuous to make one man arbiter of the fate of his fellow men!'

These are the ideas of Tolstoy, Hugo, Zola, picked up in youth, reflected now in his conversation. Once I heard a public outburst of them. It was at Popovka, where he set forth the theory of Soviet law: —

Not rigid framework into which the peasant must fit his life, but flexible forms, adjusting themselves to the central practice and interest of the peasants. Not codes springing ready-made from the brains of autocratic rulers, but rules of life drawn up by the people themselves. Followed a referendum upon the proposed change in the marriage code: to declare all marriages legally valid, whether registered in the Soviet or not. Incidentally, though this would raise the status of Church marriages, ninety-five per cent of the peasants voted against it.

Now rose the peasant Borodin, enthusiastically exclaiming, 'Who would ever dream that the Court would travel out to us, that it would consult with us about the laws? I tell you, brother muzhiks, that this is good!'

Khonin rose, saying, 'And I will tell you something better. That is, the day will come when there will be no need for a court to come to you — when there will be no militia or codes or jails; no judges, no prosecutors.'

This is Khonin the dreamer, indulging in visions of the Communist society to be. Khonin the realist knows that, in the society that is, the Court must continue to function; that his task is to make it function more effectively, to make himself more efficient. That's the reason why, at the call of the Party, this winter, he is reluctantly leaving his village for Saratov, to take a year's course of study to fill up the gaps in his knowledge.

ENGLISH IDYLLS

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

I. THE CROW STARVER

THE little boy spoke angrily to the dead stick he was dragging; his teeth were white as a weasel's. The stick was a fallen branch of a pine, and he could just drag it; but when the brambles caught in a stump he tugged and heaved in vain. He threw all his weight on the stick, frowning fiercely at it and making a growling sound in his throat. The brambles gave and he staggered backward, then tugged the stick toward his fire, crying, 'Ah, ee would, would ee? He-aa-eh! Ee would, would ee?'

I had walked to the spinney along the right of way through the cornfield. The island of hornbeam and pine rose in the middle of the field's ridge, lapped around by a gentle green sea, for the wheat was raising slender blades into the sunlight. Seeing me, the boy leaped up from beside his fire, seized a clapper, and whirled it round his head. The noise caused a rook three hundred yards away to float into the wind again and drift into the next field.

The boy's face was thin, his cheek bones high. His long hair fell over the collar of his loose coat — he had robbed an odd-me-dod, or scarecrow, of that coat. It hung to his knees. His head turned quickly at my footfall. His eyes were bright and keen as a bird's. He had left school a year before; now he was a crow starver. He liked the job, for he was a peculiar child. I remember seeing him one day, when he was about six years old, dart out of his grannie's cottage and pounce upon a girl carrying a basket of butter. 'Give it me!' he had screeched, hanging to the basket and making angry growling noises. He had seen an orange in the basket. He hung on until the girl, with a laugh, gave it to the urchin, who ran into his cottage and hid it in the dark corner under the table, his hiding place.

A domed heap of turfs and sticks roughly piled and pleached, with a hole in the side facing northeast, away from the gales, was the crow starver's abode. Into the earth floor stakes had been driven, supporting crosspieces on which rested withies from the brook and bracken from the covert beyond. Two sacks kept him warm.

At dawn he came up from his grannie's cottage and lit his fire. When the daws and rooks came to plunder the sprouting grain, his voice and his engines of alarm drove them away.

'Ulloo-oo-oo-a! Ulloo-oo-oo-a!' His cries floated forlorn with the wailing of the lapwings wheeling and diving above the flinty field. The sound of old tins and baths being walloped came with them, and then his shrill voice and the rattle of his clappers. A length of iron rail hung from a low hornbeam branch, and he beat it with a hammer made from a holly stick pushed through the hole in a flint.

He had a store of birch bark pushed in a niche within his dugout. It burned with a sooty flame, for birch bark is full of oil. A sooty flame of orange bit the twigs — much better kindling than paper, which absorbed the damp. He made tea in an old marmalade

pot and drank it without milk. Sometimes he had a little milk — there were goats in the vicarage garden and cows in the water meadow. In the embers he baked potatoes; sweet brown turnip he ate in slices. No one missed a 'tettie' or a 'root,' and no one saw him take them.

I used to visit him at night, when he lay in the opening of his shelter. The fire cast flame-light and shadow on his grinning squirrel-like face, as skits of wind rested and sped onward, rolling the bright sparks over the ground. He was happy in the spinney. One must not look too closely among the embers of his fire — after all, there were many rabbits, and an occasional one found with puffed face in a pegged noose of brass wire was anyone's property. 'A didden till the snare; a only found 'n in 'n.'

Sixpence a day, from dawn till sunset, banging the rusty tins and whirling the clapper. A mind unformed, a nature without pity, a brain experienced in artfulness. He had never known a father. Probably his mother, who rarely saw him, did not know who was his father. He was already formed into a solitary, living with the wind that was never silent in the pines. Sometimes, in dry weather, he slept there, in dreamless sleep as the brilliant stars of early spring swept westward, and the owls flew to the trees, hooted to their mates in the covert below, listened for mice and young rabbits, and flew on again. He knew few names, but he knew where the birds nested and when the flowers came in the hedgerows.

He looks up and listens to a singing lark; and yet I know, if he finds a nest, he will suck the eggs like a crow.

No — he does not feel the cold at night. A quick grin. No, he 'didden' want to live in a cottage; but the policeman must n't know that.

'Ess, a wull tend to craw starvin' long as a can, a wull, forever, a wull.'

A mixed flock of rooks and jackdaws fly down to dig the grain. The crow starver springs up; the ragged trousers flap round his thin legs. (When they became entirely disgraceful he would beg a new pair from 'his reverence,' and give his own to a scarecrow.)

'Ulloo-oo-oo-a! Ulloo-oo-oo-a!'

Bang, clang, on bath and rail. Rattle of walnut wood on oaken cogs of the clapper. Up rise the birds. The crow starver grins, and suddenly squats by his fire.

'A made 'n spark, didden a, you?'

The spinney stands on the ridge of the wheat field to-day, but the dugout is fallen in and covered with brambles. The bath and tins are rust in the earth; the clapper is probably an antique in a dealer's shop, or hanging on a wall somewhere, a relic of old England. When I walk along the right of way now, I walk in a smaller field; hedges, flints, the brook and the covert below, all have shrunken. The pines are not so tall — the pines where every spring a sparrow hawk used to nest. Once the illusion of boyhood arose out of the wheat and the trees and the birds in the sky, a living thing, brilliant as the sun up through the hornbeam leaves.

Other eyes may be finding it there now; my little boy may see it when he is older; but for me it is lost forever, though sometimes a smell of burning wood or a forlorn far cry may bring a glimpse in the mind. For between that vision of green wheat and singing larks and sunshine and the present lies an immense darkness and corruption, a vast negation of all beauty, as of life broken and moving backward to the original void. Its viewless shadow lies over the spinney to-day, and somewhere in that shadow wanders the ghost of the crow starver, dead in the war, with that old wraith of myself in the well-loved places.

Still the beautiful clouds lie over the downs, the larks are singing, the wheat rising green. There is hope in the wide and open sky.

II. STRANGE BIRDS

Standing by the parapet of London Bridge as it shuddered under the wheels of omnibuses, my feet cold on the pavement, I could imagine the wild eyes of an ancient Briton, suddenly brought back to life, filling with terror that the stars had fallen by the river, their vast flickering glares casting shadows about strange cliffs arisen where the forest was. The sun and the moon had fallen, too, and lay shattered and gleaming on the water; the whole sky hung with a haze of fire. And then out of this strange and dreadful scene arose a wild sweet note, startlingly near, passing in the night; another followed, and the spirit flew up with the familiar voices, away from this place where the grass had been dead so long and no trees grew.

I leaned on the cold stone of the parapet. The arc lamps blazed over the ships alongside the wharves, casting a coppery dust of light on cranes and rigging and burdened men. It was a usual night scene in the world's greatest port. The beautiful cries were gone, beaten under by the gigantic meaningless roar coming out of the stone and iron of the city.

London is old, but the spirit of earth is older, and its wild birds sometimes return to their ancient river haunts. There used to be a kingfisher flying over the reservoir by Hammersmith Bridge, to perch on a snag before the house of William Morris. I saw it twice in 1920, but I have not been there since. I dare say the bird is gone with the black branch in the mud. In flight over the tidal water it drew such a bright line, brilliant blue in the sunlight as it flew away and ruddy brown as it returned. If thought could give it life, it would be there now, fishing the water's verge for sticklebacks and beetles and shrimps, for all the children to see.

London is the less confining for me when I know that brown owls nest every year in the elms of Hyde Park. Last spring, as I was wandering under one of the great old trees, my hat was struck off my head by the talons of a hen bird whose nest was in the hollow of a branch above. She flew out in the brightest sunlight with her eyes fully opened, alighted halfway up another tree, and uttered her sharp cries of *te-jick, te-jick.* As I lingered under her nest, she flew down again in a swooping curve and would have struck my face if I had not turned my back and ducked. In her frenzy of protection she struck with her whole body, throwing herself at me behind the spread claws of her feet and falling to the ground with the shock.

I have seen woodpeckers in the Park, both the green and the greater-spotted birds; but I have never heard the yaffling laugh of the one or the beak drumming of the other — the mating calls. Perhaps the birds were solitary, or visitants from outlying woods. I searched many of the trees, failing to find any nesting hole or litter of gouged chips beneath.

The little owl (*Athene noctua*) has now strayed into London. Early one morning I saw a bird on the rim of the plash around the eastern fountain of Trafalgar Square; it was staring at the sparrows under the pedestal of the Nelson Column. It flew quickly toward them, snatched one in its claws, and bore it off squealing in the direction of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. It is quite possible that many of these owls nest in spring on the roofs of London houses. They appear to adapt themselves anywhere, and to live on any

food; pigeons, their eggs, the squabs in the nests, might now be among those things — the swift snipe included — known to nourish these little alien pests, who are in England what rabbits are in Australia.

I have seen kestrel hawks in Greater London, hovering over the waste ground of the gravel pit by the Mazawattee tea factory in New Cross. And every year cuckoos return to the big cemetery at Brockley, flying among the tombstones which fill the fields that half a century ago were under the plough. During a rare space in the rumble of motor transport and drone of tramcars, their calls float faintly to the highroad like an echo of olden summer happiness stealing from that place now set apart for stones and silence.

III. NIGHT MUSIC OF BIRDS

Those restless and wild-piping birds, the waders, are sent wandering by frost to the estuary sand banks, and in the night a thousand cries come through the darkness. The curlews' notes are more distinct, sounding like a chain of gold bubbles rising in a pool vast and starry. As the tide carries its froth up the channels, the cries increase. There are gulls and plover with them, redshank, dunlin, little stint, and shelduck, and the night is a maze of sweet sounds. The curlew is a shy, nervous bird, and in winter he cannot bear to be separated from his fellows. Sometimes by day a flock goes inland, flying high over the ploughlands, with their tossing wake of gulls and rooks and starlings. They stalk in the marshy fields afar off, rising like many eyelashes, dull brown, and scattered at the sight of a man walking two fields away.

One frosty night, as I listened to the lap and gurgle of the sea racing past the gravel ridges, a faint clamor, like staghounds laid on to the line of a deer far away, came down from the stars. The clamor changed to a trumpeting; the water shook in a net of stars. The night was filled with the rush of vast wings. *Honk! honk!* from stretched necks; a sudden uprising of frail cries from bank to bank, traveling far down into the distance; the harsh *krark!* of an uneasy heron. The wild geese were down from the north.

For an hour, as I stamped on the foreshore to keep warm, I heard other birds joining them: mallard, heard half a mile away by the quick whistle of wings from which pinion feathers were missing; green plover, soughing and calling forlornly, *See-o-weet see-o-weet!*

Listening to the slur and trickle and 'bubble-link' in the starlight, I wished I had the power to reproduce in music the variant night cries. Interwoven and continued, they glorified the night. Debussy could have caught and rendered them. Stravinsky could do it; no one knowing the natural life and hearing his original version of 'Nightingale' could doubt his power and his feeling. The same spirit is in Shelley's poetry. The composer of 'The Immortal Hour' could change into music the flare and flicker of Sirius; the dry hiss of wind in the rimed shore grasses; the tiny glitter, as of black spiders' eyes, of the Pleiads; the blue lights of unseen ships lying off Bideford Bay; the luminous smear of starlit mist over the Pebble Ridge; the myriad cries of the birds; the hollow roar of the breakers on the bar. Not only the translation of actual sight and sound into music, but the purest feeling of man who in moments of freedom — of the earth unearthy — becomes one in spirit with the birds, sharing their joyous lives, and hopes arising in their hearts, to be loosed in wildest song when spring comes on the south wind and the earth grows green in the sunshine.

PIRATES IN PARCHMENT

BY LESLIE HOTSON

I

Mr. Tink Robinson, the Scripture Reader, is a well-informed man. He knows Scripture and a good bit besides. I come to realize this as we sit together in the vestry of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, and I search the ink-corroded leaves of the ancient burial registers for stray facts concerning Humphrey Rowland, horn-breaker, who once gave bail for Christopher Marlowe. The Scripture Reader beguiles the dull intervals with strange fragments of London lore, while the livelier pages of the register show us some curious things. Here, for example, we run upon the burial (1582) of a certain Michael Johnson, 'a duch woman, called the great hulck.' A sobriquet amusing but not perhaps unnatural in a seafaring neighborhood; for Mr. Robinson reminds me that this parish went in those days right down to Wapping. One can picture the mourners towing that ponderous vessel of mortality in to the haven of St. Botolph's, to lay her up for good. . . . I turn more leaves. . . . What have we here? Burial of William Wooful, sometime assistant to a haberdasher 'in Gracious strete, who sufred at Waping for piracy on the High Seas.'

'Ah,' says Tink Robinson, 'it was down at Execution Dock where they hanged the pirates.' He was formerly of St. George's, Wapping, and is well up on the local history. 'I remember my old aunt telling me about the last pirate they hanged there. She was just a girl at the time. Down Old Gravel Lane through the crowd came the cart, slow, and in it was the pirate: high hat, frock coat, and buttonhole bokay. But her mother would n't let her look out of the window. "Oh, Mother," says she, "here's a fine sight — maybe the only chance I shall have — of a man to be hanged for a pirate, and you won't even let me look out on him!" But she heard it all from the others afterwards.' Mr. Robinson's aunt's mother evidently did not believe in the salutary effect on children of witnessing executions. She differed in this regard from the Sicilian mothers who, it is said, made a practice of taking all the young ones to such spectacles, and immediately thereafter administering a general thrashing — to make the children lay to heart what they had seen.

The ordinary or land criminal was of course gibbeted at Tyburn (which we now euphemistically call Marble Arch). It was only the pirate who suffered at Wapping. The Elizabethan Samuel Rowlands animadverts upon the latter place in graceful rime: —

> For though Pyrates exempted be
> From fatall Tyburne's wither'd tree,
> They have an Harbour to arrive
> Call'd Wapping, where as ill they thrive
> As those that ride up Holbourne Hill,
> And at the Gallows make their Will.

Wapping's full name, as John Stow reminds us, is Wapping-in-the-Woze (*Woze* meaning 'ooze' or 'mud'); and

he describes it as 'the vsuall place of execution for hanging of Pirats & sea Rouers, at the low water marke, there to remaine, till three tides had ouerflowed them.'

One might readily presume from this that the unfortunate pirates were to be twice executed — once by the grip of the noose, and again by the rising of the tide; but the real reason for giving the high-seas robber a gallows to himself on the mud flats was that he was under the jurisdiction, not of the usual criminal courts, but of the Lord High Admiral. Crimes committed at sea and on the foreshore fell within the Admiral's cognizance, and sentence of death was therefore carried out also within the limits of his authority: that is, on the strip of land which lay below high-water mark.

But what has become of Rowland the horn-breaker, whom I was hunting through the registers? Gone; driven out by pirates. John Stow, Saint Botolph, and Tink Robinson have compspired to abet the sea rovers, and my thoughts are now salty and romantic. Where shall I find the truth of the Elizabethan pirate and his exploits? Where but in the Rolls, or Record Office in Chancery Lane, that vast magazine of romance fresh from life?

To the Rolls! I take my leave of Saint and of Scripture Reader, and in the rushing channel of Aldgate High Street I board a Holborn bus. To run up the companion ladder to the swaying deck is to realize that only a seafaring nation could have developed this wind-swept, exhilarating, and precarious means of travel. The Londoner has reason to love his bus. 'Ennymaw fehz, plings? . . . Keogh!' These sounds mean that the purser, in the white cap of a ship's officer, wants tuppence. Satisfied, after a first attempt in which I nearly deposit the tuppence on the deck, he goes below, leaving me to reflection. Though there may not be a berth in the Navy, nor yet among the amphibious Marines, for every able-bodied Englishman, a conductor's lot is quite a happy one. Happy, but not without its dangers; for to-day's *Observer* whispers, as I open it, of a bus rolling so heavily in a stormy passage from Liverpool Street to London Bridge that the conductor went over the side. I feel obscurely that the body should be buried with naval honors. There might be a prayer 'for those in peril in the street.'

Yet the hazards of the buses — that great red fleet of broad, swift, and quiet barges — are as nothing now to what they were in and after the thirties of the last century. To-day we live in jeopardy of life and limb, but in those days there was peril of pocketbook as well. For, though Shillibeer's Original Omnibuses rolled through London streets in politeness and efficiency, there were pirates abroad. Pirates, bearing the same inscription as the Shillibeers, preceded by the word *not* in very small letters. These overcharged passengers and met protests with abuse. New York's 15–5 taxi pirate is not an original villain.

To-day bus piracy is dead. The London conductor may be brisk, but he is neither brusque nor brutal. Boarding a bus one hot summer's day and clambering toward the cool *impériale*, a young woman of my acquaintance was met by an extruded head and a cockney cry of 'Full up on top; roight dahn inter the incubytor, Miss!'

II

Chancery Lane — and I am following its curving descent past the ancient gateway of Lincoln's Inn, beckoned on by the white Gothic towers of the archives of England. Pirates a plenty, I remind myself, are to be found in the records; but I not unnaturally want to

make the acquaintance of a sea thief par excellence. Yet I want no Francis Drake. He had his reward, in gold and honor. No Captain Kidd. He has had more than his share of notoriety for the small amount of actual piracy he had to boast of. My pirate must be not only a great one, but also one who has been more or less lost in undeserved neglect, and therefore somewhat fallen from his bad eminence.

With this resolution, I make for the list of criminal records of the High Court of Admiralty. Here they are, eighty-five volumes and bundles of trials for piracy and other crimes committed on the high seas. And here are the papers of Dr. Julius Cæsar, Queen Elizabeth's Admiralty judge. Most of Cæsar's papers are written in Latin; but an interesting sample from among those in English is the following itemized bill of the Sergeant of the Admiralty for executing five pirates: —

In chardge for Thexecuting of John Agar, Gye Sadler, Willm Elliot, Robt Clarke, John Newton, the 22 of March 1583 [i.e. 1584]

Imprimis for thexecuting of them, and cutting downe, being v after ij^{s} a peece	x^{s}	
Item, for burying iiij of them . . .	vj^{s}	
Item, for the Tollers and pynnyon ropes for each, vj^{d}	ij^{s}	vj^{d}
Item, for ij mynisters	x^{s}	
Item, for bread and wine to communicate		vj^{d}
Item, the mynisters dynner and officers	xiij^{s}	iiij^{d}
Item, bread and drinke to the warders	v^{s}	
Item, for the Marshalls horse and v men	vj^{s}	
Item, for carrying of bills to and froe		xij^{d}
Item, for the loane of a ladder and carrying the same		xij^{d}
Somma	lv^{s}	iiij^{d}

Executed and cut down, five; buried, four. What became of the odd pirate? Was he claimed by his sorrowing friends and relations? Or was he cut down, only to be set up somewhere else for an example, as the French put it, *pour encourager les autres?*

You notice that the ministers, officers, and warders were allowed to make quite a festal affair of this execution. They dined to the tune of eighteen shillings and fourpence, — albeit March 22, 1583/4 fell on a Sunday, and a Sunday in Lent at that, — whereas the last supper of the five poor pirates cost the Queen only sixpence the lot. A very niggardly send-off for lads of Drake's calling. In fact, the more I read the more I am persuaded that good Queen Bess's glorious days were more specious than spacious, and that Bess herself was a right mean queen. Look again at that bill. She even *borrowed* the ladder from which they were turned off! But I may be doing her an injustice. Perhaps she is only emphasizing her queenly preference for larceny of the grandest kind. Those who rob the Spaniards on a large scale, you remember, she knights. But these little fellows, who meddle with small shipping nearer home, she callously turns off borrowed ladders, to wag hemp in the wind.

Doubtless a stimulating method in its effect, and one which made of the English good sailors and better pirates. Scaliger, a sage Italian observer, said, 'nulli melius piraticam exercent quam Angli'; and Edward Chamberlayne, in his *Angliæ Notitiæ*, remarks, 'Some of those who have more Wit than they can apply well, and a bold dexterity above all *Europeans*, are the most exquisite Pick-Pockets in the World, and the most daring Thieves and Pirats.' Sea thieving became so popular that Elizabeth's successor, James, who loathed piracy on any scale, and desired to make a friend of Spain, struggled throughout his reign to stamp out what he termed 'this accursed plague introduced by Queen Elizabeth.' But he found it had so deeply

infected the spirits of his people that not only did it increase under his eyes, but almost all his seafaring subjects who went to serve foreign princes sooner or later took to piracy.

One might expect, then, to find interesting freebooters in James's reign; and indeed it was here that I found the pirate I was looking for. He was lurking in the State Papers, Domestic, and the Venetian State Papers. The reason why he was there and not in the criminal records of the Admiralty is a simple one: this pirate — the greatest of his generation, and one whose name was babbled with terror in most of the Romance tongues, and horribly mispronounced into the bargain — was never captured, but lived and died a pirate king.

III

Before plunging into the documents, we may advantageously introduce our sea rover with a short view of the Mediterranean piracy which just preceded his career. Of the terror of the Barbary corsairs history and romance have told us much. It is not, however, generally realized how restricted their menace was in the sixteenth century — restricted by their ignorance of navigating sailing vessels of a high freeboard. These African Turks were masters only in handling galleys, whose cruising radius was limited. A great change came at James's accession to the English throne. His threatening proclamations against piracy by his subjects drove English sea dogs farther afield. They found their way to Tunis and Algiers, where they initiated the Barbary corsairs into the art of sailing a ship.

The prime mover in this momentous action was the very man we are following, Captain Jack Ward, the archpirate of Tunis. Andrew Barker, a merchant captain who was Ward's prisoner in 1609, some six years after the English pirate's arrival in the Mediterranean, testifies to the former unskillfulness and insufficiency of the Turks in navigation; 'yet,' he continues, 'of late to my wofull experience, I can witnes, they haue beene readied by the instruction of our apostate countrimen, (I meane of Ward and others who haue beene their commanders) to tackle their Ships, to man and manage a fight.'

It is from Barker, too, that we have all that is known (and a lively picture it makes) of the beginnings in piracy of Jack Ward, 'whose desperate actions hath caused terrour to trauellors by Sea, and whose name hath bred feare in the Marchants at home.' Born poor in Feversham in Kent, he went as a man to Plymouth, where he took a house; 'although,' Barker observes, 'I have neuer heard that he paid his rent.' Most of his time was spent in the alehouse, and 'all the reputation that his owne crue held of him, was but this, that he was a mad rascall, would swear well, drinke stiffe, stick toot, and like a good cocke, hee would neuer out of their damnable pit, If there were either money in his purse, or credible chalke in his hosts hand, being once in.'

At the beginning of James's reign, Barker tells us, Ward took service in a small ship of the Royal Navy, the Lion's Whelp. Here he conceived a plan of mutiny and gathered a choice gang of malcontents about him; whereupon 'the poison of his heart disgorged it selfe thus: "My mates, quoth he, what's to be done? here's a scuruy world, and as scuruily we liue in't . . . where's your brim cup, and your full carouse that can make a merrie heart? where are the daies that wee cryed *Cargo* in? . . . when we might sing, sweare, drinke, drab, and kill men as freely, as your *Cakemakers* doe flies?

. . . when we might lawfully doe that, we shall bee hangd for and we doe now; when the whole Sea was our *Empire* where we robd at will?"'

This exhortation fell on ready ears; and, to be brief, Ward and his fellows captured a bark, and later two other vessels, and made for Tunis. Here he entered into agreement with the Bey by which, in return for safe harbor and crews to man the ships, the pirate was to sell his booty only to the Turkish officials.

In the three years 1603–1606 he made an unexampled reputation for undaunted and successful piracy in the Mediterranean, taking such rich cargoes that, despite the cheap rate at which he disposed of his 'purchase' to the Turks, he grew fabulously wealthy. But the richest prize fell to him in the summer of 1607 — a great Venetian *galeazza di mercantia*, the Reneira Soderina, of about fourteen hundred tons burthen, with cargo to the value of five hundred thousand crowns: riches beyond the dream of Alnaschar, and a sum which makes Captain Kidd look a mere beginner.

Upon this crowning feat of depredation Ward and his crew of Davy Jones's natural children (who then numbered about three hundred) were inclined to rest. Their leader was no more than human, and hoped to enjoy his wealth in peace. What is more, he was a true-born Englishman, and hankered for home. Urged by both of these desires, Ward began to make secret overtures to the British Government toward securing James's pardon. But it was precisely this affair of the Soderina which exasperated Venice to the point of implacability against him, and it is at this juncture, in the autumn of 1607, that Ward makes his picturesque appearance in the copies of Venetian dispatches in the Public Record Office.

IV

A merchant commissioned by Ward came to England and laid before the Venetian ambassador, Zorzi Giustinian, the pirate's offer: if the Doge and Senate would not hinder him in getting a pardon from King James, he would restore to their owners all Venetian goods in his present possession. But at the same time Ward at Tunis was pushing forward ominous preparations for greater piratical raids, in case his proposal were not accepted. He was converting the lofty Soderina into a fast cruiser by cutting away her half decks, knocking out many of her knees, and mounting forty pieces of artillery on her lower deck and twenty on her upper. She brought the number of his fighting ships up to six.

Meanwhile the news of the pirate's intentions had come to Venice, and on November 5 the English ambassador, Sir Henry Wotton, addressed the Doge and Senate in the following words: 'Most Serene Prince and your Excellencies. That famous pirate Ward, so well-known in this port for the damage he has done, is beyond a doubt the greatest scoundrel that ever sailed from England.' After a short account of Ward's naval preparations, and his simultaneous endeavors to return to King James's favor, he continued, 'Ward wants to return home and also to keep his plunder, but the King will never assent to that. But if your Serenity could see a way by which he could in part give satisfaction to the gentlemen and citizens who are owners of the booty he has plundered, I do not think the return to the King's favor would be so difficult a matter.' To which the Doge replied, 'Ward will meet with a warm reception if he comes into these waters.' And the Senate gave as their answer: 'The Republic trusts his Majesty to grant no pardon until those who

have suffered are fully indemnified.' Venice was in no forgiving mood.

Through some accident or oversight, James did not formally proclaim and banish Ward as a pirate until the winter of 1607–1608; but he assured Giustinian that he would never pardon Ward without the assent of the Republic, although he added that the politic pirate was spending large sums in Court bribes to obtain the King's grace.

By February 1608, Captain Ward's fleet had grown to eight sail, and the corsair's menace was so instant to any Venetian shipping that ventured beyond Corfu that the Senate ordered three great galleys, specially fitted out with gunners, to reënforce the other men-of-war in convoying the merchant fleet to the Levant. In March, after another ship had fallen a prey to the sea-sharkers, Sir Henry Wotton wrote home to England that 'the hatred of him increaseth, and fully as fast, the feare of him.' And to show that Ward's own enmity to the Venetians was also growing, Wotton adds the account of an English captain named Moore, just arrived in Venice, whose ship Ward's racing cruiser fetched up and spoke a little outside the Gulf. 'Tell those flat-caps,' shouted the pirate, 'who have been the occasion that I am banished out of my country, that before I have done with them I will make them sue for my pardon!'

Shortly after this threat, Ward's fortunes received a check, which, however, he surmounted in a fashion truly Napoleonic. His squadron was off the coast of Crete when it was overtaken by a storm. Ward, for reasons best known to himself, left the Soderina at the height of the storm in a small boat. Within a short time the great argosy, weakened as she was by having her timbers cut away, went to the bottom with her crew. Of the four hundred Turks and English on board, four Turks on a raft survived to tell the tale. All Christendom hoped that Ward had been drowned. But not so: the imperishable picaroon had got to one of the other ships in safety. Of course when he put in at Tunis, where the news of the disaster had preceded him, there was a more serious storm to weather. The Tunisian mob, not doubting that he had planned the destruction of the Turkish crew, were ready to tear the Englishman to pieces. Yet by dint of personal courage and an unsurpassed ability to 'swear through a nine-inch plank' Ward not only saved his skin but kept on the right side of the Turkish Government.

V

To get his breath after this hair-raising escape, Ward appears to have cruised up to Ireland — at this period a notorious pirate headquarters — in quest of more ships and men. London merchants were in despair. Few dared venture a cargo out of port, and no one would insure except at ruinous rates. One of the obvious remedies suggested for the intolerable situation was that of heavily arming the merchant vessels. 'This,' wrote Giustinian, the Venetian ambassador, 'finds favor with the nation, which hopes that in this way it may be possible to return to buccaneering; and they are incited not merely by their natural instinct towards it, but also by the rumors of Ward's riches.'

What could James do with a people of this kind? If he armed ships to resist the pirates, they would turn privateers themselves as soon as they got out of sight of land. The King was obliged not only to abandon this plan, but even to publish ordinances against piracy, which included the following provisions: 'Ships are to be examined before being allowed to sail, so as to discover whether

they are armed or not. On the slightest suspicion ships and crews to be seized. Such ships not to be allowed to sail without caution money to twice the value of the ship.' And he finished by ordering all English ships 'to pursue and engage the pirate Ward as the man who above all others has inflicted heavy damage on Christians.' One wonders, after reading the earlier ordinances, how the English ships could engage any enemy, let alone the most terrible pirate in the world!

Upon this, Ward made his last bid for repatriation, offering King James the enormous sum of forty thousand pounds for a pardon. James, being made of sterner stuff than Elizabeth, refused the magnificent bribe, and afterward prided himself not a little on the firmness of his stand. To lose his last hope of being received again in England was a blow to the homesick pirate; but he made one ultimate effort to regain a footing on Christian soil. Applying himself to the Council of Florence, he asked permission to settle in Italy, offering, in return for guaranties that he should not be molested, to bring with him one hundred and fifty thousand crowns in plunder. But, after some dallying with the proposal on the part of the Italians, negotiations were dropped. The supreme hope was gone, and Ward turned Turk. He had made his bed as a renegade, and had now to lie in it. The exasperated Christians, moreover, by various cunning means, strove to make that bed as thorny as possible. The crook-backed Earl of Salisbury sent an English captain named Pepwell to Tunis, to persuade Ward and his confederates 'to forsake their wicked course of life.' Needless to say, he failed; whereupon he did his utmost to destroy Ward. He succeeded in prevailing on a certain Kerson, a German lieutenant of Ward's who hated his chief, to promise to kill the archpirate in return for protection in England. But while the clever Pepwell was thus occupied in plotting his assassination Ward, by distributing gifts and glowing promises among Pepwell's own English sailors, was winning them over en masse to the piratical career. As for the murderous Kerson, he was shortly after captured by the Venetians and hanged at Zante. Extraordinary skill and devilish luck were Ward's!

After these abortive English attempts, and in that same summer of 1609, the Portuguese took a more successful flyer at the pirate. Don Luis Fasciardo cruised down the African coast with twelve galleons; and, anchoring in the Gulf of Tunis, sent in all the ships' boats under cover of night with artificial fire, and burned the pirate fleet without suffering any loss himself. For any other sea robber this disaster might have spelled ruin, but not for Ward. By the following spring he was out again with a new force, scouring the sea lanes of the Levant trade.

Such a supreme talent as his transcends the circumstances of his time, and has an importance for all history. James no doubt acted according to his lights when he condemned the rascally renegade in unmeasured terms; but events have shown that in reality the puissant pirate was Britain's unconscious benefactor — a forerunner of the great empire-builders. For it was thanks to his endeavors that England, to protect her trade from the Turk, soon found that she had to acquire Gibraltar and Minorca, two priceless imperial possessions, as naval bases. Ward, in training the Turks in improved English piratical methods, unwittingly strengthened England against the world. Julian Corbett, the authority on English sea power in the Mediterranean, reminds us that Harley, as plenipotentiary to the Congress of Utrecht, 1713, was instructed to insist

on English possession of Gibraltar and Port Mahon; and adds the remark, 'So in all the pomp of a European concert the seal was set on the work which Ward had disreputably begun.'

VI

What finally became of our fascinating and scoundrelly empire-builder, whose name in its infinite variety of Ward, Vuerte, Vuer, Vor, Guarda, Guart, Duarte, and so forth, was the terror of the Straits? Nobody knows. News was, however, brought of him in 1615 by William Lithgow, who, in his *Totall Discourse of the Rare Adventures & Painefull Peregrinations of long Nineteene Yeares Travayles from Scotland to the most famous Kingdomes in Europe, Asia and Affrica*, has the following circumstantial paragraph: —

> Here in Tunneis I met with our English Captayne, generall Waird, once a great Pyrat, and Commaunder at Sea; who in despight of his denied acceptance in England, had turned Turke, and built there a faire Palace, beautified with rich Marble and Alabaster stones: With whom I found domestick, some fifteene circumcised English Runagates, whose lives and Countenances were both alike, even as desperate as disdainfull. Yet old Waird their maister was placable, and joyned me safely with a passing Land conduct to Algiere; yea, and diverse times in my ten dayes staying there, I dyned and supped with him, but lay aboord in the French shippe.

All things considered, it is no doubt pleasanter to read about Ward than to visit him in his alabaster palace; and, though the peregrinating Scot found the old ruffian 'placable' and willing to issue a passport, you observe that he preferred to sleep on board his own ship.

So far as we know, the pirate's active days were now almost done. Another cruise in 1617: we get a glimpse of Ward, under all sail, booming down on the Foscarina of Venice, and leaving her a blazing hulk. A more fleeting glimpse of another raid in the following year, and we lose him. Did he die fighting, or in the Oriental splendor of his palace? Who can tell? Imagination is lost in the golden shimmer of an African sun.

The coasts of high Barbary have faded in the distance. Ward is gone, and his roaring crew. I am in Chancery Lane. This is the Record Office, commanded by the Master of the Rolls. Here are no *bertons*, or tall ships of Tunis.

But surely there is more than a breath of the sea about the place. Listen. Down the corridor comes a great rattle of block and tackle. A pause; then a voice sings out, 'Heave — *ho!*' and something is hoisted away to be stowed. . . . Again, a shrill whistle, as of a boatswain's mate, floats down an iron companion. One of the men goes quickly. . . . Now they bring in a long heavy bale of mouldering parchment, 'under canvas': it is covered with a thick dunnage of duck, made snug by a line rove through grommets.

After this need a body be surprised to find some of the attendants wearing the flat, round, beribboned cap of the seaman? Or to catch them in the washroom, ridding their hands of the document dust, and to discover what the sober uniform jacket has concealed? Belt? Braces? Far from it. Their equators are bound with sashes; and the skin of their arms is fantastically tattooed in blue.

NEWBORN

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

THERE will be no more death;
There will be no more pain.
I fought them: they lie there;
Slain.

Up through the halls of time,
I fought: I overcame.
From the blind Dark beneath the world;
And through the shouting flame.

To win this body bright,
This sheath to hold its lord;
Treasure of breath and being;
Mightier than the sword.

And sundered soul and body,
From death on death of pain,
Rose up to serve this conquering Life,
Even as servants twain.

O far and filled with tidings,
Some air of Earth blows sweet;
But here are songs from star to star;
And the Sun beneath our feet.

IDOLS OF THE CAVE

BY OSWALD COULDREY

POTCHARD, of the Archæological Survey, stood upon the rock's brow and stretched himself luxuriously. He had finished an uncommonly good morning's work. He had been copying a newly found inscription which promised to go far to solve the mystery of the famous monuments on which he was engaged. The publication of this discovery, he reflected, would mean a great gain to science. Incidentally it would add much to his own professional reputation, even when all due credit had been given, as in the generous glory of the moment he was determined that it should be given, to his Brahman assistant, the actual finder, and when his own official superior, who would be in a better position than himself to publish it abroad, had in turn taken his share of honor at the other end. It seemed good to Potchard, in the hour of which I am writing, to be alive; which was to say, to be in possession of reasonable health and a congenial career, to have earned an hour of leisure by hard and fortunate work, to know that a comfortable drink and tiffin would shortly be waiting for him in the rest-house, and in the meanwhile, thanks to the quickening coolness that flowed, like the vast breath of a god, from the glittering bay before him, to be out here pleasurably in the open at high noon — a luxury of which those only will appreciate the full value who, born in temperate latitudes, know how rarely it is obtainable in the Indian plains, at least so far south as Potchard's province lay. It seemed very good to him to be out here in the open on a pleasant coast, far from the office and the railway, and inhaling blissfully the sense of freedom and solitude and silence, of gray rock and palm and sea, and of the neighborhood of those marvelous monuments of a mysterious antiquity to which he had given his heart.

The enormous boulder upon which he stood, and the thousand others piled and scattered around him and strewn at random along the coast in either direction, were of the kind that commonly outcrop and litter themselves upon the Southern plains and jungles — now in the form almost of monolithic mountains, the seat and throne of many a Dekhan acropolis; now, as here, in a manifestation less vast, but multitudinous, conglomerate, and confused, and sometimes built upon itself in a fashion so fantastic and precarious as to suggest the sportive handiwork of demons. The rock itself is generally of the same character throughout, gray and rounded, bald and dry, stained with broad stripes from the rain, but almost destitute of grass or lichen. In this voluminous and lasting material some forgotten dynasty of the South had chosen here to engrave, in symbols proportionately vast, the dark record of its power. One ponderous ridge of granite had been carved into the likeness of seven pagan minsters of the prime, complete, with all their clustering cells and pillared halls, reduced indeed from the scale of thronged originals, but still a wonder of gigantic sculpture. Beyond these curious monuments, with their

stone guard of colossal bulls, lions, and elephants, rose the graceful spire of another and somewhat later temple of builded stones, the most romantic of all the relics of this forgotten sea mart, within whose desolate forecourt the waves themselves now bowed in adoration, and washed with tidal punctuality the pedestal of the god's columnar standard. All this was now hidden from Potchard's view by the giant rockeries between, and by a comparatively modern temenos of Vishnu, enclosed in a great square of wall, which the reputed sanctity of the spot still kept drowsily alive; but pillared chambers had been carved by the same antique art out of the core of several rocks in the immediate neighborhood; and the naked shoreward face of the great boulder upon the crown of which Potchard himself stood bore a magnificent bas-relief, famous — in photographs — to archæologists throughout the world, and representing, with a vigor and realism generally lacking in later Indian art, and at the same time with a mastery and finish possible only in a developed and successful school, some celebrated miracle or act of worship, in which a cloud of gods and sages, fabulous beings, and forest animals, including a family of stately elephants, nearly as large as life, took their secular and silent part.

The subject of this crowning masterpiece of the solitudes, though well known to that oracular authority, Tradition, had long been in doubt among those who knew better; and Potchard, having nothing else to do, took a vague resolve to look again at the bas-relief on his way home to tiffin, in order to review upon the spot the latest arguments that had been put forward on the subject. His way to the lower ground, however, led him past the pillared front of one of those shallow porches cut into the rock which have been already mentioned. In this elemental chamber he had already noticed, while talking that morning to his assistant in the course of his tour of inspection, the existence of a peculiar echo; he now turned aside and entered the portico with the object of finding out the exact nature of this peculiarity.

The chamber — a work, as he now knew, of the seventh century of our era — was very neatly finished, and as fresh as if it had been carved last year. Grotesque pillars propped the lintel, and large mythological panels in bas-relief adorned the walls at the back and sides. By shouting and singing scales before these graven images in a way that would have appeared comic to an observer unacquainted with his object, Potchard discovered that the echoes of the cave remained comparatively dull to most noises, but if one particular note of the scale was mooted the rock responded like a bell.

While a moiety of Potchard was engaged in the pursuit, and exploitation, of this pretty discovery, his idle eye fell to considering the sculptures by which he was surrounded. The panel which occupied the side wall represented, in that vigorous and early style whose quality has been already indicated, the delightful Earth goddess lifted in triumph out of the Deluge by the boar-headed incarnation of Vishnu. In the neighboring panel at the back the same deity's yet more honorable bride, Sri Lakshmi, goddess of Prosperity, was undergoing the royal rite of lustration, or enjoying a shower bath, at the hands — for so the early Aryans reverently regarded the dexterous member used — of her attendant elephants. This popular subject, stereotyped later into an almost heraldic formula, was here treated with a freedom which looked novel to the reverted eyes of the modern. The goddess, naked as Aphrodite, sat throned on a lotus in the centre. Beneath her on either side a

file of naked girls passed waterpots from hand to hand. The elephants, two vaguely huge and jutting heads that filled the upper region of the panel as it were with a condensation or stone metaphor of opposing thunderclouds, received and lifted the pitchers in their serviceable coils, and poured the water over the body of the goddess, the effect of movement being cleverly suggested, as on the Parthenon frieze or in a modern cinematograph, by representing each figure at a different stage of the action.

Potchard was of course well acquainted professionally with these and all the sculptures of the site. Professionally, again, he was proud of them, as the curator of a museum is proud of his best specimens. But although — perhaps because — he had once been through the mill of an English art school, he had never felt them as living art, nor learned the secret, if any existed, of their beauty. To-day, however, he was suddenly caught unawares by the grace of the little figure of the Earth goddess as by a trick of living loveliness; and as he turned thence, with new interest and respect, to study the adjoining panel of the Lakshmi of the Elephants, the dormant art student within him gradually became aware that he was looking at a composition of extraordinary beauty and power, articulate in symbols different indeed from those of his own tradition, yet perhaps no further than they from the nature which guided both. The spacing and balance of the design, Potchard said to himself in the dialect of the studio, were admirable; and the contrast between the slender, languid beauty of the naked girls and the uncouth and massive heads of the elephants — At this point the thread of his mental soliloquy got lost in the reality of delightful contemplation.

Almost at the same instant a brown Hindu stepped suddenly and noiselessly from behind him, laid his hand upon the trunk of one of the elephants, and seemed to be trying to remove some dust or other matter from the angle of the contour.

'Here, what are you doing?' Potchard called out sharply in Tamil, taking the newcomer for one of the folk from the Vishnu temple hard by. 'Be good enough to leave those images alone.'

The stranger turned a handsome, frank South Indian face, showing his fine teeth in a smile.

'You need not fear,' he said, 'that I shall harm the images. I can neither mar nor mend them. Moreover, I do not wish to mar them, for it was I that made them.'

'Made them, did you?' said Potchard with a laugh. 'That is interesting. How long ago do you think those images were made?'

The man meditated a moment. 'They were made long, long ago,' he said. 'They were made in the reign of the king Mamalla, the great Pallava.'

Potchard gaped. This was precisely the information which he had deciphered that morning from the newly discovered inscription, and which he thought to be known to himself and his assistant alone of living men, for the local traditions regarding the origin of the monuments were vague and fantastic, and the inscriptions were not understood. Apparently this fellow had been talking to the assistant; but, as he appeared to be crazy, it was strange that he should grasp, as he seemed to do, the significance of the information.

He was a man of medium height, but so well proportioned as to appear almost tall. He was girt with the usual South Indian loin cloth to the ankles, and went naked from the waist upward, like all the people of the South where Muslim or Western sophistication has not asserted itself. His long

hair was tied in a *chignon*, not at the back, as is the general fashion in the Tamil country, but somewhat aside, as they use it in Malabar; and the chignon itself was much larger than usual. His face was aquiline, and would have been exceptionally handsome, even to Western eyes, but for a certain downward curve and protrusion of the lower lip, which, however, by no means impaired the distinction though it broke the beauty of the features.

Potchard surveyed the man with interest, slowly recovering from his surprise. In India it is not entirely uncommon to meet mystically disposed persons who make paradoxical assertions and extravagant claims; and Potchard was in the humor to enter into the fun of the thing.

'If you made those images in the reign of King Mamalla, my friend,' he remarked, 'you must have undergone a great many rebirths in the meanwhile. I wonder you have n't forgotten the incident.'

The man looked at Potchard with an oddly serious and serene expression.

'The artist, sir, is free from rebirths,' he said, 'so long as his works endure on earth; for his former individuality endures with them. When they are hidden or neglected it sleeps in them; but when they are admired it wakes again in the gazer's heart, and rejoices.'

'As admirer or admired?' asked Potchard quizzically.

'That, sir, is a difficult problem in logic, which I cannot explain. Perhaps there is no real difference at all. Are we not all one in Brahma, the Ultimate Soul? I only know that contemplation wakes, and is glad.'

The hidebound Englishman did not quite follow this, for he proceeded to ask: 'Do you not grow tired of contemplating your own work so many times, and after all these years?'

'Ah, sir, you are not an artist, or you would not put the question. Have you never seen a living artist brood upon his own work done? Do you know how often he will return to the same employment, even when he has so many other calls upon him, and fresh beauty to achieve? Will that need of his grow less, do you think, when he can create no longer? To know the beauty of his own work done, that is the artist's heaven. *There* is a faculty that will outlast the hardest material that the earth affords him to shape his thought in. I used to think that I revised my work so that I might alter and improve it; but now I can alter it no longer, nor often wish to alter it, indeed, for we learn little in the world of shadows; but I still take a tireless pleasure in looking it over. You must remember that the soul of the dead artist suffers long eclipses, incalculable intervals of sleep and oblivion, in which perhaps there lies some quick virtue of forgetfulness that makes awakening always sweet. If all the world should come together and stand at gaze throughout the centuries, admiring these images of mine, perhaps I might be weary of my bliss; but they don't.'

'You have a healthy appetite for a ghost, my friend,' said Potchard; 'but how is it that I have never seen you before? For this is not the first time that I have admired your masterpieces.'

'You have not rightly admired them before,' replied the other. 'Did you not notice how the echo of this chamber chimes in answer to one note only, and is deaf to all the others? In the same way there is only one mood of the mind that can call up the living secret of a work of art. The rest approach it vainly.'

'If this is fooling,' thought Potchard, 'at least it is excellent fooling,' and fragmentary phrases and vaguely remembered anecdotes from spiritualistic writers began to occur to him. If he

were really assisting at any such phenomenon — *what* an opportunity!

He pulled a notebook out of his pocket; but the sight of it seemed to make the stranger ill, and he put it away again.

'This Mamalla, now, the great Pallava — what manner of man was he?' Potchard asked, as it were casually.

The other's eyes kindled. 'He was a great king,' he replied, 'and his navies sailed upon the sea; he reverenced the gods and was kind to merchants; but especially he loved and rewarded the artists.' He paused, pleasantly reflective.

'What else did he love?' Potchard asked encouragingly.

'Beautiful women,' replied the other readily, 'and he loved to have us carve their beauty in the rock. See how beautiful are the girls carrying the pitchers there. But that is partly a trick,' he added with a laugh, 'for the girls and the elephants each make the other appear more beautiful by comparison. Look at the figure of the Earth goddess in the next panel,' and he indicated the figure which had first caught Potchard's attention that morning. 'That figure pleased the King particularly. See how prettily she sits poised on the knee of the mighty Boar god; and again the head of the beast by comparison makes her lovelier. Is she not beautiful?'

'Certainly,' Potchard admitted a little awkwardly. 'What is he doing? Kissing her?'

'Smelling her,' was the prompt reply. 'The Boar has raised her above the floods; he is smelling the fresh fragrance of the Earth.' And Potchard, though slightly shocked, could not but recognize the ingenuous aptness, the rude poetry of the thought.

'That was not my own idea,' continued the stranger pleasantly. 'It was told me by a Brahman poet. The Brahmans had beautiful ideas about the gods, and beautiful stories. But sometimes they would hinder an artist, rather than help him. They insisted that the gods should have four arms each, and sometimes six or eight. Do you believe, sir,' and he turned to Potchard confidentially, 'that the gods have so many arms?'

'That, my good sir, is a question which you ought to be in a better position to answer than I am,' said Potchard smiling.

'Why?' asked the other. 'I know no more of the gods now than when I was alive in the flesh. Are they not the gods of the living? But I shall never believe that they have all those arms. To have so many would not be beautiful, and the gods must surely be beautiful. I always used to hide away the odd arms as well as I could, so that no one but the bigots need notice them. See the Vishnu there, and yonder, again,' and he indicated the figures on various panels.

Potchard assented vigorously. He was experiencing a delightful sense of intimacy with an age and people about whom, in company with other archæologists, he had long been curious. He was beginning, however, to reproach himself for wasting an opportunity so precious as the present in talking what he called 'artistic shop,' however archaic, and he cast about to turn the conversation into more profitable channels.

'Where did these Pallavas originally come from?' he asked suddenly, fingering the notebook in his pocket. It was a momentous question, and its right answer would mean fame and a new chapter of Indian history.

The stranger did not seem to hear, and Potchard, with concealed suspense, repeated his question. He refrained from looking at the other lest he should seem too eager, for he knew that what

we eagerly desire is harder to obtain from others than what we affect to despise.

'Come from?' echoed the stranger absent-mindedly, after another painful pause. 'Come from? Originally?' His far-away voice seemed to be growing fainter.

Suddenly he gripped the patient Potchard's arm with an unspectral vigor which startled the archæologist.

'See,' he said, in a soft but vigorous tone of glee, pointing to the panel of the elephants.

A little striped squirrel, a creature almost as common in India as the house sparrow in England, picked its way delicately across the forehead of the right-hand elephant, leaped across to the other for a moment, then, descending by way of the beast's trunk and the shoulder of the nearest handmaiden, dropped to the floor and ran away.

The stranger's enjoyment must have been contagious, for Potchard actually failed for the moment to notice his own disappointment, in the simple delight of that little casual spectacle, that freak of contrast pretty and pointed as a Greek epigram, that merry twinkle of delicate life and color and agility across the huge features of the hoary monument.

'Ah, very pretty,' said the archæologist, forgetting the Pallavas and speaking as to a friend. 'I have often noticed that the little living creatures that haunt such a monumental site as this, the lizards and squirrels, the green parrots, doves, and other birds, seem somehow prettier and pleasanter to the eye than in the open woods. Is it because life is the one thing wanting here, the lost, irrevocable treasure? Or is it merely as a relief to the much dead art of the place?'

The Viswa-karma smiled.

'No doubt it is difficult for art to emulate the variety and minuteness of nature,' he admitted, 'but that subtle glorification, which you have observed, of the beauty even of the commonest living creatures here is partly due, I believe, to the influence of all the souls of the dead artists that are sleeping around you, for one of the noblest functions of the artist is to glorify the world we live in, or rather to lend men eyes so that they may see more clearly the glory that is there already.'

Through the lulling charm of the stranger's eloquence Potchard's professional conscience began to prick him again. 'But you were about to tell me, when the squirrel interrupted us,' said he, 'something concerning the Pallavas.'

'Was I?' said the artist, all the enthusiasm dying out of his eyes. 'What was it?'

'Where they originally came from.'

'Came from?' said the other inattentively; and then again, after an interval, as if he were trying to collect himself, 'Came from?'

Each time the voice was weaker. His stature also seemed to shrink, and Potchard, gazing desperately expectant, suddenly thought he began to see a glimpse of one of the columns of the chamber through the man's naked body. Potchard made a grab at his notebook. He thought vaguely of Hamlet and his 'tables,' and the ghost who had to leave at cockcrow.

'Be quick and brief, for heaven's sake,' he cried, tense over his notebook, pencil ready, ears at strain, for the voice now was very faint.

'Originally came from —'

There was another long pause. Potchard looked up — and found the stranger gone.

'Why,' said he, 'didn't I stick to the art "shop"? I might at least have found out what was the subject of the great bas-relief.'

He sat down disconsolately on the

sill of the chamber and glared into the sunlight. The extravagant hopes which he had been subconsciously cherishing, of revelations which were to confound his archæological brethren, were suddenly curtailed. It remained only to make the most of what was left. He put his notebook on his knee and bit the end of his pencil.

As one who has in a dream apparently created some immortal work of literature — an heroic poem, perhaps, or a volume of epoch-making discoveries in thought or science — finds, as he approaches step by step the confines of the waking world, that the jewels of his eloquence turn one by one to common pebbles, and the fruit of his invention to ashes, so it fared with Potchard the archæologist as he sat upon the threshold of the rock chapel; until he was fain to confess that there was not one of those wonderful revelations, whose combined effect had been to produce so thrilling a sense of familiarity with the unrecorded past, which could not have been deduced in the course of a discerning and sympathetic study of the sculptures themselves.

Sympathetic and discerning study of old art, however, even when it falls short of inspiration, is rare enough in archæological reports to excite notice. When Potchard produced his next account his brethren said that Potchard was inspired.

For once Potchard felt bound to admit that they were right.

OVERFLOW NOTES

BY HELEN MURPHY

TALLULAH, LOUISIANA
May 3, 1927

I AWOKE at five o'clock this morning, possibly because of the strain under which we've lived for the past three weeks, hourly dreading, hourly expecting an overflow; but more likely because of the subdued but insistent meows of Herman, standing by my bed, tapping my cheek with his black paw. I remonstrated that a cat born in the purlieus of New York City should not so far forget metropolitan customs as to demand breakfast at such an hour, but I arose and went with him to the ice box; for Herman is a little black tsar, and we his grumbling but adoring minions.

He ate daintily, washed his face, then asked to be let out, and as I opened the door I saw the huge trucks filled to 'standing room only' with Negroes going to work on the levee. They were shouting and laughing, chewing tobacco and swearing, but going cheerfully to delve in the muck and the danger, driving heavy piles, tying willow mattresses, filling countless thousands of sacks with earth to top the already high levee crest.

How our men — white and black, even the high-school boys — have toiled, day and night, through these horrible weeks! Everything known to engineering ingenuity is being done to hold back the sullen, swollen river which looms above us sixty feet on the Vicksburg gauge.

Watching the Negroes out of sight, I was reminded of the colored troops I had seen, nine years ago, quartered overnight in the Armory at Broadway and Sixty-seventh Street, New York. I had talked to them, for Negroes, though often irresponsible, are never unresponsive; I half hoped I might find in the groups of brown and black and yellow a familiar face — a 'darky' from home! The next morning, when I passed, the Armory was empty and still: some scattered ashes, a little débris, a heavy odor — the colored troops had gone across.

I was roused from these musings by another sound on the highway — the thud, thud of many feet. There went the Scotts' mules, seemingly an unending line: the stock from three plantations, where the ploughing and planting had gone on methodically, in spite of high-water menace. It was a gamble for the planter; if the flood came, seed, labor, wages — all would be lost; if not, why, he was that much ahead of the game. But even the most optimistic souls were becoming depressed by an ever-rising river and appalling reports from the Greenville flood, and those who had not sent their stock out of the state were heading them now for Transylvania, twenty miles above, where an old and well-sodded levee would give them at least a place to stand on.

I turned into the house as black Martha and yellow Mary, with Uncle Shepherd hobbling in their wake, sauntered into the yard, and they soon set the household machinery going; but we were a little too anxious to eat and too preoccupied to note the dust in corners.

Uncle Shepherd and I went to work in the flowers, his twisted old hands slaying weeds and grass and sparing the frailest flower. He was droning to me of the glory of 'dem days,' when an ominous sound disturbed us — a heavy tramping, a rushing and scuffling; deep lowing and anguished bleating; the hissing of whips and shouting of voices; then, all at once, our quiet, shady street was submerged in an onrush of terrified cattle.

Hundreds of them! Cows, seeking lost calves; great bulls, frothing and bellowing; yearlings with fear in their soft eyes; young calves, stumbling in weariness.

It was Mr. Moberly's herd of handsome Herefords, and I wondered if, in their confusion, they'd ever reach the higher ground. At the corner they stampeded and many went, plunging and bellowing, across the yard, cutting the turf, breaking the shrubs, crashing into the trellis where the queen's wreath and star jasmine grow. I rushed among them, helplessly waving them back, while Uncle Shepherd, from his retreat on the porch, implored me to come back before I was 'tromped clean to death.'

I was not afraid of being 'tromped'; the poor creatures were not vicious, but utterly confused at the break in their tranquil lives, by still waters, in green pastures. The incident, however, disturbed me; it seemed an omen of worse to come, and when, late in the afternoon, the whistle of the fire engine — the preconcerted warning that the levee had given away — screamed out in shattering shrillness, I found myself strangely quiet, wondering dully, 'Where — where has it given way?'

We ran downstairs and found Mrs. Agee, white and breathless, at the door. 'At Milliken's Bend — it's gone in at Milliken's Bend!' she cried in answer to our questioning eyes.

And yet I could not rouse myself to the horror of a break at that spot, only six miles away, with a few trees, a strip of woodland, to check the cruel currents and crushing body of water hurling toward us. I thought, irrelevantly, of the skirmish between Grant's forces

and Confederate guerrillas, at Milliken's Bend, during the Civil War; of the little town, rising from the ashes of carnage into increased prosperity — a shipping point of importance, where stately steamboats dropped their stage planks and disgorged immense piles of freight, reloading with cotton and other produce from the neighboring plantations. I could see the little town hall, serving, alternately, as lodge, schoolhouse, and ballroom, its worn floor richly polished by untiring young feet.

Then I remembered Milliken's Bend as it has been for many years: deserted, encroached upon by new levees, claimed by the ruthless river. A few scraggly shrubs mark the sites of lovely gardens; the old Yerger house, former abode of many children and much hospitality, stands alone, crumbling and shabby, but obviously looking down on the fishermen's huts and squatters' tents scattered at intervals.

Well, Milliken's Bend was having its revenge — its old enemy was placing it in the limelight again.

After the first deadening shock our town awakened to frantic activity. There was no outcry. Work was to be done, and people with white, tense faces set themselves to do it.

In response to urgent warnings many had raised their household goods on to scaffolds, or had taken them to warehouses and two-story buildings; those who had not were struggling feverishly. Automobiles tore through the streets; trucks thundered by, piled high with trunks, furniture, chicken coops, bandboxes, pets, and people — all headed for the railroad, where passenger coaches, box cars, cattle cars, flats, and locomotives had been stationed for weeks, steam up, ready to rush to a place of safety.

Having a two-story house, we preferred to stay at home, and made our plans accordingly. We elevated everything on the first floor, took down doors and mantels, carried the coal-oil stove and other culinary adjuncts upstairs, requisitioned one of the bathrooms as a kitchen, and made ready for light housekeeping.

Another reminder of New York days!

We were well stocked with canned goods and staple provisions, also with lamps and candles, against the dread time when our power plant would be put out of commission, but before running my car on to the platform in McCaffery's garage we made a farewell trip for grain for the chickens and meat for Herman — the last steak that pampered rascal would see for many days.

Everywhere people were working, nailing, hammering, lifting, struggling; and always that steady trek to the railroad. Trains were loading as rapidly as possible, running to Delhi, safe and dry on Bayou Maçon's red hills, then back again for another load, and in my heart I gave credit and praise to the I. C. and the Missouri Pacific for standing by us so valiantly. Our worst trial would come when they would be compelled to leave us, all forlorn, cut off by an inland sea from communication with the outside world.

Always we were asking one another, 'When will the water reach us? How high will it come?' And over and over we wondered if people in the outlying districts, up the highway, down the bayou, had been brought to safety; if the cattle had all been cared for; if our platforms were high enough; if we'd be able to catch our chickens; and what would become of the poor stray dogs and cats.

Through all the noise and confusion the sun shone gorgeously, birds poured out a glory of song, and flowers bloomed till our little town was one big bouquet. They seemed to know, poor things, that they must crowd all their beauty and perfume into one short hour.

With the coming of night — a night even more glorious than the day had been, a young moon casting tremulous shadows, soft breezes rippling the leaves — there was but little rest. How could there be, with locomotives shrieking and shunting, cars chugging back and forth, chickens squawking and fluttering, and an incessant whirring of saws and battering of hammers! A magnificent symphony of distress and unrest!

An aviator, flying from the scene of disaster, had comforted us with the information that the break was not at Milliken's Bend after all, but nearer Cabin Teele, and that it was widening slowly, the crest having given way, but the body of the levee yet holding, so the water would not reach us so soon as we had expected.

May 4, 1927

In the stillness of dawn, with Herman at my heels, I crept out into my garden — a fairy garden it seemed in that uncertain, rosy light — and with a sickness in my heart I drank in the beauty of my flowers: roses blooming prodigally, deep crimson, scarlet, and blush, rich yellow and silver white; tall hollyhocks, in multicolored bonnets, peeping over the fence; larkspur, blue and pink and white, springing everywhere; pansies and violets, blending their modest fragrance with the vivid perfume of queenly Easter lilies.

'Oh, Herman,' I moaned, 'to think in a little while they will all be gone! To think that ugly brown water can wash out so much loveliness!' But Herman switched his tail and chased after a cricket; and as I returned to the house I looked north, and far over the fields a glistening sheet was unrolling steadily and the dull roar of rushing water broke on my ears. At ten o'clock it had reached the Fair Grounds, surging over the race track, climbing up the grand stand; then on into Sheriff Sevier's yard, smothering Mary's pretty flowers; rushing through the ditches, filling the low places till by night our streets were long mirrors, reflecting eerie shadows.

We tied our little homemade bateau to the back steps, ready for action, and carefully corralled Herman, who since emancipation from apartment life had become a 'regular fellow,' given to staying out nights, and we had no idea of having him caught away from us.

We managed to get Mamma off on the last refugee train this afternoon. She rebelled, being of pioneer stuff, but we did not know what might be ahead of us, and in case of illness there would be no ice, no lemons, nor other luxuries. We took her to the train at eleven o'clock in the morning, but it did not get off till 4 P.M.

All that time loading and shunting, running through the water to Mound to pick up cattle, horses, and terrified stragglers; back again to find belated groups, with bundles under their arms, dogs shivering at their heels, coops of chickens, cages of birds, an occasional ruminating goat, even boxes with pet squirrels, huddled around. It might have been ludicrous if it had not been so pathetic. I thought of the exiles of Acadie who sought shelter in Louisiana, and of how many of their descendants were now fleeing from the oppression of an unprecedented flood. I shall not soon forget the faces of those who were leaving.

We watched the water take the vegetable garden this evening: corn waving high green banners and promising luscious roasting ears; peas loaded with plump pods; butter beans, okra, beets, lettuce — all the good things that add so much to our living — destroyed utterly!

We went early to bed, worn out with the excitement and exertion of the day, but now another noise made sleep all

but impossible — the frogs! How could there be so many frogs in one small world! Every gradation of sound they emitted, from deep bass to C in alt. Tree frogs, spring frogs, toad frogs, bullfrogs, all meeting in one glad and grand reunion and raising their voices in a concerted pæan of praise for the waters that be. Not since the overflow of 1912 had such a joy been theirs!

May 5, 1927

The water rose rapidly last night; it is now lapping on our top step, and by to-morrow will be in the house. Even then we shall not be so badly off as some of our neighbors. Mr. Bethea, after raising his scaffolds till his furniture hit the ceiling, has moved up into his loft and presents a unique appearance emerging from the ventilator under the eaves and stepping into his boat, anchored to the roof. Mexican Joe's little shack, down by the woods, is submerged up to the comb. It will be a long while before Joe, a pack on his back, will take up his march down our streets, chanting: —

'Red hot! Red hot!
Hot tamales, good and fine;
Two for a nickel, five for a dime —
Would give you more,
But they ain't none of mine.
Red hot! Red hot!'

We have had many callers to-day, in many kinds of crafts: high-powered motor boats, graceful skiffs, slender pirogues, blunt-nosed bateaus, canvas canoes, and rafts. It is amazing that so many should appear all of a sudden, and that everyone handles his or her craft with the apparent ease of long practice. We are an adaptable people and, having accepted the inevitable, everybody seems cheerful and determined to make the best of an unfortunate situation.

Our big Orpington rooster awoke his harem of yellow beauties with vibrant calls this morning, nothing daunted at being confined in a coop on top of the woodhouse, with no earth to dust in, no worms to scratch for; 'Pretty Polly,' from his perch on the upper gallery, screams 'Hello!' and 'How-dee-dew!' to the boats that pass; 'Ziggy,' swinging in his cage, tries to outsing the mocking bird in the big oak, and flutters his golden wings in rivalry of the cardinal that comes for crumbs on the window sill; the docile capon, with his adopted children, has settled down to an enforced domesticity.

Only Herman remains disconsolate and perturbed. He hates the roar of the motor boats, the click of the oars, the drone of airplanes, the constant lapping of water. He misses his meat and his mice, and, most of all, his trysts with kindred spirits in the still shadows of summer nights. He thinks, with me, that the rumble of the subway, the roar of the L, an abode six flights in the air, a potted palm for shrubbery, were not so bad after all.

May 6, 1927

The water is well into the house this morning. It has a dampening effect on one's spirits to see it spreading over the floors, creeping past the baseboard, staining the wall paper; but we are very cosy and orderly upstairs and housekeeping goes on apace.

Mr. Shields came in his big boat this noon, bringing bread, milk, and eggs, which are all most acceptable. His plantation, 'Roosevelt,' fifteen miles above us, is out of the water, and the Taylors' herd of Jerseys is being pastured there. Agnes, with her unfailing thoughtfulness, sent us a box of delicious tea cakes. That is what I call being a really good Samaritan!

The Chapmans' white duck appeared in their yard, from heaven only knows where, to-day, and quacked and called

so piteously that we took a pan of grain and went out to feed her; but a frightened duck in five feet of water is a vanishing equation, so we left the corn on a floating log and hoped she'd find it. Late in the afternoon we spied her, preened and proud, swimming with a handsome mate. So it was not her nine little ones for whom she mourned!

May 7, 1927

The law of compensation exemplifies itself in the wonderful weather we are having — a glory of sunshine, with soft breezes, and the few flowers that are not submerged are stimulated by the moisture and blooming as never before. Every morning I paddle around my own and my absent neighbors' yards and gather great bunches of roses, honeysuckle, althæa, and cannas. My Maréchal Niel, by the steps, is the loveliest thing one could imagine — great festoons of rich yellow blossoms, flanked by leaves of tenderest green, and that heavenly fragrance not equaled by any other rose. When the water goes off I shall cut it back and cover the roots with hay in a desperate effort to save it.

But it will be a long and weary wait before the water goes off. It is now four days since the break and the crevasse is widening and deepening all the time. It is reported 2100 feet wide, and it rushes through with a deafening roar, seething and tumbling like the rapids of Niagara, except in the very centre, where its great depth makes it flow with a treacherous smoothness.

All houses near by and the stretch of woods have been swept away and crumbled like kindling wood. Yet not a hundred yards from the break several hundred Negroes and a few white people, with their accompanying train of dogs, horses, cattle, and pigs, are camping on the levee, calmly pursuing their daily lives. They spread their mattresses and scanty covers on the sod, regardless of sun or rain, place their battered remnants of furniture about them, build their fires, prepare their meals, feed their stock, comfort their crying babies, and go their ways with a patient stoicism. They have been through deadly peril, they have gazed on sickening sights, yet they are alive — there will be another chance.

When I think of those who have lost so much; those whose homes have been swept away, whose fortunes have crumbled as the yellow tide swept over wide acres of growing cotton and corn; those who have helplessly watched their live stock drown and listened to the terrified screams of their children — when I think of all these I am ashamed that I should grumble over stained paper and buckled floors, that I should pine for ice and fruit, letters and newspapers, that I should lament the defection of Martha and Mary, growing fat on 'gov'ment rations' in somnolent idleness, while I wrestle with pots and mop floors; and I resolve to grieve no more, not even for my lost posies, nor for the reproach in my cat's yellow eyes when I give him canned milk in lieu of Jersey cream.

May 8, 1927

After the manner of Mr. Pepys, 'up very much betimes this morning and as perfect Sabbath day as ever I did see!' A wonderful stillness hung over the town; the parade of boats had not begun; even the birds called to each other gently; the tall smokestacks of the oil mill pointed heavenward like grim accusing fingers, the expensive machinery rusting beneath a yellow slime, the gin loft sacrificing its lint and seed to shelter homeless Negroes, a brace of hunting dogs, a flivver, a church organ, and a balky mule — so are the channels of industry diverted!

I spied Mr. Marvin Lewis on the top

of his garage, sketched boldly against the morning sky, and I half looked to see him turn his face to the east and utter the muezzin's cry; but he only waved a hand and climbed into a wire cage to feed his chicks. That reminded me of our modified Noah's Ark, so my husband and I went the rounds of our birds and beasts, not forgetting the mother cat and three bedraggled kittens which we had rescued, wet and famished, in Miss Emmie's crape myrtle tree; nor the little yellow cur which, after days in the water, clambered, more dead than alive, on to our step. He was not very acceptable, in appearance or personality, to Herman, so we quartered him in the garage loft, and upon our visits the little fellow forgets his food in humble joy over human companionship.

We scattered crumbs and grain on planks and fences for the birds — there are myriads about the place; probably their instinct tells them it is a closed season for cats, and in the ravaged condition of the forest they must stay close to man's habitat for largesse. I was rejoiced to spy my little humming bird flashing his dainty wings against the vermilion and green of the pomegranate bush. His seems a fragile life to stem such hardship.

Amy Holmes tells me she is feeding a rabbit on her woodpile, and Mandeville Kell throws corn every evening to a covey of quail, seeking sanctuary on a shed in his back yard. Mrs. Boney supports a squirrel family in her poplar tree, and some men of the town carry skiffloads of hay down the railroad embankment to hungry deer that have swum in. So we all have our pet charities these days.

We cannot attend church to-day, however dutifully inclined, for all places of worship, irrespective of creed, are thoroughly immersed. Our ministers, as well as our doctors, stand by us, though, and lend a hand to whatever work comes up. We listen to Brother Kimberlin, the Baptist preacher who lives next door, singing lustily 'How Firm a Foundation' about six o'clock every morning, as he tumbles from the platform where his bed is raised into his boat, and hurries up to the Red Cross car, cheerfully to put in twelve hours of grilling work. We tremble for the safety of dear Dr. Gaines's two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois when we see him seated in questionable crafts, headed for refugee camps and far-away plantations.

Mrs. Coltharp and I had a long visit over the phone this morning, and I am quite envious of her superior state of well-being. She retained her cook, — I accused her of peonage, — and has her cosily ensconced in the parlor; her fine cow is on a raft in the orchard, and furnishes an abundant supply of fresh milk and butter; her chickens, from broilers to bakers, are on platforms in the yard; so she is really prepared for a state of siege.

I, however, am laying claim to a superior supply of intellectual pabulum, for the splendid box of books sent by David Amacker from Amherst arrived just a few days before the flood and has indeed proven a blessing. It is n't often one is granted such an opportunity for thought and reading.

We dined with the Craigs to-day and an excellent dinner it was, despite the effort it is to secure material with which to work. Bertha does not lower her standard of housekeeping for a mere matter of overflows!

This afternoon we went for a long ride over miles and miles of water. Water still and placid as a lake; water rippling and purling; water writhing and rushing in a torrent; water over the graveled highway where one short week ago we had raced in our motor cars; water high over the railroad track

where busy engines had, like shuttles, woven the woof of commerce. We came home in the red glow of sunset, and it was very beautiful — if only one could forget the desolation of row upon row of houses, submerged to their roofs, washed from their blocks, and the pathos of starving cats on many of those roofs, watching and waiting with glazing eyes; if one could shut out the horror of swollen bodies of horses and cattle, floating heavily; if one did not mind the disorder of overturned buildings and shattered fences, of floating bits of furniture, of a mêlée of tin cans, pots, bottles, jugs, and nameless junk; if one could look without tears at the occasional little pot of flowers, set high on a shelf and blooming bravely in the desolation and disorder.

I could not forget these things or keep them from before my eyes, and my heart was saddened that our country should suffer this cruel blow. Our country, so beautiful, so rich in natural resources, so fertile of soil; so worthy of being the banner agricultural spot of these United States; but held down by the terrible menace of recurrent floods. I asked myself rebelliously if we must always be a poor, shabby, struggling people, battling against a force too great for us; and when night came and a wonderful moon rose over the trees and duplicated its silver globe in the mirror of water that lay before us, reflecting trees and houses and flowers and rippling away in dusky shadows, I felt that I had my answer: in the sheer beauty of it there was hope.

As the kindness and generosity of the people of our land are seeing us through this great trial now, so will their intelligence, energy, and ingenuity find a way to deliver us from a repetition of it. Then once again our crops will grow, our cattle browse in peaceful pastures, our gardens bloom, and our homes be established in the joy of permanence.

May 9, 1927

We have much rejoicing this day! The telephone and telegraph lines have been repaired and the mail has come in! To know just what that meant to us one must have seen the crowd of men, women, and children, of varied types and colors, standing knee-deep in water in the post office and lined up in boats at the door — every face eager and expectant.

We were particularly blessed, with stacks of letters and bundles of papers, all a little damp and musty after their long journey by train, motor boat, airship, and what not, but oh, so welcome! It was delightful to know that though submerged we were not forgotten. There was a wonderful letter from Mrs. Butler, in Chicago, dear ones from our Smith friends, the Sydney Smiths of Englewood, New Jersey, and the Bolton Smiths of Memphis, Tennessee, and many other kind messages.

Olive Maupin phoned us from Vicksburg to come in the Red Cross boat to her high hills. Tizzie and Susan rang us up from Lake Providence, and my brother recklessly expended his patrimony in a long message from Shreveport. In short, we are by way of having our heads turned by so much attention.

Another cause for rejoicing is that the water rises very slowly now; the wise ones say it will be 'on a stand' by Wednesday; then, since everything that goes up must come down, it will surely begin — in its own good time — to fall.

In another three weeks our saffron-colored winding sheet will have gradually unrolled, leaving us a little ghostly, a little numb, but with yet enough vitality to struggle back to normal, to show to the world that our heads, though dampened, are still unbowed; that we are the masters of our fate — the captains of our souls!

IN THE ANDES

A Play in Two Acts

BY HERBERT PARRISH

PLACE: A remote village in the Andes
TIME: The present
PERSONS: —

PADRE BONIFACIO MENDOZA, a Spanish priest
PEDRO, his sacristan
JUANITA, an Indian woman
FRANCISCO, her son
A horde of native Indians of the Aztec tribe

ACT I

(*The curtain rises on a scene in the sacristy of a Romanesque church. Through the open door, back, is the interior of the church — the gleam of the red sanctuary lamp, the rail of the sanctuary, a shrine with burning candles in the distance. The sacristy is lighted by large Romanesque windows. A chandelier of ecclesiastical design hangs in the centre. There are chests for the vestments. Eucharistic vessels, a huge monstrance, canopies for the Blessed Sacrament and for statues of saints, banners for processions, vestments, copes, and chasubles lie about or hang from half-open drawers — red, purple, green, white, and cloth of gold. Tall candles, half burned and untrimmed, stand on the vestment chests with thuribles and torches. There is a smell of incense and of stale wine from the cruets. A large table with an enormous inkstand and several books for records and for the Mass is in the centre. Everything is in the rococo style of ecclesiastical art of the eighteenth century, rich in color and very florid, with much gilding, but shabby and worn.*

PEDRO, *the sacristan, is putting away the vestments. He is a half-breed. He has the face of an Inquisitor. An intense and fiery religious bigot. His lean form is clad in a shabby cassock. He wears sandals on his bare feet. His movements are quick. He crosses himself with profound reverence before he touches any sacred object. In passing the crucifix on the vesting table he bows with ceremony.*

In a few moments PADRE BONIFACIO *enters. He is an elderly man with a benign expression. He wears a biretta on his gray head, is dressed in a soutane, and carries a cane, walking with a slight limp.*)

PEDRO. May the holy Virgin of Guadalupe protect your reverence!

PADRE BONIFACIO (*making the sign of the cross*). There is grave need.

PEDRO. They no longer come to the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

PADRE B. A few of the older women only are faithful.

PEDRO. They have departed to the mountains and are working the mines.

PADRE B. The mines?

PEDRO. Yes. For gold.

PADRE B. But the mines are the property of the Church. We are negotiating to sell them to a foreign company.

PEDRO. Yes, your reverence, but Francisco says —

PADRE B. Francisco?

PEDRO. May the pains of Hell get hold upon him!

PADRE B. Francisco! That boy!

PEDRO. Francisco says, your reverence, that the mines belong to the tribe. He says they belonged to the tribe long years ago before the Church came to save them all from the flames of eternal torment. He says the holy Church and the Spanish soldiers robbed the tribe. He says —

PADRE B. Silence! What he says matters nothing. Our mistake was in sending that boy to the United States of North America for an education.

PEDRO. Education is the Devil's weapon for the destruction of the holy Church.

PADRE B. Nonsense, Pedro; it is also the instrument of God for the saving of souls. Myself was educated in Salamanca at the Seminary that I might do this sacred work in benighted lands.

PEDRO. True, Father, but that was holy education, the education of the Church itself. In the United States of North America it seems they have the Devil's kind.

PADRE B. Enough! Francisco may be lost through pride of knowledge, but he must not be allowed to draw others into the snare. We must devise means to bring the people back to their duty. We cannot go on with an empty church. What should I say to the Archbishop when he comes for his visitation?

PEDRO (*drawing a long knife out from under his cassock*). The quickest way would be —

PADRE B. Bah! Thou art a savage, Pedro. Put it by. 'They that take the sword shall perish with the sword.'

PEDRO (*putting back the knife, mumbling*). This is not a sword.

PADRE B. (*seating himself at the table and opening one of the large books*). I shall think of a way. (*The clangor of a house bell sounds in the distance.*) See who that may be.

(PEDRO *goes out through a door to the right which leads to the priest's residence. He returns presently alone.*)

PEDRO. It is Juanita, your reverence, Francisco's mother. She would talk with you.

PADRE B. Let her come in here. But stay you here the while. I see no woman alone in the sacristy.

PEDRO. Your reverence is wise.

(PEDRO *goes out and returns with* JUANITA. *She is an Indian woman dressed in the native costume, with a serape over her head; not old, and with a superior bearing. The padre has risen and is standing in the middle of the stage. She kneels and kisses his hand. As she rises the faint sound of an Indian tom-tom is heard in the distance. This sound very gradually draws nearer; later on, up to the end of the act can be heard in addition to it the sounds of other Indian instruments, with occasional singing and laughter as of a large group of Indians holding a festa in the plaza in front of the church.*)

PADRE B. For what purpose do you come, my daughter?

JUANITA. My son, Francisco!

PADRE B. Your son Francisco has raised a revolt against the Church.

PEDRO. He has taken all the men and carried off every girl in the village.

JUANITA. My boy, Francisco —

PADRE B. The headmen of the tribe have elected him chief.

PEDRO. He calls himself the Inca and denies the worship of the true God.

JUANITA. His education in the United States of North America —

PADRE B. He has become a blasphemer, an atheist. He has brought it

about that even to-day, Ash Wednesday, not a soul attended the holy Sacrifice or received the ashes on his forehead.

PEDRO. He is the enemy of God. A Judas. He deserves to die.

JUANITA. He is young, Padre Bonifacio. You will deal gently with him?

PADRE B. When does the holy Church not deal gently with its enemies? Let him repent.

PEDRO. They have seized the mines and are working out the gold.

PADRE B. Let him confess his sins and do penance publicly.

JUANITA. You once were young yourself, Padre Bonifacio —

PADRE B. Silence, woman; that was long ago.

PEDRO. They treat him as though he were a god. They bring him all the gifts. He deserves to die.

JUANITA. Do you speak of death, you dog? He will answer for himself.

(*The sounds of music and singing outside have given way to shouts and laughter.* FRANCISCO *comes running in through the door of the church. He is laughing.* FRANCISCO *is a youth. He is of a light copper color, with handsome features and straight black hair. He is dressed in a perfectly fitting suit of American cut, dark blue serge, and wears shoes, but over one shoulder is a scarlet serape and around his head is a band of beaded gold set with semiprecious stones. A single feather is stuck at an angle in the band. He is half savage, half civilized, and evidently a half-breed.*

At the sight of his mother FRANCISCO *stops his laughter, looks searchingly at the priest and then at her. Deliberately; suspiciously.*)

FRANCISCO. Pardon me. Do I interrupt?

PADRE B. Why did you not remain in the United States of North America? Or now, having visited your mother here, why do you not go back again to your studies?

FRANCISCO. There was no greatness for me there.

PADRE B. No greatness?

FRANCISCO. My race. My color. In the United States of North America to be dark-skinned is to be an outcast, scarcely human, without a chance with other men. They called me a colored man, a nigger, a damned nigger. Me, with the blood of the Incas in my veins!

PADRE B. But that is a great country — very rich, very powerful. Here there is nothing but the hills.

FRANCISCO. Better a king of a small tribe than a slave in a great state.

PEDRO. King! (*Increased noise outside.*)

PADRE B. But surely the advantages of a high civilization, the white bread, the culture —

FRANCISCO. Civilization? The narrow streets and buildings like the sides of cañons. Crowded with a selfish, grasping mob, milling like a stampeded herd of swine. The blaze of electric lights and shrieking signs. The rush of motor cars giving out an evil smell, poisoning the very air. Women painted like our braves in time of war — almost as naked. The packed multitudes of slaves working day and night in factories, without freedom, without gayety. The envy, dishonesty, crookedness, and strife. The haughty pride of the rich. The canting ignorance of the masses. The noise and roaring clangor of the hateful streets. — Here at least there is silence in the night of stars. And the clean, free air.

PEDRO. But at least you wear the white man's clothes.

FRANCISCO (*grinning*). Ah, well, the habits of four years are not so easily broken. But it is nothing. (*He strips off his coat and throws it on the table. He has nothing on underneath.*)

PADRE B. For modesty, no more.

JUANITA. Put it on again. I like you better so. (*She helps him put on the coat.*)

FRANCISCO (*laughing*). In this high altitude it is comfortable. I became tender in the United States of North America.

PADRE B. But now that you have come back to us, Francisco, surely it is not right for you to influence the people here to leave their religion. You have drawn the whole tribe away from the Church. No one longer attends the holy mysteries.

FRANCISCO. Why should they not leave the Church? They had a most beautiful religion of their own centuries before the Church came here. They were then prosperous and happy. The Church has done nothing for them. Your Pizarro and his Conquistadores enslaved them. The Church burned all who did not submit to its authority. You have kept us in ignorance and debased us with fables for four hundred years. It is time we became free.

PADRE B. Surely you did not learn this in a civilized Christian land?

FRANCISCO. That is exactly what I did learn. The professors at the university laughed at the fables of Adam and Eve, the creation of the world in six days, the talking serpent, the folly of miracles of saints. Only the ignorant masses still cling to such childish ways. In free countries the welfare of mankind is the only feature of religion that remains for the intelligent. If my people are to rise, they must be freed from old superstitions that make a future Heaven the only thing to live for. They must learn to live now, here in this world, first. You are three centuries behind the time, Father Bonifacio.

PADRE B. Blasphemous heresies! Is there no God?

FRANCISCO. A Supreme Being. A First Cause. The Inscrutable Absolute. Of course. And, if you like, some outward and visible symbols of divine beauty and divine power. The sun, for instance. My ancestors worshiped the sun. Or a man, a man with the light of God within. An Inca, let us say.

PEDRO. Sacred Virgin! A man!

PADRE B. The Church will flourish, boy, when you are dust. The gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. We shall find means to draw the people back to the holy faith. We can afford to be patient, forgiving. But you have seized the mines. The government will have something to say to that.

FRANCISCO. Government? Which government? When I landed a few weeks back there were three revolutions going on and three different governments among you Spaniards. They will have little time in all these revolutions to send forces up to this remote place. Besides, your people stole the mines from us. They are ours.

PADRE B. Nonsense, boy. It was the conquest of a higher civilization.

FRANCISCO. A higher civilization? Why, I read in the books at the university library something different. We had a civilization a thousand years before your Columbus sailed from Spain. Your grasping soldiers armed with better weapons stole our gold. Is civilization a matter of weapons? I do not believe it. Or, if it is true, then the tribe is better off in that respect than you.

PEDRO (*draws his knife and springs at* FRANCISCO, *shouting*). You are mad! Let him die like a dog!

(JUANITA *intercepts him, seizing his wrist.* FRANCISCO *leaps lightly to the top of the table. He claps his hands and shouts. A crowd of Indians rush in.*

They are a debased, evil-looking lot, of various shades of color and in the semi-civilized garb of savages in South America. They swarm around the table.)

FRANCISCO. All these things are yours, friends.

(*The band brush* PEDRO *and the priest aside and begin to pillage the sacristy. They load themselves up with the holy objects. Some try on the vestments awkwardly. Others dispute and tear them. There is great laughter and confusion.*)

[CURTAIN]

ACT II

(*Six weeks later. Good Friday. The curtain rises on a scene of the plaza before the great doors of the church. A flight of steps leads to the doors, which are closed. The façade of the church, crumbling, patched, and broken, is in the usual Romanesque style. A campanile with bells. Palm trees edge the scene. Distant mountains show behind the church. One or two crude benches in the plaza. Dazzling sunshine over all. It is morning of a hot day in the tropics.*

Standing before the church doors are PADRE BONIFACIO *and* PEDRO. *The priest is leaning on his cane. Both look dejected.*)

PADRE B. Good Friday, and not a soul comes to church. My thirty years of teaching and labor lost!

PEDRO. Francisco is the only god they worship now.

PADRE B. It was easy for them to fall back into idolatry again. And yet after so many years —

PEDRO. They will miss the ceremonies. How they enjoyed the beating of the images, the crucifixion, the blood and wounds!

PADRE B. They bring us no offerings. It is we whom they crucify by their neglect.

PEDRO. He has become their god.

PADRE B. The ancient pagan Aztecs worshiped the sun. It is well known. And for that reason they go to the height every morning.

PEDRO. They worship him also. I have seen. And doubtless to-day they will claim the church.

PADRE B. Sacrilege! The abomination of desolation. It must not be.

PEDRO. The headmen desire it. I have talked with them. The church for a teocalli, they say. Formerly they had temples.

PADRE B. I have locked the doors (*holding up the huge key*).

PEDRO. It will not matter. They will force your hand.

PADRE B. In the sacred Scripture it is written: 'Resist not evil.' If they come, we must give way.

PEDRO. The Holy Virgin may provide some other plan.

(*Enter* JUANITA.)

JUANITA. I have done what I could. He will not listen to reason. They insist upon using the church to-day.

PADRE B. In the United States of North America it seems that children no longer respect even their parents' wishes.

JUANITA. He has many arguments. I cannot prevail with him.

PADRE B. God will prevail, my daughter. The gates of Hell shall not prevail against us.

JUANITA. They are coming in great state and pomp. He is their high priest, their god. Do not anger them, my father; they have power.

(*Far off the sound of a horn is heard, a crude instrument made of a mountain goat's horn. It gives but one note. Then follows the sound of the tom-toms and singing growing nearer and nearer. Other crude instruments, Indian flutes among them.*)

PEDRO. They are coming. I can see them winding up the hill.

JUANITA. They must not find me here. But, remember, Father, do not deal harshly with the boy.

PADRE B. The true religion is never harsh, Juanita.

(*Exit* JUANITA.)

PEDRO. Let us meet them with courage at the church door.

(*They take their stand on the steps. The procession appears, winding in from the side of the church. It is a religious procession, half Catholic, half pagan.* FRANCISCO *has made an attempt to train the tribe in the traditions of the ancient Aztec rites as described by Prescott or Markham.*

The Indians have abandoned all traces of the modern Spanish dress and wear vividly colored robes, headdresses of feathers, many gold ornaments. The old men as priests. There are torch bearers and boys swaying thuribles. Flower girls strew flowers. FRANCISCO *himself is dressed almost completely in gold plate, though much of his body is bare, and he wears an enormous crown of feathers held in a gold band. He walks under a canopy — one of the spoils of the looted sacristy. This is of white silk fringed with gold, formerly used to cover the Blessed Sacrament in processions. It is carried by four men. A band of half-clad girls cluster about him. The instruments play a wild, monotonous accompaniment to the singing. They sing as they enter.*)

THE INDIANS.

Oh, come, then,
Great as the heavens,
Lord of all the earth.
Ten times I adore thee,
Ever with my eyes
Turned to the ground,
Hidden by the eyelashes,
Thee am I seeking.
Oh, look on me!
Like as for the rivers,
Like as for the fountains,
When gasping with thirst,
I seek for thee.
Encourage me,
Help me!
With all my voice
I call on thee;
Thinking of thee
We will rejoice
And be glad.
This will we say
And no more.[1]

(*The procession has filled the plaza as the song ceases.* FRANCISCO *gives the sign to break ranks. The canopy is folded up and taken back. The crowd breaks into groups; some sit on the church steps, some on the benches; and some squat or lie on the ground.* FRANCISCO *stands well in front, the others at a respectful distance. He turns toward the padre and the sacristan and summons them forward. They come to him.*)

FRANCISCO. Well, how do you like our music, Father? As well as the *Ave Maris Stella?* I like it better.

PADRE B. Are you not ashamed — you, a mere man — to receive divine honors from these poor benighted people?

FRANCISCO. Why should I be ashamed? Am I not better than one of the carved and painted wooden images you have taught them to bow down to?

PEDRO. Idolatry!

FRANCISCO. Nonsense, Pedro, my elder brother. There must be some little idolatry in every true religion. How else shall men visualize the unseen God? And a living man is better than a lifeless image.

PADRE B. You to pose as God with all these young girls clinging about your steps!

[1] From the hymn to Uira-Cocha attributed by Salchamayhua to the Inca Rocca. Quoted from Markham.

FRANCISCO. Why is it that old people are always so suspicious of the young? Why, these are the Vestal Virgins (*laughing*).

PEDRO. Monstrous!

FRANCISCO. But we have come, Father, to hold our little annual sacrifice. We must use the church. The ancient ritual prescribes a temple. See, here are the sacrifices. (*He points to the baskets of flowers and fruits.*)

PADRE B. In this temple we worship only the true God who died for us this day upon the Cross. I commit the key to Pedro. You may force him to let you in, but I refuse consent as I refuse to bow down to you. (*Exit.*)

(PEDRO *snatches up the key, which* PADRE B. *has thrown on the ground, and rushes to the steps of the church. He is intensely excited, but begins to speak at first with some control.*)

PEDRO. Listen, all of you. Here is Francisco come back from the United States of North America where he has been educated. He has taught you many things. Now he has come demanding the church for the sacrifice. Very well. We shall give him the church. But mind you, to-day is Good Friday. You have always worshiped in this church on this day a God who died for you upon the Cross. (*He makes the sign of the cross and the natives involuntarily imitate him.*) That God you worshiped was a great God. He came down from Heaven. He was born of the Virgin Mary. He died on the Cross. They scourged him with whips, and with whips with leaded tips. The whips cut his flesh. The blood ran down in streams. They crowned him with the crown of thorns. The thorns pricked his head. The blood ran down his face.

(*The Indians are becoming more and more excited, more and more sympathetic with* PEDRO'S *words, when* FRANCISCO *springs to the steps.*)

FRANCISCO. All very true, my friends. But that was long ago. Moreover it was a brutal murder. He did not wish to die. Shame to those who put him to death!

PEDRO. Francisco wants the church. We will give him the church. But is he such a god? Can he also die and rise again from the dead? The blows did not hurt our God! He was a true God. He did not feel the pain. For the joy that was set before him he endured the Cross, despising the shame. He loved to die and rise again. Can Francisco die and rise again? If so, of course he should have the church. We will all worship him. He will be the risen God. Dead first and then risen.

FRANCISCO. But I am not a god who teaches death. I teach life. The glory of the sun, the splendor of the sky, the daring of the hunt, the value of the mines. You have learned these from me. It is better to live than to die. Every man must die, but all do not rise so soon. Our religion is for life, not death. (*He falters and is at a disadvantage with* PEDRO'S *sharp theology.*)

PEDRO (*exultantly*). Our God died first and then was worshiped. It is Good Friday. The blood ran down his back. The blood was over his face. Bright red blood! They struck him with their fists. They spat in his face. He did not care at all. It did not hurt him. He was God. He could die and rise again. They nailed him to the Cross. The nails pierced his hands and feet. The blood ran down to the ground. They pierced his side with a spear. Water and blood ran out. He felt no pain for the joy that was set before him. He could rise from the dead.

(*The crowd has become increasingly excited and persuaded. They first murmur, then speak out louder and louder.*)

THE CROWD.
Crucified!
The blood!
Let us crucify Francisco and see him rise!
He will rise from the dead!
Let us beat him with cactus!
Let us nail him to the cross!
Let us crown him with thorns!
It is good medicine!
He is a god! He will rise from the dead!
Crucify him!
Let him be crucified!

(*The crowd presses in more and more threateningly upon* FRANCISCO. *Some attempt to seize him. He shakes them off.*)

FRANCISCO. One moment, friends. If you say that I must die, then I will die. But I will die like a brave. I will die like a king. I will die like a god. I do not fear to die. I — shall —rise—again. Pedro, you have won. Your religion of death and darkness is stronger than mine. I die. Take this gold. You may need it. I forgive you, my brother. You know not what you do.

(*The crowd surge up, brandishing their spears and clubs.* PEDRO *opens the great doors of the church. They swarm in with shouts. The doors are shut. From within the church come sounds of hammering, loud cries — 'Let him be crucified!' 'He will rise again!' Darkness, the darkness of a tropical storm, gradually comes on. Low rumbles of thunder sound in the distance. Then complete silence in the church.*

Enter PADRE B. *and* JUANITA.)

PADRE B. They have gone into the church.

JUANITA. They are offering the sacrifice. — He will, of course, get over this foolishness about a new religion — after a while.

PADRE B. You think so?

JUANITA. Why, yes. Youth does such foolish things. Do you remember how he smiled as a babe?

(*It grows very dark.*)

PADRE B. How long they are with these new-old rites! They will be caught in the storm.

(*There is a great zigzag of lightning. The doors of the church are flung wide open.* PEDRO *appears. Behind him the church is lighted with many candles. The crowd is kneeling in prayer. The naked body of* FRANCISCO *is seen hanging dead on the great cross.*)

PEDRO. 'It is finished!'

PADRE B. My God! My son!

[CURTAIN]

PRESIDENT AND PRESS

BY WILLIS SHARP

I

It has been repeatedly charged of late that the press of the country has become commercialized out of all independence of thought and spirit. It is alleged that the tingle for circulation and the itch for an ever greater prosperity have pretty well paralyzed its critical faculties. It is asserted that the newspapers are to-day largely standardized, money-making machines, whose rich owners are so intent on the increase in advertising lineage and so tickled over the Mellon tax reduction on the higher bracket incomes that the only real political emotion they have left is the fear that the situation may be disturbed. Hence their general disposition to soften all criticism of the Administration and to treat as dangerous and degraded fellows those who grow excited over corruption in politics such as has been revealed in Pennsylvania and Illinois, who were outraged by the thieveries of the former Administration, or who are critical of the feebleness and complacent incompetency at times apparent in this Administration.

Perhaps this is too sweeping an indictment. Unquestionably there are a few great papers in which still throb sound journalistic souls and which, in spite of huge profits, retain their virility and fighting hearts. But in the main the charge is true and every posted person knows it. Logically it would seem that political supineness could most be expected from newspapers that operate at a loss, and that complete financial security would be accompanied by real political independence and fearlessness. It would seem reasonable to think that the finest reward of financial success in the newspaper business would be the luxury of being able to afford fearless and frank political criticism. It does not, however, work out that way. On the contrary, with few exceptions, it is the papers that make money literally by the cartload that seem the most sluggish and the smuggest, the least concerned about newspaper standards, the most indifferent to the dignity of their profession, the most narrow in their conception of the function of the press, the most deeply steeped in partisanship.

Take as an example the *Chicago Tribune's* treatment of Governor Smith's reply to the Open Letter of Charles C. Marshall which appeared in the April issue of the *Atlantic*. Here was obviously the most vital and pregnant piece of political news that had occurred in many months. Interest in it was intense. It was without parallel in our political history and, from whatever angle viewed, must have been recognized as big news. Yet the *Tribune*, which modestly refers to itself as the World's Greatest Newspaper, cut the Smith statement from four thousand to four hundred words and printed it on an inside page with no editorial comment.

That is a hard thing to get around,

but in these days there are plenty of instances of this sort, which seem to argue not only a lack of fundamental fairness but an absence of any feeling of obligation to print the news. However, it is the meek acquiescence of the press as a whole in the rebukes delivered and the restrictions imposed upon it by the present occupant of the White House that to my mind, better than anything else, evidences its lack of spirit and the absence of self-respect. Perhaps those are harsh words, but there seems some justification for them.

II

Take for instance the state to which the biweekly White House conferences between the correspondents and the President have been reduced. The theory of these conferences is that they are occasions on which the press, representing all shades of opinion, may ask questions of the President and receive, if not answers, at least the courtesy of a reply that the President has nothing publicly to say on that subject. That theory is now in the discard. The Coolidge rules have made it absurd. The correspondents may not say that they saw the President. They may not quote the President. They may not say that an official spokesman said what the President said. The information or views he gives out are supposed to be presented to the public without any indication of official responsibility. The correspondents are supposed to present these views as if they had dropped from heaven, and are wholly unprotected when, as has happened, Mr. Coolidge finds it expedient to repudiate them. As a climax the correspondents are forbidden to mention that a question asked at the conference was ignored. In effect these conferences are now reduced to occasions when Mr. Coolidge secretly tells an obedient press what he would like to have printed about himself — and that is all that is printed. The newspapers, through their acquiescence, have become little more than the personal publicity machine of Mr. Coolidge.

An argument can be made that, after all, these conferences are Mr. Coolidge's show and he is entitled to make the rules. If the newspapers resent being imposed upon they have their remedy in refusal to attend the conferences, but that would be equivalent to a rebuke to the President of the United States, from which they not unnaturally shrink. There is and has been much murmuring among the correspondents, but it is plain, first, that there is little nourishment for them in an individual or personal dispute with the President of the United States. All the weight is on his side. Second, the mere routine White House appointment news is of such value and interest that, unless all refrained from attendance, none can afford to. In the matter of these conferences Mr. Coolidge unquestionably has the whip hand, and most unquestionably he has used it in a way he would not have been able to do if the newspapers were more sensitive as to their status and more spirited in its defense. What Mr. Coolidge has done is to take advantage of the solidity with which he is supported by the press to deprive it of reasonable freedom in reporting him and reduce its representatives to the status of involuntary and — in some cases — very reluctant press agents. Most of them take it without a whimper.

But he has gone further and put his small foot down on a press prerogative infinitely more vital to the press and to the people than the right to deal with him on approximately equal terms in the press conferences. Four times now has he expressed the view in effect that the newspapers have no right to

criticize the Administration in matters of foreign policy, and evidenced his resentment over such criticism. Three of these occasions were at the aforementioned conferences with the Washington correspondents; one was in a public speech at New York, delivered at a dinner given by the United Press.

If there is a parallel to this I have not been able to find it. If any other President or any other public man in America has assumed a similar attitude no one has pointed it out. All Presidents have of course resented criticism of their foreign policies, but all Presidents have had such criticism — almost all of them much more than Mr. Coolidge has had. None, so far as can be recalled, looked upon peacetime press support of Administration policies in all foreign affairs as a patriotic duty. The first and until now the last time that note was struck in this country was one hundred and thirty years ago in the Alien and Sedition Acts of the Adams Administration, and these as much as anything else contributed to the defeat and ultimate destruction of the Federalist Party. With the country at peace, the Coolidge suggestion of the 'duty' of the press to support Administration foreign policies is perfectly preposterous. The only thing more amazing than that this proposition should be seriously and repeatedly advanced by a President whose caution is so generally marked is the meekness with which the American newspapers, the freedom of which is a constitutional foundation stone, have accepted it. Some with Democratic tendencies did express indignation when the suggestion was first made. Several pointed out the silliness of the idea. One in polite but pointed language told Mr. Coolidge he was ridiculous. But for the most part they gulped and swallowed it. The true-blue, thick-and-thin Administration organs, which are the majority, actually upheld him and wrote scathing editorials rebuking the few journalistic recalcitrants who had assailed the State Department's Nicaraguan policy.

The first time Mr. Coolidge dwelt on the duty of the press as he sees it, and rebuked it for criticism of the Administration, was on September 18, 1925, in connection with the foreign debts. On that day at one of the White House conferences he expressed the view that 'the press of the country should resolve all doubts concerning the French ability to fund its $4,000,000,000 war debt to this country in favor of the United States.' We find Washington dispatches further reporting as follows: 'In connection with the French debt, the President thinks the press of the country ought to assume the duty of looking after the interests of its own country rather than the interests of a foreign country.' A day later — on September 19 — the United Press sent out the following: 'The White House will watch the newspapers closely the next few days to judge the reaction to President Coolidge's suggestion that the American press look after the interests of the United States rather than those of France in dealing with the settlement of the French debt.' If words mean anything, these passages mean that Mr. Coolidge regarded it as a patriotic obligation of the press to support his debt-refunding policy; that, whether or not they agreed with him, they had no business openly to criticize his Administration when dealing with foreign affairs; that such criticism is a handicap to the Administration when dealing with foreign countries; that such criticism is personally resented by him. Having made plain his feeling, he proposed to check up to see which newspapers continued to offend and which mended their ways.

That in effect is what he said on that occasion.

The second time Mr. Coolidge lectured the press on this subject was on December 31, 1926. On that occasion, more curtly and emphatically than before, he expressed his displeasure over the criticisms of Mr. Kellogg and the State Department that had appeared in reference to Nicaragua and Mexico. The dispatches say that 'Mr. Coolidge, through the White House Spokesman, let it be known that he keenly resented the unfavorable newspaper reaction to the State Department's conduct of the Nicaragua matter and that he thought it the duty of the American press not to question the wisdom of the measures that have been taken by this Government.'

One friendly and inspired correspondent wrote: 'President Coolidge, it was said at the White House, feels that the American press can be of great helpfulness to the Administration in the conduct of its foreign affairs. The press, he believes, should present the American attitude and endeavor to convince its readers that the Administration is conducting its foreign affairs in such a way that this Government will live in accordance with international law, observe international customs, and maintain the highest standards of international relationship.'

Another writer of high standing, reporting this second lecture, said: 'Not only the people of this country, but foreign peoples and foreign governments, are quite often misled by what is printed in American papers, in the opinion of the President. From articles in American newspapers criticizing the conduct of America's international relations, other peoples get the idea that the people of the United States are not united, while, in the mind of Mr. Coolidge, there is no division here. Mr. Coolidge doubts that anyone would oppose the protection of American citizens and American interests, yet, he thinks, this impression is being conveyed by criticisms of the methods that are being employed to effect such protection. Not only is the conduct of diplomatic relations being hampered by a questioning press, as the President sees it, but diplomatic relations are suffering also as the result of talkative Americans abroad.'

Early in April, again at a White House conference of the correspondents, Mr. Coolidge returned to this idea of his about the duty of the press to support the Administration, this time deploring the tendency of the newspapers to 'speculate' on the attitude of this Government or the attitude of other Governments with which we come into contact, and contending that it would be much better if they said nothing at all concerning such things as the situation in China, for example, until official statements are made by the State Department.

And then finally, on April 25, 1927, in an address at the twentieth anniversary dinner of the United Press Association in New York, Mr. Coolidge made the feature of his speech a rebuke to the newspaper critics of his foreign policy. He deplored the disposition of newspapers and periodicals to criticize a foreign policy of their Government, once it has been fixed, or to criticize the people of friendly nations, thereby 'producing the reaction of a rankling bitterness abroad.' He asserted it as his belief that the press should not engage in what he described as 'malicious and misleading partisan attacks on the conduct of our Government' in the Government's efforts to defend American rights, peacefully to adjust differences with other nations, and to maintain the national dignity. Such criticism, he added, is quoted in the press of an 'offending

nation'; it furnishes 'ammunition for our adversaries'; it 'attacks our forces in the rear' and becomes the chief reliance of opposing negotiators in maintaining their position 'when all other arguments have been answered.' This castigation of the critical press preceded the President's outline of his policy and purposes in dealing with the Mexican, Nicaraguan, and Chinese problems.

III

That is the record on this subject, and it is submitted that there is no parallel to it. It seems absurd, of course, to liken Mr. Coolidge to Mussolini. Two more utterly different types hardly exist. Yet their views on the value of liberty of the press and liberty of speech are apparently not far apart, and it would be possible easily to make a very striking parallel between the abject subservience of the Italian press to the Duce and the subservience which Mr. Coolidge desires of the American press to our Government's conduct of foreign affairs — a subservience that, if yielded, logically would lead to like subservience in domestic affairs.

The newspapers of the land should stand behind him and his Secretary of State, says the President. Otherwise false impressions of our official motives are given to observers and statesmen in other lands, and sometimes encouragement is given to interests abroad to resist the policies of our Government. It is quite possible that domestic criticism of our Government's policies may now and again create false impressions of our official motives, and may also now and again encourage resistance to our policies, precisely as domestic criticism of Britain's or France's or Germany's foreign policy may have regrettable consequences here. But it is incredible that it should be necessary to argue with the President of the United States the elementary proposition that this is a trivial danger in comparison with the danger of suppression of free speech and open criticism, and that in any event it is a risk that is demanded in the name of freedom and justice.

It is quite certain that it would not be necessary to argue that proposition, settled as it is both by reason and by experience, with the head of the government in any other land making pretension to genuine democracy. The government is the people's. Moreover, the people are called upon from time to time to support foreign policy with their property and their blood. To say that a self-governing people may not freely criticize, in print or in speech, the formulation of policies involving such possible sacrifices is preposterous. Official and unofficial apologists and spokesmen for the President in explaining his lectures to the press on this subject assert that what Mr. Coolidge really wants is not censorship, but merely fairness; that he does not expect to escape criticism, but naturally desires to avoid being misrepresented by the newspapers and particularly desires to avoid misrepresentation in connection with his foreign policy, because there press misrepresentation can be most mischievous and far-reaching.

This is what Mr. Coolidge's journalistic explainers say that he meant, but it is not in the least what Mr. Coolidge said. Nor is it what Mr. Coolidge meant, and well they know it. Any President is clearly within his rights in resenting misrepresentation, but Mr. Coolidge has not been misrepresented by the press and has at no time made any claim that he has. In the clearest, curtest, and most pointed language, and with a degree of acerbity that left no doubt of his feeling, he has repeatedly expressed his belief that it is a

duty of the press to support the Administration's foreign policy. He does not accuse the press of unfairness or misrepresentation, but of lack of support, which is a totally different thing. A sound argument might perhaps be made for the idea that such support is a patriotic duty of the press in time of war. In time of peace such an argument will not hold water for a moment. It leaks like a sieve, and so far as known this is the only White House occupant to advance seriously such a view. Every President has, of course, resented criticism of his foreign policy, and of his domestic policies as well, but it has not apparently occurred to any of Mr. Coolidge's predecessors that it was a matter of moral duty for the newspapers to accept the President's policy as right; or, if they could not do that, that then the patriotic thing for them to do was to refrain from pointing out its flaws. The more you think of it the more absurd it is, and the more you wonder why the newspapers have with so much meekness and so few protests permitted him to lay down this proposition with so much regularity, consistency, and solemnity that unquestionably there has been created a quite general popular idea that the President was reluctantly compelled to administer a well-merited rebuke to the newspapers which have been hampering him in dealing with Mexico and Nicaragua. Why should n't the people get that impression? He says so, and the newspapers, publicly spanked, repeat his words and with a few exceptions concede their soundness either by editorial eulogies or by silent acquiescence.

It is a curious, a unique, situation. American history shows no period in which the press of the country seemed more spiritless, less inclined to defend its so-called 'rights,' more willing to accept an unmerited, uncalled-for reprimand that puts it in a false and not pleasant position, more ready patronizingly to ridicule those who allow themselves to get stirred up over such treatment.

But imagine if you can the indignant and piercing howls that would have gone up from the newspapers had the late Woodrow Wilson enunciated any such view as this as to the duty of the press to support him. Recall if you can the attitude of the bulk of the press toward the Wilson policies during the Paris Peace Conference and during the League of Nations fight in the Senate later. Recall particularly the bitter ferocity of the attacks made on Mr. Wilson by the papers of Mr. Coolidge's party. Consider the black fury of these papers had Mr. Wilson asserted again and again, privately and publicly, that it was all right for them to differ with him on domestic issues, but in the matter of the League of Nations his was the responsibility and theirs the duty of unquestioning support. How they would have hooted him! Contrast what Mr. Wilson went through, in the shape of press criticism of his foreign policy, with the trivial nature of the Coolidge criticism. I venture to say that in neither the domestic nor the foreign field has any President in this generation had as little as Mr. Coolidge — few have had less since the beginning. He has now, and has had since the day he first entered the White House as President, a most amazing newspaper support. No President in my time has had anything approaching it in solidarity and unshakable nature. Fully four fifths of the press bow to him as the totem pole of prosperity.

In the last decade the mortality among Democratic papers, always in the minority outside of the South, has been vastly larger than among Republican. In every merger or consolidation it is the Republican paper in strong

financial hands that invariably survives, the Democratic paper that always disappears. This accounts for a certain part of the unprecedented press support of the Administration. The Mellon tax bill accounts for more. Just how to account for the Hearst support I do not know. I have, of course, heard the current explanations and they may be true. In any event, the fact is that Mr. Coolidge is the first President in more than a quarter of a century in whose back the thirty-five-odd Hearst papers have not had their talons deeply sunk. Add to the string of Hearst papers the straight-out Republican organs and the lukewarm, supposedly Democratic ones that have been anæsthetized by prosperity and tax reduction, and there are not so many left. As a matter of fact Coolidge-Kellogg criticism on Nicaragua and Mexico has been largely carried on by the two New York weeklies, the *New Republic* and the *Nation*. Not more than half a dozen daily newspapers have been even mildly critical. The chief of these is the *New York World*, and it is believed it was largely of the *World* that Mr. Coolidge complained. Certainly no other New York, and no Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Kansas City, Detroit, Denver, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, or San Francisco paper has differed with Mr. Coolidge to any considerable degree on either domestic or foreign policy. Except from the *World* in New York, the *Sun* in Baltimore, the *Post-Dispatch* in St. Louis, the criticism which Mr. Coolidge maintains has handicapped his Administration in his dealings with foreign countries seems to be almost nonexistent. More than four fifths of the press did their duty as he sees it. The truth seems to be that Mr. Coolidge has reached a point where nothing short of five fifths really satisfies him.

It often happens that way. Here is a sensible and normal man who until a few years ago was accustomed to taking political orders and being treated more or less indifferently, at times even contemptuously, by the party leaders in his State. Accident made him Vice President, and the hand of God put him in the White House. For four years he has been steadily fed by his journalistic supporters on a heavy diet of laudation, encomium, eulogies, panegyrics, and praise. It would be remarkable indeed if this did not change the man, if it did not permeate and take possession of him. I wish to be fair. Adulation does not swell his head. Mr. Coolidge's head is hard. Until Mr. Harding died he had had practically no press praise at all. He did not seek it. Now, after four years of it, he is convinced that he is entitled to praise, and that when the press fails to accord praise it fails in its duty. It is, if one looks back over his previous career, contrasts it with the past four years, and understands his personal characteristics and type, easy not only to see how he reached his present frame of mind toward the press but to appreciate that it was almost inevitable. It is, if he can continue to get away with these solemn lectures without real protest, all right for Mr. Coolidge; but what of the press?

What of the press? It is a curious situation. By excessive praise the press builds Mr. Coolidge up to a point where support appears to him not a favor but a duty. He then publicly reprimands it as a whole for the dereliction of a few, indicates his belief that it should play a subservient and not an independent part in politics, and the newspapers for the most part humbly transmit his rebuke to the people, thus misrepresenting not the President but themselves. The thing would be ludicrous if it had not its serious side.

WHAT IS CONFISCATION?

BY CHARLES WARREN

I

'A VERY great part of the mischiefs that vex the world arises from words,' wrote Edmund Burke. 'People soon forget the meaning, but the impression and the passion remains.' And, to the same effect, Horne Tooke wrote that 'words without meaning or of equivocal meaning are the everlasting engines of fraud and injustice.' Misunderstanding as to the use of words is a frequent factor in the production of international controversy; and it may well happen in a particular case that resort to war could be avoided if there could be not only an agreement as to what are the facts involved, but also an agreement as to what the disagreement is about.

When the President of the United States and the Secretary of State inform Mexico that the provisions of the Mexican Petroleum Law of December 31, 1925, together with the regulations framed under it, constitute 'confiscation' of American property, the statement sounds simple; and American citizens rightly entertain the belief that the claim of their Government is a just one. Is the question of confiscation, however, quite as simple as it sounds? How many of us can define just what constitutes confiscation? The average man might answer that his property is confiscated if a Government deprives him of it without paying him for it. But in law what constitutes deprivation? Can anyone answer that without the aid of a court of law? And what answer would the average man think that the Supreme Court of the United States gave as to confiscation in the following five cases which actually came before it?

1. A company erects, at a cost of $375,000, a factory for the manufacture of carbon black and the extraction of high-gravity gasolene by the use of natural gas. The State Legislature later prohibits the use of natural gas for the production of anything but heat, thus ruining and destroying the corporation's business.

2. A man owns a wharf, lawfully constructed on his own land, within a harbor line duly established by the Secretary of War. Congress later decides to widen the river and authorizes the Secretary to establish a new harbor line, requiring the destruction of the wharf.

3. A man owns a tract of land in a city, worth $800,000 for brickmaking purposes (because of its valuable clay contents), but worth not over $60,000 for any other purpose; he has made excavations and installed expensive machinery, so that it cannot be used for residential or other purposes. A city ordinance later forbids the operation of a brickyard within the territory.

4. A man lawfully purchases and owns liquor valued at four hundred dollars. The State Legislature later makes possession of liquor illegal, and the sheriff seizes this four hundred dollars' worth.

5. A company owns valuable land and oyster beds under a salt-water bay. The United States later, in dredging a channel, utterly destroys these oyster beds.

In no one of these cases did the Government provide for payment of any compensation to the owner of the property destroyed or injured, and for that reason the owner claimed the Government's action to be unlawful. In which of these cases has there been, in the eye of the law, confiscation of property?

All these questions may suggest the thought that we, as citizens of the United States, may possibly have been considering as incontestably clear a subject on which others may reasonably have divergent views.

II

At the present time it seems plain that a loose use of this one word 'confiscation' has caused much misunderstanding as to at least one of the issues in the controversy which has so long prevailed between this country and Mexico. While it appears probable that this controversy will happily be settled by diplomatic negotiations, nevertheless questions of a similar nature may possibly arise in the future; and hence it is highly desirable that there should be an understanding of the real nature of the present controversy. In an address at a dinner of the United Press Association on April 25, 1927, President Coolidge implied that the pending questions were not appropriate for arbitration, because, as he said, 'the principle that property is not to be confiscated and the duty of our Government to protect it are so well established that it is doubtful if they should be permitted to be questioned.' It is just at this point that our confusion may arise. The proposition, as thus simply stated by the President, may be true. On the other hand, since the President of Mexico has insisted that his country has not confiscated the oil lands and does not intend to do so, would it not seem that the real issue between the two countries is as to the existence, in law, of any confiscation, and not as to the existence of a right to confiscate? It is on this issue that American citizens have received little information and need much enlightenment.

Let us try to penetrate, therefore, the fog with which this controversy has been surrounded, and with which any similar controversy in the future might be surrounded, through the equivocal use of the word 'confiscation.'

In the first place, it should be noted that this term has no fixed and unalterable meaning, no absolute meaning which is unaffected by times or circumstances and unrelated to social and economic conditions. In fact, the very opposite is true as to its definition.

In common parlance, 'confiscation' conveys to the average individual the idea of *unlawful or unpaid-for* taking of property by the Government. Yet such was not the original meaning of the word, nor is it the primary meaning given in the standard dictionaries, which define the word 'confiscate' as: 'To appropriate private property to the sovereign or the public treasury by way of penalty.' Moreover, even in the terminology of the law the word 'confiscation' or 'expropriation' does not always or in every country denote an unlawful or unpaid-for appropriation of private property by a Government. President Coolidge, in his address to the United Press above referred to, stated that 'it is a cardinal principle of law that private property should not be taken without fair compensation. This principle is declared in our national Constitution and

in those of all our States. I know of no written constitution that does not contain a similar provision.' Nevertheless, in spite of this statement, there are actually a number of modern written constitutions which do permit government expropriation of property for the public use or benefit, without compensation, provided such expropriation is made by a legislative act. Thus, the Constitution of Germany of 1919 provides that 'expropriation shall take place only for the general good and only on the basis of law. It shall be accompanied by payment of just compensation *unless otherwise provided by national law.*' The Constitution of Czechoslovakia of 1920 provides that 'expropriation is possible only on the basis of law. Compensation shall be given in all cases *unless it is or shall be provided by law that no compensation shall be given.*' Similar provisions are to be found in the Constitutions of Poland (1921) and of Esthonia (1920). In these four republics, therefore, while taking of property without compensation simply by executive or administrative action is forbidden, there may be such a taking by legislative action. And in all European countries it is assumed that taking of property by a capital tax levy would be lawful. It may, therefore, be an arguable question whether a nation necessarily, and under all circumstances, violates international law if it expropriates property without compensation, provided that it acts in accordance with its own constitution, and provided that it makes no discrimination between its own nationals and aliens.

But even if it be assumed that confiscation of property without compensation is always and everywhere a violation of international law, there will always remain open two questions: What governmental actions under the law constitute 'confiscation'? And do the particular actions in the case fall within the definition of 'confiscation' at law?

In the United States there are two provisions of our Constitution which are supposed to protect an individual's property from confiscation — one, the Fifth Amendment, which forbids the Federal Government to deprive a person of his property without due process of law, or to take private property for public use without just compensation; the other, the Fourteenth Amendment, which forbids a State Government to deprive a person of his property without due process of law. These provisions are plain and clear in their phraseology; but in their application to any particular set of facts they are difficult and uncertain. For what is due process of law? What is a taking of property? The answer to those questions can never be known, in any individual case, until after a court decides. And in the words of the Biblical proverb, as paraphrased by an eminent jurist in a recent address, 'There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not: The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of the Supreme Court with the Due Process Clause.'

The layman probably believes that destruction of his property by the State could never be 'due process.' He seldom realizes that even in this country a state legislature has a certain degree of power to damage or destroy property, take away its use, ruin its value, and to abolish or restrict a business and to occasion serious loss and injury, without being required to pay compensation to the owner — all provided that the act is reasonably in the interest of the general welfare and there is sufficient force of public opinion behind it. This power of the legislature

is called 'the police power' — a rather meaningless phrase, which, as Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes has said, 'is convenient to conciliate the mind to something that needs explanation.' It denotes simply the right of the State to cause discomfort, injury, loss, or ruin to a part of the community in the interest of a greater part — up to the point when the court says that the State has gone too far. To what extent this power exists or may be exercised the court must decide in each case; and, as Judge Holmes has constantly said, 'Here, as elsewhere, the distinctions of the law are distinctions of degree. . . . Often it is a delicate matter to decide which interest predominates and how far the State may go without making compensation. The line cannot be drawn by generalities, but successive points in it must be fixed by weighing the particular facts.'

III

The ordinary individual knows little or nothing about this vague 'police power'; hence inevitably an individual's idea of confiscation in fact and a court's decision as to confiscation in law are widely divergent. Man after man, corporation after corporation, whose property or property rights have been in fact destroyed or taken by virtue of a statute, have gone to the Supreme Court of the United States and there learned for the first time that their property has not been, in the eye of the law, confiscated.

To add to the complexity of the problem, the courts of the various States in this country frequently differ in their decisions as to whether a certain type of legislative act is or is not to be deemed confiscation; and the Supreme Court of the United States often finds that a state court has erred in its conclusion on this question.

The distinction between confiscation and nonconfiscation in the States of this country often depends on the particular circumstances, or on ancient customs or historic, economic, or social institutions of one State which are nonexistent or inapplicable in another State. Thus the Supreme Court held that the Government may take a man's land for a levee, without compensation, in Louisiana; but a similar taking in Massachusetts would probably be held unlawful. So mill acts or flowage acts, founded on Colonial precedents, have been held valid in New England which might not be so held in newer States. It is evident that similar considerations may prevail as between different countries; and that history, local conditions, and local necessities may cause the same act to be treated as unlawful confiscation in the one country and lawful confiscation in the other. That which our Supreme Court holds not to be allowable under the police power a court of another country may find to be so fully in the interest of the public welfare as to justify a deprivation of property without compensation. In other words, that which our Supreme Court holds to be confiscation in law a court of another country may hold to be only confiscation in fact.

The existence of the grave gap between the fact and the law can be emphasized by a consideration of a few of the actual cases, set out in untechnical language, in which the Supreme Court of the United States has held that actions of Government did not constitute confiscation in law, but which the ordinary individual, ignorant of the law, would certainly assume to be confiscatory.

In the first place, let us note the interesting fact that in every one of the five cases which were described at the outset of this article the court

held that there was no confiscation in law.

Next, let us compare the case of a building-height law with a law taking property by eminent domain for public use. For instance, John Smith owns land on which he proposes to erect a fifteen-story building, which will produce a rental of $150,000; a building-height law is passed, restricting his building to ten stories, which will rent for only $100,000; Smith thus suffers an annual loss of $50,000. On the other hand, James Johnson owns land on which he has erected two buildings, one renting for $100,000 and the other for $50,000; a law is passed taking the second building for governmental purposes; Johnson also suffers an annual loss of $50,000. In the one case, the courts hold that there is no unlawful confiscation, since the legislature may, under the police power, inflict the injury, in view of the resultant safety and welfare of the city. In the other case, the courts hold that there would be confiscation in law, unless compensation be paid. Yet the monetary loss to Smith and to Johnson may be the same in each case.

Some other actual cases of a similar nature are as follows.

A man in Euclid, Ohio, owned land which, if used for industrial purposes, had a value of $10,000 per acre, but, if used for residential purposes, had a value of only $2500 per acre. A zoning ordinance confined the use of the land to residential purposes, excluding all shops and apartment houses. The value of the land was thereby considerably destroyed; but in law it was held that the ordinance was 'a valid exercise of authority.'

A cemetery corporation in San Francisco owned land remaining to be sold for burial purposes that was estimated to be worth $75,000. A city ordinance forbade further burials there, and the land of the corporation thus became worthless. Certainly its property had been confiscated in fact. But in law the court held no confiscation, since the ordinance was within the police power.

A man received from the State of Virginia a lease of valuable oyster beds in the waters of Hampton Roads. The State Legislature later authorized a city to discharge its sewerage into the Roads in such a way as to pollute the oyster beds. This action completely ruined and destroyed the beds, but in law it is not considered a damage requiring compensation by the State.

A railroad in Illinois owns a bridge on its right of way, valued at $8000. The State, in creating a drainage district and widening a creek, orders the railroad to remove the old and build a new bridge, at a cost of $13,000. The sum of $13,000 is thus taken out of the railroad's pocket, for the benefit of owners of lands drained — a clear confiscation in fact. It is held, however, that this can be legally done, under the police power.

A street railway company in Chicago lawfully builds a tunnel under a river, in a manner not obstructive of navigation. Congress later decides to deepen the channel; the city orders the railway company to remove its tunnel and, if it desires a new one, to build it at a lower level at its own expense. Though the company is clearly deprived of its property in fact, the court holds that, in law, it is not to 'be deemed a taking of private property for public use . . . but is only the result of the lawful exercise of a governmental power for the common good.'

A man owns a livery stable in Little Rock, Arkansas. An ordinance forbids all livery stables, and it is held valid. So, too, a man in Pasadena has his money invested in a billiard hall,

fitted up at large expense and conducted in such a manner as not to be a nuisance in any way. An ordinance forbids the maintenance of such a billiard hall. In fact, his property is confiscated. In law, it is not.

A corporation in Mississippi manufactures and sells a nonintoxicating malt beverage. The State prohibits its manufacture, by a statute whose main purpose is only to prevent manufacture of intoxicating beverages. The innocent beverage has been clearly confiscated in fact, though not in law.

IV

When we approach the power of the Federal Government to inflict injury and loss upon an individual and to deprive him of his property rights without compensation, we find a series of cases in which the courts have upheld such a power, under the provisions of the broad clause of the Constitution giving to the Federal Government control of commerce between the States, which is held to include full authority over the navigable waters of the country. In this class of cases the complete divergence between the ordinary individual's idea of confiscation and the judicial view of that subject is even more impressive.

The oyster-bed case is a good example. There are many other less extreme cases. A corporation builds and owns for thirty years a wooden bridge over a navigable river. Congress authorizes the Secretary of War, whenever he finds that a bridge is an unreasonable obstruction to free navigation, to require its alteration. The Secretary orders an alteration which means the destruction of the old bridge and the construction of an entirely new, larger bridge, at a great loss and expense to the corporation. The court holds that this is 'not a taking of private property for public use within the meaning of the Constitution, and that the cost of such alteration, or changes, is to be deemed incidental only to the exercise of an undoubted function of the United States when exerting, through Congress, its power to regulate commerce among the States.'

A woman owns a farm on the Ohio River. The Government builds a dike which throws the water away from her farm and destroys her use of the river for a landing or shipping place for her products, reducing the value of her land from $600 per acre to $200 per acre. The damage is actual, but in law it cannot be recovered for.

When we come to the subject of the individual's rights to transfer his own real estate during his life, or to devise or to transmit it after his death, we find those rights practically wholly subject to the power of the State to control, restrict, and even to prohibit. Fifty years ago the Supreme Court held that 'the power of the State to regulate the tenure of real property within her limits, and the modes of its acquisition and transfer and the rules of its descent and the extent to which a testamentary disposition of it may be exercised by its owners, is undoubted. It is an established principle of law, everywhere recognized, arising from the necessity of the case, that the disposition of immovable property, whether by deed, descent, or any other mode, is exclusively subject to the government within whose jurisdiction the property is situated.'

Thus a man owning agricultural land in California or Washington may find the value of his land almost wholly destroyed by a statute prohibiting him from selling or leasing it to Japanese or other classes of aliens. Yet the court holds such a statute not to be confiscatory. So, too, a citizen of a State

holding lands may be later forbidden by the State to convey or devise his lands to corporations. So, too, the owner of land may find himself later prevented by a state statute from devising it by will to any alien. Such a law is held nonconfiscatory, because, as the Court said, seventy-seven years ago, 'Every State or nation may unquestionably refuse to allow an alien to take either real or personal property situated within its limits, either as heir or legatee, and may, if it thinks proper, direct that property so descending or bequeathed shall belong to the State.' The right to take property by devise or descent is held to be 'the creature of the law, and not a natural right'; hence it may be restricted or entirely abolished by the legislature of a State at any time. So, too, an alien holding land may be later required by state statute or constitution to dispose of it within a reasonable time.

The foregoing are some of the cases in which actual injury, loss, deprivation, or destruction of property has been brought about by governmental action and which, nevertheless, have been judicially held not to constitute confiscation in law. Do they not lead to the conclusion that no individual can afford to be too dogmatic, too self-assured, too confident of the correctness of his view in pronouncing any particular governmental action confiscatory, until after the courts shall have passed upon it? And, if such is the conclusion with respect to individuals, may it not be similar with respect to nations? At all events, is not the question of confiscation rather peculiarly and preëminently one to be submitted to judicial or arbitral determination?

Suppose that in any of the cases above described the class of property taken or destroyed had been owned chiefly by citizens of a foreign nation, and that the statute involved had been enacted by the Congress of the United States. Would our Government accept with equanimity the decision of the foreign nation that the statute was confiscatory, and that the question as to its confiscatory nature was not susceptible of submission to a court or arbitral tribunal?

And should it not be true of nations, as well as of individuals, that the more clear the conviction of right on the part of a nation, the greater should be its willingness to submit the question to judicial determination? Certainly no nation can maintain that it will arbitrate only those cases which it considers doubtful, and that it will not arbitrate when it is fully convinced of the justice and legality of its own cause.

Is it not well for us all to consider these questions very seriously — not with any intent to cast a doubt upon the validity of our Government's case against Mexico, but with the desire to satisfy ourselves as to the policy we think that our Government should adopt, in the future, with reference to arbitration of similar controversies?

SOUTH AFRICA SINCE THE UNION

BY LIONEL CURTIS

I

In the same year that the English Parliament cut off the head of Charles I, the Dutch East India Company planted a station at the northern end of the peninsula which ends to the south in the Cape of Good Hope. Settlers were sent there to grow vegetables for the Dutch ships trading with the East. Their descendants, who are known to history as the 'Boers,' gradually spread to the interior and became as impatient of the government at Cape Town as were the American farmers of governments at Boston or New York. A revolt against Cape Town was actually threatening at the time Napoleon was trying to unite Europe against England and was dominating Holland.

In the course of that long struggle the British occupied Cape Town and, because it controlled the route to India, retained it after the Congress of Vienna in return for a payment to Holland of £6,000,000. But a British government at Cape Town was not likely to be more congenial to the Boers than its Dutch predecessor had been. They deeply resented its native policy, which was influenced by the antislavery movement. As their numbers rapidly increased they began to trek northward to the territories beyond the Orange and Vaal rivers. The British Government, interested merely in controlling the sea route to India, allowed the emigrants to found republics in the interior. But the young communities had difficulty in holding their own against hostile natives. About the middle of the nineteenth century the Orange Free State applied to Sir George Grey, the Governor of the Cape, for protection. Grey then advised that the settlements in the interior should be federated with the Cape Colony and Natal under the British flag. The British Government, however, vetoed the proposal, and the Boer republics thenceforward began to develop the ideal of uniting South Africa from the Cape to Zambesi under a republican flag. South Africa was a national unit and, as subsequent events were to prove, the relations of the white to the black races could not be settled on any permanent basis so long as the country was parceled out into separate states. The question at issue was whether those states were to unite as a separate republic or as a self-governing dominion of the British Commonwealth like Canada or Australia. This issue was settled in the Boer War which lasted from 1899 till 1902 and ended in the annexation of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. For the next five years these two territories were ruled as crown colonies, first by Lord Milner and then by Lord Selborne. When in 1907 responsible government was granted, General Botha became Prime Minister of the Transvaal with General Smuts as his lieutenant. In the Orange Free State a ministry was formed by General Hertzog.

In 1910 the Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State

were all united under one government. This amazing achievement was the joint work of the two outstanding leaders of the Dutch and British races, General Botha and Dr. Jameson, the man who had headed the notorious raid on the Transvaal Republic in 1906. No indictment of his conduct on that occasion was ever so scathing as that which he himself once delivered in the hearing of the present writer. His cooperation with Botha in bringing about the Union was a conscious and deliberate act of reparation. In more senses than one it proved to be a labor of love. In the conference at which the constitution of South Africa was framed there developed between the Boer and the British leader a mutual admiration and a friendship which were never for a moment dimmed in the few years of life which remained to them.

When Lord Gladstone landed at Cape Town as Governor-General he had to decide forthwith whether to call upon John X. Merriman, the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, or on General Botha to form the first South African ministry. The Cape Colony was the largest as well as the oldest partner in the new Union; Mr. Merriman had held ministerial office when Botha had been a boy in knickerbockers. Yet the Englishman's claims were passed over, and the Boer general, who had earned that title in fighting the British army, was preferred. It was Jameson's influence which turned the scale.

Had Botha been able to consult his own feelings, he would have formed his first South African ministry from the leaders of both parties with Jameson as his colleague. But the tide of enthusiasm which had carried the Union to port had begun to ebb, and Botha said to Jameson, 'What is the use of my coming to meet you until I can bring my people with me?' The doctor's breezy comment to his friends was characteristic. 'The fat man is right. He always is.' So Jameson cheerfully headed the British party in opposition to the ministry of the Boer leader whom he loved and admired as once he had loved and admired Rhodes. The seeds of ill health sown in imprisonment after the raid were fast bringing Jameson's career to a close, and he was soon compelled to retire from politics.

In the three years that they had governed the Transvaal, from 1907 to 1910, Botha and Smuts had developed the ideal of fusing the Dutch and British races into one South African nation. Their experience in the course of the four following years as the virtual rulers of all South Africa led them to believe that its true interests could be realized only within the circle of the British Commonwealth. As ministers of the crown, they found themselves in actual practice freer from interference than Kruger or Steyn had ever been. As presidents of the Boer republics, Kruger and Steyn had had to consider the views of the British Government to the same extent that the presidents of Mexico or Colombia have to consider those of the United States. For reasons of geography as well as of politics the Union of South Africa, like Canada, Australia, or New Zealand, now goes its way with less feeling of restraint even than the nations of Europe, let alone the Latin American republics.

II

Botha and Smuts were so powerful in combination that no one doubted that so long as both were alive they would jointly rule South Africa. Botha was a farmer, who could read and write, but never did so unless he was obliged to. A born leader of men, he ended by making the British, against whom he had fought in elections and war, trust and believe in him. He divined rather than

reasoned, and seemed to know what was best to do by a kind of intuition. Smuts, on the other hand, was a lawyer with a first class in honors at Cambridge. His tutors described his mind as the finest they had ever taught. It is difficult to mention a book which he has not read and remembered. He has just published a book, *Holism*, which some philosophers say will constitute a landmark in metaphysics.

These two Afrikanders, farmer and scholar, were utterly devoted and loyal to each other and also to the country from which they sprang. As colleagues in office, they were quick to grasp the realities of the situation and spared no effort to convince the burghers who had followed them in the Boer War that South Africa had now attained to a freedom fuller than a victory in arms could have given them.

In this policy Botha, with all his unparalleled prestige, was only partially successful. With many of the Boers who had fought in the war, and still more with the younger generation whose memories began in the concentration camps, the bitter memories of that time were still stronger than the kindlier realities of the present. The concentration camps were a costly expedient. When Kitchener realized that guerrilla war in a vast country teeming with cattle could be ended only by depriving the commandos of their means of subsistence, he also realized that the British public would not tolerate a policy which meant not only starving women and children but also abandoning them to the mercy of the natives. He decided, therefore, to collect the families on the veldt into camps. He warned the officers entrusted with the task that later on charges of neglect and ill treatment in the camps were certain to be made, and instructed them to spare no pains to provide the healthiest possible conditions.

To begin with, the infant death rate was reduced to a mere fraction of that which prevailed on the farms under peace conditions. Presently an outbreak of measles greatly increased the death rate, but never to the point at which it normally stood before the war. The Boers who live on isolated farms do not bury their dead in churchyards. When a child dies in the home another mound is added to the little group of graves on the veldt at the back of the homestead. Near the concentration camps cemeteries were started where the graves were dug in serried rows. To-day they are places of pilgrimage and the favorite sites of national monuments. And so the camps which were intended to save the lives of the women and children, and actually reduced the rate of infant mortality, gave rise to a legend that the British poisoned the babies. More serious still was the lasting effect on the minds of people now in middle life who remember their removal as children from the farms to the restraints inseparable from internment in a camp. For a year or more their minds at the most impressionable age were steeped in an atmosphere of bitterness and hate. This particular poison will run in the veins of South Africa so long as that generation survives. Incidentally the camps, by relieving the Boers on commando of anxiety for their families, enabled them to prolong the struggle by at least a year.

So great was the prestige of Botha that he was able to carry part of his people with him in his policy of fusing British and Boer as one South African nation under the Union Jack. A large section, however, were unable to forget their fifty-years-old dream of a South Africa united from the Cape to Zambesi under their own republican flag. As the gringo jars on a Spaniard whose ancestor first conquered the pampas, so the Uitlander jars on the Boer whose

ancestors began to colonize South Africa in the time of Cromwell. Neither the peace of Vereeniging, the grant of self-government, nor the Act of Union can avail to remove this antipathy. A not inconsiderable section of his followers were unable to understand why General Botha did not use his majority to reverse the results of the Boer War and achieve the ideals for which he had led them throughout that struggle.

This unreconciled section of the Boers found their leader in General Hertzog, who represented the Orange Free State in Botha's first union cabinet. Relations between Botha and Hertzog became so strained that Botha resigned and re-formed his government without Hertzog, who thenceforward became leader of a party that adopted secession as a goal to be reached by constitutional means.

There were others, however, who were merely awaiting their opportunity to reach that goal by a shorter cut. General Beyers, who commanded the South African forces quartered at Potchefstroom in the Transvaal, had an understanding with the General Staff at Berlin. When war burst on the world in 1914 and Beyers realized that Botha and Smuts were determined to throw in their lot with the British Commonwealth, he resolved on a military coup d'état. In this move he was set on securing the leadership of General Delarey, whose prestige with the Boer people was second only to that of Botha himself. This old Huguenot leader, with the blood of French kings in his veins, was devoted to Botha; but Beyers was able to use to his ends a soothsayer who had long ago acquired a paramount influence with Delarey. In the Boer War this soothsayer had one day told him that if he took a particular direction in his march he would achieve a great success. On that day he captured Methuen, and the influence of the soothsayer was firmly established by the lucky guess he had made. He maintained that influence by observing events and following the direction which he thought they were taking. In 1908, when the British and Dutch were combining to establish the Union, the civilized world had begun to realize the dangerous goal to which German militarism was tending. Anxious to allay the alarm to which his naval programme was giving rise, the Kaiser published his preposterous interview with 'a distinguished diplomat' in the *Daily Telegraph*. In this interview he informed the world that, so far from showing hostility to the British people in the Boer War, he had actually furnished their Government with the plan of operations which had led Lord Roberts to his first victories. The Kaiser's telegram to Kruger at the time of the Jameson raid had naturally led the republics to expect that Germany would intervene on their side. His subsequent boast that he had helped the British during the war did nothing to conciliate England and naturally created in the Boer mind an impression of treachery. It did much to promote a growing feeling of friendship between Boer and British. Then came Sir Edward Grey's frank statement that, as Germany had refused to modify her naval programme, the British Government was resolved to lay two keels to every one laid by Germany. At this juncture Delarey hurried to Pretoria to inform Botha that his soothsayer had warned him that war was about to break out with Germany and that Boer and British would be fighting on the same side.

In 1914, however, the prophet had changed his tune. South Africa, he pronounced, was now destined to declare her independence and God was

commanding Delarey through his lips to fulfill the divine purpose.

Devoted as he was to his old comrade Botha, the mind of the old general must have passed through a terrible conflict. In the end his blind faith in his prophet prevailed and he agreed to go with Beyers from Pretoria to Potchefstroom. Beyers already knew that he could count on certain units of the forces quartered at Potchefstroom. But he also knew that the example of Delarey would detach large sections of the Boers from their loyalty to Botha, who at that moment was at Cape Town with Smuts. His plan was to raise the North under the command of Delarey, seize all the munitions, and present Botha and Smuts with a fait accompli before they could leave Cape Town.

The plan was frustrated by an accident such as Hollywood might reject as too improbable to be worth filming. To reach Potchefstroom from Pretoria, the automobile in which Beyers was conveying Delarey had to cross the gold fields. It so happened that at this juncture a gang of motor bandits had frustrated all the efforts of the police to catch them. On the night that the two generals were crossing the gold fields, secret orders had been given to the police to challenge and search every car. If, on hearing the challenge, the driver refused to halt, the police were instructed to shoot at the tires. As a result of these orders two men lost their lives that night. One was a doctor speeding to an urgent case. The other was Delarey. When the police challenged his car Beyers thought that his plot was detected and ordered the driver to put on speed. The police fired at the tires, and a bullet which ricocheted through the back of the car killed Delarey on the spot. The driver pulled up the car, and the policemen, on reaching it, were overcome with horror to find they had killed one of the foremost figures in South Africa. Beyers, on his part, assumed that his plans were known to the police, and the whole party proceeded to the police station in silence, under a complete misunderstanding as to each other's motives. On arrival at the station Beyers asked leave to use the telephone and must have been astonished at the readiness with which his request was granted. He rang up his confederates at Potchefstroom and, under the impression that the police knew all about his designs, told them that Delarey had been shot, leaving them to assume that their plans were known to the Government.

The news, of course, brought Botha and Smuts back to the Transvaal immediately. Beyers meanwhile went to Potchefstroom and in desperation headed the units who were willing to follow him in rebellion. But delay, coupled with Delarey's death, had destroyed his chances, and Botha was once more master of the situation. The rebellion was crushed and Beyers was shot or drowned, trying to escape by swimming his horse across the Vaal.

III

Botha and Smuts were now free to essay their appropriate task in the war of expelling the German forces from Southwest Africa. This they accomplished with conspicuous ability. Today Southwest Africa, although administered under a mandate from the League of Nations, is to all intents and purposes a part of the South African Union. Later on, the far more arduous task of conquering German East Africa was entrusted to South African forces. It is now administered by the British Government under a mandate. Yet the fact that its conquest was the work of South African forces — though financed

by the Imperial Government — has wrought a change which can scarcely be reversed. One is now conscious of nerves that run from the Cape of Good Hope right up to the regions where gather the waters that fertilize Egypt. On a map of the Transvaal you will find far north of Pretoria a town called Nylstroom. It stands at the head of a stream which the old *voortrekkers* thought was the source of the Nile. The early *voyageurs* up the St. Lawrence who found their progress barred by the Lachine Rapids thought they stood on the threshold of China. So do coming events cast their shadows before them.

After the Armistice a deputation headed by General Hertzog set out for Paris to demand from the Peace Conference the independence of South Africa in the name of the principle of self-determination. At General Botha's request Mr. Lloyd George received them, but as they left their hotel for the interview they must have been conscious of the practical difficulty of stating their case. With characteristic honesty General Hertzog declared that South Africa had no complaint to make of the conduct of the British Government since the union. The deputation had, moreover, no ostensible right to claim that they voiced the majority of the South African people. Yet the mere fact that the leaders of the opposition would come six thousand miles to make such a demonstration proves the depth of the feeling among their followers they were come to express.

In the death of Botha, which took place soon after the Conference, South Africa lost a leader who may one day fill in her history a place not unlike that which Washington fills in the hearts of Americans.

In comparing the record of those who faced the tasks of government after the war with their own performance during the war one thinks of Cavour's remark that 'anyone can govern a city in siege.' More delicate and arduous are the tasks of reconstruction after the siege, as Venezelos, Clemenceau, Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George, and Hughes of Australia were each to discover. Except in periods of cataclysm, average electors and legislators distrust a leader whose mind works faster than their own and prefer a leader who seems no cleverer than themselves — a Calvin Coolidge, a Stanley Baldwin, or a Mr. Bruce. The gifts which enabled Smuts in London or Paris to fill so large a place in the eyes of the world alienated many of the Boers who had followed Botha as one of themselves. Smuts therefore felt that the time had come to do what Botha would have liked to do in 1910. He persuaded the British who had followed Jameson to merge their organization into that of the South African Party and included several of the leaders in his ministry. He thus succeeded in forming a government and party composed of men who had fought each other under Kruger and Milner.

In opposition to this government were ranged not only the Nationalists, under Hertzog, but also the Labor Party, consisting partly of British mechanics and partly of landless Boers who are now migrating in large numbers from the veldt to the cities. In 1922 the miners on the Rand began a strike which communist agitators sought to develop into revolution. The rising was crushed by Smuts, who personally directed the artillery and aircraft which had to be called into action. When order was restored the strikers complained that they were left to the mercy of the employers. Henceforward Smuts was obliged to reckon with the permanent antagonism of Labor to himself and to the South African Party.

Hertzog had been slow to face the issue to which the policy of secession was bound to lead. If South Africa

seceded from the British Commonwealth nearly half the white population would be faced with the choice of either abandoning their status of British subjects or else living as disfranchised aliens in the country where they have made their homes. It is the same issue which de Valera refused to face when he insisted on his claim for republican status for an undivided Ireland, simply ignoring the fact that at least one third of its inhabitants would die in their tracks rather than surrender their right to be called British subjects. In South Africa all parties, but especially the Boers, are prone to think as though in political matters the whites, who number only some 1,700,000, alone count. In the last analysis, 5,000,000 natives and colored people cannot be ignored in the eyes of the world, and they to a man are passionately attached to their status as British subjects. The secession of South Africa would in fact mean that less than one fifth of the whole population would impose their will on an overwhelming majority. Such a change could be effected only at the cost of a civil war, in which the Government would find itself opposed by a numerical majority with treaties as well as constitutional rights on their side.

The number of Boers on the back veldt who would like independence is very much larger than the die-hard section who are ready to achieve it at cost of bloodshed. In 1924 Hertzog, faced by the prospect of an electoral contest, seems to have realized that he could never have secured a majority on terms like these. His only chance was an alliance with Labor. But a large number of Labor supporters are British-born. The Nationalists, therefore, fell back on the policy of agreeing with Labor that if they could jointly defeat Smuts they would form a coalition government on the understanding that the Nationalist policy of secession should remain in abeyance. These tactics succeeded, and Hertzog came into power with a ministry in which several leaders of the Labor Party were included. His government, like that which it ousted, includes elements from the two races which fought each other in the Boer War.

Two years of responsible office seem to have softened in General Hertzog that strain of fanaticism which long caused him to be regarded as the stormy petrel of South African politics. He has clearly come to see that the project of separating the South African Union from the British Commonwealth could only lead straight to a precipice. But he has in his cabinet at least one colleague, Dr. Malan, who stands to him in much the same position that he himself stood to Botha in the cabinet of 1910. Instead of allowing the issue to sleep, Dr. Malan revived it by introducing a bill to institute a South African flag which should include neither the colors of the old republics nor those of the Union Jack. The step was not so extreme as that taken by the government of the Irish Free State in substituting the flag adopted by Sinn Fein for the Union Jack. But in all the other Dominions the flag adopted has been that of the Union Jack with a local symbol added, in the case of Canada the maple leaf, in Australia and New Zealand the southern cross. This proposal which Dr. Malan forced on the Government was treated by the South African Party as an indication that secession was merely in abeyance and still remained the cardinal item in the Nationalist creed. It has also made the position of the Labor members in the Government exceedingly difficult.

Public opinion was further agitated by a series of measures for which General Hertzog himself was directly

responsible, affecting the position of the colored population and the natives — the question that is at the root of all others in South Africa. Under British rule the policy adopted in the Cape Colony was based on the principle enunciated by Rhodes: 'Equal rights for all civilized men.' The native policy of the Boer republics was indicated by an article included in both their constitutions: 'In Church and State there is no equality between black and white.'

Two opposite and incompatible policies had thus taken root to the south and north of the Orange River. They constituted at once the strongest reason for union under one government and the greatest difficulty in bringing about that union. The difficulty was overcome by a compromise under which the colored people and natives in the Cape retained their right to the franchise while the white population north of the Orange River retained their monopoly of the vote. The ultimate solution of the problem was wisely left to be dealt with in the future by the government and legislature of the Union.

General Hertzog decided to attempt the solution in a series of measures. Of these, one seeks to harmonize the electoral arrangements by allowing natives throughout the Union to vote apart from the whites in constituencies of their own for members who would represent their interests in the legislature on communal lines. It is in principle the system under which the Maoris are represented in New Zealand, though with very important restrictions. The natives and colored people, even those north of the Orange River where they are now disfranchised, are practically united in opposition to this principle. For the reason already indicated, the native controversy is intimately connected with the question of secession; the natives and colored population look to the British connection to secure them such rights as they have.

The South African Party is officially opposed to Hertzog's measures, but its leaders are painfully aware that considerable sections of their own followers are not out of sympathy with the principles which inspire them.

Such in bare outline was the domestic position by which General Hertzog was faced when he left to attend the Imperial Conference of last autumn. He could not appear at the Conference without in some measure defining the relations his government wished to establish between the Union of South Africa and the British Commonwealth. The admitted success with which he had emerged from a difficult position is due in part to the anxiety of the British Government to help him, but is due still more to the simplicity of his character. As noticed above, the communities of the English-speaking world have exchanged the brilliant figures which brought them through the war for leaders of a less sensational type. With General Hertzog the average human being feels that he stands on an equal footing. He is not disturbed by any symptom of intellectual superiority. The General has no taste for the limelight, and in his riper years gives an impression of sincerity rather than fanaticism. He has, moreover, that perfect courtesy which sometimes springs from a fundamental humility. The British public, which admires reserve, was deeply impressed with his obvious reluctance to play to the gallery or force himself on the public attention. He earned respect by keeping back what he had to say until he had said it to his colleagues in the Conference.

In spite of all his speeches in opposition, he must after two years in the

office of Prime Minister have entered the Conference with a sense that his country had more to lose than gain by drastic changes in its international status. In the British Commonwealth and its component states the King is in fact a president, with executive powers reduced to the vanishing point by the fact that he holds his position by heredity and not by election. The kingly power now rests with the Prime Ministers, who exercise that power subject to the will of their respective legislatures and electorates. The authority which governs each country is in fact that will, and the mutual relations of these several countries in the Commonwealth are maintained by an exercise of voluntary coöperation, aided by the fact that they are physically separated by oceans. All this is a matter of convention and custom, which hitherto has been unwritten. The solution of General Hertzog's difficulty has been met in the Imperial Conference by the simple expedient of writing these conventions down in a declaration couched in language intelligible to the Boers of the South African veldt. Englishmen who argued these things in South Africa could always be confronted with the legal phraseology of the constitution. They could always be met by the argument, 'If these things are really so, why not, then, state it in writing?' A written statement to which General Hertzog is himself a party has had the effect, not only of silencing this criticism, but also of convincing many of the Boers who were doubtful before that they now have not merely the appearance but the very substance of freedom.

In the speeches which General Hertzog has made since his return to South Africa he seems to have frankly abandoned once for all the old mischievous idea of keeping the Dutch and British races in separate and parallel streams. He, like Botha and Smuts, to whom he paid graceful compliments at Pretoria, now seems to look forward to a future when both will mingle to an increasing degree as one South African nation. Happily there is not, as in Canada, any religious division to keep them apart, and the British stock blends more readily with the Dutch than it does with the French.

IV

The domestic problem of South Africa has long been calling for her undivided attention. Here, as in your Southern States, everything ultimately hinges on the relations of black to white. The European seeks to reserve skilled occupations to himself at a high wage. The unskilled labor is left to be done by Kaffirs at a wage appropriate to the standard of Kaffir life. Inevitably the feeling arises that a white man who earns his living by unskilled labor has lost caste. Drudgery in all its forms is regarded as the badge of an inferior race; the fact is ignored that in most branches of life drudgery is the school in which alone skill can be learned. The result is that a dangerously large proportion of the whites fail to acquire skill either in farming or in handicrafts. Even if a European is prepared to face the social prejudice against doing unskilled labor, he cannot live on the wage which the Kaffir is forced to accept. As in your Southern States before the Civil War, the result is to be seen in the multiplication of poor whites, a class for whom there is no place in the economic system. When the Boer population was returned to the land after the war in 1902, it was found that at least ten per cent were without property and devoid of capacity or desire to earn their own bread.

For two centuries this surplus element

was absorbed in the vast hinterland which lay beyond the settled areas. Toward the end of the nineteenth century this process had reached its limits. There were no further areas in which white men could live by hunting and watching a few degenerate cattle graze on such scanty fodder as the wilderness yields.

At this turning point in the economic life of South Africa the richest gold mines in the world were discovered in the Transvaal. The poor whites were entitled by their color to the vote, and were therefore a political factor with which every government had to reckon. In Kruger's days they were supported by doles in various forms. Since the grant of responsible government, the expedient has been used of giving unskilled labor to poor whites at about five times the wage which would have to be paid to the Kaffir for the same result. The engineering department of the great Johannesburg municipality is a case in point. By a standing order the digging of drains has to be done by the labor of whites paid at 12/6 a day instead of by Kaffirs whose wage would be 2/6 a day. The extra charge which has to be met by the ratepayers on this account alone is about £36,000 a year. The same policy has also been applied by the Provincial Government of the Transvaal to roads. The poor-white vote is divided between the Nationalist and Labor parties, whose leaders jointly constitute the Union Government now in power, with the result that the policy of displacing Kaffir by white labor on the railways has been applied on a wholesale scale. The cost, estimated at £700,000 a year, is of course reflected in the rates on the carriage of goods and passengers. Anxiety to find employment for poor whites also encourages the maintenance of high tariffs directed to the development of industries for which the country is not yet ripe. Again the charge is borne by the mining and farming industries, and so operates to check the growth of the productive enterprise natural to the country. High costs limit the mines to the higher grades of ore and delay the development of land which at lower freightage and custom charges could be brought under profitable cultivation.

This policy is having the effect of attracting the poor whites, who are mainly of Boer origin, from the land to the towns. The register of a district nursing association in Johannesburg shows that ninety per cent of their cases have Dutch names. The great majority of these cases are entirely dependent for subsistence on the Rand Aid Association, the substitute for a poor-law authority in that area, which derives most of its funds from the public revenues.

The Union was based on an agreement that the two languages should stand on a footing of absolute equality, since interpreted to mean that every public official must be able to speak Afrikaans as well as English. This means in practice that the older population can obtain public employment more easily than the later English-speaking settlers, who grudge the time necessary to learn a language of less general utility to them than a knowledge of English is to the Dutch. The older population is thus learning a dangerous habit of looking to the Government for employment. The English-speaking settlers, on the other hand, tend to regard the Government as a necessary evil which has to be reckoned with like droughts or pests. As a member of the legislature said, South Africa is afflicted by three curses: tick, ticks, and politics. Thrust back on themselves, the newcomers are forced to depend on their own energies. The result is that while the Dutch are

leaving the land and crowding to the towns, where they can subsist on the public revenues, the land is more and more falling into the hands of enterprising immigrant farmers. If the present process continues, the time is not distant when the strength of the British element will be found on the land, while the great towns have become strongholds of Dutch political power.

The growth of public expenditure since the union is indeed startling. In 1911 and 1912 the Union and Provincial Governments together spent close on £25,000,000. In the present year they are spending close on £59,000,000. The expenditure per head of the population has in this period risen from £2 to £4.2. The pressure of the older population on the Government for employment is largely responsible for the rise.

The South African farmer has always regarded the mining industry as the American farmer regards Wall Street. In South Africa the feeling has been greatly accentuated by racial antagonisms, for, while the farmers were mainly Dutch, the mining industry was the work of Uitlanders. For the reasons sketched in this article, there is good prospect that racial antagonism may now begin to decline; and if it does, the Dutch as well as the British farmer will begin to realize that his industry, as well as that of the mines, is seriously hampered by the rapid growth of public expenditure. And this tendency is likely to be helped in the immediate future by a sharp decline in the output of gold, which seems to have now reached the highest point it is likely to touch. The forecast of Sir Robert Kotze (the Government Mining Engineer, an official of acknowledged ability) for the next fifteen years is as follows. Taking the output for 1925 as represented by 100, he predicts that in 1930 it will have fallen to 76.8, in 1935 to 52.1, and by 1940 to 17.9. If, as is said, one half of the public revenues are directly or indirectly derived from the mining industry, the municipal and provincial authorities as well as the Central Government will presently have to consider whether it is possible, as well as just, to replace black laborers by white, irrespective of the comparative value of the service they render. Such a policy is in the long run more fatal to the dominant than to the subject race.

Economic problems and the color question are thus inseparable. In the past the natives and the handful of whites who have championed their claims have looked to the Imperial Government to safeguard the rights of the subject race. With the recent declaration of the Imperial Conference before them, they can do so no longer, and the natives feel that England has left them in the lurch. Yet, when once the principle of responsible government was accepted, British intervention could do practically nothing to improve the position of the native. Such improvement can only come from a growing feeling of responsibility in the white electorate of South Africa, a growth which the mere possibility of British interference has tended to check. In considering the far-reaching proposals of General Hertzog, the electorate of South Africa now knows that it has to decide the grave issues involved without let or hindrance on the part of the Imperial Government. It must feel its own way to the principles which ought to govern the relations of a subject to a dominant race. A rapid exhaustion of the buried treasures which have helped to maintain artificial conditions may hasten the process. For the next generation South Africa is likely to retain its character as a place of absorbing interest to the student of social problems.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SOMETHING IN THE EYE

I HAD something in my eye. I had spent the forenoon in trying all the familiar remedies. I had blown my nose under my secretary's careful instructions; I had winked and rubbed in strict observance of directions from interested friends. To no avail — at noon I still had something in my eye.

With tear-stained cheek I sought medical assistance. It was midsummer. I rang doorbells up and down the street. Always the same answer — Dr. So-and-So was out, his hour of return and his present whereabouts shrouded in mystery. What becomes of the doctors at noon in midsummer?

An hour of fruitless effort resulted in rapidly approaching blindness and the purchase of three pocket handkerchiefs. Just at the moment when my despair was blackest my one remaining and seeing eye observed a coldly classic doorway ornamenting a Greek temple of colossal proportions. A tiny brass sign bore the legend, 'Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary.'

My heart leaped. Here at last was respite from my woe! Where in all the world could a thing be extracted from the eye more quickly and skillfully than in an 'Eye and Ear Infirmary,' and where could sufferer look for greater tenderness than in such an institution brazenly labeled 'Charitable'?

I entered the massive portal. All was cool and still. The enormous rotunda was deserted, but scores of open doors invited. I chose one haphazard and found myself in a beautifully appointed office. A lady of singularly unhappy mien, considering the luxury of her surroundings, was seated at a table facing the door. I approached her and explained my errand. She was strangely unsympathetic. Inured to suffering, I fancied. She opened a drawer and took from it a pink card. She wrote my name and address on it and handed it to me. 'Fourth door on the left,' she said, and turned to the window.

I found the fourth door on the left. Another room of equal grandeur; another sad-eyed woman at another desk. I handed her the pink card. She took a blue one from a drawer and copied my name and address on it, adding other illegible notes. She handed it to me. 'First corrider on the left — Room 80,' she said, and resumed her sad communings.

I found Room 80. It was larger but less elaborately furnished than the others. A man replaced the sad-eyed ladies, but he was a stricken-looking creature. He sat in the centre of the room, and about the walls a circle of sufferers. He took my card and whispered, 'Be seated.'

I sat against the wall and nursed my eye. Silence reigned; a clock ticked. One by one the sufferers rose, approached the desk, received whispered instructions, and vanished. I waited and nursed my eye. An hour passed; I was faint with hunger.

At last a number was whispered. I recognized it as the one upon my card. I rose and went to the desk. 'Dr. Smith will see you. Third door on the right.'

The world looked bright again. There was a doctor in the city and he was about to remove the mote from my eye. I hastened to him, pain and hunger forgotten.

The third door on the right admitted me to a tiny office. I confronted a furtive-looking youth in the early twenties. He looked me over critically. I hastened to explain my needs.

'One moment,' he said with just a shadow of impatience. 'Is this a charity case?'

'Oh, no,' I exclaimed. 'I will gladly pay for such attention as I need.'

At that moment I would have given half my worldly possessions to have my eye restored to a normal condition.

He sighed deeply. 'You are in the wrong ward; you must return to the office and start over again.'

I started to remonstrate, but was cut short.

'Kindly return to the office.' He spoke with decision and pressed a button by the door.

I was again in the corridor. 'Return to the office.' It was easily said, but where was the office? I wandered aimlessly about. Every corridor seemed to lead to a window with a fire escape. I did not dare open one of the hundreds of closed doors. I heard the soft sound of rubber soles behind me and I turned to face a youth in a white jacket with masses of flaming red hair. His status in this highly complicated establishment was indicated by the mop and pail which he carried. He had a pair of humorous blue eyes and was whistling very softly. One glance at those eyes and I was convinced. I explained my plight. He listened attentively. He was the first person I had met who would listen, and I made the most of it.

'So you want to get to the office and begin over again,' he said.

I explained to him that I had no such plan. I only wished my freedom; I only wanted to get out of the accursed building and with my one remaining eye to see the blue sky once more.

'This is a very difficult place to get into,' he said, 'and much more difficult to get out of. Since you are here, to leave without treatment would be — er — irregular.' The faintest shadow of a smile lurked in his eyes as he said the word.

'But my eye hurts like the devil.' I was becoming angry and profane.

'I know it does,' he said.

A solemn silence ensued while he seemed to be listening intently. He took me by the arm and led me to the end of the corridor; he placed me at the window and opened a door which swung across the corridor and concealed us completely. He whipped an immaculate handkerchief from his pocket and wound it about a match.

'This is highly irregular,' he said, as he delicately probed my eye.

A swift movement, a suggestion of pain, and my eye closed normally. The thing — whatever it was — troubled me no more. I grasped his hand in mine. I pressed money upon him.

He shook his head and said, 'You are in the charity ward.'

At that moment his alert ears detected danger. 'Come with me,' he whispered, and swung open another door which gave on a circular iron stairway.

At the next floor we met another young man. My guide directed him to 'steer this gentleman out.' I thought I detected just the shadow of a quiver in his right eyelid. We threaded our way through the boiler room, and a small basement door opened to let me into a paved area. It was but a step to the street and liberty. Once more I saw the world with normal vision; once more I took my place in the ranks of seeing men.

I passed once more the classic doorway. Once more I read the brazen sign, but without emotion, for I carried with me a vision of a flaming head and lips that whispered, 'This is all highly — er — irregular.'

THE POETIC NUISANCE

We are, says an ancient philosopher, merely the cells in the brain of the world. When her sleep is broken by nightmare, we perish in war; when she falls in love with some gypsy of the zodiac, nations vie with each other in loving-kindness; when she thinks of her God, a redeemer, slain with bitterness, arises with words of redemption.

Yet note how, for example, the quality of wars has changed. There were wars over the possession of beauty incarnate in a single woman; there were wars to deliver a holy city; there were wars to achieve the Sangraal. These were the half-sweet, half-troubled dreams of the young world. To-day her nightmares are of oil wells, concessions, stocks and bonds — all the interests, in short, of a middle-aged being. Our world is middle-aged. Her thoughts are practical. She yearns for comfort as once she yearned for constellations so remote that they were merely daydreams in her consciousness. We are the thoughts of an established lady of independent, but not large, income; we are the record of her fifties. Her childhood is chronicled in anthropology, her adolescence in the mysteries of the vanished races. And her youth brought forth the poets.

Her thoughts raced in those days. Clean out of the bounds of reason they leaped, striding out in rhythm to chase the ineffable beyond the family hearth of our solar system and to lose themselves in the uttermost reaches of space. The poets, who were the thoughts of her adolescence, raised their chorus as lustily as frogs peeping in an April tarn. But poetry, romance, imagining, are qualities of youth which never yet have been known to survive the climate of maturity. The world's romantic days are over. There are realities to be dealt with, bank accounts to be balanced. Her only child is lunatic. Brother poets, in the mind of this cosmic Hetty Green we are unwelcome memories.

This is the explanation of much that has seemed strange. The world in her middle age dislikes to be reminded of her youth. Was she disappointed in love? Did her father die leaving much less than was expected, so that she had to devote herself to making both ends of her orbit meet? Or has she merely succumbed to astral conventionality and decided that she has a place to maintain in Zodiacy? Certainly, whatever may be the cause, the effect is apparent. Since poets, these rebel cells in an otherwise efficient brain, insist on haunting her with their twaddle, down they must go, out of her consciousness, down to her subconsciousness, to the dark cerebral labyrinths of poets' clubs and Greenwich Village, where, utterly ignored if not forgotten by the healthy thoughts of finance to which are dedicated the upper spaces of the brain, they mill round and round in their own company. Or they may be sublimated and thus fitted for her consciousness. Their dreams may be turned into something practical; they may conform to a scheme (paying, of course) of uplift, service — all the greeting-card sentiment which, in the middle-aged mind of the world, passes for noble thinking.

Brother poets, we are silly to continue our futile strife. Were our world to visit a psychoanalyst, we should all be hauled out of her subconscious memory and set to work. Let us await a season when we shall again be welcome, when the world, grown old, drowses at twilight in the universal autumn beside the embers of the sun. She will welcome us then. We shall ring in her mind the bells of remembered happiness. We shall be the voices of her dotage.

JALNA: A NOVEL[1]

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XIII

A MILD steady wind was blowing which had appropriated to itself every pungent autumn scent in its journeying across wood and orchard. It blew in at the window and gently stirred the hair on Finch's forehead, and brought to his cheeks a childish pink. He did not hurry to get up, but stretched at ease awhile, for it was a Saturday morning. His mind was occupied in making a momentous decision. Should he put on some old clothes and steal out of the house, with only something snatched from the kitchen for breakfast, thus avoiding a meeting with Eden's wife, for he was shy of her, or should he dress with extra care and make a really good impression on her by appearing both well turned out and at ease?

Those who were early risers would have had their breakfast by now and be about the business of the day, but Eden never showed up till nine, and Finch supposed that a New York girl would naturally keep late hours. He wanted very much to make a good impression on Alayne.

He got up at last, and, after carefully washing his face and hands and scrubbing his neck at the washstand, he took from its hanger his new dark blue flannel suit. When it was on, and his best blue-and-white striped shirt, he was faced by the problem of a tie. He had a really handsome one of blue and gray which Meggie had given him on his last birthday, but he was nervous about wearing it. Meg would be sure to get on her hind feet if she caught him sporting it on a mere Saturday. Even wearing the suit was risky. He longingly fingered the tie. The thought of going to Piers's room and borrowing one of his entered his mind, but he put it aside. Now that Piers was married young Pheasant was always about.

Hang it all! The tie was his, and he would wear it if he wanted to.

He tied it carefully. He cleaned his nails and polished them on a worn-out buffer Meggie had thrown away. Meticulously he parted and brushed his rather lank fair hair, plastering it down with a little pomade which he dug out of an old jar Eden had cast aside.

A final survey of himself in the glass brought a grin, half pleased, half sheepish, to his face. He sneaked past the closed door of his sister's room and slowly descended the stairs.

It was as he had hoped. Eden and Alayne were the only occupants of the dining room. They sat close together at one side of the table. His place was on Alayne's left. With a muttered 'Good morning,' he dragged forth his chair and subsided into it, crimson with shyness.

After one annoyed glance at the intruder, Eden vouchsafed him no attention whatever, speaking to Alayne in so low a tone that Finch, with ears strained to catch these gentle morning murmurings of young husband to young wife, could make out no word. He devoted himself to his porridge, humbly taking what pleasure he could draw from the proximity to Alayne. A fresh sweetness seemed to emanate from her. Out of the corner of his eye he watched the movements of her hands. He tried very hard not to make a noise over his porridge and milk, but every mouthful descended his throat with a gurgling sound. His very ears burned with embarrassment.

Alayne thought she had never before seen anyone eat such an immense plate of

[1] A synopsis of the preceding chapters will be found in the Contributors' Column. — THE EDITORS

cereal. She hated cereals. She had said to Eden almost pettishly: —

'I do not *want* any cereal, thank you, Eden.' And he had almost forced her to take it.

'Porridge is good for you,' he had said, heavily sugaring his own.

He did not seem to notice that this breakfast was not at all the sort to which she was used. There was no fruit. Her soul cried out for coffee, and there was the same great pot of tea, this time set before her to pour. Frizzled fat bacon, *so* much buttered toast, and bitter orange marmalade did not tempt her. Eden partook of everything with hilarity, crunching the toast crusts in his strong white teeth, trying brazenly to put his arm about her waist before the inquisitive eyes of the boy. Something fastidious in her was not pleased with him this morning. Suddenly she found herself wondering whether, if she had met him first in his own home, she would so quickly have fallen in love. But one look into his mocking yet tender eyes, one glance at his sensitive full-lipped mouth, reassured her. She would — oh yes, she would!

She addressed a sentence now and again to Finch, but it seemed hopeless to draw him into the conversation. He so plainly suffered when she attempted it that she gave up trying.

As they got up from the table Eden, who was already cherishing a cigarette between his lips, turned, as if struck with an idea, to his brother.

'Look here, Finch. I wish you'd show Alayne the pine grove. It's wonderful on a morning like this. — It's deep and dark as a well in there, Alayne, and all around it grow brambles with the biggest, juiciest berries. Finch will get you some, and he'll likely be able to show you a partridge and her young. I've got something in my head that I want to get out, and I must have solitude. — You'll take care of her, won't you, Finch?'

In spite of the lightness of his tone, Alayne discovered the fire of creative desire in it. Her eyes eagerly explored his face. Their eyes met in happy understanding.

'Do go off by yourself and write,' she agreed. 'I shall be quite content to wander about by myself if Finch has other plans.'

She almost hoped he had. The thought of a tête-à-tête with this embarrassed hobbledehoy was not alluring. He drooped over his chair, his bony hands resting on the back, and stared at the disarranged table.

'Well,' said Eden, sharply, 'what are your plans, brother Finch?'

Finch grinned sheepishly. 'I'd like to take her. Yes, thank you,' he replied, gripping the back of the chair till his knuckles turned white.

'Good boy,' said Eden. He ran upstairs to get a sweater coat for Alayne, and she and Finch waited his return in absolute silence. Her mind was absorbed by the thought that Eden was going to write. He had said one day that he had an idea for a novel. Little tremors of excitement ran through her as she pictured him beginning it that very morning.

Rags was starting to clear the table. His cynical light eyes took in every detail of Finch's attire. They said to the boy, as plainly as words: —

'Ho, ho, my young feller! You've decked yerself all up for the occasion, 'ave n't yer? You think you've made an impression on the lidy, don't yer? But if you could only see yerself! *And* just you wait till the family catches you in your Sunday clothes. There won't be nothink doing, ow naow!'

Eden followed them to the porch. They met Meg in the hall and the two women kissed, but it was dim there, and Finch, clearing his throat, laid one hand on the birthday necktie and concealed it.

It was a day of days. As golden, as mature, as voluptuous as a Roman matron fresh from the bath, the October morning swept with indolent dignity across the land.

Alayne said something like this to the boy as they followed a path over the meadows, and, though he made no reply, he smiled in a way that lighted up his plain face with such sudden sweetness that Alayne's heart warmed to him. She talked without waiting for him to reply, till by degrees his shyness melted and she found herself listening to him. He was telling her that this path that led through the birch wood was an old Indian trail and that it led to the river six miles away when the traders and Indians had long ago been wont to meet to barter skins of fox and mink for ammunition and blankets. He

was telling her of the old fiddler, Fiddling Jock, who had had his hut in this wood before the Whiteoaks had bought Jalna.

'My granddad let him stay on. He used to play his fiddle at weddings and parties of all sorts. But one night some people gave him such a lot to drink before he started for his hut that he got dazed, and it was a bitterly cold night, and he could not find his way home through the snow. When he got as far as Granddad's barnyard he gave up and he crawled into a strawstack and was frozen to death. Gran found him two days after when she was out for a walk. He was absolutely rigid, his frozen eyes staring out of his frozen face. Gran was a young woman then, but she's never forgotten it. I've often heard her tell of finding him. She had Uncle Nick with her. He was only a little chap, but he's never forgotten the way the old fellow had his fiddle gripped, just as though he'd been playing when he died.'

Alayne looked curiously at the boy. His eyes had an hallucinated expression. He was evidently seeing in all its strangeness the scene he had just described.

They had now entered the pine grove. A shadow had fallen over the brightness of the morning like the wing of a great bird. In here there was a cathedral hush broken only by the distant calling of crows. They sat down on a fallen tree, on the trunk of which grew patches of moss of a peculiarly vivid green, a miniature forest in itself.

'I don't believe I'd mind,' said Finch, 'going about with a fiddle and playing tunes at the weddings of country people. It seems to me I'd like it.' Then he added with a shade of bitterness in his tone, 'I guess I've just the right amount of brains for that.'

'I do not see why you should speak of yourself in that way,' exclaimed Alayne. 'You have a very interesting face.' She made the statement with conviction, though she had just discovered the fact.

Finch made a sardonic grimace that was oddly reminiscent of Uncle Nicholas. 'I dare say it's interesting, and I should n't be surprised if old Fiddler Jock's was interesting, especially when it was frozen stiff.'

She felt almost repelled by the boy's expression, but her interest in him was steadily growing.

'Perhaps you are musical. Have you ever had lessons?' she asked.

'No! They'd think it a waste of money. And I have n't the time for practising. It takes all my time to keep from the foot of the form.'

He seemed determined to present himself in an unprepossessing light to her. And this after all the anxious care over his toilet! Perhaps the truth was that, having seen a gleam of sympathy in her eyes, he was hungry for more of it. But it was difficult to account for the reactions of Finch Whiteoak.

Alayne saw in him a boy treated with clumsy stupidity by his family. She saw herself fiercely taking up cudgels for him. She was determined that he should have music lessons if her influence could bring them about. She drew him on to talk, and he lay on the ground, sifting the pine needles through his fingers and giving his confidence more freely than he had ever given it before. But even while he talked with boyish eagerness his mind more than once escaped its leash and ran panting after strange visions. Himself, alone with her in this dark mysterious place, embracing her with ecstasy. After one of these excursions of the mind he would draw himself up sharply and try to look into her eyes with the same expression of friendly candor which she gave him.

As they were returning to the house, and Alayne's thoughts were flying back to Eden, they came upon a group in the orchard consisting of Piers and several farm laborers who, under his supervision, were preparing a number of barrels of apples for shipment. Piers, with a piece of chalk in his sunburnt hand, was going about marking the barrels with the number of their grade. He pretended not to notice the approach of his brother and Alayne, but when he could no longer ignore them he muttered a sulky 'Good morning' and turned to one of the laborers with some directions about carting the apples to the station.

Finch led Alayne from barrel to barrel, with a self-consciously possessive air, knowing that the farm hands were regarding them with furtive curiosity. He explained the system of grading to her, bringing for comparison apples from the different

barrels. He asked her to test the flavor of the most perfect specimen he could find, glossy, red, and flawless as a drop of dew.

'Mind that you replace that apple, Finch,' said Piers curtly in passing. 'You should know better than to disturb apples after they are packed. They'll be absolutely rattling about by the time they reach Montreal.' He took a hammer from one of the men and began with deafening blows to 'head in' a barrel.

Finch noticed Alayne's discomposure, and his own color rose angrily as he did as he was bid. When they had left the orchard Alayne asked: 'Do you think Piers dislikes me?'

'No. It's just his way. He's got a beastly way with him. I don't suppose he dislikes me, but sometimes —' He could not finish what he had been going to say. One could n't tell Alayne the things Piers did.

Alayne continued reflectively: 'And his wife — I just noticed her a moment ago disappearing into the shrubbery when she saw us approach. I am afraid she does not approve of me either.'

'Look here,' cried Finch. 'Pheasant's shy. She does n't know what to say to you.' But in his heart he believed that both Piers and Pheasant were jealous of Alayne.

He parted with her at the front door and went himself to the side entrance, for he was afraid of meeting his sister.

XIV

Alayne found Eden in the summerhouse, a vine-smothered, spiderish retreat, with a very literary-looking pipe in his mouth, his arms folded across his chest, and a thoughtful frown indenting his brow.

'May I come?' she breathed, fearing to disturb him, yet unable to endure the separation any longer.

He smiled an assent, gripping the pipe between his teeth.

'Have you begun the — you know what?'

'I do *not* know what.'

'The n-o-v-e-l,' she spelled.

He shook his head. 'No, but I've written a corking thing. Come in and hear.'

'A poem! I am so glad you are really starting to write again. It is the first, you know, since we have been married and I was beginning to be afraid that instead of being an inspiration —'

'Well, listen to this and tell me whether I'm the better or worse for being married.'

He read the poem and it gained not a little from his mellow voice and expressive, mobile face. Alayne was somewhat disconcerted to find that she had no longer the power to regard his writing judicially. She now saw it colored by the atmosphere of Jalna, tempered by the contacts of their life together. She asked him to read it again, and this time she closed her eyes that she might not see him, but every line of his face and form was before her still, as though her gaze were fixed on him.

'It is splendid,' she said, and she took it from him and read it to herself. She was convinced that it was splendid, but her conviction did not have the same austere clarity that it had carried when she was in New York and he an unknown young poet in Canada.

From the summerhouse after that issued a stream of graceful, carelessly buoyant lyrics like young birds. Indeed Piers with brutal jocularity remarked to Renny that Eden was like a cock sparrow hatching out an egg a day in his lousy nest under the vines.

It became the custom for Eden, Alayne, Ernest, and Nicholas to gather in the latter's room every afternoon to hear what Eden had composed that morning. The four became delightfully intimate in this way, and they frequently (Nicholas making his leg an excuse for this) had Rags bring their tea there.

It was pleasant to pour the tea in Nicholas's room for the three men, from an old blue Coalport teapot that wore a heathenish woolly cozy; and after tea Nicholas would limp to the piano and play from Mendelssohn, Mozart, or Liszt. Alayne never forgot those afternoons, the late sunshine touching with a mellow glow the massive head and bent shoulders of Nicholas at the piano, Ernest shadowy in a dim corner with Sasha, Eden beside her, strong in his shapely youth. She grew to know these two elderly men as she knew no other member of Eden's family except poor young Finch.

They seemed close to her; she grew to love them.

Meggie did not want to join the quartette in Uncle Nick's room. It was not the sort of thing she cared about. But she did rather resent the air of intimacy which was apparent between the uncles and Alayne, an intimacy which she had not achieved with the girl. Not that she had made any great effort to do so. Persistent effort, either mental or physical, was distasteful to Meg, yet she could, when occasion demanded, get her own way by merely exerting her power of passive stubbornness. But passive stubbornness will not win a friend, and as a matter of fact Meg did not greatly desire the love of Alayne. She rather liked her, though she found her hard to talk to — 'terribly different'; and she told her grandmother that Alayne was a 'typical American girl.' 'I won't have it,' Grandmother had growled, getting very red, and Meg had hastened to add, 'But she's very agreeable, Gran, and what a blessing it is that she has *money!*'

To be sure there was no sign of an excess of wealth. Alayne dressed charmingly but with extreme simplicity. She had shown no disposition to shower gifts upon the family, yet the family, with the exception of Renny and Piers, were convinced that she was a young woman of fortune. Piers did not believe it simply because he did not want to believe it, and Renny had cornered Eden soon after his return and had wrested the unromantic fact from him that he had married a girl of the slenderest means, and had come home for a visit while he 'looked about' him. And so strong was the patriarchal instinct in the eldest Whiteoak that Eden and Alayne might have lived on at Jalna for the rest of their lives, without his doing more than to order Eden to help Piers on the estate.

On one occasion Eden did spend a morning in the orchard grading apples, but Piers, examining the last of the consignment and finding the grading erratic, to say the least of it, had leaped in a fury into his Ford and rushed to the station, where he had spent the rest of the day in a railway car, wrenching the tops from barrels and regrading them. There had been a family row after this, with Renny and Pheasant on the side of Piers and the rest of the family banded to protect Eden. They had had the grace to wait till Alayne went to bed before beginning it. She had gone to her room early that night, feeling something electric in the air, and no sooner had her door closed than the storm had burst forth below.

She had been brought up in the atmosphere of a home peaceful as a nest of doves, and this sudden transplanting into the noisy raillery and hawklike dissensions of the Whiteoaks almost bewildered her. Up in her room she had quaked at the thought of her oddness among these people. When Eden had come up, an hour later, he had seemed exhilarated rather than depressed by the squall. He had sat on the side of the bed, smoking endless cigarettes, and had told her what this one had said and how he had squelched that one, and how Gran had thrown her velvet bag in Renny's face; and Alayne had listened, languid in the reassurance of his love, and he had sat down at his desk before he ever came to bed and had written a wild and joyous poem about a gypsy girl, and had come back to the bed and read it loudly and splendidly, and Nip, in Uncle Nick's room across the hall, had started up a terrible yapping, and one of Eden's cigarette stubs had burned a hole in the quilt.

Alayne wondered with a feeling of apprehension when Eden was going to bestir himself to get a position. After the affair of the apples, he spent more and more time in the summerhouse, for he had begun another long narrative poem. Proof sheets of his new book had arrived from New York, and they demanded their share of his time.

Alayne, who was supposed to be the inspiration of this fresh wellspring of poetry, found that during the fierce hours of composition the most helpful thing she could do for the young poet was to keep as far away from him as possible. She explored every field and grove of Jalna, followed the stream in all its turnings, and pressed her way through thicket and bramble to the deepest part of the ravine. She came to love the great unwieldy place, of which the only part kept in order was the farm run by Piers.

Sometimes Finch or Wakefield accompanied her, but more often she was alone.

On one of the last days of autumn she came upon Pheasant, sitting with a book in the orchard. The young girl had thrown down her book and, with head tilted back and eyes closed, was more than half asleep. Alayne stood beside her, staring down at her, but she did not stir, exposing her face to the gaze of the almost stranger with the wistful unconcern of those who slumber. It seemed to Alayne that she had never before really seen this child, for she was little more than a child. With her cropped brown head, softly parted lips, and childish hands with their limply upturned palms, she was a different being from the secretive pale girl, always on her guard, whom Alayne met at table and in the drawing-room at cards. Then she seemed quite able to take care of herself, even faintly hostile in her attitude. Now, in this relaxed and passive pose, she seemed to ask for compassion and tenderness.

As Alayne was about to turn away Pheasant opened her eyes, and, finding Alayne's eyes looking down into them with an expression of friendliness, she smiled as though she could not help herself.

'Hullo,' she said, with boyish brevity. 'You caught me asleep.'

'I hope I did not waken you.'

'Oh, I was only cat-napping. This air makes you drowsy.'

'May I sit down beside you?' Alayne asked, with a sudden desire to get better acquainted with the young girl.

'Of course.' Her tone was indifferent, but not unfriendly. She picked up her hat, which was half full of mushrooms, and displayed them. 'I was gathering these,' she said, 'for Piers's breakfast. He can eat this many all himself.'

'But are n't you afraid you will pick poison ones? I should be.'

Pheasant smiled scornfully. 'I've been gathering mushrooms all my life. These are all alike — the orchard kind. Except this dear little pink one. I shall give it to Wake. It's got a funny smoky taste and he likes it.'

Alayne asked, 'Have you known Piers for a long time? I suppose you have, for you were neighbors, were n't you?'

Pheasant stiffened. She did not answer for a moment, but bent forward plucking at the coarse orchard grass. Then she said in a low voice, 'I suppose Eden has told you about me.'

'Nothing except that you were a neighbor's daughter.'

'Come, now. Don't hedge. The others did, then. Meg — Gran — Uncle Nick?'

'No one,' answered Alayne, firmly, 'has told me anything about you.'

'Humph. They're a funny lot. I made sure they'd tell you first thing.' She mused a moment, biting a blade of grass.

'Then what is it?' persisted Alayne, her tone still light, but her face becoming very serious.

Pheasant picked up one of the misshapen apples of the old tree and balanced it on her palm.

'Oh, you're different — that's the principal thing. You don't seem to know anything about real life.'

Alayne could have laughed aloud at the answer, that this ignorant little country girl should doubt her experience of life. Yet — it was true enough that she did not know life as they in this backwater knew it, where no outside contacts modified the pungent vitality of their relations with each other.

She sat a moment in thought, and then she said gently, 'You are mistaken if you think that I should be easily upset by anything you would care to tell me. Not that I want to urge your confidence.'

'Oh, it's not a matter of confidence,' exclaimed Pheasant. 'Everybody in the world knows it but you, and of course you'll hear it sooner or later, so I may as well tell you.'

She laid the apple on the grass and, clasping her ankles in her brown hands, sat upright, with the air of a precocious child, and announced: 'I'm illegitimate — what Gran in her old-fashioned way calls a bastard. There you are.'

A bright color dyed her cheeks, but she flung out the words with pathetic bravado.

'I am sorry,' murmured Alayne, 'but you do not suppose that that will affect my feelings for you, do you?'

'It does most people's.' The answer came in a low, husky voice, and she went on hurriedly: 'My father was the only child of an English colonel. His parents doted on him. He was the delight of their old age. My mother was a common country girl and

she left me on their doorstep with a note, exactly the way they do in books. They took me in and kept me, but it broke the old people's hearts. They died not long after. My father — '

'Did you live with him?' Alayne tried to make it easier for her by a tone of unconcern, but her eyes were filled with tears of pity for the child who, in such quaint phraseology, — 'the delight of their old age,' indeed, — told of the tragedy of her birth.

'Yes, till I was married. He just endured me. But I expect the sight of me was a constant reminder — of what he'd lost, I mean.'

'Lost?'

'Yes — Meg Whiteoak. He'd been engaged to her, and she broke it off when I appeared on the scene. That's why she has that glassy stare for me. All the Whiteoaks were against our marriage, of course. It was adding insult to injury, you see.'

'Oh, my dear.'

The significance of looks and chance phrases that had puzzled her became apparent. She was pierced by a vivid pain at the thought of all the unmerited suffering of Pheasant. She said, 'You have had rather a hard time, but surely that is all over. Meg cannot go on blaming you for what is not your fault, and I think the others are fond of you.'

'Oh, I don't know.'

'I should be if you would let me.' Her hand moved across the grass to Pheasant's. Their fingers intertwined.

'All right. But I warn you, I'm not a bit proper.'

'Perhaps I am not so proper as you think.' Their fingers were still warmly clutched. 'By the way, why does n't Piers like me? I feel that it will not be altogether simple to be your friend when he is so — well, distant.'

'He is jealous of you, for my sake, I think. I just think that, mind you — he's never said so. But I *think* he finds it pretty beastly that you should be thought so much of, and me so little, and that you should be made so welcome and me so unwelcome, when, after all, we're just two girls, except that you're rich and I'm poor and you're legitimate and I'm up against the bar sinister, and Piers has always taken such an interest in the place and worked on it, and Eden only cares for poetry and having his own way.'

Alayne was scarlet. Out of the tangle of words one phrase menaced her. She said, with a little gasp, 'Whatever made you think I was rich? My dear child, I am poor — poor. My father was a college professor. You know they are poor enough, in all conscience!'

'You may be what you call poor, but you're rich to us,' answered Pheasant, sulkily.

'Now, listen,' continued Alayne, sternly. 'My father left me five thousand dollars insurance, and a bungalow which I sold for fourteen thousand, which makes nineteen thousand dollars. That is absolutely all. So you see how *rich* I am!'

'It sounds a lot,' said Pheasant, stolidly, and their hands parted and they both industriously plucked at the grass.

The significance of other allusions was now made plain to Alayne. She frowned as she asked, 'What put such an idea into your head, Pheasant? Surely the rest of the family are not suffering from that hallucination?'

'We all thought you were frightfully well off. I don't know exactly how it came about. Someone said — Gran said — no, Meg said — it was — ' She stopped short, suddenly pulled up by a tardy caution. 'What does it matter, anyhow?'

Alayne had to subdue a feeling of helpless anger before she answered, quietly, 'It does not matter. But I want you not to have the notion that I am rich. It is ridiculous. It puts me in a false position. You knew that I worked for my living before I married Eden.'

Pheasant stared at her uncomprehendingly, and Alayne, moved by a sudden impulse, put her arm about her and kissed her. She said, 'How silly of me to mind! May we be friends, then?'

Pheasant's body relaxed against her with the abandon of a child's. 'It's lovely of you,' she breathed, 'not to mind about my — '

Alayne stopped her words with a kiss. 'As though that were possible! And I hope Piers will feel less unfriendly to me when he knows everything.'

Pheasant was watching over Alayne's shoulder two figures that were approaching along the orchard path.

'It's Renny,' she said, 'and Maurice. I wonder what they're up to. Renny's got an axe.'

The two came up, Maurice removing his tweed cap. Renny, already bareheaded, nodded, the reminiscent grin fading from his face.

'Alayne,' he said, 'this is Maurice Vaughan, our nearest neighbor.'

They shook hands, and Alayne, remembering having heard a reference to the fact that Vaughan drank a good deal, thought he showed it in his heavy eyes and relaxed mouth. He gave Pheasant a grudging smile and then turned to Renny.

'Is this the tree?' he asked.

'Yes,' returned Renny, surveying it critically.

'What are you going to do?' asked Alayne.

'Cut it down. It's very old, and it's rotting. It must make room for a new one.'

Alayne was filled with dismay. To her the old apple tree was beautiful, standing strong and yet twisted with age in the golden October sunshine. She asked, trying not to look too upset, for she was never certain when the Whiteoaks would be amused at what they thought soft-heartedness or affection, 'Must it come down? I was just thinking what a grand old tree it is. And it seems to have borne a good many apples.'

'It's diseased,' returned Renny. 'Look at the shape of the apples. This orchard needs going over rather badly.'

'But this is only one tree, and it is such a beautiful shape.'

'You must go over to the old orchard. You will find scores like this there.' He pulled off his coat and began to roll up his sleeves from his lean muscular arms. Alayne fancied that an added energy was given to his movements by her opposition.

She said nothing more, but with a growing feeling of antagonism watched him pick up the axe and place the first blow against the stalwart trunk. She imagined the consternation among the insect life on the tree at that first shuddering shock, comparable to an earthquake on our own sphere. The tree itself stood with a detached air, only the slightest quiver stirring its glossy leaves. Another and another blow fell, and a wedge-shaped chip fresh with sap sprang out on to the grass.

'Oh, oh, let me get my things,' cried Pheasant, and would have darted forward to rescue her hat and mushrooms had not Vaughan caught her by the wrist and jerked her out of the way.

It seemed that the dignity of the gnarled old tree would never be shaken. At each blow a shiver ran through its far-spreading branches, and one by one the remaining apples fell. But for a long time the great trunk and massive primal limbs received the onslaughts of the axe with a sort of rugged disdain. At last, with a straining of its farthest roots, it crashed to the ground, creating a gust of air that was like the last fierce outgoing of breath from a dying man.

Renny stood, lean, red-faced, triumphant, his head moist with sweat. He glanced shrewdly at Alayne and then turned to Vaughan.

'A good job well done, eh, Maurice?' he asked. 'Can you give me a cigarette?'

Vaughan produced a box, and Pheasant, without waiting to be asked, snatched one for herself and, with it between her lips, held up her face to Vaughan's for a light.

'There's a bold little baggage for you,' remarked Renny to Alayne, with an odd look of embarrassment.

Pheasant blinked at Alayne through smoke. 'Alayne knows I've been badly brought up.'

'I think the result is delightful,' said Alayne, but she disapproved of Pheasant at that moment.

Pheasant chuckled. 'Do you hear that, Maurice? Are n't you proud?'

'Perhaps Alayne does n't realize that he is your happy parent,' said Renny, taking the bull by the horns.

Vaughan gave Alayne a smile, half sheepish, half defiant, and wholly, she thought, unprepossessing.

'I expect Mrs. Whiteoak has heard of all my evil doings,' he said.

'Will somebody please get my hat and book and mushrooms?' pleaded Pheasant. 'They're under the tree.'

Renny began to draw aside the heavy branches, the upper ones of which were raised like arms in prayer. An acrid scent of crushed overripe apples rose from among them. His hands, when he had rescued the treasures, were covered by particles of bark and tiny terrified insects.

Vaughan turned toward home, and Pheasant ran after him, showing a demonstrative affection toward him that baffled Renny, who was not much given to speculation concerning the feelings of his fellows.

As for Alayne, her mind was puzzled more and more by these new connections who were everything that her parents and her small circle of intimates were not. Even while their conduct placed her past life on a plane of dignity and reticence, their warmth and vigor made that life seem tame and even colorless. The response of her nature to the shock of this change in her environment was a variety of moods to which she had never before been accustomed. She had sudden sensations of depression, tinged with foreboding, followed by unaccountable flights of gayety, when she felt that something passionately beautiful was about to happen to her.

Renny, lighting a cigarette, looked at her gravely. 'Do you know,' he said, 'I had no idea that you were so keen about that tree, or I should have left it as it was. Why did n't you make me understand?'

'I did not wish to make too much fuss. I thought you would think I was silly. Anyone who knew me at all well would have known how I felt about it. But then, you do not know me very well. I cannot blame you for that.'

His gaze on her face became more intense. 'I wish I did understand you. I'm better at understanding horses and dogs than women. I never understand them. Now in this case it was n't till the tree was down and I saw your face that I knew what it meant to you. Upon my word, I would n't have taken anything — why, you looked positively tragic. You've no idea what a brute I feel.' He gave a rueful cut at the fallen tree to emphasize his words.

'Oh, don't!' she exclaimed. 'Don't hurt it again!'

He stood motionless among the broken branches, and she moved to his side. He attracted her. She wondered why she had never noticed before how striking he was. But then, she had never seen him active among outdoor things before. She had seen him indifferently riding his roan horse. In the house, she had thought of him as rather morose and vigilant, though courteous, when he was not irritated or excited by his family; and she had thought he held rather an inflated opinion of his own importance as head of the house. Now, with his narrow red head, his red foxlike face and piercing red-brown eyes, he seemed the very spirit of the woods and streams. Even his ears, she noticed, were pointed, and his hair grew in a point on his forehead.

One of those unaccountable soarings of the spirit to which she had of late been subject possessed her at this moment. Her whole being was moved by a strange exhilaration. She had moved to Renny's side. Now, from a desire scarcely understood by herself, to prove by the sense of touch that she was really she, and he was no one more faunlike than Renny Whiteoak, she laid her hand on his arm. He did not move, but his eyes slid toward her face with an odd speculative look in them. He was faintly hostile, she believed, because of her supersensitiveness about the tree. She smiled up at him, trying to show that she was not feeling childishly aggrieved, and trying at the same time to hide that haunting and willful expectancy fluttering her nerves.

The next moment she found herself in his arms with his lips against hers, and all her sensations crushed for the moment into helpless surrender. She felt the steady thud of his heart, and against it the wild tapping of her own.

At last he released her and said, with a rather whimsical grimace, 'Did you mind so much? I'm awfully sorry! I suppose you think me more of a brute than ever now.'

'Oh,' she exclaimed quiveringly, 'how could you do that? How could you think I should be willing —'

'I did n't think at all,' he said. 'I did it on the spur of the moment. You looked so — so — oh, I can't think of a word to describe how you looked.'

'Please tell me. I wish to know,' she said, icily.

'Well — inviting, then.'

'Do you mean *consciously* inviting?' There was a dangerous note in her voice.

'Don't be absurd! Unconsciously, of course. You simply made me forget myself. I'm sorry.'

She was trembling all over.

'Perhaps,' she said, courageously, 'you were not much more to blame than I.'

'My dear child, as though you could help the way you looked!'

'Yes, but I went over to you — deliberately, when — oh, I cannot say it!' Yet, perversely she wanted to say it.

'When you knew you were looking especially lovely — is that what you mean?'

'Not at all. It's no use, I cannot say it!'

'Why make the effort? I'm willing to take all the blame. After all, a kiss is n't such a terrible thing, and I'm a relation. Men occasionally kiss their sisters-in-law. It will probably never happen again, unless, as you say, you brazenly approach me when — what *were* you trying to say, Alayne? Now I come to think of it, I believe I have the right to know. It might save me some stabs of conscience.'

'Oh, you make it all seem ridiculous! You make me feel very childish — very stupid.'

He had seated himself on the fallen tree. Now he raised his eyes contritely to hers and said, 'Look here. That's the last thing on earth I want to do. I'm only trying to get you not to take it too seriously, and I want all the blame.'

Her earnest eyes now looked full into his. This took a great deal of courage, for his were sparkling, so full of interest in her, and at the same time so mocking. She said, 'I see that I must tell you. It is this. I have had odd feelings lately of unrest, and a kind of anticipation, as though just around the corner some moving, thrilling experience were waiting for me. This sensation makes me reckless. I felt it just before I moved toward you, and I think — I think —

'You think I was playing up to you?'

'Not quite that. But I think you felt something unusual about me.'

'I did, and I do. You're not like any woman I've ever known. Tell me, have you thought of me as — caring for you — thinking a good deal about you?'

'I thought you rather disliked me. But please let us forget about all this. I never want to think of it again.'

'Of course not,' he assented gravely.

With a stab of almost physical pain, Alayne remembered that she had half-unconsciously kissed him back again. Her face and neck were dyed crimson. With a little gasp she said, 'Of the two, I am the more to blame.'

'Is this the New England conscience that I've heard so much about?' he asked, filled with amazement.

'I suppose so.'

He regarded her with the same half-mocking, half-quizzical look in his eyes, but his voice deepened as he said, 'Oh, my dear, you are a sweet thing! And to think that you are Eden's wife, and that I must never kiss you again!'

She could not meet his eyes now. She was afraid of him, and still more afraid of herself. She felt that the strange expectancy of mood that had swayed her during these weeks at Jalna was nothing but the premonition of this moment. She said, trying to take herself in hand, 'I am going back to the house. I think I heard the stable clock strike. It must be dinner time.' She turned away and began to walk quickly over the rough orchard grass.

It was significant of the eldest Whiteoak that he made no attempt to follow her, but sat with his eyes on her retreating form, confident that she would look back at him.

As he expected, she turned after a dozen paces and regarded him with dignity, but there was a certain childlike pleading in her voice.

'Will you promise never to think of me as I have been this morning?' she asked.

'Then I must promise never to think of you at all,' he returned with composure.

'Then never think of me. I should prefer that.'

'Come, Alayne, you know that's impossible.'

'Well, promise to forget this morning.'

'It is forgotten already.'

But, hurrying away through the orchard, she felt that if he could forget as easily as

that it would be more terrible to her than if he had brooded on it in his most secret thoughts.

XV

There was an iron rule that every member of the family should attend morning service unless suffering from extreme physical disability. Being only half sick would not do at all. One must be prostrate. Alayne had seen Meg almost stumble into the motor, dazed from headache, a bottle of smelling salts held to her nose, and sit through the entire service with closed eyes. She had seen young Finch dragged off, regardless of a toothache.

She was inclined to rebel at first, but when she found Eden slavishly acquiescent she too succumbed. After all, she thought, there was something rather fine in such devotion, even though religion seemed to play so small a part in it. For the Whiteoaks were not, according to Alayne's standards, a religious family.

The only mention of the Deity's name at Jalna was when Grandmother mumbled an indistinguishable grace, or when one of the young men called on the Almighty to witness that he would do such and such a thing, or that something else was damned.

Yet with what heroism they herded themselves into those hard adjacent pews each Sunday!

Wakefield summed it all up for Alayne in these words: 'You see, Grandfather built the church, and he never missed a Sunday till he died. Gran never misses a Sunday and she's almost a hundred. She gets awfully sick if any of the rest of us stop home. And the rector and the farmers and other folk about count us every Sunday, and if one is missing — why, it does n't seem like Sunday to them at all.' The little boy's eyes were shining. He was very much in earnest.

Grandmother had never ridden in a motor car, and never expected to ride in one consciously. But she had given orders for the motor hearse from Steed to bear her body to her grave. 'For,' she said, 'I like to think I'll have one swift ride before I'm laid away.'

The old phaeton was brought to the front steps every Sunday morning at half past ten. The two old bay horses, Ned and Minnie, were freshly groomed, and the stout stableman, Hodge, wore a black broadcloth coat with a velvet collar. With his long whip he flicked the flies off the horses, and every moment cast an anxious look at the door and set his hat at a more Sundayish angle.

At a quarter to eleven old Mrs. Whiteoak emerged, supported by Renny and Piers, for it needed plenty of muscle to negotiate the passage from her room to the phaeton. For church she always wore a black moiré silk dress, a black velvet fur-trimmed cloak, and voluminous widow's weeds of the heaviest crape. Alayne thought that the old lady never looked so dignified, so courageous, as she did on these occasions, when, like some unseaworthy but gallant old ship, her widow's veil billowing like a sail, she once more set forth from her harbor.

When she was installed in a corner of the seat, with a cushion to her back, the old horses invariably made a forward plunge, for they were instantly aware of her arrival, and Rags as invariably, with a loud adjuration to Hodge to ''old 'ard,' leaped to the horses' heads with a great show of preventing a runaway. Her two sons next appeared: Nicholas, with a trace of his elegance of the old days; Ernest, mildly exhilarated, now that he had passed through the stage of preparation. Then came Meg, usually flustered over some misdeed of Wake's or Finch's. The little boy made the last of the phaeton party, climbing to the seat beside Hodge and looking, in comparison with that burly figure, very small and dignified in his snowy Eton collar and kid gloves. The rest of the family followed in the motor car, excepting Finch, who walked through fields and lanes.

Renny drove the car, and it was his chief concern to overtake and pass the phaeton as soon as possible, for, if he did not accomplish this before the narrow sloping Evandale road was reached, it was probable that the rest of the drive would take place behind the slow trotting horses, for Grandmother would not allow Hodge to move aside so that a motor might pass her on the road. She did not want to end her days in a ditch, she said. And she would sit with

the utmost composure while Renny's car, with perhaps half a dozen others behind it, moved at funeral pace, urging her onward with despairing honkings of their horns.

It was the morning after the scene in the orchard. Alayne had slept little. All night as she lay tossing, changing sharply from one position to another as the recollection of Renny's kisses made her cheeks burn and her nerves quiver, she had tried to see her position clearly, to ascertain whether she had been truly culpable or merely the passive object of Renny's calculated passion. Now, sitting behind Renny, she saw only the side of his face when he turned it momentarily toward Piers. She saw his thin cheek bone, the patch of reddish hair at his temple, and the compressed line of his lip and chin. Had he slept soundly, giving scarcely a second thought to what had so disturbed her? He had not appeared at dinner, tea, or supper, sending a message to the house that he and Maurice Vaughan had gone to a sale of horses together. This morning the determination to pass his grandmother's chariot before it reached the Evandale road seemed to absorb him. Pheasant had kept them waiting, and on her he threw a black look as she scrambled into the car.

The engine balked, then started jarringly. Eden, sitting between the girls, took a hand of each and exclaimed, 'Oh, my dears, let us cling together! We will come through this safely if we only cling together! Pheasant, give me your little paw!'

But, speed though the eldest Whiteoak did, he could not overtake his grandmother before she reached the Evandale road. There was the phaeton creaking along in leisurely fashion in a cloud of yellow dust, resembling an old barque in a heavy fog, Grandmother's veil streaming behind like a black pirate flag.

Renny, with half-closed eyes, squinted down the road where it dropped steeply into a dusty ditch, gray with thistles. 'I believe I could get by,' he muttered to Piers. 'I've a mind to try.'

The occupants of the phaeton recognized the peculiar squeakings of the family motor. They turned their heads, peering out of the dust fog like mariners sighting a hostile craft. Renny emphatically sounded his horn.

They could hear Grandmother shout to Hodge. At once the two old horses were restrained to a walk.

'By Judas!' exclaimed Renny. 'I'd like to give the old lady a bump!'

Again he cast his eye along the narrow strip of road between the phaeton wheels and the ditch. 'I believe I'll risk it,' he said. 'Just go by like the devil and give them a scare.'

Piers said: 'You'll put us headfirst into those thistles if you do. And you might frighten the nags.'

'True,' said Renny, gloomily. Then he sounded his horn with passionate repetition.

Grandmother's face glared out of the fog. 'No back chat!' she shouted, but it was evident that she was enjoying herself immensely.

The eldest Whiteoak frowned. He slumped in his seat, resigning himself to the progress of a snail. He took off his hat.

The sight of his narrow head suddenly bared, the pointed ears lying close against the closely cropped red hair, had a remarkable and devastating effect on Alayne. She wanted to reach forward, put a hand on either side of it, and hold it tightly. She desired to stroke it, to caress it.

She gave a frightened look toward Eden, as though to implore him to cast out those devils that were destroying her. He smiled back encouragingly. 'We shall arrive,' he said, 'in God's good time. Behind us is Tompkins, who is a churchwarden, and he's suffering torture at the thought of being late. I've known him since I was three and he has only been late twice in all that time, and on each occasion it was Gran's fault. Tompkins is much worse off than we are.'

Alayne scarcely heard what he said, but she slipped her hand into his and clung to it. She was lost in speculations about what thoughts might be in that head toward which her hands were yearning. Were they of her, or had the scene in the orchard been only one of many careless encounters with women? She believed that last was not so, for he had avoided the house for the rest of the day, and this morning had palpably avoided her.

The bell was ringing as the car chugged

up the steep little hill and passed through the gate behind the church. Heads of people mounting the precipitous steps at the front could be seen bobbing upward, as though ascending from a well. Golden sunshine lay like a caress on the irregular green mounds and moss-grown headstones of the churchyard. There was one new grave, on the fresh sandy top of which a wreath of drooping flowers lay.

Wakefield came and put his hand into Alayne's.

'That's Mrs. Miller's grave,' he said. 'She had a baby and they're both in there. Is n't it terrible? It was a nice little girl and they'd named it Ruby Pearl. However, Miller has five girls left, so it might be worse.'

Old Mrs. Whiteoak shuffled, with scarcely perceptible progress, along the slat walk that led to the church door. Renny and Piers supported her, and Nicholas, Ernest, and Meg followed close behind, carrying her various bags, books, and cushions. Under her beetling rust-colored brows her piercing gaze swept the faces of those she passed. From side to side her massive old head moved with royal condescension. Sometimes her face was lighted by a smile as she recognized an old friend, but this was seldom, for most of her friends were long dead.

The smile flashed — the mordant and mischievous grin for which the Courts had been famous — at the Misses Lacey, daughters of a retired British admiral. 'How's your father, girls?' she panted.

The 'girls,' who were sixty-five, exclaimed simultaneously: 'Still bedridden, dear Mrs. Whiteoak, but *so* bright!'

'No right to be bedridden. He's only ninety.'

Now the grin was bestowed on a bent laborer, nearly as old as herself, who stood hat in hand to greet her, the fringe of silvery hair that encircled his pink head mingling with his patriarchal beard.

'Good morning, Hickson. Ha! These slats are hard to get over. Grip my arm tighter, Renny! Stop staring about like a fool, Piers, and hang on to me.'

The old man pressed forward, showing his smooth gums in a smile of infantile complacence.

'Mrs. Whiteoak, ma'am. I just am wantin' to tell ye that I've got my first great-great-grandchild.'

'Good for you, Hickson! You're smarter than I am. I have n't got even one great yet. — Don't drag at me, Piers! One would think I was a load of hay — ha — and you a cart horse. Tell Todd to stop clanging that bell. It's deafening me. Ha! Now for the steps!'

Eden and Alayne had fallen in behind Pheasant and Meg. Alayne wondered what the Corys and Rosamund Trent would have thought if they could have seen her at that moment, moving in that slow procession rather like courtiers behind an ancient queen. Already Alayne felt a family pride in the old lady. There was a certain fierce grandeur about her. Her nose was magnificent. She looked as though she should have a long record of intrigues, lovers, and duels behind her, yet she had been buried most of her life in this backwater! Ah, perhaps that was the secret of her strong individualism. The individualism of all the Whiteoaks. They thought, felt, and acted with Victorian intensity. They threw themselves into living, with unstudied sincerity. They did not philosophize about life, but no emotion was too time-worn, too stuffy, to be dragged forth by them and displayed with vigor and abandon. . . .

Ah, they were in the cool, dim church!

The bell had ceased. They were ranged in two pews, one behind the other. Their heads — blond, brown, and gray — were bent. Grandmother's great veil fell across Wake's thin little shoulders. She wheezed pathetically.

Little Miss Pink at the organ broke into the processional hymn. Wakefield could see, between the forms of those grown-ups before him, the white-clad figure of Mr. Fennel. How different he looked on Sunday, with his beard all tidy and his hair parted with moist precision! And there was Renny, surpliced too. How had he got into the vestry and changed so quickly? A Whiteoak always read the Lessons. Grandfather had done it for years. Then Father had his turn. And Uncle Ernest still read them sometimes when Renny was away — all the time Renny had been at the War. Would Wakefield ever read them himself,

he wondered. He pictured himself rolling out the words grandly, not in Renny's curt, inexpressive way.

A burst of melody rose from the Whiteoak pews. Strong voices, full of vitality, that bore down upon little Miss Pink and her organ like boisterous waves, and swept them along, gasping and wheezing, while the choir tried vainly to hold back. And even Renny in the chancel was against the choir and with the family. The choir, with the organ so weak and Miss Pink so vacillating, had no chance at all against the Whiteoaks.

'Rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God: for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil.'

Mr. Fennel's voice was slow and sonorous. Heavy autumn sunshine lay in translucent planes across the kneeling people.

Alayne had come to love this little church, its atmosphere of simplicity, of placid acceptance of all she questioned. She kept her eyes on the prayer book which Eden and she shared. Grandmother was asking Meggie for a peppermint in a husky whisper, directly behind them. When it was given to her she dropped it, and it rolled under the seat and was lost. She was given another, and sucked it triumphantly. The smell of the peppermint and of the stuff of her crape veil was exuded from her. Wakefield dropped his collection, and Uncle Nick tweaked his ear. Piers and Pheasant whispered and Grandmother poked at Piers with her stick. Renny mounted the step behind the brass eagle of the lectern and began to read the First Lesson.

'If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth: and if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.

'He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

'As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all.'

The family stared at their chief as he read.

Old Mrs. Whiteoak thought: —

'A perfect Court! Look at that head, will you? My nose — my eyes. I wish Philip could see him. Ha, where's my peppermint? Must have swallowed it. How far away the lad looks. He's in his nightshirt — going to bed — time for bed.'

She slept.

Nicholas thought: —

'Renny's wasted here — ought to be having a gay time in London. Let's see, he's thirty-eight. When I was that age — God, I was just beginning to hate Millicent. What a life!'

He heaved himself in his seat and eased his gouty knee.

Ernest thought: —

'Dear boy, how badly he reads! Still, his voice is arresting. I always enjoy old Ecclesiastes. I do hope there will not be plum tart for dinner. I shall be sure to eat it — and sure to suffer. Mama is dropping her peppermint.'

He whispered to her: 'Mama, you are losing your peppermint.'

Meg thought: —

'I wish Renny would not get such a close haircut. How splendid he looks. Really, what strange things the Bible says — but very true, of course. How sweet Wake looks! So interested. He has the loveliest eyelashes. He's getting ready to kick Finch on the ankle.'

She bent over Wakefield and laid a restraining hand on his leg.

Renny's voice read on: —

'Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.'

Eden thought: —

'He was a poet, the old chap who wrote that — "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold —" Strange I never noticed before how lovely Pheasant is! Her profile . . .'

He shifted his position a little, so that he might the better see it.

Piers thought: —

'I wonder if that piece of land needs potash. I believe I'll try it. Don't see what the dickens can be wrong with the sick ewe — walking in a circle, like a fool animal in a roundabout. Perhaps she's got gid or

sturdy. Must have the vet to her. Let's see, fourteen and twenty-one is thirty-five, and seven is forty-two — owe Baxter forty-two. Pheasant dare n't look at me — little rogue — darling little kid . . .'

He pressed his knee against hers, and looked at her under his lashes.

Pheasant thought: —

'How big and brown Piers's hands always look on Sunday! Regular fists. I like them that way, too. I wish Eden would n't stare. I know perfectly well he's thinking how dowdy I am beside Alayne. Oh dear, how hard this seat gets! I shall never get used to churchgoing. I was n't caught young enough. My whole character was completely formed when I married. Neither Maurice nor I have any religion. How nice it was to see him yesterday in the orchard. Quite friendly he was, too. Now, religion — Take Renny: there he stands in his surplice reading out of the Bible, and yesterday I heard him swearing like a trooper, just because a pig ran under his horse. To be sure it nearly threw him; but then, what good is religion if it does n't teach forbearance? I don't think he is a bit better than Piers. I wish Piers would n't try to make me smile.'

She bit her lip and turned her head away.

Wakefield thought: —

'I do hope there'll be plum tart for dinner. If there is n't plum tart I hope there'll be lemon tart. But Mrs. Wragge was in a terrible temper this morning. How glad I am I was in the coal cellar when she and Rags had their row! Why he called her a — Hold on, now, I'd better not think of bad things in church! I might be struck dead — dead as a door nail — the very deadest thing. How pretty the lectern is. How beautifully Renny reads. Some day I shall read the Lessons just like that, only louder — that is, of course, if I live to grow up. By stretching my legs very far under the seat in front, I can kick Finch's ankle. Now — Oh, bother Meggie, bother Meggie. Always interfering. Bother her, I say!'

He looked up innocently into his sister's face.

Finch thought: —

'To-morrow is the algebra exam, and I shall fail — I shall fail. If only my head did not get confused! If only I were more like Renny! Nothing in the world will ever tempt me to stand up behind the lectern and read the Lessons. What a beastly mess I'd make of it!'

He became conscious of the words his brother was reading.

'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.'

Finch twisted unhappily in his seat. Why these eternal threats? Life seemed compact of commands and threats. And the magic of the words in which these old, old threats were clothed — the dark, heavy foreboding. Magic — that was it. Their magic held and terrified him. If he could but escape from the cruel magic of words. If he could only have sat by Alayne that he might have touched her dress as they knelt!

He closed his eyes, and clenched his bony hands tightly on his thighs.

Alayne thought: —

'How strange his brogues look under his surplice! I noticed this morning how worn and how polished they are. Good-looking brogues. How can I think of brogues when my mind is in torment? Am I growing to love him? What shall I do in that case? Eden and I would have to leave Jalna. No, I do not love him. I will not let myself. He fascinates me — that is all. I do not even like him. Rather, I dislike him. Standing there before that brass thing, with his brogues, his red hair, and Court nose, that foxlike look, he is repellent to me.'

She too closed her eyes, and pressed her fingers against them.

'Here endeth the First Lesson.'

Then, with Miss Pink and the organ tremulously leading the way, and the choir fatuously fancying themselves masters of the situation, the Te Deum burst forth from every Whiteoak chest save Grandmother's, and she was gustily blowing in a doze. From the deep baritone of Nicholas to the silver pipe of Wake, they informed the heavens and the earth that they praised the Lord and called him Holy.

That night, after the nine-o'clock supper of cold beef and bread and tea, with oatmeal

scones and milk for Grandmother and Ernest (who, alas, had partaken of plum tart at dinner as he feared), Meg said to Alayne: —

'Is it true, Alayne, that Unitarians do not believe in the divinity of Christ?'

'What's that?' Grandmother interrupted. 'What's that?'

'The divinity of Christ, Gran. Mrs. Fennel was telling me yesterday that Unitarians do not believe in the divinity of Christ.'

'Nonsense,' said Mrs. Whiteoak. 'Rubbish. I won't have it. More milk, Meggie.'

'Why talk of religion?' said Nicholas. 'Tell us a story, Mama. One of your stories, you know.'

His mother cocked an eyebrow at him. Then, looking down her nose, she tried to remember a risqué story. She had had quite a store of these, but one by one they were slipping her memory.

'The one about the curate on his holiday, Mama,' suggested Nicholas, like a dutiful son.

'Nick!' remonstrated Ernest.

'Yes, yes,' said the old lady. 'This curate had worked for years and years without a holiday. And — and — oh dear, what comes next?'

'Another curate,' prompted Nicholas, 'who was also overworked.'

'I think the boys should go to bed,' said Meg, nervously.

'She will never remember it,' replied Renny, with calm.

'Oh, Wakefield is playing with the Indian curios!' cried Meg. 'Do stop him, Renny!'

Renny took the child forcibly from the cabinet, gave him a gentle cuff, and turned him toward the door. 'Now, to bed,' he ordered.

'Let him say good-night first!' shouted Grandmother. 'Poor little darling, he wants to kiss his Gran good-night.'

Wakefield made the rounds, distributing kisses and hugs with a nice gauging of the character of the recipient. They ranged, in all varieties, from a bearlike hug and smack to Gran to a courteous caress to Alayne, and a perfunctory offering of his olive cheek to his brothers, except Finch, to whom he administered a punch in the stomach which was returned by a sly but wicked dig in the short rib.

The Whiteoaks had a vocation for kissing. They kissed upon the slightest provocation. Indeed, the grandmother would frequently, on awakening from a doze, cry out pathetically: 'Kiss me, somebody, quick!' Ah, perhaps Renny had regarded the kissing of Alayne in the orchard as a light thing!

A sudden impulse drew her to him where he stood before the cabinet of curios, a little ivory ape in his hand.

'I want to speak to you about Finch,' she said, steadily.

The light was dim in that corner. Renny scanned her face furtively.

'Yes!'

'I like him very much. He is an unusual boy. And he is at a difficult age. There is something I should like you to do for him.'

He regarded her suspiciously. What was the girl up to?

'Yes?' His tone was mildly questioning.

'I want you to give him music lessons. Music would be splendid for him. He is a very interesting boy, and he needs some outlet besides geometry and things like that. I am sure you will not be sorry if you do it. Finch is worth taking a great deal of trouble for.'

He looked genuinely surprised.

'Really? I always thought him rather a dull young whelp. And no good at athletics, either. That would be some excuse for being at the bottom of his form most of the time. None of us think of him as interesting.'

'That is just the trouble. Every one of you thinks the same about Finch, and in consequence he feels himself inferior — the ugly duckling. You are like a flock of sheep, all jumping the one way.'

Her enthusiasm for Finch made her forget her usual dignified reticence, and with it her embarrassment. She looked at him squarely and accusingly.

'And you look on me as the bellwether, eh? If you turn my woolly, wooden head in another direction, the others will follow. I am to believe that Finch will turn out to be the swan, then?'

'I should not be surprised.'

'I shall have the family in my wool, you know. They'll hate the strumming.'

'They will get used to it. Finch *is* important, though none of you may think so.'

'What makes you sure he has musical talent?'

'I am not sure. But I know he appreciates music, and I think he is worth the experiment. Did you ever watch his face when your uncle Nicholas is playing?'

'No.'

'Well, he is playing now. From here you can see Finch quite clearly. Is n't his expression beautiful, revealing?'

Renny stared across the room at his young brother.

'He looks rather idiotic to me,' he said, 'with his jaw dropped and his head stuck forward.'

'Oh, you are hopeless!' she said, angrily.

'No, I'm not. He's going to have his music and I am going to endure the curses of the family. But, for my life and soul, I can't see anything of promise in him at this moment. Now Uncle Nick, with the lamplight falling on that gray lion's head of his, looks rather splendid.'

'But Finch — don't you see the look in his eyes? If only you could understand him — be a friend to him —' Her eyes were pleading.

'What a troubled little thing you are! I believe you do a lot of worrying. Perhaps you are even worrying about me!'

He turned his intense gaze into her eyes.

A passionate unrest seized upon her. The walls of the room seemed to be pressing in on her; the group of people yonder, stolid, inflexible, full-blooded, arrogant, seemed to be crushing her individuality. She wanted to snatch the ivory ape from Renny's hands and hurl it into their midst, frightening them, making the parrot scream and squawk.

Yet she had just been granted a favor that lay near her heart — music for poor young Finch.

The contradictions of her temperament puzzled and amused the eldest Whiteoak. He discovered that he liked to startle her. Her unworldliness, as he knew the world, her reticence, her honesty, her academic ardors, her priggishness, the palpable passion that lay beneath all these, made her an object of calculated sexual interest to him. At the same time he felt an almost tender solicitude for her. He did not want to see her hurt, and he wondered how long it would be before Eden would most certainly hurt her.

He said, 'I have forgotten yesterday, as I promised. Have you forgiven?'

'Yes,' she returned, and her heart began to beat heavily.

'But giving Finch those music lessons will never make up for cutting down the tree, I'm afraid. You've made me very tenderhearted.'

'Are you sorry for that?'

'Yes. I have especial need of hardness just now. I must not get to care for you,' he said, in a muffled voice. 'Nor you for me. It would make an impossible situation.'

'Yes,' murmured Alayne, 'it would be impossible.'

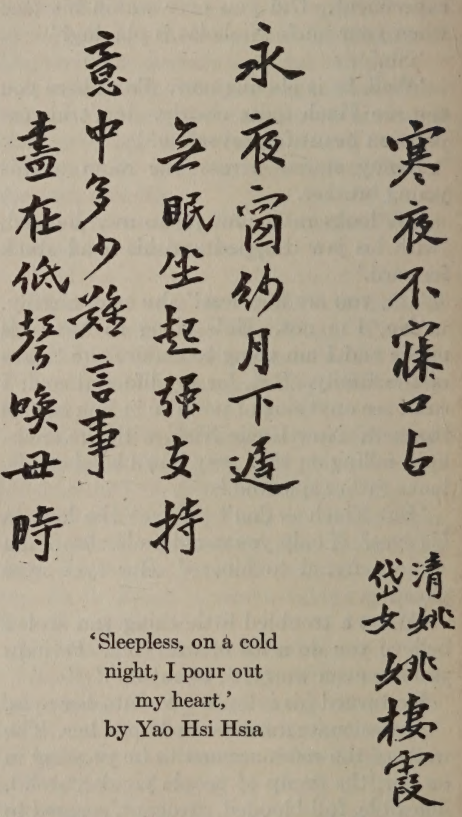
(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

MANUFACTURERS generally have taken to gilding the lilies of their various fields, as we all know from turning the fore and back pages of a magazine. How Art was coaxed into the employ of Business, how Beauty became as desirable as Efficiency, is a matter of utmost concern to **Earnest Elmo Calkins,** senior partner of a prominent advertising concern and a pioneer on the freshest trails of fashion. Everywhere about us we see the tendency he describes. There is real significance in the report that Mrs. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., has just placed $7000 in the hands of the Art Centre to be used in stimulating improved design in the roadside 'hot dog' stands. ¶That **A Guest** of the United States should receive from the officials at our threshold a reception so brutal and inconsiderate is an outrage infuriating both to patriots and to the stranger within our gates. The instance is not exceptional. We greatly fear it is typical. ¶An English military critic of the first rank, **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart** gives us an Allied and understanding estimate of 'Black Jack' Pershing. This is the second paper in Captain Hart's series on the commanders of the Great War, the first of which, 'Joffre,' appeared in the July *Atlantic*. **Summerfield Baldwin,** a member of the newer generation, is a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. **Rudolph Fisher,** one of the younger Negro writers, graduated with honors from Brown University and is now practising as an X-ray specialist and a writer of *Atlantic* fiction in New York City. Among our editorial trophies is the Gem razor blade which 'Eight-Ball' used in his encounter, sent to convince us of the actuality of the occurrence.

* * *

We print one of the originals of the three ancient Chinese poems discovered and translated in Peking last year by **Stella Fisher Burgess** and **Li An-Che.** Mrs. Burgess, whose husband is the head of



'Sleepless, on a cold night, I pour out my heart,' by Yao Hsi Hsia

Yenching University, has divided her time almost equally between the United States, China, and Japan. **Albert Rhys Williams,** a former Congregationalist minister of Boston, was in Petrograd at the time of the 1917 Revolution and since then has made his residence in Russia, either at Moscow or at Khvalynsk, a village on the Volga. ¶A modern Jefferies, **Henry Williamson** is a young Englishman who for seven years has lived as a hermit in a tiny cottage in North Devon, spending his days on the moors in observation of the life around him or as a follower of the Devon and Somerset hounds, his nights with pen and paper. He was first called to our attention by Mr. John Galsworthy, who wrote us that

Mr. Williamson is in direct and legitimate succession to Hudson as the first of English nature writers. ¶In and out of school **Leslie Hotson** is a literary detective who would rather scout through old documents than eat. He has already made a name for himself by his capture and identification of Christopher Marlowe's murderer. **Josephine Preston Peabody** died before her lovely work was finished. These unpublished verses are sent us by her husband, Professor Marks of Harvard, who is at work collecting the poems for their definitive edition. ¶Late Principal of Rajahmundry College, **Oswald Couldrey** has returned to his native Berkshire, where in prose and painting he records the beauty of his Indian hours. ¶Unlike Mrs. Noah, **Mrs. Helen Murphy,** a plucky Louisiana housewife, took her animals to the attic when the Flood came. ¶The **Reverend Herbert Parrish,** rector of an historic New Jersey Church, sends us this prologue to his play:—

I got the story about 1900 from a sea captain on the Pacific Coast. He said the priest put off in a small boat and boarded his vessel at a port in South America, asked for white bread and wine, and then told him about a fellow who had won away the natives by representing himself as a god. The priest waited until Holy Week and then worked the people up to crucify the man. Thus, the foundation for my play.

* * *

All Presidents have naturally enough resented criticism of their policies, but none, according to **Willis Sharp,** has perhaps gone quite so far as Mr. Coolidge in his attitude toward the duties as well as the rights of the Press. ¶An attorney and the author of a standard work on the Supreme Court, **Charles Warren** is a Bostonian who practises his law in Washington, D. C. ¶English editor and publicist, **Lionel Curtis** served in the South African War and was subsequently made the Assistant Colonial Secretary to the Transvaal and a member of its Legislative Council. For years he was editor of the *Round Table.*

* * *

It has been reported that **Mazo de la Roche,** the author of the Atlantic prize novel, had a narrow escape recently when, on her way to her summer cottage in the Ontario woods, the motor in which she and her friends were riding was caught between the closed gates of a railroad crossing and the occupants were forced to jump for their lives. Miss de la Roche is contemplating a sequel to 'Jalna,' but this is, we believe, far too hazardous a way of collecting material, however exciting.

For the benefit of those casual readers who may have missed an installment we print below the synopsis of the narrative thus far:—

When Captain Philip Whiteoak and Adeline Court were married in India in 1848, they were the most brilliant couple in their military station. But the inheritance of property in Canada prompted Philip to sell his commission and bring his wife and infant daughter Augusta to Ontario. A great stone manor house was built and a thousand acres of wilderness transformed into the semblance of an English park. 'Jalna' the estate is called, after the military station where the couple first met.

The story is of the present time. Adeline, her husband long since dead, is an indomitable old woman, eagerly on the verge of completing a full century of life. She has two surviving sons, themselves old men: Nicholas, whose wife left him for a young army officer, and Ernest, a bachelor. A third son, Philip, is dead. His two marriages embarrassed the declining estate with six children. From the first marriage came Meg, the only girl, and Renny, now master of the cohesive little Whiteoak clan. From the second came Eden and Piers, now in the twenties, Finch, sixteen, and Wakefield, nine.

The relations of this pungent family are complicated and intensified by two further marriages contracted by members of its youngest generation. Piers arouses unbridled resentment and abuse by bringing home as his bride a girl of illegitimate birth. She is Pheasant, whose father, Maurice Vaughan, is a friend of Renny, and had been engaged to Meg until she learned of his fault. Eden in the meantime has upset Whiteoak tradition by writing a volume of poems. During a visit to his New York publisher, he meets Alayne Archer, a girl of sheltered and cultivated life, who, on the death of her parents, has become a publisher's reader. On the news of their engagement, the family at Jalna naïvely conclude that the girl is rich, and the pair, arriving after their marriage, are extended a welcome in sharp contrast to the hostility shown to Piers and Pheasant.

A REASONED OPINION

'So much publicity has been given to Professor Felix Frankfurter's outline of the *Case of Sacco and Vanzetti*, as it recently appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that little more need be said than that, in a somewhat lengthened form, it has now appeared in book form. It consists of an attempt to present to the reader not legally trained a running picture of the controversial points raised in the record, both those of law (with a description of just what the reviewing court did, and did not, pass on) and those of fact, entering mainly upon the questions of judicial discretion. The presentation is not only interesting, — an important fact, since the ordinary reader is aimed at, — it is also temperate in tone and in refreshing contrast to the notes of personal abuse of one's opponent that characterize so much of the writings of others on this subject. Certainly it is highly successful in awakening most grave doubts whether the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti fairly and convincingly did disclose their guilt.' — Review from the *Journal of the American Bar Association*, vol. 13, p. 311 (June 1927)

* * *

With Miss de la Roche's permission we are printing at least one of the extraordinary letters she has received following the award of the Atlantic Prize of $10,000.

Antigonish Co., Nova Scotia

Miss Mazo de la Roche

Dear Friend: —

Permit me to call you my friend & kindly pardon me addressing you by letter. As I am a 'shut in' — I am lame from getting hurt and may have to have an operation on my leg if it dont improve, friends are kind to send me books & papers to cheer up my lonely moments, and I enjoy them all so much. In the papers I read of your brilliant success as an authoress. Allow me to congratulate you, and extend my heartiest wishes for your future success, — all good luck. I am a Canadian also; I was born just 60 yrs. ago in the dear old Chateauguey Valley Quebec Prov.

Nova Scotia is the land of my adoption thro marriage, but I have never been happy in this country & long for my native land & scenes of my childhood and dear old home.

I was married to my husband 35 years ago & came East on a little visit to his people, who were quite aged & helpless almost with rheumatism & sickness & as none of the family seemed to care for them in this isolated place, on a small farm, they induced my husband to stay & I tried to do my very best in every way but just could not please them, — I was either to particular & clean, or not clean enough. My nerve became shattered and also my health & my husband was quite indifferent. He was out at his work and went on his trips & never worried about his folks. I had to get up twice & three times at night to attend to the old woman, — and so cold. A few days ere my first child was born I fell downstairs and was near killed. I had 6 children, & never once a Dr. — today I am ruined. I wonder how I ever endured it all, and suffered so much, — no one at this time would do it, & living a life of poverty & self sacrifice for thankless people. The old man was a paralytic for years — a big man over 6 ft & so ignorant and I was ruptured lifting and lugging him & often only a little girl to help me fix the bed, & then the washing — Oh dear when I recall it, I often wonder where I got the strength; and I suffered so much mentally & as well as physically, I cannot stand anything rough or ignorant, I am so very sensitive to the like. Dear Granny was such a lady — & a Christian; oh the memory of these dear old days — our lessons, our play, — the little Church — our playmates & dear Mother & little sister's grave. 'Memory is the only thing that grief can call her own' and my old heart often aches.

Now, dear Friend — If I wrote the story of my life from childhood up, would you purchase the same from me — and write a novel from it? I am sure you could, as it has been a very strange & lonely life — yet full of adventure & exciting — love scrapes too.

I want to get some money to buy back my dear old home & go & live there & be happy.

Wont you be my friend & help me dear & ease my lonely heart, — I have to go to the hospital with my sore leg, but have no money, — would you give me $100, thats what it would cost me I am told.

Yours in love & best wishes

R. S. C.

* * *

Commenting on the various letters which have come in response to his paper on the Junior College, Professor Palmer writes: —

In none of the adverse letters thus far, in few of the approving ones, has there been any mention of my main point — the destruction of that great body of 'amateur scholars' who are at present the glory of American education and the chief support of our colleges. How little way has thought on the subject gone!

The alumni object.

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Atlantic, —

A few days after your April issue arrived on the Pacific Coast, marked copies were flying back and forth among the alumni of Stanford University enthusiastically calling attention to the article by Dr. Palmer on 'The Junior College.' A large majority of us have viewed the rapid progress of this change in the educational system with the same alarm that Dr. Palmer expresses. A recent canvass of the alumni throughout the country indicated more than eighty-five per cent of those who are now engaged in applying what they gained at Stanford to the varied problems of life as emphatically opposed to any change which would require Stanford men and women to get the first two years of their college training at a 'grown-up high school' dignified with the name of Junior College.

However, when we dare to voice such an opinion, we are promptly silenced by the academic authorities. We are accused of inconsistency to the extent of building ourselves modern homes and offices, driving back to the campus in 1927 model automobiles, and then parking them at the gate and expecting to walk in and find everything as it used to be when we were there in '95, '06 — or whenever it may have been. We are further told that the destinies of the University are in the hands of men who are devoting their lives to educational matters, and that when, after mature deliberation, they conclude that the elimination of the lower division will increase the efficiency of the educational system, we have no justification for expressing 'horseback' opinions after a few minutes' superficial consideration of the matter.

Many of us have children whom we hope to see following us through the Alma Mater that holds such a warm place in our hearts. But we see, as does Dr. Palmer, grave defects in a system which would give only two years of college atmosphere to all of those except the relatively few who are qualified and needed as technical, professional specialists.

Granting that four years' work after graduating from high school is all that the prospective business man or politician needs, it is clear that those who go first to Junior College will have only two years under the broadening influence of the University. Dr. Palmer points out that 'even after four years many young men graduate without bearing any distinct mark of their college life.' We emphatically agree with him in doubting whether that life could be cut in two and still leave the graduate with any worth-while University heritage.

Cordially yours,

G. O. Wilson

The students cheer.

St. Joseph, Mo.

Dear Atlantic, —

In our town we have a junior college — I shudder to admit it. And its standards are shocking.

There is not a single undergraduate instructor in the faculty.

Grades are not figured on a curve — each student gets just what he is worth, though the whole class fail.

Our instructors are absolutely impartial, and are actually delighted when a student shows exceptional interest or ability.

Our college has no stadium.

Basketball is our only form of athletics.

But worst of all is our idea of research or independent work.

The instructor approves the topic for investigation, and says, 'Now dig.' The student has access to no ready-gathered material neatly filed and often used. There are no obliging seniors to write the paper from their old notes for twenty-five dollars. The instructor does not, as does the research professor of a university, give the student references to books and pages where choice material may be found. The student has to find his material, take his notes, and write his reports by himself, which is a difficult system, as witness those students who do fairly well at the university as freshmen, come back to finish their sophomore year at junior college, and flunk.

Accordingly I agree that the junior college is a menace to our educational system, for its students do not do real college work.

Respectfully,

W. H. Klick

* * *

This personal letter from an *Atlantic* author comes pat on the heels of our recent discussions of China.

Shanghai, China
26 *April* 1927

Dear Atlantic, —

You will realize from the address at the top of this letter that we are included among the number of refugees and very thankful indeed to be under the protection of the British Defense Force.

We had several very uneasy weeks under the Nationalist 'government' before the order came to evacuate, although Wuhu suffered far less than many other places. The new régime opened for us with the looting of some of the Customs premises and many acts of wanton destruction. When the Customs Club was sacked, for example, the mob hacked and tore the piano to pieces,

and after they had wrecked everything on which they could lay hands, and strewn the fragments of what had been a fine library round the neighborhood, proceeded to pull up the boards of the floors and pry loose the window copings. We had a most dramatic view of this from our hill, whence at the same time we could see a Customs station upriver going up in flames, defeated troops pouring along the dikes from the north while we held our breath wondering where an incoming troopship with the first of the Cantonese forces was planning to land: had it pulled alongside one of the foreign hulks, as it seemed about to do, the immense mob gathered to welcome it would have been set going upon an orgy of plunder of which we all too soon should have felt the effects. The crisis passed, happily for us; under cover of darkness we hurried the women through camps of soldiery just in from battle and much too tired and dispirited to challenge us, getting them safely to the protection of the British and American destroyers. The next day came an immense demonstration, some twenty thousand people gathered with drum and banner on the foreshore and bands repeating ad nauseam the French nursery ditty which the Kuomintang have lifted to the absurd dignity of a national anthem. All day long we sat in the hot sunshine, worried as to how the business would end and keeping a weather eye on possible roads of escape if the crowd turned our way; but a huge British cruiser, H. M. S. Emerald, had come in the night, two American destroyers arrived at a critical moment, and the long procession passed our gates shouting, 'Strike down Imperialism! Strike down Britain! Strike down foreigners!' — waving red flags, rushing off to loot more of the Customs (this part was instigated by the Opium Smugglers' Union, who created a disorderly diversion to carry away the stocks of opium which had been seized), but never offering to molest us. By sunset the Bund was open to us again and we used the chance to get what luggage we could to our wives, who had been ordered to take refuge in Shanghai.

The following were weeks of constant uneasiness. Troops were quartered in most of our buildings, especially churches, which they soon reduced to an unspeakable state. In addition to defiling these places, using the concrete floors for building fires and the altars as convenient platforms on which to stand while addressing the soldiers, they allowed the students free play in most mischievous agitation. All the old restraints had gone by the board: elderly members of the gentry were dragged through the streets with humiliating placards tied round their necks; girls' schools were visited daily by students who refused to give their names, but who kept calling out the more attractive of the girls on 'patriotic' errands. The headmistress of a Methodist school, finding this intolerable, closed her school after consultation with the parents and immediately found herself threatened with a riot, for the Students' Union refused her permission to close! It was consolation to us that our school, conducted by an American order, the Sisters of the Transfiguration, remained thoroughly loyal. Their delegates had to attend a meeting of the students at which those from the various mission schools stated their false grievances. When our girls were asked how the Sisters treated them, they replied, 'Like father and mother.' This, to anyone who knows how Chinese fear the taunts of the mob, was an astounding exhibition of courage. They were roundly cursed by the boys, called 'Running-dogs of Imperialism' and a good many other names which would not bear translation.

At last, after the attempted massacre in Nanking, our position on shore became untenable, so we had to take refuge in Shanghai. Refugee conditions provide us with too much leisure and too little chance of using it profitably, so I have got the Bishop's permission to take a temporary position as supervisor of Chinese traffic on one of the British ships trading to Hankow. It was my only way of getting consular sanction to a further voyage upriver where the recent break between the communist and more moderate wings of the Kuomintang may provide excitement. Incidentally it may allow me the chance to visit my house, which I had to abandon to the tender mercies of the soldiers. I wonder whether they have made inroads on my library — I had about eight hundred books — and broken up the furniture, which a Ningpo carpenter made to my designs, to keep their fires going. This has been their practice in other places. . . .

VINCENT H. GOWEN

* * *

When a feller needs a friend.

LARAMIE, WYOMING

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The *Atlantic* has been found in many strange places in this world, but did you ever hear of a better one than this?

My brother was wounded at St. Mihiel, September 15, 1918. When his pack was unrolled, there lay in the middle of it two *Atlantics* with several pieces of shrapnel embedded in them. So you see you are a war hero yourself.

E. C. H.

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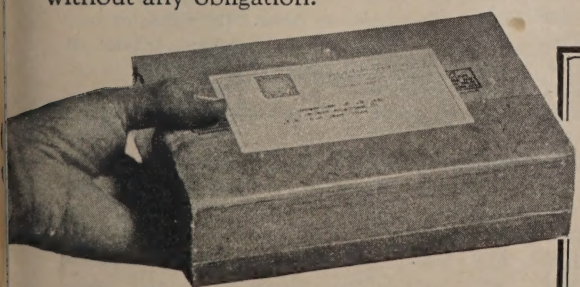

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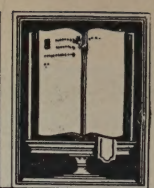
THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

A Blessed Companion Is a Book



Marching On, by James Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. 12mo. vii+424 pp. $2.50.

It is no coincidence that up to the present there have been so few good novels written about the Civil War. Histories, memoirs, and military studies we have had a plenty, but few novels, and none, certainly, so good as *Marching On* by James Boyd. Clearly it took years for rancor to subside, for wounded memories to heal, and in the interval those of the immediate generations, in the words of General Lee, 'felt no desire to revive any recollections of those events.' But the sixty-six years since Sumter are, as it were, a telescope permitting us to see that far time with understanding and detachment. By focusing the glass on his home country, by his striking interpretation of history and reminiscence, Mr. Boyd, a Southerner, has brought to light a novel as free from animosity as it is full of character and movement.

It is the democratic fashion to-day to write histories of the peoples of selected epochs, distinguishing the rôle of the common man from that of the politicians, warriors, and merchants — the leaders who influenced his career. This perspective appeals to Mr. Boyd: he chose it for his first novel, *Drums*, and he employs it again to better effect in *Marching On*. The pictures of the Old South which occupy the first half of the book are seen through the eyes of a farmer boy; the campaigns of the war are those experienced by a buck private. This perspective, for all its colloquial humbleness, gives us a far livelier sense of participation than if we had been closeted with fictitious cabinets and commanders.

The story opens in the Cape Fear country of southern North Carolina, with young James Fraser, son of an impecunious Scotch farmer, working at his chores, striving against poverty (his family own no slaves), and watching with shy, envious glances the glamorous life that flows about the big plantation of Colonel Prevost, with whose only daughter James has presumed to fall in love. The situation is too trying to be borne, and in a fit of pride James leaves home for Wilmington, the port, where in the railroad shops he serves an apprenticeship. As leisurely as a 'Local' the narrative runs on, pausing frequently to allow the entry of new characters whose refreshing qualities compensate the reader for his impatience. While this slow passage is disproportionate, it does succeed in making one aware of the growing James and of the complexity of his love affair, which without some extraordinary reversal of circumstance must be hopeless. Fortunately for him the war breaks out, and he enlists, not to defend Slavery, not to aim a blow at the Union, but, like the rank and file of the South, 'because it seemed a fine thing to chase the Yankees.'

In the account of James's service with the Army of Northern Virginia the narrative reaches a level unsurpassed in our fiction. The dazed actuality of the fighting, the deaths, the insane entombment in the prison camp — these flashlights are made memorable by the personalities involved, men whose characters appeal most strongly under duress. From this passage comes the title, *Marching On*, for James's regiment, a part of Stonewall Jackson's command, marched and fought and marched and fought through a tormenting eternity, familiar to those who took part in the Allied advance of 1918. Humor is not missing: wry as the army rations, it is revealed in a score of scenes — the Frasers' visit to the rookies' camp; old Clubby Jordan, their Colonel, who took his horsehair chair to war; the talks of love when the men rolled up in their blankets. Even more searching is the observation of James's mental experience: how, as the war wears on, contempt for the Yankees changes slowly to respect, and thence to a loathing for 'the whole fool business,' until he is shed of all hatred.

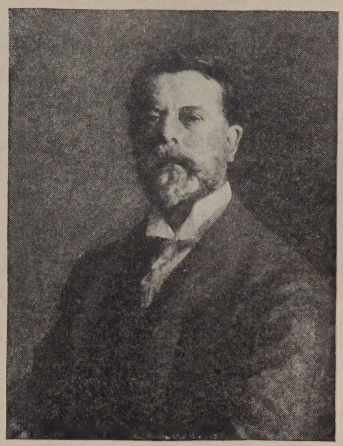
In the later chapters one marks the symbolic dissolution of the Old South; the wreck of the plantations, the extinction of 'family,' the flight of the slaves, all traceable to the advancing Yankees, are final episodes in the passing tragedy. Here if anywhere recrimination might appear. But Mr. Boyd keeps to his irenic purpose. Thus James Fraser, a paroled prisoner, infuriated by the invaders' destruction, comes upon three Yankees who have escaped from Libby Prison, from the very hell he had suffered in the North. Rage gives way to pity and, sending them toward the Union lines with food from his own pocket, James goes home in peace. By virtue of such touches as these, the novel becomes a tribute not only to the South, not only to local, but to national, greatness.

Edward Weeks

Mother India, by Katherine Mayo. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. 8vo. xvi+421 pp. Illus. $3.75.

Miss Mayo went to India 'to see what a volunteer, unsubsidized, uncommitted, and unattached, could observe of common things in daily life. Leaving untouched the realm of religion, of politics, and of the arts,' she confined her 'inquiry

The Authorized Biography



A self-portrait in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

JOHN SARGENT

BY THE HON. EVAN CHARTERIS, K. C.

"THE best proof of the interest of this biography is that in reading it the question of Sargent's rank as an artist is forgotten, and that, when on closing the book the question is recalled, the inevitable answer is that if he was not a great artist he ought to have been."—*The London Times.*

Mr. Charteris had at his disposal for the writing of this, the definitive Life of Sargent, many private and unpublished letters, and a very intimate knowledge of his subject. He presents some sides of the painter's life of which the public knows little or nothing—his musical talents, his educational views, and so on. Many of the illustrations are drawings from the artist's portfolio which have never been reproduced before.

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to such workaday ground as public health and its contributing factors.' Many journeys she made 'up and down and across' India; visited sittings of all-India and provincial legislatures, municipal boards and village councils, also agricultural stations, cattle farms, animal asylums, schools of all sorts, common bazaars, rich homes, poor homes, and many hospitals; talked with Indian and English officials, doctors, nurses, health officers, educators, peasants, untouchables, princes, politicians, religious leaders. 'The frankness of their talk' — 'this excellent Indian frankness' — enormously helped her investigations, and her facts are facts. The incubus of the caste system — Brahmin domination and the reduction of sixty million Indians to a subhuman status and literal 'untouchability'; the political disunity and narrow communal rivalry and selfishness which continually obstruct the attainment of Swaraj — home rule; the almost universal illiteracy and ignorance of hygiene, the often barbarous therapeutics, the appalling insanitation, the regularity of seasonal epidemics, the prevalence of venereal disease, the heavy mortality; the subjugation of women, and the atrocities of child marriage, which requires girls to be married before they are twelve, even though the bridegroom be seventy, and ends not uncommonly in the intra-marital ravishing of little girls of seven and eight, in cripplings, paralysis, insanity, and agonized deaths; the almost incredible infant mortality, and all too credible death rate of child mothers and purdah women; the suffering and vice commonly following on enforced widowhood in the higher castes; the shocking temple prostitution of *devadasis* and *muralis;* the sexual extravagance, premature impotence and old age; the sickening cruelty to animals, not only in the passive cruelty of neglect and starvation, but in the active torture of the *phuka* practised upon cows, the prodding of the testicles of draft animals, the brutal disjointing of the tails of draft bullocks, their merciless beating and overloading, the skinning alive of goats, the savage harrying and killing of sacrificial buffaloes; the resistance of the masses to change, the indifference of many of the intelligentsia and their complete satisfaction with talk in the place of constructive, corrective work — all, all these things to anyone who has lived long in India and in close contact with Indian life are an old story, and of none of them except of sexual extravagance has Miss Mayo said as harsh things as have Indian reformers themselves, from Raja Ram Mohan Roy down to Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. The late Pandita Ramabai once wrote a book on the sufferings and wrongs of Indian women and girls, so awful that it could not even be published.

Yes, an old story, a true story, and increasingly disturbing. The night after I had read *Mother India* I could scarcely sleep for remembering sufferings I had seen in India. And yet — this *Mother India* is not the mother her children love. To us she is more than her sins: we know her sweetness. America-visiting *swamis* will not love Miss Mayo, but she has nothing to fear from those who, all over India, are working to free their great mother from her bondage. Truth cannot hurt greatness, and Katherine Mayo 'hath wrought a good work.'

MARY L. B. FULLER

To the Lighthouse, by Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. 12mo. viii+302 pp. $2.50.

To the Lighthouse will naturally, being the work of Mrs. Woolf, bitterly exasperate readers who desire that a novel should 'get somewhere,' and proportionately please those who enjoy looking at temperaments skillfully and wittily portrayed in their attractions and recoils, their unsatisfied wonderings and their moments of insight. Mrs. Woolf's style is as seriously marred as in her earlier work by constructions incredibly slipshod; yet it conveys the sense of beauty with a power that cannot be analyzed.

The scene of the action — and 'action' must of course be interpreted in the most liberal sense — is laid in the Hebrides. The Lighthouse, which can be seen from the home of the Ramsay family, may seem at first merely a peg on which the psychological subtleties and the wit of the novel are hung; later it is perceived to be something more — a symbol, if one likes, or merely one of those occasional inanimate things that lay so potent a touch on the spirit. Take it as one will, it dominates the book pictorially as the personality of Mrs. Ramsay dominates it spiritually — for Mrs. Ramsay, living and dead, is the heart of all the varied moods and emotions so sharply drawn.

With the exception of *Jacob's Room* (and Jacob, after all, was a very young man), Mrs. Woolf's novels suggest that she thinks rather better of women than of men. Prodigiously modern as she is in manner, she likes to draw a type of woman by no means hackneyed in current fiction — the woman of temperament who nevertheless is essentially steadfast, reticent, and self-controlled. Such a woman is Mrs. Ramsay. She lacks the gay, spirited charm of Clarissa Dalloway, and her physical beauty, though much insisted upon, somehow is not made particularly real; but she is a remarkable study in perceptiveness and sympathy, and moreover her effect upon the reader is in proportion to her effect upon the persons in the novel.

From this curiously constructed book — curiously even for Mrs. Woolf — two things stand out preëminent: the originality and beauty of the section called 'Time Passes,' and the admirable skill with which moods, and shadow-swift changes of mood, are depicted. In 'Time Passes' the author has caught and held the intangible, and clothed it in rhythmical beauty. In the empty house, left untenanted for years after Mrs. Ramsay's death, nothing stirs but

THE EAGER READER TRIES THE COUPON

BEFORE

A perfectly good he-man with red blood and everything owned a perfectly good book, but set out to buy another book. The first thing he did was to read all the literary reviews. Poor, dear man. So many critics. So many advertisements. So many "biggest books of the year." So many great works of art. Whom to believe? He gave up.

But he got ashamed at the next party. He must be up on the new things. So he hied (sic) himself to a bookstore, and looked up at the mountains of books, and he looked down the long line of books, and he felt very, very small.

But suddenly our hero sees the light. He is rescued—and by whom? By whom but the Knight in Modern Clothes—the Literary Guild of America.

The Literary Guild has a modern saw, which the comic strips would label "Coöperation" and "Large Editions." It has frightened many people by sawing the price of books almost in half—for such brave people as swear allegiance for a year. Progress always does seem to shock a lot of nice people. But with tears in our eyes and with firmness in our hearts we saw away until the price is almost half what it would be to the uninitiated. Subscribers with difficulty restrain their tears at saving so much money.

AFTER

The chosen book is selected from manuscripts by the august Board of Editors (if you must know, they are Carl Van Doren—Editor-in-Chief, Zona Gale, Glenn Frank, Elinor Wylie, Joseph Wood Krutch, Hendrik Willem van Loon). And then the book is petted and pampered with margins and a specially nice binding—and is delivered to you on the day of publication. Not a month late, you understand. But on the day of publication.

The second picture is *you* all spread abroad in your easy chair, lazily unwrapping a new package. And then you drink in culture and joy and everything—all without moving from that easy chair. Later you ring for your butler and tell him to lay the Right Book where all the guests will see that you are of the elect and belong to the Literary Guild. And you repeat the drama once a month.

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light and darkness and faint sound, and 'the soft nose of the clammy sea-air, rubbing, snuffling, iterating and reiterating their questions — "Will you fade? Will you perish?"'

As for illustrations of the masterly depicting of mood, choice can be made at random. Perhaps two of the best are Lily Briscoe's frozen inability to proffer to the widowed Mr. Ramsay the sympathy which he so imperiously though tacitly demands, with her subsequent gush of pity, called out, too late, by his infantile pleasure in her praise of his boots; and the discord, the constraint, and the rebellion in the hearts of Mr. Ramsay's adolescent children when the long-dreamed-of, long-delayed expedition to the Lighthouse is made at last.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. 8vo. viii+824 +828 pp. Illus. 2 vols. $12.50.

HISTORY has differentiated into monographs and panoramas. The former supply the studio properties for the latter, and are susceptible of an indefinite number of combinations. The monograph writer is supposed to be first of all a seeker after truth, a researcher, though he may succumb at times to the superior attraction of novelty and sensation. The panoramist seeks effects, which may owe their force to a plausibility akin to truth, or may be true in a general and relative way, but are primarily intended to impress a social or political lesson upon the beholder. The present volumes are of the latter type. What H. G. Wells has tried to do for the history of mankind, Doctor and Mrs. Beard have tried to do for the history of the American nation.

Broadly the authors have interpreted their subject well. They have painted a panorama with lights and shades, and coloring and perspectives, sufficiently different from those with which we are familiar to stimulate interest and hold attention. When we isolate the novel elements in their composition the two that stand out most prominently are the determination of our history by minorities and the determination of minorities by property motives. The Communist minority ruling Russia and the Fascist minority ruling Italy are infringing a Yankee patent. A minority fomented and fought the American Revolution, drafted and adopted the Federal Constitution, made abolition and secession vital national issues, elected Lincoln, committed the country to civil war, and so on down to the World War, which, to say the least, was never expressly authorized by the electorate. Apparently government of the people, by the people, and for the people, like Christian perfection, is an ideal we honor by passive rather than active assent.

Although the New Englanders, according to a contemporary Tory, were the ones who 'persuaded the rest of the colonies that the (British) Government is going to make absolute slaves of them,' only about one sixth of the qualified voters of Boston, the very centre of this agitation, took the trouble to cast their ballots at the elections held during the critical decade that ended with the Battle of Lexington. Again, when the war with the mother country, fought by a minority, was over, and a federal constitution, drafted by a convention that was technically acting *ultra vires*, was submitted to the people, 'according to a cautious reckoning probably one sixth (of the voting population) — namely, one hundred thousand — favored the ratification of the new form of government.' Passing on seventy years, when Lincoln was chosen president 'the two Democratic factions alone, to say nothing of Bell's six hundred thousand followers, outnumbered the Republicans.' In other words, proportional representation might have prevented the Rebellion — and have left us with an unsolved slavery question.

Turning to the other thesis, that the aggressive or alert minorities that have determined the course of our national history were motivated by property interests, we come to a theme that is interwoven with the whole argument of the book. Fourteen years ago Professor Beard initiated the studies in American history that have led up to the present volumes with an analysis of the economic influences responsible for the adoption of the Constitution. He has now extended his survey, from the same observation point, to embrace our entire national evolution. It is less inspiring to conceive the acquisition and defense of wealth as the *primum mobile* of that evolution than to think of our development as a nation as a flowering — the authors would say 'foliation' — of our inherent virtue under the smile of a benignant Providence; but such is the fashion of our sophisticated age.

We must not leave the reader with the impression, however, that the more sordid polarizations of society are the only topics touched upon in these volumes. The authors make excursions into the fields of culture, education, art, literature, religion, social reform, the labor movement. Indeed, this comprehensiveness invites occasional lapses, excusable in any but the omniscient, as when we are told: 'The novelist, Irving, wrote a substantial biography of George Washington and then, turning aside from ponderous tradition, composed a humorous history of the New York Knickerbockers.'

Mechanically the work is an attractive piece of bookmaking. Its story is borne along, perhaps, upon an almost too fluent flow of words, but the style is agreeable. If we may be pardoned the repetition, it is a panorama, which will not always bear the microscopic scrutiny that may be safely bestowed upon an easel painting; but it has creative features that make it more than mere portrayal of accepted data and opinions.

VICTOR S. CLARK

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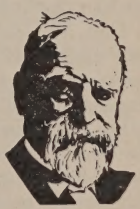

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The Macmillan Company **New York**

Love Is Enough, by Francis Brett Young. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. 12mo. x+419 +475 pp. 2 vols. $5.00.

THIS is a beautifully written novel, in which the life of a 'nice' young woman, attractive and moderately intelligent, is traced from the close of her boarding-school days to the eve of her third marriage. In its leisurely progress and richness of detail as well as in its illustration of all the phases of erotic and maternal love, it will appeal to readers who still cherish affection for the Victorians. There is nothing in it to disturb the lover of George Eliot and Trollope. And yet it is by no means merely conventional. In method it is distinctly modern, for the author has eschewed the 'omniscient' attitude and has told his story without deviation from the point of view of the heroine; and in its psychology it is of the present century. Perhaps it has been only our sentimentality that has made us think in the past that, in novels, *one* love is enough. Here we have three, described at length, with two marriages made and one in prospect, and with passing fancies for at least two other men.

The author might have entitled his novel *The Portrait of a Lady*, if that title had not been anticipated, for *Love Is Enough* is the portrait of Clare. And Clare's portrait is that of a woman in love. Occasionally her emotions are caught up ('sublimated' is the current term, I believe) and centred for a time by music or religion, and, almost throughout, her love for Steven, the child of her first marriage, competes successfully for her love of her first and second husbands; but these disturbing or contributory experiences only serve to point the truth that hers is a life of emotion, outwardly controlled by convention and morality, but, because of its singleness of purpose and instinctive power, always gaining its ends. If the author is not an ironist, — and, because of the absence of any comment, one cannot be sure, — he wishes us to believe that passion and instinct, or nature, are the best guides of all. Certainly he ends on this note, for almost on the last page Dudley, Clare's second husband, whom she left ostensibly because he and Steven could not agree, declares that 'love is the only thing that matters in life. . . . Love is the only reality in this fantastic, ironical life. . . . It is a crime against life and against love, which is the best of life, to sacrifice either. . . . The crime against life! That's what I call the crime against the Holy Ghost: the unforgivable sin.'

The only reason why one suspects irony at all is that the men are unable to achieve Clare's living by instinct, and there seems to be no reason why the novel might not go on for several volumes. If Clare and Robert, her prospective third husband, should have a child, the story might begin all over again and, except for differences of detail, reproduce the cycle of the present one. For, though Clare at the end is a 'small, neat, gray-haired woman, with a gentle mouth, that had known sorrow, and happy eyes, which were still full of tears,' one may believe that she is not essentially different from the charming girl who, nine hundred pages earlier, was reading *The More Excellent Way*. But if there is any irony here it is at the expense of the men, and it is the irony of life. How true Clare is to life perhaps only a woman can tell. To a reviewer congenitally limited she is convincing throughout volume one and becomes something of a bore about the middle of volume two.

Lovers of Worcestershire, Shropshire, and the Welsh Border will be delighted with English scenes that could have been written only by a poet. And many minor characters, Aunt Cathie, Lady and Sir Joseph Hingston, Steven as a little boy, are excellently portrayed. The style is a constant pleasure, because it is scholarly, firm, colored, and warm, at times rising to lyrical beauty.

R. M. GAY

Sun and Moon, by Vincent H. Gowen. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927. 12mo. xii+340 pp. $2.50. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.)

ARRESTING situations in fiction as in life are bound to be provocative of comparison. The plot of Mr. Vincent Gowen's *Sun and Moon* rises from and is motivated by a combination of circumstances as interesting, even intriguing, as can be imagined. Timothy Herrick, an Englishman, saddened by the death of his English wife, has embraced Chinese customs together with no less than four Chinese women; and with his concubines, his English son and daughter, Edward and Nancy, whose tragedy the story relates, and some half-dozen children of mixed blood, he has established his strange Peking household. But preceded as the book has been by Miss Kennedy's *Constant Nymph*, and contemporaneous as it is with Miss de la Roche's *Jalna*, both novels presenting groups strongly analogous to that of *Sun and Moon*, it must run the gauntlet of comparison, a gauntlet well manned by the admirers of those 'nymphs and shepherds' of Sanger's Circus in the Karindethal and of those ugly yet captivating Whiteoaks who sulk and gorge and quarrel in the drawing-room of Jalna.

These two novels are irresistibly recalled, since all three stories present family groups living under conditions far from normal and dominated in every case by highly individualized members. And yet, in spite of similarities in material and even in method of treatment, Mr. Gowen's best-drawn characters, Timothy Herrick, and Kueilien, his latest and favorite concubine, are frail and pallid when placed between Sanger and Teresa on the one hand and any two Whiteoaks picked at random from the squabbling lot. The reason is too apparent to be hard to find. Mr. Gowen, like many a writer far older in experience, lays his scene with such minute carefulness that

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he retards his action, hovers so closely over his characters that they never quite shake him off and strike out for themselves, is too prone to solicit our sympathy, which should be inevitable. Throughout the book one is conscious of this jealous and parental care, which results in the impression as one lays it down that a most interesting recital of events, portentous and tragic, has been heard rather than that a drama has been enacted.

And yet Mr. Gowen's story must be commended for its skillful interweaving of Chinese lore and Chinese customs, which in themselves alone lend no small value to the book, for the interest which it ensures and satisfies, for its good writing, and, most of all, for the occasional delicate and exquisite descriptions, which in the scenes laid among the Western Hills of China add grace and beauty to the narrative.

MARY ELLEN CHASE

The books selected for review in the *Atlantic* are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board: —

Non-Fiction

The Bridge to France, by Edward N. Hurley — J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO. — Illus. — $5.00
The war chronicle of the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet

John Sargent, by the Hon. Evan Charteris — CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS — Illus. — $6.00
An able and intimate study of the artist and his work

Eight O'Clock Chapel, by C. H. Patton and W. T. Field — HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. — Illus. — $3.50
The men's colleges of New England in the gay 80's–90's

The Tomb of Tutankhamen, Vol. II, by Howard Carter — GEORGE H. DORAN CO. — Illus. — $5.00
This new volume describes the actual opening of the sarcophagus and its contents

Trader Horn: The Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn, edited by Ethelreda Lewis — SIMON & SHUSTER — $4.00
The racy reminiscences of a wise and ancient trader in West Africa

Brimstone and Chili, by Carleton Beals — ALFRED A. KNOPF — Illus. — $5.00
The author recounts the adventure of making his way into Mexico on foot and penniless during the 1917 revolution

Thomas Paine, by Mary Agnes Best — HARCOURT, BRACE & CO. — $3.50
A searching and defensive biography of a born revolutionist

The Light of Experience, by Sir Francis Younghusband — HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. — $4.00
The self-portrait of an empire-builder

The Next Age of Man, by Albert Edward Wiggam — BOBBS-MERRILL CO. — $3.00
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Fiction

Giants in the Earth, by O. E. Rölvaag — HARPER & BROS. — $2.50
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The Lovely Ship, by Storm Jameson — ALFRED A. KNOPF — $2.50
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MAZO
DE LA ROCHE

Author of
JALNA

THE
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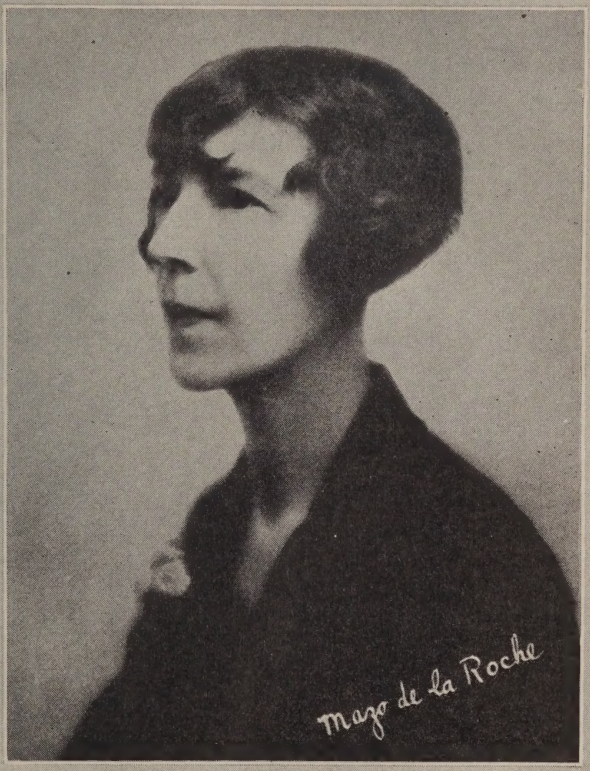
JALNA
began in the
MAY ATLANTIC

For the fourth installment turn to page 267 of this issue



WHEN Mazo de la Roche received the $10,000 prize offered by the *Atlantic Monthly* for a novel, the award left only one cause for regret. Once again a Canadian novelist has had to await recognition abroad in order to win appreciation at home. Mazo de la Roche is one of the few Canadian writers who endeavour sincerely to offer the public only the best that is in them. A few years ago, she destroyed an entire novel because discriminating friends, who had seen the manuscript, did not consider it worthy of her, and the story was not without a certain sensational appeal.

It must be discouraging for an author, conscious of her own purposes, to find herself carelessly classed with the novel-smiths, who turn out easy and imitative tales calculated to attract readers of popular fiction and to win a quick return in royalties. That was largely the fate of Miss de la Roche until JALNA opened the eyes of the average Canadian to the fact that she possesses distinctive qualities as a writer. Now they are applauding her, not because her earlier books possess subtle merits, but because the Boston *literati* have decided that JALNA is worth $10,000. Mazo de la Roche is almost the only Canadian novelist with an instinct for words. She was writing just as well a year ago as now, but only now are her countrymen commencing to appreciate that she has style. It is an open secret that she has made sacrifices to maintain the literary standards with which she started out, which makes her final triumph all the more gratifying. Her case might be pressed upon the attention of the log-rolling fraternity who prefer self-advertisement in public places to concentration in the privacy of their attics. — THE CANADIAN FORUM, *May, 1927*.

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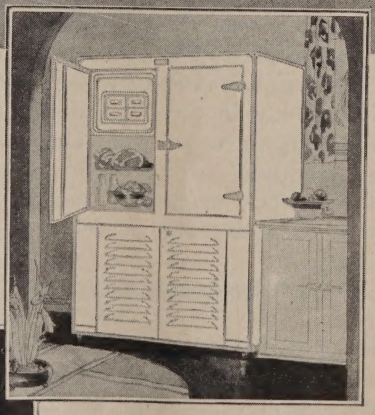

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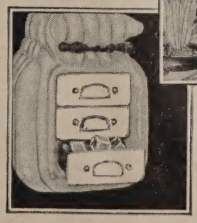

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WALL STREET'S POISE

BY WILLIAM PETER HAMILTON

It is just possible that some of the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* may be patrons of the prize ring. If they have studied the professional fighter, as distinguished from the often more attractive amateur boxer, they will have noticed one or two things about him highly valuable for purposes of illustration. He hits much harder than the amateur, because he can thereby end the fight, and he understands how to 'cover up' — to avoid getting seriously hurt himself. But if he is in the first class he has something equally valuable in his perfect poise. He is so balanced on his feet that he can move instantaneously in any direction. Experts attach as much importance to what he does with his feet as to what he does with his hands. Manifestly he directs each set of limbs with his head. It is in this matter of poise that Wall Street holds such consistent supremacy over the other business of the country. It is so balanced in its movements that it can shift quickly in any direction with a minimum waste of time and effort. This is indeed part of the machinery of the stock market, a part without which it would not serve its invaluable purpose.

It is to be observed that reports of business all over the country are decidedly mixed, with actual depression in places, a diminishing of profits elsewhere, and a tendency to slow up which is now even beginning to appear in the carloadings of the railroads. This is an important indicator, because these loadings have been running well over a million cars a week, and it is clear that if what is produced is moving there is an absence of congestion in inventories and a broad consumptive demand, affording an excellent guarantee for general business. There are other factors, such as flood damage, a marked curtailment in building permits, a discouraging crop outlook, and some evidence of increasing unemployment, all of which may be said to have a cumulative effect. The popular mind calls for something specific to account for a change in the general direction of business. A single cause, suitable for exploitation on the front page of newspapers, may be credited with many times its real value when the stock market gives one of its warning declines. Taken by itself, that cause may be no more significant than the last straw which is said to break the camel's back.

But the stock market is perfectly poised, shifting its position rapidly to be able to meet any pressure brought upon it from any direction. When it is advancing, as it has been advancing for nearly four years, the gains are anything but equal. Some groups are much stronger than others and there is even depression, relatively at least, in rubber, copper, oil, or woolen shares. Groups are taken up in turn as they look attractive, but a strong major movement can well afford variation of this kind. When a serious recession sets in, however, stocks are much more apt to move together. This is not at all because there is not the same variation in values, or because specific reasons are lacking for special weakness or special resistance. Indeed it might almost be said that the better the stock, particularly in the sense of wide distribution and a broad market for it, the more severely it is apt to suffer. A moment's reflection will give the reason. When the overextended pool in a stock where no real foundation of

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public interest has been laid has to sell in a sharply declining market, it finds few buyers. It must therefore sell what it can at some price in order to protect what it cannot sell at any price.

There is no intention here to predict, much less indicate, the actual turn of the present stock market, but it is important to show how exactly the same thing happens in the relation between the stock market and the general business of the country where that business has become overexpanded. Invariably the stock market liquidates first. Pressed for cash and credit, the business concern will sell the securities out of its box for what they will fetch. It cannot very well sell the factory, and much less the goodwill created by advertising. The stock market, therefore, feels the pressure first, and vindicates its long-recognized barometrical value. It shifts its feet quickly, like the prize fighter, and does not lose its poise, except in the rarest instances where it is taken unaware — as, for example, in the case of the Northern Pacific corner, the San Francisco earthquake, and, perhaps, the outbreak of the war.

For the present, money is cheap and plentiful, and the investment demand for securities is surprisingly good. The last is a condition of public confidence which might change overnight. It is difficult to see anything at the moment, or for at least some months ahead, which would tighten the money market. Even the demand for moving the crops, which makes itself felt in the fall, is nothing like so important as it was in days gone by. The Federal Reserve system has done wonders in distributing the load of those requirements, just as greater efficiency in railroading has made the once customary shortage of cars in October a thing of the past. There are some signs, in spite of the high level of prices, that Wall Street is keeping its hands clear for possible eventualities. Whatever single incident might precipitate liquidation, through the cumulative effect of unfavorable influences, the perfect poise of the financial centre is not to be denied. This is matter of reassurance, and it often happens in financial experience that a danger foreseen is a danger averted.

While it is true that the investment demand for seasoned securities, including high-priced stocks, is remarkably good when the extent of the long advance is considered, there is another condition which is much less satisfactory. There are signs of decided overissue of new securities, some of them, at least, for foreign account. New financing for the older and best-established oil companies has not found a ready market and there is a good deal of this stuff still in first hands. Although the condition is not in other ways parallel, there is something not unlike a financial position which was ascribed by the late J. Pierpont Morgan in 1907 to 'undigested securities.' The business of our bond houses is nothing like so well coördinated as it is in London, and the practice of each house acting more or less independently, without consulting the others on the general consumptive demand, is in a fair way to bring about a position temporarily embarrassing, if not likely to be dangerous, in view of the ample supply of cheap money.

This is no place for moralizing about speculation, and the occasionally vague line which divides it from gambling. That the existence of a speculative market is in a way a policy of insurance is self-evident. In modern conditions of credit such a safety valve is indispensable. Many instructive charts are published, representing supposed barometers of business, for the most part merely records. Not one of them has ever achieved the usefulness of the stock market itself, because the movements there are the reflection of what everybody knows about everything. The showings of these tabulations of bank clearings, pig-iron statistics, brokers' loans, industrial production, and the like are discounted before they are made.

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THE NEW HOMESTEAD

LETTERS FROM FORT VERMILION

BY HILDA ROSE

[In the *Atlantic* for April 1927 we left Hilda Rose, with her seventy-year-old husband and her nine-year-old son, camping out in a tent, in latitude 50° north, on the Peace River, somewhere between Fort Vermilion and the Great Slave Lake. The new letters, from which we have made a selection, describe her journey into that northern wilderness, and the vicissitudes which have beset her since she began to prove up her claim to the new homestead. — The Editors]

Fort Vermilion, Alberta
July 10, 1926

Dear Doctor-Lady: —

I am now on the steamer going north and will land very soon, so this will be a short letter so I can get it ready and leave it here on the steamer to take back to civilization. We will land at L. Point, which is ten miles before we come to the trading post. There is only one white settler there and he is on the boat. He has fifteen children — is a very large, fine-looking, jovial man. His father was a missionary and the first white man here. He has taken a great fancy to Daddy, and as he is a very rich man his word is law on the river. The boat was crowded and we had no berths and night was coming on. He called the purser and told him to give us a good stateroom and look after Mr. Rose, as he looked tired and needed rest. Say, I never saw a man jump around so swiftly. The best stateroom was given to us and we had every attention as if we were rich. Daddy was eight days in the freight car and was in a dreadful state when he arrived. I took him to a hotel and gave a woman a dollar to carry me four pails of water from the creek and heat two cans of it, and then I bathed the poor dear and put him to bed. He could n't even eat for exhaustion. He was just a helpless baby.

I'm so glad Mr. L. has taken charge of us. Now everything will be all right and I've quit worrying. Boy is the only child on the boat and is very happy. Everybody wants him, and from the captain, who coaxes him up into his tower and lets him use his telescopes, to the engineer and deck hands, he surely has a good time.

Leaving Edmonton, the freight that Daddy was on lost twelve cars just behind him. They turned turtle and piled up on the track so that my train

was delayed eleven hours. Finally we got going again and we had a wreck, but our car was left standing on the track. This was in a swamp and we were there six hours at night, and the mosquitoes descended on us and Boy almost lost his mind, though I wrapped his legs in my jacket and fanned him constantly. Finally they rustled up an old locomotive and a freight car and took us to Peace River Town. It was very crowded and the first-class passengers were horrified when they had to ride with us emigrants. Three in a seat and on the floor, just as tight as could be. No lights, and they sang songs as we rode along, for most of us were happy to be going again through the dark hills to safety.

I have no time to write more. The land looks green, lovely, and lonesome. I am a little homesick. Just a tearful feeling.

July 25, 1926

The boat came up this morning and brought me your letter, and this is just a hasty scrawl that I hope will catch the boat if someone here at the L. ranch goes down to the shore. I love it here, but see hardships ahead. Getting ready for winter will be a big job. Daddy is poorly. I kept him in bed all day yesterday and he felt stronger to-day, but not able to do anything. But God will see me through and I am happier than I've been for several years.

It grows here—everything grows, though the season is so short one must hustle to get it planted and harvested. There is wood a plenty to burn, but it takes work to get it ready for winter. There is plenty of water in the majestic river if wells fail. Happy, dear heart! I have reached the garden of Eden. But, there is the winter and the cold, the hard work, the loneliness. I'll get my mail once a month, I think, for some breed or somebody will come by surely. I repeat the Twenty-third Psalm each day.

[*No date*]

The talk now is only 'fur' and 'dogs.' In another month there won't be a breed or Indian within one hundred and fifty miles, nor anybody, as all will be on the trap lines and we won't see a soul till spring. Yet, I don't dread it. Yesterday a large wolf — and they are immense — came within three hundred yards of our tent. From the ground to the top of the middle of their back is thirty-six inches. Take a yardstick and measure the biggest dog you know and you'll get some idea of them. Some are black and some are gray and some are mixed. The bounty is eight dollars and the best skins bring twenty-five dollars. You know we are on a bend of the river. The wolves have a trail right across the neck at our back, so we can see them as they streak across. I have six wolf traps and I shall set them out as soon as my bait is rotten enough. It takes an awful stink to lure them to your traps, unless you have a dead horse or something to set your traps around. The largest wolves stand as high as forty inches to the back up here. I have n't got a decent rifle for them. Nothing but old muzzle loaders that Daddy's forefather used in the Revolutionary War and a good little 22 rifle.

If I can get them once into a trap I'll kill them with a club and 'shabby-nacky' myself a good 30.30 rifle. 'Shabby-nacky' means 'trade' in here. The only white people to come 'in' this year besides us were two priests to take the place of two old priests going 'out.' One at the Catholic Mission and one at the English Church Mission. So we are very well known by hundreds of breeds and savages, as they have

what I call 'moccasin telegraph' service here. It travels very fast by moccasin and canoe. If someone gets a new dog we all know it and all about it very quickly. Our dog is known to hundreds that have never seen it.

To save my candles I am writing this by the stove. By taking off one lid I get a fitful light that barely enables me to see to write. It makes me think of Lincoln's early life. We are still living in a tent, but it's getting pretty cold nights. It was twenty degrees above zero in the tent last night and I won't be able to get a log cabin this year, as good logs are too far away. So we are going to take what is handy, which is poplar pole trees, and cover the tent and put a roof on it of poles and put hay and dirt on it. This pioneering is tough, all right, but I expected it and a merry heart goes a long way. Though not a day passes that I don't question myself whether I have done right in coming so far away. But no one could help me where I was, and I wanted to keep my self-respect and raise the boy to be a real man, and I did n't have a show there.

Boy has a very small Indian pony — looks like a small Shetland pony, but has the toughness and pep so necessary down here. Our rivers flow *down* to the Arctic here. When Daddy came he stopped at the last drug store in civilization to get a box of salve. The kindly little gray-haired lady who waited on him asked him, 'Whither bound?' and he said, 'Fort Vermilion.' 'That's my grave,' said she sadly. 'Why, were you ever down there?' says Daddy. 'Yes, I wintahed one yeah on the Great Slave Lake.' 'Did n't you like it?' asked Daddy. 'No,' says she. 'Too fah from a doctah.' 'Well,' said Daddy, 'she's quite close to a "doctah" now, for her husband is one and runs that little drug store.'

When Boy comes riding on his pony back over the hills, now you see him, then he's out of sight in a gully, now he's riding up the slope, gone again, and then comes racing home on a gallop. Well, it's like looking at a Wild-West movie show, only it's real. He and his pony are one — all the brother he has except his big black shepherd dog. I must get some dogs, but not this year. Only dogs are used here in winter. You lie down on your sled wrapped in a feather quilt and the river is the road. A trapper offered me a trained female dog, but I have too much on my hands yet awhile. A bunch of wild pups would drive me crazy. A husky is half wolf; a malamute is a husky bred back to a wolf. They make fine sled dogs, but have to be well fed or they'll turn on you and eat you up. I have too many to feed now, but I'll have a bunch of trained dogs after a while.

One of the breeds says he'll take Boy out on the trap line when he gets big enough. The trap line is from one to five hundred miles off and lies over a big country where only Indians live, well watered with unknown rivers and lakes. Each trapper chooses his line, which runs through the bush along these rivers, creeks, and lakes, and he builds a cabin at the end of each day when he goes over it the first time. Six cabins is the rule. So it takes a week to go over his route, and he travels thus all winter long, back and forth. In the spring he comes out to the trading posts with his catch and trades it for what he needs or sees at the post; wastes his substance on whiskey, cards, and foolishness; goes in debt to the post for a grubstake for the next winter, and then there is the hardship and loneliness of the trap line ahead of him again.

All the talk now is 'dogs' and 'fur.' 'Saw some fur last night,' says Peter R., a half-breed. 'What was it?' I asked.

'A big wolf, and if my horse had n't got scared I'd 'a' shot him,' he answered. The foxes are shy and you never see them. A large bear looted Jack W.'s cabin. Just tore things loose and carried off his bacon. A wolf carried off a fresh beef hide from the white settler's place two weeks ago. That's all the news. I have no paper from the U. S. and I wonder what they are doing there. Those clippings would be interesting — I hope you are saving them. Politics and world happenings, you know.

August 24, 1926

Have n't a minute to spare, as winter is n't far off, but must write you a few lines, as I know you'll be anxious about us up here in this vast wilderness. I am still living in a tent and cooking over a camp fire, and it appears to be very healthy, judging by how dirty we get to be. I smell like a smoked herring. No well dug yet, so we get water from the river, and very good water it is. A large bear is prowling around, but not having shells for bears I can't tackle it yet. I have fifty-six traps of all kinds, which is just one twentieth of what the other trappers have, but I will get more if I catch any fur. The trading post trades you anything you want for fur, charging about four times what it's worth, plus the freight in. This trading is very interesting indeed. Suppose I take some eggs or butter to the store. They'll offer me, say, fifty cents a pound or dozen. 'Shabby-nacky,' or else I can take it home. There is no cash business done at all. But it's not 'so worse,' as one man said. The trader will buy you anything from the 'outside' you want, from a box of salve to a threshing machine, providing you have it coming. Furs dropped in price fifty per cent here when the U. S. put a fifty per cent tariff on raw furs. So the poor Indian 'gets it in the neck.' The trader plays safe. I went horseback over to see a family living seven miles from us and learned quite a bit about setting the traps. The breeds are really beginning to like us. One smiled at us and joked me about being a barber when he passed by to-day and I was trimming Daddy's hair out in the sunshine in front of the tent. They are a very quiet, silent race, but once a friend, it's forever true.

Our homestead is in a bend of the river and has some low hills at the back, where it is thirty feet higher than the river. There is a small lake and a slough with muskrats in it, partly on our place, and the lake on the homestead for Karl to locate on when he is eighteen years old. I expect to make our living catching the rats and a few foxes. The fur is so scarce that the trappers go far inland and have trap lines a hundred miles long. But that leaves what there is here for me; and foxes can run, so I'll get some, I'm sure, and rats always live in sloughs. We have been very busy putting up hay. Daddy can't work hard, but he got a job from the white settler to ride the big mower for him for a few days, and in return his breeds stacked up what hay we'll need for the winter. The hay grew on our homestead, which is nearly all cleaned good hay ground. There is plenty of hay around here, as the white settler has set fires for forty years and cleaned up for fifty miles around his place for his stock to graze on.

You have caught the spirit of my venture. So have the breeds and Indians. They will love us soon. We are so original and natural. I received all your letters and we enjoy those editorials. More than before we need a window to see what the world is doing. I do dread the winter and we are cutting logs and poles, but it's slow.

I have warm blankets and quilts and a moose hide to make us moccasins and ten pounds of wool yarn to knit up, and I shall cut one blanket up for clothing and lining coats and vests. We'll make it fine. Vegetables never fail here, nor grain or berries. By salting one spot against the prevailing wind, deer and moose can be got easily. There are big fish in the river. The Lord is my Shepherd once more, and He only helps those that help themselves.

My two good friends will never get over it, I fear. They are shocked to death. So frail, Daddy so old, boy so young. But that's what makes it so interesting. Not to go to a poorhouse, nor crawl on my belly in an irrigated garden for a living. As I look at the river on three sides, where there will never be a sign of human habitation in sight,

> I am monarch of all I survey
> From the centre all round to the sea.

We were so tired of half rations, so sick of the struggle. I expect hardships, welcome them, but it will be on a full belly and I can stand it.

September 6, 1926

My conscience is troubling me very much. I tried to doctor a sick soul and gave a sedative instead of using the surgical knife. The white settler has a dear little daughter, just twenty-two years old. I never thought I'd find a woman smaller than I, but this girl is, and so pretty and sweet. They grow that way up here in the woods. I mean, sweet. All the young girls are that way. Their eyes are shy and timid and I could n't hurt them. The white settler has so many kids, and the girls range in age from ten to twenty-three and there are seven unmarried and all are just as I have described them. M. is the one that haunts my wakeful hours at night. Which reminds me of a verse in the Bible, which says, if I remember right, 'The poor are always with us.' For M. told me the first day I met her, 'The breeds are here, and we must accept them and treat them like human beings.' Daddy said the same and we are doing it.

All breeds are not alike, but the big majority have strong backs and weak heads. Among the exceptions is one named N. That's his first name. He is nearly white, tall, very strong, and would pass for a Frenchman 'outside.' But here he's just a breed, and among his fellows looks like one. He has always worked at the ranch and played with the children as he grew up, and fell in love with M. Her parents have forbidden her to ever think of marriage with a breed. M. has refused eight white trappers, to share their cabins, and I don't blame her. I have n't seen one yet as nice as N. Yes, he wipes the dishes for her every day and they look anywhere except at each other when anyone is looking, but when they're alone blue eyes look at soft black eyes. He eats with the breeds at their table and this little act of wiping the dishes is his one happy moment after each meal.

Dear Doctor-Lady, I wish you could see them together. So happy and yet so unhappy. Then one day M. broke down and cried and told me. And I comforted her, assuring her everything would come out all right and that N. was a very good man. I could n't bear to see her cry and I forgot that she will have breed children if she marries N. My sympathy made me do wrong. For I don't want breed grandchildren myself. I can't think of anything more horrible than to have grandchildren with strong backs and weak heads. For breeds are just big children. If I had expressed my horror at such a union as she contemplates,

my conscience would be clear and I'd feel like a brute. What shall I do? Just let nature take its course? Am I, a woman from the 'outside' and well informed, responsible for this? She said she was going to marry him or die an old maid.

It's too bad that we are fifteen miles from the white settler. Karl gets so lonesome for children. I play with him some, but it's not the same. He knows the name of every breed around here and quite a few Indians. He has also made a friend of the Mounted Police, who is nicknamed 'Baldy' and is a rather young-looking man with a splendid appearance, as if he had just stepped out of a storybook. But they lead a very strenuous life here, protecting the white settler and keeping the Indians peaceful. There is only one at each fort and their days are full of danger, and braver men never lived. Baldy has told Karl many stories of his own exploits and of another who was his partner a few years back, but got shot by a murderer who was quicker on the trigger than he was that time.

Full many a league o'er prairie wild
Our trackless path must be,
And round it roam the fiercest tribes
Of Blackfeet and of Cree;
But danger from their savage bands
Our dauntless heart disdains,
That heart which bears the helmet up
Of the Riders of the Plains.

We bear no lifted banner,
The soldier's care and pride;
No waving flag leads onward
Our horsemen when they ride.
The sense of duty well discharged
All idle thoughts sustains;
No other spur to action need
The Riders of the Plains.

So among uneducated, silent Indians, childlike breeds, and trappers of the fur, Boy's life will be spent. But already I see a change in him. He is more manly, more to be depended on. He realizes that we are in a new, wild country and that I depend on him to make a home here and provide the necessities of life. The silence almost gets me. For two weeks I have n't seen a white person, and we, Boy and I, have been alone. Daddy had to appear in person at the nearest land office to file on our homestead and he left us on the twenty-seventh of August. He will most likely be back the end of this week. Boy and I have been so lonely without him. But the law has to be complied with, and by homesteading himself, if he should die before Boy is of age, I also get a homestead, besides the right to prove up his homestead should he die before it is proved up or after. He is very anxious for Boy to get a good farm and enough to pasture stock on. It's possible to get half a section, besides Boy's homestead, right at eighteen years of age this way. I think that Daddy will be with us a good many years yet, but he does n't think so, though I tell him that 'creaking hinges last a long time.'

You can't get a breed or an Indian to live alone. They are the most childish and superstitious mortals I've ever heard of. Their fears simply get them. 'What are you afraid of?' I ask them. 'I don't know' is all the answer I get, or 'I won't stay alone — I can't.' My health is better here and Karl is growing so fast I can just see him grow, and he is just as chubby. So the climate so far agrees with us. I hope you are well, too, and happy.

October 25, 1926

This will be just a few lines to let you know that I'm well and we're all feeling good. Winter is here, snow on the ground, and we are still in a tent, but building on our cabin. It's not very cold, except in spells, and I have a heater up besides the old cookstove.

There is no soul closer than seven miles — not even an Indian. All are away on their trap lines.

We had fish for supper last night and prairie chicken for dinner. Just as a battle looks more terrible to those far away than to the one in the fray, so this must look that way to you. It's pioneering, I'll say, but I think we'll winter through all right. I do wish we had a house and barn, but will dig away at it and by next winter we'll have it. I have a roof over the kitchen stove and three walls to that, but have to cut lots of logs yet for the rest. Old winter will be a snorter in another month and I must go to work again. Can't wait a minute.

Thank you for the paper. The mail is a bright spot in our life, a window to look out on the big 'outside.' The river is n't running ice yet, but will any day, and then the mail will be once a month and I may not be able to get it regular, as it's over thirty miles away and I have no dog team. I saw a dog team this week. A trapper passed through with five dogs. I gave him his dinner and then I kissed each of his dogs on the forehead and hugged them and cried a little over them. He vowed he'd never whipped them and I told him right to his face he was a liar. Such beautiful dogs, and their hearts were broken; their tails turned down and slicked tight to their stomachs at the sound of his voice. This country is 'hell' for dogs and Indians. The Indians are in the grip of the fur traders and are robbed terribly, and just starve along, always in debt to the traders. And the traders just hate white settlers and manage to keep them out. We are the only ones to come in this year. Those that came before have most of them gone out again, but I intend to stick. If I get through this winter I'll make it. It's a wonderful country, a bracing climate, and I love it.

The fairy-tale book and *Robinson Crusoe* have been a godsend for Boy. Just what he needed for his mind. He has his sled and a hill to slide on, a dog to play with, and he is getting to be an expert with the big axe. Much better than I am. Well, it's going to be a hard time for me for a while, but I'm game. So much is at stake.

January 18, 1927

Just think, I've been to a party. A real party, and it seems just too good to be true; and a year from now there'll be another one. But first I must tell you about the Preacher, because he enters so much into our lives. The English Church sends us one missionary and we call him 'the Preacher.' The old one was pensioned and sent to England the week we arrived here. He thought he could ride his circuit as usual and the result was he was found wandering in a muskeg, by the Indians. He had started out with a sandwich in his pocket and no mosquito bar, and when found was out of his head. It's no trouble to get lost here at all. I never venture over a quarter of a mile from home without the dog. When I want to go home I tell him to go ahead and show me the way. Our new Preacher is just out of college. He's a dandy — real good-looking, young, jolly. Can sing a rollicking college song or dance a jig. He is very modern, immaculately dressed, and rides like all Englishmen — bumpety-bump. It looks so unnatural. We enjoy his visits very much and he has called four times already. There are so few here that it does n't take long to get around.

No, the teacher got cold feet at the last minute and would n't come. She was a strong, husky Scotch woman, and if she'd come we'd have got along fine and got our cabins built. Yes, I read your proposition of the irrigated land; I know all about truck, fruit, and

apples and the marketing of it, too. It sounds nice, but when you can't sell what you raise, what then? Freight rates are so high that the selling price of the stuff won't cover it. There are no markets in the West. Some day I'll tell you of five years spent on an irrigated ranch. I'm grateful for the offer, but never again will I crawl on my belly for nothing.

February 9, 1927

There are just 131 civilized in here. By 'civilized' I mean speaking English and wearing clothes. Of these, thirty-one are white, and I can count the white women on my fingers. The Preacher is a mine of information and our newspaper. He likes us and is delighted to think we are really settling here. We sometimes talk about the 'Bonny Lassie' left in England and the aged mother who won't sell her antique and cherished old furniture and silver because she's keeping it to move right into the 'Vicarage' when he becomes 'the Vicar' of the little village church. He loves the freedom here and says he can't go back to the narrow life of the English vicar. The Bonny Lassie is planning on coming here this summer. Won't that be fine? Pretty rough on this gentle English girl to live amongst Indians and trappers, but I know she and I will be the best of friends and she's a brick if she comes. It's a self-imposed exile for me and will be for her, too. Love for your mate makes you daring, but it has its compensations.

February 11, 1927

These civilized people are scattered over a couple of thousand square miles. Many live in teepees and the rest in log cabins, except two or three who have board cabins. Mr. L.'s house was built by his father forty years ago of boards sawed with a handsaw. Some labor.

He gives a party once a year after Xmas. The Preacher was so afraid we would n't go that he came after us. It's hard to find the trail in the snow and it's a perfect maze to me, but we arrived at 7 P.M. and after a hot supper the L. children gave their school programme of music, recitations, songs, and dances. They have a big schoolhouse in the back yard and the eldest daughter teaches them. After the programme the dining room and big kitchen were cleared for dancing. Everybody was there except five and the Catholic Mission.

The white women were elderly — wives who had followed their husbands in here. Old-fashioned, unbobbed, and with long skirts. But it was like coming home, so warm was the welcome I received from this lonesome sisterhood. They held my hands so long; they did n't want to let them go. They were nearly all from the States. One had gone insane — not very bad; you could see her mind was shattered. You know it takes some mental calibre to come in here and live alone and not see a white woman more than once or twice a year. If you have n't much in your head the lonesomeness will get you. This woman is poor white trash from the cotton fields of Texas. She knows nothing but work. I questioned her about her life here in order to learn what I could of the loneliness that makes insanity among sheep herders and farm women.

I see by one of your letters that you have no conception of how far north I am. Calgary is a large city crowded with cars. Farther north is Edmonton, also a big city. Next comes Peace River, a small town at the end of the railroad. It has some autos and two wooden hotels. Each hotel has a bathroom in it, but you have to carry your water up from the creek and heat it on the kitchen range if you want to take a

bath. Then I went on a steamer that holds thirty carloads of freight in the bottom. We went north all the way until we came to the Great Slave Lake Region. We got off just this side of it in the wilderness. There are no autos in here. There are nine white people at Fort Vermilion, the Governor, doctor, Mounted Police, Hudson Bay man, and so forth. Get a map and find the Great Slave Lake. A little south of it — that's here. Boy has already had two invitations from Indians to go trapping with them there when he gets a bit older.

The Calgary, Edmonton, and Peace River Town districts are settled with farms till it looks like a checkerboard. Here is the primeval wilderness. Unless I have the dog with me I never dare go out of sight of the house, as I get lost so easily. The white settler's wife and children have to climb a tree quite frequently when picking berries to see in what direction to go home. As there are no roads in the sea, so there are none here.

February 12, 1927

I have now been in bed one week. Last night was a good night and I feel rested and easy to-day. Just a week ago I fell, striking my back on a small bag of frozen salt in the tent. I walked back to my little house, undressed, and crept into bed, and there I've been ever since. It will be two weeks yet before I can walk. I found the hurt place in the Anatomy. The hurt is on the right side.

I lie on my left side. To-day Daddy raised me up in a reclining position which feels very nice. Boy is the cook, and by following my directions does real well and bakes good bread. Sets his sponge at night just like any good housekeeper. There does n't seem to be anything out of joint and we're so far from a doctor that at a dollar a mile the price is prohibitive unless something is really broken. The Indians are doctored free, but not white people. Doctors should be free to all people. I'll never have another doctor's bill hanging over me if I can get well without. So tired I won't write any more now.

March 1, 1927

Still in bed, but better. Next week I'll be up again. It was a slight sprain and much bruised. Daddy is baking meat and potatoes for our lunch. Boy is in bed with acute bronchitis. Running out while warm into the cold without a coat must have caused it, but Daddy is bringing him around in good shape. He smokes him every day for the cough. Pours oil of pine tar on hot coals and makes him breathe the smoke. It loosens the cough up fine.

The Party. The Preacher said, 'Now you'll see some fancy clothes.' 'What! Do they wear fancy clothes?' said I. 'The Duskies do,' says he. As I had only met one Indian squaw all summer, I looked forward to seeing the others. I received the surprise of my life. He calls the Indian and breed women 'the Duskies.' They were dressed in the latest fashion. Knee-length gowns, bobbed hair, flesh-colored silk stockings with bright flowers embroidered on the knees. Their gowns were of bright silk, and they were so painted and powdered the men looked black in comparison. Dancing the breakdown they grew so excited that Cree and Beaver war whoops made my back hair rise up in horror. I thought they'd start scalping next, but a glance across the room at the gleaming pistols and full cartridge belt of the Mounted Police reassured me. Nearly all had come in dog sleds.

My little house. I love it. There is only one room in it, but I would n't

trade it for a mansion. I could n't make a dugout in the hill, so then I started a log cabin. Eight logs were laid when the cold came. Such a cold! The thermometer dropped steadily and we all cut wood to keep from freezing to death in the tent. We put up the big heater, but had to wear our coats to keep the cold from our backs. We lived from day to day. Building was out of the question. The intense cold just made the meat on our bones vanish away, and we ate all the time, all we could.

Thanksgiving Day came, and just at dusk Mr. L. drove up with four teams and sleds loaded and three other white men and one breed. They brought everything with them and, with the thermometer at forty below zero, put up my little house in six days and had us moved in. I fed them. They could just get in around the stove, but they were a jolly crew. They made big fires outside to get warm by. The icicles hung from their eyelashes in the intense cold, and they danced war dances around the fires and whooped to get warm. Mr. L. has a small saw outfit and saws lumber, and he brought odds and ends he had on hand. The foundation was logs and they even dug me a small cellar. I shall pay for the material and time, of course. But it was queer how they arrived just in the nick of time. Daddy was in bed for a week in the little house just from the cold. Nothing the matter with him at all. The cold grew worse until it was forty-nine below by my thermometer and sixty below by self-registering ones. Was n't I glad we had a shelter at last!

Been feeling blue because I had no luck trapping, nearly sick with worry, when like a bolt from the blue came good news and a check! Look in the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* in the back in the Contributors' Column. 'It can't be true,' I say to myself a dozen times a day. Mrs. A. sent my letters in to the magazine and they accepted them. I can't believe it. A grubstake for the coming winter; able to pay my debts and buy some clothes for Boy, right out of the blue sky!

The piano was never unpacked and the last thing the men did was to set it up in the little house.

Perhaps you have already seen the *Atlantic*. I received the February number and the check February 20. I did n't fret any more about staying in bed. Your letter and package came on that day, too, and Boy's book and all the reading for me. You are too good. How can I ever pay it back! Everybody is too good to me.

March 14, 1927

I was afraid you might worry about me, so I'll write a few lines to tell you that the young doctor was out to see me and he examined my back and said it would be all right, but that one kidney was still sore. He left me a heap of pills of many colors which I won't take. The Government furnishes us a doctor and this lad is a dear child just out of college. He is very busy and has a hard row to hoe up here doctoring Indians. I did n't send for him, for I can't afford such luxuries. He came anyway. I guess the breeds must have told him I'd never walk again. I can't walk much yet, but I take a few steps every day now. We had a nice visit and he told me all about college days. It was real nice of him to come sixty miles with a cold north wind blowing, but he said that was nothing. He often went one hundred and fifty miles when it was colder. Some life.

April 29, 1927

I am up and around — not so very strong. Four inches of snow fell last

night and it's still snowing, but it will go as soon as the wind changes. As soon as the ice goes out the mail will come in. I hope it goes soon. I am planning a vegetable garden and am going to farm all I can. The summer is short, but it's almost continuous daylight and things do grow. I feel lonesome to-day and wish there were some other woman to talk to besides the one in the looking-glass. I'm not well enough to be outside and I'm tired of the inside. The mail will be so welcome.

PEACE RIVER, ALBERTA
May 4, 1927

We're expecting the boat this week with mail. I feel better — have *it* checked again. Spring is here, and birds. It's so lovely it hurts. Ducks and geese and frogs make the air noisy, and birds everywhere. I am so happy.

May 19, 1927

The mail came in two days ago and I have a chance maybe to mail this card as the boat goes back. I'll try, anyway. Medicine came, and just what I needed. My back is nearly well. I only feel it when I stoop over. I'm late with my garden and so busy. Had a heap of letters. Books and papers all arrived. The B. cape kept Daddy's head from freezing all winter. He even took it to bed with him. We have a fresh cow this month and lots of milk.

FORT VERMILION, ALBERTA
May 21, 1927

Spring is here at last and the grass is green. Flowers are springing up everywhere and wild strawberries are in bloom. There was quite a severe frost a couple of nights ago that may have injured them. The mosquitoes are also with us now. If this land ever gets settled up they won't be bad, but as it is now they are fierce. We sleep under a mosquito bar at night, made of cheesecloth so the little ones can't crawl through. They will stay with us now until fall comes with sharp frost. But they are bearable. Summer seems to come as if by magic. There really is hardly any spring. To-day is Sunday, I believe. I am never sure of the days in the calendar. I studied the Bible a bit and found that the word 'hell' means 'the grave' in many places in the Bible. I have heard people call this north country by both these names, but I need never do that now that people outside know I'm here. I feel as if I have known all you folks all along, but you did n't know about me.

The weeks and months and years slip by and the old struggle for existence goes on. It's been a fight to keep the intellect alive. Do you think I'll ever be able to write for a living? I can devote a little time every day to study even when I am busy with the garden, and during the long winter there is too much time on my hands. The dark comes too quickly and then stays so long.

What a lovely place I have for a home! The river forms a perfect half circle around us, and there is a hill behind us that shuts out the north wind. The homestead is flooded below the hill until June. It makes fine hay. On one side is a small lake that never goes dry. About eighty acres large. We are all alone.

I was counting on catching fur, and there is n't any and won't be for three years — if I can exist till then. I must write, for, while I hope to grow most of what we eat, we need to buy some things and freights are so high in here.

I find that I am treated with great respect by the men in here. That's because they admire a woman who'll

follow her man into the wilderness and stay with him. They look tough, but inside they're homesick for some old mother, and always, of course, with the longing for a woman's sympathy and love, which is the gnawing hunger of lonely men. The trappers are coming out of the bush on their way to the trading posts or to the 'outside.' Their sleeping bags are filled with duck feathers and quilted. It's really just a large comforter; and they roll up in them and sleep right in the snow even when it's sixty to seventy below zero.

I have gone back to when the world is still young. Civilization is gone and only the little band of lonesome women here remember it. I have a pretty little buckskin Indian pony, but have n't dared to ride yet, as my back is still a little lame. But it is passing away and I am getting stronger every day.

May 31, 1927

Boy and I went hunting yesterday together for the first time this year. He got four ducks, each time he shot getting his bird. The fifth time he shot he killed his duck, but she floated out of reach and the water was too deep for him to wade in after her. He can't swim yet very well, and I can't either. Of those he brought home, two were big mallards, one was an Indian duck, and the other was a spoonbill. It's all the meat we have and it's very good. He is really getting to be a very good shot.

Meat is very scarce here some years and has been so for quite a few years now, the Indians say. It's too far north and the country is so large, and wolves keep it down, too. But ducks are good as long as they last. After a while there will be prairie chickens. There are small deer here, but they are very scarce. I have never seen one. In the muskegs there are moose, but except in winter they are impassable. Bands of large wolves feed on them. It's such a big, wild country — big lakes, rivers, and muskegs; no trails and no people. Less than two human beings to each thousand square miles, and that means Indians, too. I won't admit out loud that I'm lonesome, but it's a Robinson Crusoe existence. Like being alive yet buried. Books will save my reason, and letters. Trappers tell me no white woman from the outside can stand it longer than six years. I'll have to show them.

Sincerely yours,

HILDA ROSE

INSURING INSURANCE

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

ADVERTISING men sometimes call advertising 'business insurance,' and wonder why men who insure the world against every imaginable catastrophe do not insure their own business against the destructive power of silence.

If advertising is business insurance, why do not insurance companies advertise? The few who do are glorious pioneers and worthy of all praise, but the sum total of their efforts is far too small to form that body of advertising which is necessary to create a new public opinion. Just how small that sum total is may be estimated by comparing figures for a few selected advertising mediums. In this comparison and in the course of this article the word 'insurance' is used to cover all forms of insurance, not only the grand divisions known as life, fire, accident, indemnity, and marine, but protection against other catastrophes quaintly described in the contracts as 'acts of God.' The various applications of insurance vary greatly one from another as the actuary or underwriter regards them, but they all have one quality in common: they lack and need that form of public good will which can come only from public knowledge.

In twelve leading magazines, as checked by the Curtis Publishing Company, the total expenditure to advertise insurance in 1926 was $1,064,269, while for the motor car and its accessories it was $30,955,298. The twelve magazines checked, while few numerically, afford what the statistical 'sharps' call a good cross section. It is safe to say that, were the comparison extended to include all advertising mediums, the odds in favor of the motor car would be greater. It is sufficient for our purpose to leave them at thirty to one. The question is, what peculiar need, or urgency, or intrinsic quality makes it profitable to advertise motor cars thirty times as much as insurance is advertised? What has the motor car in the way of interest, importance, necessity, desirability, or potential market that insurance does not possess? Measured by human needs and human standards, insurance goes deeper, is more potent to stir our emotions, and has a profounder influence on our destinies. Insurance companies are selling an almost priceless commodity — protection, freedom from worry, peace of mind. As old Omar said of the wine-sellers: —

> I wonder often what the Vintners buy
> One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

Certainly they do not buy advertising. In proportion to its opportunity, insurance has never been advertised. Insurance is sold by an army of salesmen, patient, resourceful, and intelligent, whose ingenuity is taxed to offset and overcome the reticence of the companies that employ them. The present volume, admittedly large, is due to their untiring industry, unaided by receptive knowledge on the part

of the public. Most of what the public suspects about insurance is wrong, including the suspicion that the agent is a nuisance. We picture insurance as a vast office building, filled with vice presidents and adding machines, and the agent as a persistent haunter of our steps, curious about the date of our birth, who finally gets us in a corner and wins our reluctant consent to be made a sharer in the most splendid coöperative institution modern civilization has devised.

One needs no figures to realize how great the unnecessary expense must be. He need only recall the time spent by one agent in trying to reach and sell him. And if a prospect sells himself he still must pay the agent. He cannot go to the company and buy insurance over the counter. And that is right, as things are. If the system must be, it should be supported. But how much easier the work of the agent if his customers wanted insurance; if he could sit in his office, like a nose-and-throat specialist, while people crowded his reception room to be shown in one by one! Why do people stand in line to buy postage stamps or railroad tickets, and let the insurance agent stand in line to sell them insurance they need far more urgently than they ever needed to mail a letter or make a journey? The answer is habit. The insurance companies have elected to do business that way; the public has acquiesced. Some services are sold. Others are bought. It is the habit for insurance agents to chase customers, and it is the habit for travelers to chase ticket agents. But habits are the result of education, and the most powerful educator to-day is publicity. Advertising could reverse this situation, and give the insurance companies the strategical position of active demand.

The difference in thinking is sharply shown by comparing one group of business men with another. No motor-car company could think of selling without including advertising. Advertising is as necessary and as inevitable as a factory. Insurance companies, with very few exceptions, have no conception of advertising. They belong in a different era. They continue to function as they started, with no awareness of the new world around them. No important industry is so archaic, so remote from modern life. Banks and trust companies are beginning to realize that they are human institutions as well as financial institutions, but insurance companies have never outgrown the actuarial conception of insurance. The present small volume of insurance advertising is powerless to affect this situation, not because it is not good advertising, but because the volume is small. The great force in advertising is group advertising, not coöperative, except as all advertising for any one industry is coöperative. It is the whole body of automobile advertising that keeps the motor-car idea alive. No one or two manufacturers could do it. Buick advertising sells Dodges as well as Buicks. The continued interest of the public in cars is more necessary to makers of cars than the demand for any one make of car. This is true of all products. The country is too large to be moved greatly by any one advertiser.

This conception of advertising applies especially to insurance. Insurance is an intangible, an idea, a service. Laws hedge it in and standardize it so that there is comparatively little room for choice. What advertising it does must, from the nature of the case, be institutional; that is, for the good of the whole body. Metropolitan Life devotes its space to teaching the value of health. Hartford Fire promotes fire prevention. Each of these campaigns helps all life and all fire

insurance. But these two and a few others are too small to create the mighty chorus necessary to inflame the public mind and give to the word 'insurance' the power to penetrate the consciousness and arouse, quicken, and stir the interest that the words 'motor car' have. If insurance maintained such a body of advertising, to which each company contributed its just quota, insurance would be one of the best-known, most interesting, and most talked-about topics of our daily lives. A hundred campaigns as good as Metropolitan Life or Hartford Fire would do that very thing. With such a body of publicity, insurance would crop up in the news like baseball, radio, or aviation. Nearly every front-page news story has its insurance slant — the Sherry-Netherland fire, the Snyder murder, the transatlantic flight. The insurance slant is not stressed in the news because the topic is of small interest to the public. The insurance companies confirm this state of mind by their destructive silence.

Things are not talked about because they are intrinsically interesting — they are interesting because they are talked about; because they are brought to our minds daily and hourly, and we are compelled to take account of them. Insurance could be one of those things if its message were delivered, not in small installments, by word of mouth, but by a volume of advertising comparable to the total volume of automobile advertising, but infinitely more interesting.

II

The advisability of advertising has been brought before the insurance companies frequently. The answer is that advertising men do not understand insurance — which merely means that insurance men do not understand advertising. The obligation rests entirely on the insurance companies. They are custodians of what has become a great public utility. Even if there were not the obvious selfish reasons for availing themselves of so great an aid to selling as constructive advertising has proved to be, they owe a duty to the public. Even if advertising did not increase the volume of insurance, or, which comes to the same thing, decrease the cost of selling, the insurance companies have no right to withhold from us the real story of insurance.

Many of the great life companies have mutualized themselves, making their policyholders members, whatever that may mean. It does not apparently mean that their policyholders learn any more about their companies, or any company, or life insurance in general, than they did before. But it should mean, should it not, that insurance is no longer the private concern of a small group of officers, but has become a public benefit of such vast possibilities that the public is entitled to such consideration at least as it gets from the selfish sellers of other products that it buys? There is something anomalous about an institution so necessary, so intimately associated with our daily life, which depends so much upon a public state of mind for its growth and prosperity, not availing itself regularly and systematically of such an efficient and inexpensive means of creating public opinion. It is just as possible to advertise ideas as it is to advertise goods. No institution or service has such a wonderful array of material as an insurance company. Its regular course of business is full of incidents of the greatest human interest, things that concern all of us closely and intimately. And all that good stuff goes to waste.

It is seriously asserted that there is no money for advertising; that only so much can be legally spent to secure

business, and this is all given to the agents, who would be unwilling to surrender it or any part of it. Even if the objection were true, it would be negligible. Insurance companies are not maintained for the benefit of their selling staffs. If there is a better way of selling, the field men must adapt themselves to the new conditions. But the primary benefit of advertising is to make the work of agents easier, to enable the same men to write more insurance, or fewer men to write the same volume, because a changed attitude toward insurance will send the public to buy just as it goes to buy other things it has been taught to want — things, be it said, not so useful or necessary or desirable.

It is further argued that the money belongs to the policyholders, who will not look kindly on such a use of it. This argument was true once, in the days when insurance originated, before the public had accepted advertising as a part of its daily life. The public has changed its attitude, but the insurance magnates have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. It is the policyholders' money that is paid to the agent — most emphatically the policyholders' money. A goodly percentage of our first payment goes to him, and some fraction of subsequent payments, which, as has been said, is only right and fair as long as the present cumbersome method of selling is maintained. The purchaser pays the cost of selling on everything he buys, and rejoices that modern methods reduce that cost; and he has acc pted advertising on this basis, that it makes so many things so accessible geographically and financially that earlier generations never knew. But insurance is not one of those things. It is an anachronism in this day, which is a great pity, for it has all the elements of a spectacular success.

Insurance is the greatest single unadvertised possibility in our modern scheme of living. It is bound to realize that possibility in the end. It is still largely in the hands of the pioneers, the men who made it possible and made it great, but these men are insurance men first, last, and always. They cling to the system they have developed, unaware of the great change that has come about in the world around them. They have not learned, for instance, the value of publicity for its own sake, apart from its material benefits.

The whole world has at the moment been thrilled in contemplating the feat of a gallant young American who flew alone in one continuous flight from New York to Paris. It was one of those happenings which make us proud of the human race. Each of us went about our task with a little more enthusiasm. The world where such things could happen was a pretty good place after all. Suppose it had been possible for Lindbergh to take off without publicity. Suppose for some unimaginable reason the newspapers did not consider the event news. Remember, the Wright brothers' first flight was not considered news. And so there would have been gathered together down there on Curtiss Field a little group of well-wishers, backers, and airmen. All that night, instead of hanging breathlessly on scraps of news while Lindbergh winged his way through night and silence, the civilized world would have gone about its appointed business, not knowing that a great event was in the making. When Lindbergh reached Le Bourget what happened would have been something like what Lindbergh, with his innate modesty, imagined would happen. He would have landed in an empty field, watched by airmen and others who happened to be on the spot; he would have told them what he had done, and they would have been slow

to believe him. He would have parked his plane, hunted up a mechanic, got a cab, and set off to Paris to present his letters of introduction and convince another thrilled group that he had really flown across the Atlantic.

What a loss that would have been to the known world! The feat would be just as fine, just as brave and skillful and wholly admirable, but no one would know it. We should lose all the thrill, the inspiration, the enhanced faith in humanity that the knowledge of it gave us — the take-off, the long night of anxious waiting, the safe arrival, the spontaneous reception; two whole hemispheres warmed and stirred and drawn together, not by what young Lindbergh did, but by the high privilege of knowing what he did, and sharing it. Most of the benefit of that flight would have been lost without publicity. It is not unknown good, but known good, that benefits the world. And so with insurance. The life companies have written $11,000,000,000 new insurance in the last twelve months, and not one of us a whit wiser or better or more uplifted because of that fact. It all happened off stage. Yet the stories behind that vast gain would move and stir us, did we but know them, as did Lindbergh's flight or the Mississippi flood.

What holds the insurance companies from advertising is partly indifference and partly ignorance. They feel no need of effort. They are prosperous and content. Also they have no conception of what advertising could and should do for them. They think of it only as a means of immediate selling, which they say they do not need. They refuse to consider its larger and more remote influence, the creation of a public concern about insurance. The public mind is full of a number of things in which it takes great interest. Those things are put into its mind by suggestion, either by premeditated advertising, as the motor car or radio, or by spontaneous publicity, as baseball or the Atlantic nonstop flights. In any case the public talks about what it hears or reads about. The inherent intrinsic interest of the subject is unimportant. A body of advertising called into existence by all the insurance companies, — life, fire, marine, throughout the list, — the component parts varying in size according to the resources and needs of the individual companies, composed of the moving and stimulating stories that insurance agents now tell their prospects across glass-topped desks, would, when added together, prove a powerful awakener of public attention and equal in human interest many of the stories the newspapers feature with seventy-point type on their front pages. Whatever argument in favor of an individual company its advertising put forward would be immaterial. The Metropolitan Life, by its admirable presentation of the value of health and the importance of preserving it, is not primarily promoting Metropolitan Life — it is promoting insurance. What it gets is good will, but it benefits all other life companies. If all other life companies joined hands, each selecting its individual note, the message would get over. And so with fire, accident, indemnity, marine, and so forth. What is demanded by the logic of modern business is enough advertising to make insurance the vital topic it deserves to be.

III

It may be that the insurance magnates have no more inspiring conception of insurance than the public has. Perhaps they too consider it the prosaic, statistical, unhuman business that it appears to us to be. Long association with balance sheets, mortality tables,

and actuarial figures is apt to give this point of view. If so, it would be worth their while to sit at the feet of some of their better agents and learn what a moving tale of fire and flood insurance has to tell. Not even the stories Scheherazade related to her spouse have more sustained interest than the rôles insurance plays in human destiny.

If insurance were being presented constantly to all who can read, in terms of living, in terms of man's daily interests and dreams and ambitions and affections, — as one of the basic things of life, like getting on in the world, or marriage, or health, or recreation, — and especially if all the picturesque and entertaining stories which grow up around the practice of insurance were used, the sight of the word 'insurance' in print would be the signal for such interesting and agreeable mental pictures as accompany the words 'raise in salary,' 'home run,' or 'tax reduction.'

Of things that are basic in us, resting on natural and primitive instincts, self-preservation and self-perpetuation have always been considered two great ones. Self-preservation includes everything from a pay envelope to dodging an automobile. Self-perpetuation includes not only the great function of bearing and raising children, but also every yearning for posthumous fame. The man who gives one hundred thousand dollars to found a public library is moved by practically the same motive as the man who brings up a fine family, though probably it is easier for many men to earn a hundred thousand dollars than to raise a fine family.

I have been reading an interesting book called *This Believing World*. It is a history of religion. It shows that fear is the origin of all religion. Primitive man found himself at the mercy of forces which he did not understand. Rain, hail, lightning, flood, and fire snatched away his humble store of food, his flimsy hut, or his family. There seemed to be no reason for these happenings. He believed that they were caused by malignant spirits which were hostile to him. He tried to find some way to propitiate them. By charms, fetishes, totems, sacrifices, and rituals he endeavored to appease the enemies he believed lived in the forces of nature, and out of this fear of the unknown grew the first primitive religion. As man became more civilized and intelligent, and learned more about the world around him, his religion kept pace. He did not lose fear, but he became wiser about it; and when he was intelligent enough to know that religion had nothing to do with the forces of nature at work in the world, he invented insurance, the modern and scientific method of mitigating the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Indeed, much of the world's folklore, Greek and older myths and legends, and many a fairy tale are based on an instinctive but blundering groping for insurance. Achilles' mother bathed him in the Styx to make him immune. How many legends rest on the idea of propitiation of some impending evil, or providing some armor or charm or rite to ward off the dangers surrounding the adventure of life! And what is insurance, all insurance, but preparation to mitigate the accidents of fate, to soften the blow, to render one's self, family, income, possessions, as safe as possible from what may happen?

Another human instinct out of which insurance grows is coöperation. Cooperation is the finest flower of civilization. When hundreds of thousands of people are washed out of their homes by the overflowing Mississippi the nation passes the hat and responds with millions to care for the refugees. This is spontaneous coöperation. But if every

one of the dwellers in the lowlands bordering the Mississippi had been for years paying a small sum annually to insurance companies to provide against losses by flood, that would have been organized coöperation. Insurance is organized coöperation. It is a form of public utility.

Millions of doughboys came home from France with life insurance in force obtained under unusually favorable terms. They could not hope to start again under such lenient conditions — insurance furnished at cost by the Government with the privilege of extending it at the same low rate. One would think these young men would cling to this very tangible asset. Instead, they dropped it with what seems like amazing indifference. It was not their fault that they placed so low a value on the privilege. The blame rests wholly on the insurance companies, who do not value their own service highly enough to tell the people about it and make it mean something to every human being. If these same young men had found themselves with motor cars or radio sets which they would own on making a few additional payments, the result would have been quite different. They want motor cars and radio sets. They do not want insurance. And this state of mind measures the gap between advertised and nonadvertised commodities — the known and the unknown good.

The need of insurance is a basic need — primal, intuitive, fundamental. Self-preservation, yearning for immortality, love of family, ambition, thrift, fear, the sad aftermath of war, the sustaining solidarity of coöperation, all demand and are to a great extent met and satisfied by some form of insurance.

Insurance runs up and down the whole gamut of human emotions, interwoven with all our hopes and fears, a human service if there ever was one; and the industry as a whole continues to present to its public a face as cold and inscrutable as that of the Sphinx. To proceed from the general to the particular, allow me to exhibit a page from my own experience, an intimate and personal page, which will show why I am a believer in insurance and at the same time a critic of its remote and unfriendly attitude toward a public it needs and which needs it. I am, I believe, what almost any life company would consider a good customer. Last year I paid to the largest company in the world premiums aggregating something over $23,000. I am chagrined that my patronage does not create a ripple on the smooth surface of that company's complacence. The telephone girl is taught to answer your call with a smile in her voice. The United Cigar Stores salesman is expected to say 'Thank you' for the smallest purchase. My tailor and my haberdasher write me letters to tell me how much they appreciate my patronage. It is the spirit of the age that business shall acquire the social amenities. But during all the years that I have been paying what are to me large sums to my insurance company I have never had from it a single 'thank you.' To it I am just a number, like a convict in Sing Sing. When even the most remote industries, the public utilities, the banks and trust companies, even some departments of the Federal Government, realize that we are after all just one big family, and extend the hand of good fellowship through advertising, insurance companies maintain their splendid isolation and refuse to establish a basis of mutual understanding. The telephone company, a monopoly that would seem to have little economic need of advertising, has reaped a rich harvest of good will from its sincere and informing talks

with the public. It has far less need and much smaller opportunity than insurance.

The form of insurance of which I buy most is what is known as annuity. It is less popular in this country than in England, and there was little demand for it. But it fitted my peculiar needs, and the story of how I came to that conclusion is pertinent to this discussion. I am engaged in a race with deafness. I have been deaf all my life and am growing deafer as I grow older, facing the menace of diminished earning power. I desired to establish an income which would provide for me as long as I lived, and which would be outside of my control. If deafness interfered with contacts by which I earned my living, it would equally interfere with the intelligent investment of my own funds. Men learn about good investments from each other, often in casual conversation. A deaf man is dependent solely on himself. It seemed a great privilege that I could hire a competent organization to invest a certain portion of my savings and pay me a greater return on it than I could receive from other investments, however fortunate, at the risk of leaving in the company's hands all that I had not used before I died. I have bought freedom from worry about ways and means for the rest of my natural life. An organization, safeguarded by restraining laws, is bound by contract to pay me a certain stipulated amount as long as I shall need it. The other day I drew a check for $16,012 and sent it to that company. It was quite an event in my economic life. It was the final payment on the largest of my annuities. I had been hard put to it at times to get together the money to meet the payments, but I had at last achieved this one ambition and had as far as was humanly possible propitiated one of the enemies of mankind. But while it was a red-letter day for me, it was just Tuesday at the insurance company's office. Promptly I received the standard receipt — a green slip, filled out by an adding machine. No human hand had touched it. No red and gold ink marked it as the special and final payment, the goal, the capstone, the *magna charta* of my new liberty, the privilege of living free from at least one form of worry as long as life should last. I wrote for information. This was the final payment, was it not? And was my understanding of the policy the correct one? In two weeks came the reply. My understanding was correct. The payments would begin on such a date. Next! Just like that. It was as hospitable as lunching at an automat.

I have given this incident with so much detail, not because I have a grievance, which I have not, but because it is typical — typical of all my relations with this company, typical of everybody's relations with all companies. It is intended to show the dire need the insurance companies have of some means of expression, some way of reaching the public mind with a message that will offset their standardized steel-trap method of conducting their business. They need the humanizing influence of trying to explain themselves to the public.

The story of my unusual annuities came to the attention of one of those exceptional insurance agents who are building up their business along lines of human relations. He asked me if I would write him a letter telling him the story I have told here, and allow him to use it as a means of interesting others in old-age insurance. I would and did. He tells me that my letter has been a great help to him; that through it he has sold a great deal of such insurance. That letter is an advertisement,

a human document, possessing more intrinsic human interest than all the financial statements ever published. And the insurance companies have millions of such stories at their disposal, the stuff that life is made of, which need nothing but publicity to change the popular conception of insurance and make all agents as welcome as this particular insurance agent is wherever he goes.

IV

The value of advertising is not in question. Advertising exists as a force in modern life as certain forces exist in nature. Architects design and build structures, relying confidently on the law of gravitation. If a building falls down, it does not disprove the law. It merely shows that the architect did not understand the law. It is the duty of insurance companies to study advertising. That duty is imposed upon them by public opinion, by their obligation to that public to consider everything which affects the efficiency of their administration. The findings and the recommendations of the Hughes Commission made life insurance safe for democracy. It defined, among other things, the character of securities in which it was permissible to invest the policyholders' funds. It could logically and reasonably have gone further — and it is conceivable that such a recommendation might some day be made — and advised insurance companies to study all methods of reducing the cost of selling insurance, including advertising.

The telephone company maintains a research laboratory which is said to cost some two million dollars a year. This laboratory is to protect the vast investment of this corporation from unpleasant surprises. In a rapidly moving world, where investigation and discovery are daily altering the physical aspects of old established fields of endeavor, no great business dare relax its eternal vigilance. If insurance men were modern in their thinking and adjusted to their environment, they would long ago have developed and applied to their own business some method of keeping it abreast of the age. If insurance men as a body would devote their time whole-heartedly and sincerely to a study of advertising in relation to insurance, there would be from fifty to seventy-five million dollars spent annually in making insurance better known, and a great corresponding reduction in the cost to the insured.

Just what is the scope of the Life Insurance Sales and Research Bureau I do not know, but if it is studying this question of selling, comparing its present costs of selling with costs of selling in other industries, measuring actual results of an agent's efforts against the time involved, exactly as manufacturers of paints, electric refrigerators, or safety razors must do, it should not be long before the antiquated methods were replaced by modern ones. Insurance companies must realize, as other great purveyors of commodities have learned, that they are not merely competing with each other but with all products for a place in the family budget, against anything for which money can be spent. The competitors of insurance are motor cars, radios, movies, trips to Europe, furniture, clothes, and food, all of which have the advantage of unremitting advertising.

Insurance has greater need of advertising than the long list of commodities that have used it. To return to our familiar example, the motor car — it is in a way its own visible advertisement. You can see it, and especially see it driven by some friend or neighbor. But insurance is invisible. It is

an idea, a service. It lacks the powerful aid of the spirit of emulation. The early fire underwriters appreciated this trait in human nature, and tacked up over the doors of houses they insured metal medallions bearing the name of the insuring company. You can see these plaques on old houses still, like armorial bearings over the gates of a castle. These signs marked the house owners as progressive and modern, prompt to adopt the new protection afforded by fire insurance. There is a thought in this for insurance men to consider. Insurance might become a badge of distinction, like the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, or the letters of an honorary degree, or the medal pinned on the breast. But to confer any distinction it must first have publicity.

Advertising has just been compared to gravitation. The comparison is apt in this, that it works whether you use it or not. It pulls down as well as holds up. The power of nonadvertising, the destructive power of silence, begins to work on those commodities and services which withhold themselves from public interest. This thought was the theme of an advertisement put out by an advertising agency which attracted considerable attention from the thoughtful, and was reprinted, of their own initiative, by some six hundred newspapers and periodicals. It is commended to the attention of insurance men: —

'We have advertised a long while,' said a manufacturer who wished to stop. 'And have good will. That good will will last us for a long while. We don't need to add to it right now.'

To some extent that is so. The flywheel goes on turning for a while after the power is shut off. But not for long. And when it stops it takes more power to start it, by six times, than it takes to keep it running.

One might almost as well say: —

'We won't buy coal now that it is so expensive; we will gradually chop up the plant and burn that in the furnace until coal is cheaper. And then we can rebuild the plant.'

Good will is a fine thing to use.

But not a fine thing to use *up*.

Nothing is ever finished — done. Time is destructive. Stop building up and time starts tearing down. Some things last longer than others. But nothing lasts so very long. You think of your plant, for instance, as built. But it only stays built because you are painting and repairing and gradually but continually replacing it bit by bit.

Think how much more rapid the inevitable loss in a thing so intangible as familiarity — as reputation — as good will. Out of sight, out of mind — not all in a minute, but before so very long.

Advertisers who stop advertising expose the advertising structure, on which they have invested much money for many years, to elements quite as destructive and more rapid in their action than those which attack and disintegrate an unfinished, abandoned building.

In almost every community you will find the ruins of an ambitious but unfinished mansion — generally called Somebody's Folly.

Much money went into the work and then financial reverses stopped it all. And the winds blew and the rains descended and the sun warped the wood and the dampness rotted it, and rust and decay completed its ruin.

Now, an advertising structure, dependent on familiarity and reputation, can never be finished even to the extent that a building can be finished. We venture to say that never, in your most optimistic moments, have you felt that your advertising structure was finished and that it would shelter and protect your established business forever after.

No; you realize, when you stop to think, that the work of building must go on until the end of time.

Good will is a fine thing to use.

But not a fine thing to use *up*.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NOW

BY I. A. RICHARDS

I

A WELL-KNOWN Max Beerbohm cartoon serves me in place of an exordium. In it the Eighteenth Century, wigged, silk-stockinged, and rapiered, stands gazing with pained eyes at its imagined successor — a shadowy, etiolated replica of its own self, the decadent ghost of an achieved perfection. Below, the actual Nineteenth Century, burly, bland, and extremely solid, is beaming through cheerful but calculating spectacles at a larger, even solider, even cheerfuler self — a Twentieth Century facing the whole stretch of time with unshakable confidence, proud in the simple certainty of righteous might. In a third picture, beneath these two lucid summaries of Modern English History, appears the actual Twentieth Century, a slender, hesitant, nerve-racked young man with features bearing some resemblance to those of Mr. T. S. Eliot. About him and before him is spread darkness, broken only, at the point where the vision should appear, by a faintly luminous query.

A reproduction of this picture wriggled in the drafts above my fireplace for a long while before I finally twitched it from its pin and dropped it into the flames. It had been annoying me for some time. A singularly numbing full stop rounds off the best of Max Beerbohm's *jeux d'esprit*. Turn them over in the mind and your smile suddenly seems to become a smirk. With the twentieth century a quarter way through, and its tendencies declaring themselves more clearly every week, that stooping, puzzled figure lost his point; he became the representative, not of this century, but of the tail end of the last.

The literary critic is usually anxious to disclaim the possession of any fortune-telling ability. But, if the wandering Cagliostro, or Professor Buncombe, who plies so brisk a trade in his booth at the village fair really does no more than read his clients' tendencies, the critic ought to recognize himself as a fellow member of the craft. For every author who is worth considering gives us in his work a sample of current tendencies. If he does this unwittingly, as the poet and novelist may, so much the better. But we cannot in any case appraise his merits without, consciously or unconsciously, estimating these tendencies. Every critic worth the name is a minor prophet by vocation.

Before trying to sum up the chief happenings to the spirit of man in this first quarter of our century let me first point for a moment to some of the snares which beset the rash venture. We must beware of mistaking a surface tendency for one which works more deeply. Tolstoy — rejecting Shakespeare in favor of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* because Mrs. Stowe claimed to be preaching the brotherhood of man but Shakespeare did not — made himself an awful warning for all time through just this error. It is not the tendencies

which an author professes, but those which actuate him, that we must use as our guide; and to discover these is no light undertaking.

Equally dangerous is the fallacy of the procession. Starting from the reflection that we are not all living in the same era, either intellectually or morally, we pass readily to the image of mankind as an army, guides, vanguard, main body, and laggards, advancing like a procession or writhing by like a snake. But this image is very inexact. The mind grows in many directions at once. An octopus would be a better image than a snake, and a tree is perhaps the best of all. Poets and original writers are the growing points of this tree. If we assume that, in spite of its prehistoric roots and sturdy strength, the mind of man is still a sapling, we shall feel free to watch for those stirrings of growth in the upper branches which indicate where the main boughs will spread in the future. A subtle and incessant rivalry between different trends is necessary for this growth. Forking and ramification are not a calamity, but a condition of health. Our question here is simply: Where is the sap most vigorously flowing?

A third danger, harder still to guard against, is the following. Sometimes influences which loom very large and appear very important pass by rapidly and leave no deep or permanent effect. Others, less salient but as it were more massive, pervade the community for long periods and modify our outlook without being much noticed. The Russian Ballet, for example, made an immense disturbance when it first came to London. It rapidly won over the 'advanced guard' while merely antagonizing the main body of taste and opinion. But a few years later it had become a fashion spreading with characteristic rapidity to all classes and types. To-day its only opponents are the new 'advanced guard.' It has set its stamp upon the wholesale furnishing houses and replaced a dingy type of commercial decoration by less restful schemes, but its success is probably symptomatic of nothing with which we need be concerned here. An instance of the other kind of influence, powerful, permanent, but unobtrusive, is the growing interest in psychology. With these 'warnings' duly noted, — we shall have occasion to look back to them, — let us proceed.

II

The chief, the dominant trend is toward a reversal of the rôles of intellect and feeling. Bergson led the way in this, but, great though his influence was when backed up by William James, the causes of this revolution probably lay deeper than he alleged. It was neither the failure of intellectual philosophy, bankrupt though it was, nor the psychology of instinct, as this was understood when Bergson wrote, that prompted the revolt against logic. I should trace it myself to the currents that for more than a century have been sweeping against religion, flowing down from the uninhabitable polar zones of science. Indeed, just as the meteorologist founds his study of cyclones upon the assumption of an inflow of cold air toward the equator, so the contemporary critic must, I believe, always remember that religion, hitherto man's chief means of envisaging the universe, is being challenged and affected even for believers. Complications of course ensue, and the currents are often found flowing in the opposite direction. But, directly or indirectly, science has disturbed us all. Man's trust in the universe is probably less to-day than it has ever been, as it is certainly harder to rationalize. At times he feels

himself to be alone in a queer place. None the less there are hours when he feels secure, but these hours are not so much climaxes of thought as states of feeling. Thus feeling, but not necessarily religious feeling, comes to be regarded as our chief guide and support.

This trend toward feeling rather than thought is not contradicted by the fact that the young so often seem more intellectualized than ever. The discussion of principles tirelessly continues, but it follows a new set of laws. Formerly a few principles stood fairly solid and the feelings were more or less in revolt against them. The contest *circled* about them. Nowadays more principles are in the field and they shift and change at the prompting, less and less disguised, of rival feelings which are the main disputants. We can see the difference very clearly if we set the discussions with which Kingsley used to exercise the Victorians against those with which Mr. Aldous Huxley indulges us. Mr. Huxley is peculiarly the philosopher of the Oxford freshman. In the mounds of last season's talk which are piled so high beneath *Those Barren Leaves* the enthusiastic young reader scents the comfort of a confirmation in his own half-rationalized confusion of impulses. Eased from the smart of his own provincialism, but unable to perceive the something more — it is not as much as it should be — that Mr. Huxley attempts, he contents himself with trying to be as witty and as complex as his original. Mr. Huxley, indeed, excellently represents the most frequent predicament of the Anglo-American (or Anglo-New York?) intelligentsia: the feelings neither simple enough, strong enough, nor sufficiently rooted to win a stable poise, and the intelligence merely a clever subordinate, abetting — like the servant in an old comedy — all the rival machinations of the principal figures in rotation.

I have turned the discouraging side of the picture to the front, making very free with Mr. Huxley for the purpose. But there is a very different side to be examined. Twenty years ago, and this is a symptom of great importance, Mr. Huxley's most cordial admirers would have been disciples of Mr. Wells. *The New Machiavelli* (1911; the date seems worth inserting, so fast does the mental landscape change to-day) was regarded on its appearance as a very daring and shocking book. Daring it was, in view of the then current mentality, a mentality which Mr. Wells has played his part in changing; but that it should have shocked proves very clearly how immense a load of unhealthy inhibitions has been lifted in recent years. But this often remarked and much discussed tendency away from prudery is not the one upon which I wish to insist. Mr. Wells, with his passion for explicit statements, for programmes, policies, and concrete prophecies, is a perfect example of the habit of mind away from which we have been trending. In spite of the skepticism of logic which he sometimes shows (we have to remember our first 'warning' above), and in spite of such safety-valve outbursts as produced his *God, the Invisible King*, Mr. Wells retains the outlook of Thomas Huxley, the confidence that hard thinking is by itself a sufficient guide in life. That is why the younger generation no longer reads him with the same enthusiasm. Mr. Wells is in fact a rationalist; and the sons and daughters, the nephews and nieces, of the generation that eagerly adopted his world-outlook have exhausted its emotional possibilities. Add the disillusionment coming from the war, and it ceases to be surprising that Mr. Wells, by addressing himself to human reasonableness, should

seem to them to be missing the point.

But there is a further explanation for this failing influence. Mr. Wells, as *The History of Mr. Polly* and the early romances show, might have been a great creative novelist if he had not chosen instead to be the first educator of his age. We are all immensely indebted to him for saner and better-informed views upon innumerable social problems, but his carelessness as an artist has made his later books look 'thin' to the eyes of a more self-conscious and self-critical generation. General disorientation, preoccupation with feeling, and the increasing mixture of cultures have made us more introspective. The contemporary young man has more information about himself than he can handle. His bewilderment is quite different from the social and political problems with which Mr. Wells is concerned. It is in fact the bewilderment with which only the artist can grapple. We feel a need for order in our own minds before we can set about ordering the affairs of men in general, and only the artist can give us this order that we can no longer win from religion. Thus the decline in Mr. Wells's influence is partly due to his perhaps deliberate renunciation of the task of the artist.

A similar 'thinness' is also the accusation brought against Mr. Shaw, who seems equally, in spite of great popular successes, to be vanishing over the horizon. It is a commonplace of criticism that Mr. Shaw's plays show no natural command of emotion. He is a master of those feelings that are struck out by the clash of ideas, but hardly ever comprehends the feelings which lie behind the ideas. And his set emotional pieces, the death of Dubedat, for example, in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, are so plainly factitious that they cast a fatal doubt upon his authority as a guide to life. Our age has learned a great deal from him, but its deeper concerns do not come within his province.

The passing of these two rationalist gods of the dawning century is significant. It is doubtful, though, whether we can be so optimistic as Emerson. When half-gods go it is less likely that the gods arrive than that other half-gods take their place. Or, what is more probable in this case, merchants with new gods for sale may appear. The decline of Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw is deplorable if it means only more room for crude mysticisms. But to describe Mr. D. H. Lawrence, in spite of *The Plumed Serpent*, as a merchant with gods to sell would be very unfair. For Mr. Lawrence's sincerity, in the deepest sense of this abused word, is awe-inspiring. Its quality makes him a very significant contrast to Mr. Shaw. (Again we have to remember our first warning against mistaking a surface tendency or doctrine for a deeper trend.) Mr. Shaw talks in *Back to Methuselah* of the Life Force; Mr. Lawrence feels it, whatever it is. And when Mr. Lawrence writes about it, as he is too apt to do, we still feel that he has known what he is talking about; but Mr. Shaw's Life Force is never anything more than an excogitated hypothesis.

No one better than Mr. Lawrence represents the still largely inarticulate yearning of the moderns for a closer contact with life, or, to speak more clearly, for a fuller, less inhibited, and more natural response in feeling. The conventions of a morality which has largely lost its social and religious sanctions press upon us more and more. Whether we applaud or regret it, the fact now stares us in the face that our needs are altering. By changing the conditions of our lives the industrial revolution has changed us too. Our morality begins more and more to be a misfit — too tight in some places,

and not nearly tight enough in others.

How far we have changed already from the morality of our forefathers may be seen by comparing even so conservative a book as *The Old Wives' Tale* with *David Copperfield*, *The Scarlet Letter*, or *Tom Jones*. Over every act of each of Dickens's characters (I except Mr. Micawber as being not a character but a phantasy — about as real as Rumpelstiltskin) there hangs a clear moral judgment. They did right or wrong, were well or ill advised according to a moral plan in Dickens's mind as definite as a chessboard. So also with Hawthorne and with Fielding. These men possessed moral principles fully qualifying them for a seat on the Bench at the Day of Judgment. In comparison Arnold Bennett is utterly unprincipled, but we may still consider that the morality — not an affair of principles, but purely a morality of sympathetic feeling — that rules in his great novel is more adequate to life as we know it.

The moral misfit has its comic possibilities. Mr. Shaw, nicely dressed after an eighteenth-century fashion, can be content to exploit them, with now and then a whiff of scorn or commiseration for ugliness and discomforts which he does not share and only imperfectly divines. But Mr. Lawrence, who is alive to all the real horrors which a misfitting morality entails, and who feels to the uttermost both the unnatural tension and the lack of support, is inevitably agonized. It is his power to present this agony, rather than any positive contribution toward a new morality, that makes Mr. Lawrence so significant. He is gifted with a sensitiveness which few have equaled and with a vigor which makes his most emotional contemporaries seem dilettanti beside him, but the characteristic failing of his generation has none the less betrayed him. He has not been content to let his feelings work out a salvation, as a poet of equal endowment in a happier age might have done. In spite of his revolt against those traditional doctrines or principles or ideals that try either to stifle feeling or to force it in ways no longer sanctioned by our circumstances and our needs, he has not been able to refrain from manufacturing new doctrines, equally if not more disturbing in their interference. The purity and freshness of the best parts of his early work, of *The White Peacock*, for example, have given place to the murky mysticism of *Phantasias of the Unconscious*. Harking back to the primitive mentality described in *The Golden Bough*, he has constructed an artificial framework of doctrine which acts like a forcing house to his feelings. Hence the dreary exaggerations of so much of his later work. The doctrinaire has tyrannized over the poet, and Mr. Lawrence's return to reality has ended too often in a worse falsification than that against which he originally revolted.

III

Before proceeding let us glance back over the ground so far covered in this triangulation of contemporary consciousness. One result of the subordination of reason to feeling may be the state of affairs which I took Mr. Huxley to illustrate — feelings too slight and too shifting to dictate any steady or consistent view of life. At the other extreme is the state of affairs exemplified in Mr. Lawrence — feelings so deep and strong that the reason becomes a mere slave in their service. Confusion, shallow or profound, seems to be the outcome in either case, but against this we may set the increased fidelity to our fullest experience that the reascendance of feeling has brought about. In an age of confusion it is not

surprising that our most representative authors should be bewildered.

But confusion need not be the outcome. To prove this we can turn to the work of the best of our younger poets. We have, of course, great poets such as Mr. Bridges or Mr. Housman, who have kept, more or less deliberately, out of the stream of current tendencies and influences. But their poems might have been written as well, or better, eighty years ago; to recall our image of the human tree, their work is a blossoming upon side branches rather than a stirring upon the main lines of growth. And we have poets whose work, however admirable, is significant chiefly as a confession of defeat — Mr. de la Mare harking back always, when he writes well, to a child's world untroubled by contemporary problems, or Mr. Yeats in his later poetry retreating from actuality behind a smoke screen of occultism. There are innumerable ways of dodging the issue, of sheltering from the storm, but our interest here turns to those who make their poetry not a refuge from the present hour but a means of gathering together their faculties to win a new order from the turmoil. Picking out, as before, a chief figure to indicate a general tendency, let us attempt to plot a curve with the aid of Mr. T. S. Eliot.

The first impression made by Mr. Eliot's poetry is perhaps one of an unexampled confusion. No rational scheme seems to unite the items. Allusions, quotations, materials of every imaginable kind, seem to jostle one another at random, and the reader usually completes his first perusal without attaining even a dim idea of what the poem is 'about.' None the less, if he is a reader used to great poetry, and if he has read the lines slowly and carefully enough to give them time to take shape to him *as sounds*, he will probably have received another impression very rarely made by anything but great poetry. The words have a final and authoritative ring. They sound both passionate and sincere, as though the choice were strictly governed by feeling and as though that feeling were deep, intricate, and coherent. Between this first impression and the conquest of the poem, which may require many readings and even a lapse of years, a double process takes place. It is partly an imaginative realization of the feeling governing the choice of words, partly a work of detective intelligence exactly parallel to the more creditable feats of Sherlock Holmes. This happy guesswork supplies those links in the poet's thought which would, if supplied by him, have impaired the concentration of the poetry and deadened the astonishing emotional resonance of his phrasing. They might, however, have been given in a gloss to be read apart from the poem at the reader's discretion.

It may be objected that this is a strange amount of trouble to take over a poem and an exorbitant demand for a poet to make. 'Beauty is simplicity,' someone will remark, forgetting that some very simple effects can only be produced by very complicated means. It is much easier to produce a noise, for example, than a pure musical tone. But indeed there is nothing in this account of Mr. Eliot's poetry that does not apply to many other poets — to Donne, to Milton, or to Shelley at his best (the Shelley of *The Triumph of Life*), to name three who differ as widely as possible from him and from one another. That it may take even a very serious and gifted reader years to master a good poet need surprise no one. Even with the help of all the commentators not a little of Shakespeare at his best still requires seven readings. It must be so, if the poet is not merely exploiting our ready-made feelings, but

is weaving them into new patterns that have never existed before. In brief, the creative poet has to create something in us and we must not blame *him* if this costs *us* trouble. The only question is whether it is worth while.

Ours is an age of mixed feelings; so is Mr. Eliot's poetry a poetry of mixed feelings. But the mixture may be ordered or random. And the method by which we attempt to right the disorder must be judicious, or worse ensues. If the signs of the times as revealed in literature point to anything it is this: that no doctrine to-day has any power to free us. Disordered feelings cannot be purified by preaching. Nor can we escape by quashing those of our feelings that are troublesome. A wider acceptance of life is, in fact, the only way out. Thus when Mr. Eliot sets some august example of ancient passion beside some tawdry fragment of contemporary existence it is not to point scorn at the present or to glorify the past. In his hands, when he makes such a collocation, the past does not seem so glorious, nor the present so debased, for the same currents of life are felt to flow through them both. Without a whiff of doctrine and merely by a more balanced inclusiveness, the counterpoising feelings have been added to our experience. The miracle is simple enough; two conflicting feelings meet and coalesce.

But the poise, the serenity, the capacity to see life steadily and see it whole, will not ensue in the reader unless he starts where Mr. Eliot started. To some readers Mr. Eliot's best and longest poem, *The Waste Land*, so significant in its title, does not bring any release, but only an increased sense of disillusionment and despair. Still more does this reflection apply to Mr. James Joyce's *Ulysses*, the other supremely representative work of this third decade. Only those who are unprepared for nothing, however painful, repellent, or abhorrent, that life can offer will escape shock, perhaps severe shock, from its titanlike convulsions. This is the justification of the censorship which has been exercised against it. But upon those who are ripe its robust acceptance of everything has an enheartening, calming effect that comes like a culmination of all the tendencies of the century. The quiver that welcomes release from illusion is so close to the horror of disillusionment as to be sometimes indistinguishable from it. If our increasing knowledge of ourselves shows much to distress us, the antidote or counterpoise is also uncovered. If acceptance is sometimes terrible, so that Mr. Eliot once said that *Ulysses* was written to put the fear of God into us, it is really an end and not a beginning of terrors.

This third decade, if I have chosen its spokesmen aright, sees us with much better mental foundations if with less towering edifices. The whole quarter century has been a period of deflation. Hopes are not so lofty, ideals less in evidence, and faith, if we distinguish this from knowledge, much declined. All this, however, applies to those only who stand out preëminently in our literature. Among lesser writers, those of less sincerity and clear-sightedness, the opposite characteristics are often manifest. But if, as we may reasonably assume, the clearest spirits set forth what is obscurely present in the souls of others, this phenomenon may be understood. Strong convictions often mask a secret hesitation. I should add finally that, although one of my instances is an American, only the spiritual history of England comes within this survey. It would be more difficult to write the equivalent chapter for America. The cultural background, the economic present, the probable future issues of the two countries, are so diverse that separate treatment is unavoidable.

A SOCIAL SURVEY OF THE LITERARY SLUMS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

THERE are few fields that social reformers, armed with instruments of precision, have not entered. They have investigated tenements, country houses, stables, cotton mills, match factories, steel works, slaughterhouses, churches, and universities. There are better-business organizations to raise the standards of business, wholesale and retail. Things sanitary and things industrial and things intimately domestic are looked into by persons trained for the purpose. The individual is not allowed to go his own way. The public is recognized as a party in interest. The world is being made safe for the workingman. Sickness is not a private matter. The guardians of the public health are not content to notice the general facts of morbidity and mortality. They seek the causes. Without regard to the prejudices of the householder, they poke into ash cans and dark closets, measure the width of alleys, test the plumbing, call attention to articles left on the fire escape, make notes on wages, compute the number of hours lost by reason of illness, inquire into the profits of landlords, and ascertain the number of arrests for juvenile delinquency.

But there is one class that has been strangely overlooked by investigators. It is the class of literary workers — the makers of books, magazine articles, poems, plays, and the like. These articles are manufactured in great quantities and are looked upon as necessities by that portion of the community known as the literates. But the hard-working industrialists who produce these wares have hitherto been immune from investigation. Literary people have long been known as 'the irritable race,' and their natural irritability has been increased by every attempt to impose nonliterary tests upon them. They have insisted on complete independence. If a work is good from a purely literary standpoint, they say that is enough. Whether it is an offense against good morals or an outrage against good sense makes no difference. The clever author claims the rights of extraterritoriality. Literature sets up its own courts, and claims to be a law unto itself.

But literary artists cannot expect to be let alone any more than the rest of us. When there is so much salutary curiosity about the number of bacteria in the milk can, the public should not be expected to be indifferent to the dangers that lurk in the inkstand.

I was therefore not surprised to find that a society has been formed to investigate the conditions under which literary work is performed, to safeguard the health of the workers, to study the occupational diseases to which literary people are subject, and to keep consumers informed of the facts. The society is well organized, with national headquarters and regional superintendents and a large and highly respectable advisory committee.

I have before me a pamphlet published by the society, entitled *Proposals for a Social Survey of Literary Slums.*

Let me say at once that anyone who takes up the circular with the expectation that it will gratify the slumming instinct will be disappointed. Personalities are avoided; there is no directory of objectionable literary characters. The evident aim is scientific, and there is no attempt at the sensational. Indeed a considerable part of the circular is given over to an appeal for funds. This is a necessity in all enterprises of an educational character and tends to stabilize them. One who appeals for funds will never put his proposals in so radical a form as to alarm the large contributor.

Leaving out the financial appeals, I will give some quotations which will show the nature of the new proposals.

II

'While so many social agencies are investigating labor conditions, it is not strange that the public should be unaware of a quiet and painstaking work that is going on in the study of literary slums and their effect on the public health. Indeed it is the policy of our association to avoid publicity, and only the urgent need of more funds to carry on our investigation has led us to make any publication at this time. Everyone is aware of the good work which has been done for a number of years by the Consumers' League. That society works upon the assumption that the consumer has a right to know the conditions under which the goods he buys are manufactured. It makes it its business to supply necessary information and to insist upon proper standards. This is in the interest of both producer and consumer.

'But hitherto nothing has been done for literary workers. We have followed the theories of early-nineteenth-century individualism, rather than the philosophy of the twentieth century with its emphasis on social welfare. Very little attention has been paid to the unemployed or unemployable, or to the plight of the casual worker or to those whose occupation is only seasonal. Such a problem as the juvenile delinquencies of poets has hardly been touched. There is a lack of statistical information on many vital points.

'More than a hundred years ago Shelley wrote: —

> A poet there was who sat by a ditch,
> And he took an old cracked lute
> And he sang a song that was more of a screech
> 'Gainst a woman who was a brute.

At that time such a case would be looked upon as one for private commiseration, though even then it must have been evident that what the poet needed was not alms but a candid friend. But by the socially-minded person of our day the case cannot be so easily dismissed. And when a score of poets sit by a ditch and give a combined screech we recognize the fact that we are dealing with a social question. It is necessary to investigate the ditch and examine the old cracked lutes.

'The literary critic of the old school is like the judge at a cattle show who judges according to the points the cattle breeders have agreed upon. But the modern representative of the State comes to the owner of a herd of fancy Jerseys and insists on looking them over. He cares not a fig for the blue ribbons, but insists on applying the tuberculin test.

'Literary persons, when there is any talk of outside interference with their calling, raise the cry of Victorianism or Puritanism. This is barking up the wrong tree. The Puritan would object to a book because it was unscriptural. The Victorian would object to it

because it shocked the proprieties. The social investigator asks, What is its ascertainable effect on the mind of the reader? This is pure fact-finding, and should be carried on without prejudice. No preconceived theory must be allowed to interfere with the experiments. We must be prepared to accept new evidence when it is presented.

'It used to be supposed that clothing worn by yellow-fever patients carried the disease. Experiment proved that this was not the case. It used to be supposed that unpleasant-looking water was always unwholesome and clear water was safe. Now we send the sparkling water from a suspected spring to be analyzed.

'A book does something to us. It may put us to sleep, it may infuriate us, it may inspire us, it may depress us, it may make us feel that life is not worth living and that the bottom has dropped out of the universe. The author may say that this is none of his business. He lives for his art, and what happens to us is no concern of his. We answer, You may be right. It may be none of your business, but it is very much our business. When we put food in our mouths, it is not for the encouragement of a temperamental grocer. It is because we think that it is good for us. The food must agree with us and not merely with him.

'It is the same with what we put into our minds.

> That book is good
> Which puts me in a working mood.

That is what I read it for. I do not propose to sacrifice my intellectual health for the sake of another man's art. My mind may not be of the first order, but it is the only one I have, and I can't afford to sacrifice it.

'The case of Typhoid Mary is familiar to all social workers. This excellent woman, who was herself immune, went about innocently diffusing typhoid germs. She was a carrier. In a way she was not to blame for her exceptionally strong constitution, but the fact that she herself enjoyed good health made her all the more a menace to the community.

'Compare the careful investigation that discovers such a carrier of disease with the way we treat a book that is under suspicion. One person reads a book and declares that it is immoral; then another person reads it to see if it is as bad as it was reported to be; then a large number of persons who have not time to read the book discuss it acrimoniously. Then the emancipated critics say that, if it is suspected of immorality, that is prima facie evidence that it is a work of genius. Then the careful parent says that at any rate it is not the kind of book to be put into the hands of his daughter. Then his daughter tells him that he need n't worry; she read it last summer, and anyone who is still talking about it is "dated." Then the discussion begins all over again, with a more recent book as the point of departure.

'Such antiquated discussions would not be tolerated in any district conference of the Family Welfare Society. Even the most inactive Board of Health would not approve canned goods suspected of containing ptomaines because one of the members admired the picture pasted on the cans. They would test the food in a scientific way instead of waiting for the result of a post-mortem on one of the consumers.

III

'A New Testament writer declares that evil communications corrupt good manners. But only careful experimentation can determine to what extent and under what conditions these communications can be made through

literature. Cold print is not a good culture medium for certain sins. Just why this is so we have not ascertained — we only note the facts.

'Thus our experts have made a careful study of two thousand detective stories to ascertain their effect upon the conduct of their readers. The readers investigated were judges, magistrates, bankers, bishops and other clergy who by their own confession were addicted to this kind of literature. Contrary to what might have been expected, there were no reports of crimes against life and property that could be traced to such midnight reading. Our investigations seem to point to the probability that the specific germs of burglary, murder, arson, and piracy are not viable in printed matter. They require personal contacts. At any rate, it is obvious that certain classes of the community have a high degree of immunity.

'On the other hand, an investigation of the effect of so-called sex novels reveals a real danger. In dealing with it, however, the public should have more expert advice than that usually at the disposal of legislators. The law can only deal with passages that are "shocking." It is much less dangerous for the moral sensibilities to be shocked than for them to be lulled to sleep by an insidious poison.

'The real watch and ward must be like that which Edmund Spenser described as kept in the stately House of Temperance.

Within the barbican a porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward.
Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate
But in good order and with dew regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debared,
Bablers of folly and blazers of cryme.

'To be safe, each mind must have its own warder, and it will not do to hand over his work to the chief of police.

'Leaving each individual free in matters of taste, and refusing to interfere with his personal affairs, our commission confines itself to the matters which concern the public. We wish to ascertain the causes of literary diseases, rather than to deal merely with symptoms. The reading class is dependent on the labor of the writing class. It has a right to know how the other half lives. It must be able to discriminate between literature that is produced under wholesome conditions and that which is the product of the slums.

'What constitutes a slum? It is not simply a place where poor people live. Poverty can be clean, self-respecting, and healthy. But the poverty of the slums is of a different kind. It is the result of overcrowding. There are too many people herded together, too little light, too little air, too little wholesome food, too little opportunity for recreation. Human beings crowded together are stunted. There is no room for the full development of personality. All sorts of morbidities and abnormalities appear.

'Nobody plans a slum, and therefore it is hard to get anybody to feel responsibility for it. It is a condition that comes when there is no intelligent planning. Hence the need of socially-minded people to point out actual conditions. It was discovered that some of the worst slums in London and New York were owned by excellent people who were unaware of what was going on. Even churches have been guilty of gross carelessness in this respect.

'Many persons would be surprised to know how many books there are that are produced under slum conditions. They are the product of minds that are overcrowded, undernourished, and with a shameful lack of ventilation. When a number of slovenly minds are working in close contiguity, the results are deplorable. They have no leisure to

grow wise, and quickly lose any desire to do so. Yet they are very prolific.

'The results of overcrowding and undernourishment are apparent in the history of literature. The reader of the *Dunciad* — and everyone should read the *Dunciad* once a year — is familiar with the recriminations of the literary proletariat in the time of Queen Anne. It is evident that literature was recognized as a sweated industry. There were too many poets competing with one another for a precarious living. The notorious slum called Grub Street was literally swarming with young persons who had come to London to live by their wits. There were penny-a-liners waiting for such hack work as might be offered by the printers; there were versifiers with a pretty knack of turning off complimentary odes; there were pamphleteers, strong-arm men, literary bravos who could be hired by great men to do their dirty work. Then there were private brawls carried on with much inkshed.

'The impression we receive is of a feverish struggle for literary existence, a terrible pressure of the poetical population on the means of subsistence.

'Pope writes: —

When sick of muse our follies we deplore
And promise our best friends to write no more,
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
For those who cannot write and those who can
All rhyme and scrawl and scribble to a man.

'We recall Swift's familiar lines: —

Every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise.
So naturalists observe a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey
And these have smaller fleas to bite 'em
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him who comes behind
Who though too little to be seen
Can tease and gall and give the spleen.

Thus, he says, they "lay Grub Street at each other's door."

'The Industrial Revolution changed all that. Grub Street has been improved out of existence. Literature, like everything else, has felt the effect of the factory system and the manifold efficiencies of big business. The industrious writer shares in the benefits of quantity production, standardization of product, better marketing methods, and up-to-date advertising. Without waste motion, he can turn out an unlimited number of short stories with interchangeable parts, and of perfect uniformity. Nothing is left to the curiosity of the reader, who knows just what he is buying. All this is in the interest of intellectual economy.

IV

'But though the Industrial Revolution has accomplished so much, the evils of overcrowding are still painfully manifest. Wherever too many persons of the same kind crowd together, slum conditions are bound to be created. It does n't matter what they are trying to do — if there are too many of them they get into each other's way. In the Middle Ages many of the larger monasteries fell into a slummy condition. Too many people were trying to be good without allowing each other sufficient elbowroom, and they made a mess of it. Theodore Parker used to say to his brother ministers in Boston, "Ministers are like cabbages — they don't head well when they grow too close together." Even college professors feel the need of a sabbatical year when they can get away from their own kind.

'Nowhere are the effects of overcrowding more painful than among literary workers. Their mentality suffers from too close proximity. Under such circumstances their minds do not

stand alone. They tend to stick together in a glutinous mass. After a time they come to pride themselves on their intellectual stickiness.

'From time to time epidemics sweep through the congested districts of literary centres. They are often mistaken for significant movements, and the more nervous intellectuals are alarmed for the future of civilization. But the illiterates and semiliterates who live in the open country go their way as if nothing had happened. Their immunity is very fortunate for the race.

'Just now there is an epidemic almost exclusively literary — which is characterized by excessively low spirits. The talented writers indulge in the most lugubrious prognostications. Their tone is consistently querulous. They feel in duty bound to resist any tendency to joy, freedom, resiliency. Whether in prose or verse, they take dismal views of the present and of the future. The only comfort they allow themselves is in the thought that the past was probably still worse. They cultivate the sardonic, and refuse any little alleviations that may be suggested by the natural man. What strikes one is the singular synchronism in their emotions. They utter their shrill lamentations as if they were obeying a cheer leader. A single person who felt that way might be interesting, but there are too many of them. These birds of a feather flock together — all moulting at the same time.

'We have watched these cases with considerable solicitude. Our commission is investigating the environmental influences which tend to depress the spirits of the literary worker. Our agents who have been dealing with child labor have made some valuable suggestions. The great objection to child labor is that, by subjecting nerves and muscles to a premature strain, the victim is deprived of that elastic strength necessary for the varied activities of manhood.

'It is suggested that many writers are stunted because they have been set to tasks too great for their mental age. Their faculties have not been given time to mature, and they have tried to express what they have not yet experienced. There is evidence of malnutrition. There is gristle where there should be bone. There are many symptoms of intellectual rickets. When the author tries to be more clever than he is, the effort is bound to tell upon him. Many a promising novel has been spoiled by premature publication. The author has not allowed sufficient time for the book to catch up with the jacket. He should be reminded of Lord Chesterfield's remark that a wise man is as careful to live within his wit as he is to live within his income. Here is a field in which our society is undertaking welfare work. We have opened up a department of preventive literature.

'Charles Lamb wrote a discriminating essay on the Melancholy of Tailors, but he did not suggest that the melancholy infected the suits they sent out from their shops. But the melancholy of poets gets into their poems, and it is catching. Unlike burglary, which, as we have said, does not seem to be spread through literary media, a tired feeling is easily communicated from the writer to the susceptible reader. Hence the need of isolation.

'As contributors like to have a little human interest injected into the reports of societies they are prepared to support, we have ventured to insert a letter which we have received from one of our most resourceful case workers. We may remark in passing that she left a position in the English department of a well-known college for women to enter the employ of our society. We hope that a generous public will make

it possible to retain her services. She writes: —

'My time has been taken up with a young poet who seems worth saving and who was sent to us by one of our friendly visitors. He was naturally of a buoyant disposition, but when composing poetry he was plunged into abysmal gloom. When the writing mood was upon him he would fairly revel in the thought of the futility of effort. His emotions were unstable. At one moment he would be in a verbal paroxysm of grief over the thought that things are as they are, and the next moment he would be in stony despair over the suspicion that they are n't that way at all. Nothing pleased him. The shorter the poem, the worse he seemed to feel. He would start as if he were going to cheer up and say something. Then he would stop in the middle of an unpunctuated sentence as if to say, What's the use? Two or three ejaculations on an otherwise empty page produced the effect of frustrated genius. It was the effect he intended to produce. And yet, as I said, he was naturally a cheerful and companionable young man.

'I made a thorough investigation and found that he had confined his reading to the verses of other poets who were in the same condition. It was a case of competitive world-weariness.

'He was removed from his unfavorable surroundings to a hill farm in Vermont, where he could be under observation and at the same time move about quite freely. The slender volumes which had infected him were taken away. The only book allowed to remain in the house was an old copy of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. For the first few weeks the poet was irritable, and wandered about trying to think of some disagreeable subject to write about. He exercised his ingenuity by giving a sinister twist to any ordinary theme. This he did by attaching dismal adjectives to normally cheerful nouns. He wrote a poem in free verse, entitled "Coal-black Sunshine." I remonstrated with him and told him that sunshine is n't coal-black. It made no difference to him. "That's what most people think," he said. "But I'm not writing for the crowd. This is no Pollyanna stuff."

'Then he wrote on "The Jealous Earth Turns Green, or the Recurrent Tragedy of Spring"; "When the Tired Arbutus Trails"; "Why the Gentian Is Blind"; "When the Tainted Well Went Dry." This last theme seemed to have great possibilities. By first lamenting its taintedness, and then lamenting its drying up, he got gloomy thoughts coming and going.

'Being in New England, he thought he would write on "The Deserted Farmhouse." But all the farmhouses in the vicinity had been transformed into attractive summer cottages and seemed remarkably cheerful. However, he found melancholy satisfaction in thinking of the city he had left behind, and wrote a drab little piece entitled "The Deserted Flat." He pictured a disillusioned summer boarder sitting under an apple tree and thinking in dry-eyed despair of his deserted flat in the city. He pictured its loneliness and stuffiness on a sweltering August day. To be sure, nobody was in it to suffer, but it was material for melancholy reflections.

'But in the course of a few weeks, separated from his companions, a change came over him. One day he came from the orchard with the *Leaves of Grass* in his hands.

'"Do you know, I was looking for a title for a new book of poems. I thought that Walt would have something for me. I found it, or thought I found it. Here are the lines: —

> Ah! Poverties, wincings and sulky retreats,
> You degradations, you tussles with passions and appetites.

That sounded good to me. How would this do for a title? 'Poverties, Wincings and Sulky Retreats.' Perhaps the publishers would want a short title. 'Sulky Retreats.' That's what we sophisticates are in favor of. Or perhaps just 'Wincings.' That would look stunning on the title-page.

'"Then I read on and found that Walt did n't look at these things as our set does. After giving a list of the degradations, he seems to think that it's not necessary to wallow around in them. He thinks that we not only ought to get out of them as quickly as possible, but that we can. This is what he says: —

Ah, think not ye finally triumph, my real self has
yet to come forth.
It shall yet march forth, overmastering till all lies
beneath me.
It shall stand up, the soldier of ultimate victory.

'"Then I read on and found that that was what he was driving at all the time. 'Out of the bulk, the morbid, and the shallow,' he says, there comes something that is 'electric, antiseptic.' It's that antiseptic element that our crowd seems to have missed. Listen to this: —

Over the mountain growths disease and sorrow
An uncaught bird is ever hovering,
High in the purer, happier air.
From imperfection's murkiest cloud
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light.

Oh the blest eyes, the happy hearts,
That see, that know the guiding thread, so fine
Along the mighty labyrinth.

'"The poet, according to Walt, is not the one who is lost in the mighty labyrinth and sits down to bewail his fate. He is the one who has found the thread and is following it. If that is so, it makes quite a difference. I want to take time to think it out. At any rate, I'm going to scrap 'Wincings' and 'Sulky Retreats.' I'm going to call my next volume 'The Soldier of Ultimate Victory.' Don't you think that's a good title?"

'"Yes," I said, "if you can live up to it." Seeing that he was in a more genial mood, I ventured to say: "Now that you've got a new line on Whitman, perhaps you might be more sympathetic with Milton's ideas in regard to the nature of poetry."

'I found I had gone too far.

'"We've cut out that old Puritan stuff long ago."

'"I was only going to recall to your mind Milton's declaration that poetry is 'simple, sensuous, and passionate.'"

'"Did he say that poetry ought to be sensual? I did n't suppose he was as advanced as that."

'"Milton did n't say sensual," I replied, "he said sensuous. He thought poetry made its appeal through the senses. It's something that you feel and hear and touch and taste and smell. The poet's senses become avenues of joy. He writes about

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

The poet has a power of visualization and has the ability to make us see through his eyes. His words are a sort of incantation. Just look at that bend of the Connecticut where Broad Brook comes in through the meadow. I could see it by myself, I suppose, but I get a great deal more pleasure out of it when I murmur Milton's lines: —

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees.

There are n't any towers and battlements here, but look at that farmhouse on the top of the hill on the New Hampshire side — 'bosomed high in tufted trees.' How the youthful poet would have enjoyed seeing that!

'"And the poet enjoys not only familiar sights but familiar sounds. He loves to listen

While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land
And the milkmaid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his scythe.

And there are times when the smell of new-mown hay gets into his verse, and it is none the worse for that. Milton, when he was your age, enjoyed these sensations. He treated poetry as if it were a privilege and not an affliction. Don't you think there is something in that?"

'"Perhaps so," said the poet hesitatingly, "but in these days we have to be sincere. The public expects it of us."

'"Quite so," I said, "but suppose you stay up here till you get rid of the jangle in your nerves. Some fine morning you will wake up and be sincerely glad that you are alive. If you succeed in expressing your sincere gladness in language that is not sophisticated or fantastical, but in words that are simple, sensuous, and healthfully passionate, the public will be glad, too."

'"But don't you think if I were as simple as that I might lose my standing among the new poets?"

'"Oh," I said, "people won't ask whether you are new or not. They will just recognize you as a poet."

V

'Another epidemic which sweeps through congested literary areas is what may be called pseudo-primitivism. It shows marked periodicity and recurs, with variable virulence, at intervals of thirty years. It is in its nature atavistic, being characterized by a relapse into modes of expression once quite natural, but long since outgrown by the more civilized part of mankind. There is a literature that is genuinely primitive. It expresses primitive passions in a simple and unself-conscious way. There is also a literature which deals with a society that is more or less sophisticated. Each has its own place. But the writer whose mind has not had time to mature tries to be primitive and sophisticated at the same time. When a number of primitivistic sophisticates, or sophisticated primitives, get together and encourage each other in their calculated indiscretions, they become disturbers of the peace.

'Here the experience of our social workers in the slums is of great value. Nowhere can the mental processes of sophisticated primitives be better studied than among the youthful denizens of the slums. Here is a kind of knowingness that is utterly divorced from wisdom. In the crowded streets the play instinct of boys finds its only expression in dodging policemen and risking life in stealing rides on passing vehicles. The victim of such an environment finds an impish pleasure in the forbidden. Humor degenerates into a crooked wit. There is a shallow sophistication of the streets. The qualities which the street boy admires are agility, hardness, toughness, sharpness, and a vivacious insolence. These are the qualities that stand high in the estimation of the gang.

'When we see literary reputations made by the exhibition of these qualities, we have reason to believe that we are dealing with the gang spirit. A popular literary gangster can go far. He has a scorn for reticence which endears him to his own kind. He would return to Nature, but never in a teachable spirit. He is one more object that Nature must apologize for.

'While coarse natures harden under the pressure of crowds, more sensitive spirits are distracted. This forms a separate problem. This brings us to something that our commission has much at heart — the guarding of our more promising and sensitive literary workers from what Emerson called "the insanity of towns." There is a tendency for all industrialists to leave the countryside and flock into the urban centres. This creates social problems. To no class is the lure of the city more perilous than to the man of letters.

'Our commission is making a study of the effects of city life with its various stresses and strains on literary workers. We have begun with a survey of New York City and shall continue our researches in other centres so far as our funds will allow.

'A study of current literature produced by clever writers who have crowded into Manhattan Island impresses us with the contrast to the spirit of Diedrich Knickerbocker when he set out to write the history of New York. Knickerbocker began with the creation of the world and came gradually down to his own time. His idea was that Manhattan Island was only a part of the Universe and could only be understood in relation to it.

'Not so with many of the writers of the present Manhattanese School. To them life in New York seems to be not a normal growth but a series of premature explosions. The firecrackers have short fuses. There is a sensation of jumpiness. There is rapid motion,

but no sense of direction. There are all kinds of noises, all kinds of people, all kinds of events. In order to be up to the minute, one must grab the minute before it becomes antiquated. The person who is content to work while it is called to-day must look out lest what he calls to-day may be what his more agile competitors call day before yesterday. One feels as a piece of innocent white paper might feel while being thumped by the keys of the typewriter. The clicks and thumps follow each other rapidly. They probably mean something, but the typist has no time to explain to the paper what it is all about. Perhaps she does n't know herself. She is taking dictation that is too rapid for her.

'The writers whose work conveys the impression of futile hurry and undue nervous strain are not the interpreters of the great city, but its victims. To see a modern city aright, one must be able to look at it as he looks at a great mountain, or a stormy sea — with a certain detachment. He must not be distracted by its varieties or irritated by its noises or bullied by its threats. His must be the "harvest of a quiet eye." If you wish to enjoy the sublimity of Niagara, the best way is to take your stand on the bank. It is a mistake to think that you can get a better impression by going over the falls in a barrel.'

At this point the writer of the pamphlet remembered once more his official duty and made an urgent plea for annual membership, with especial emphasis on the virtue of promptitude.

THE WORLD'S FUNNY BONE

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

Did any of you folks ever hear tell of Paul Bunyan, that wonderful lumberjack they got up North somewheres? They say he kin burl a log so fast he'll skin it right outer its bark, and then run to shore on the bubbles. Well, we got a mighty logger right here in West Virginia, by the name of Tony Beaver, and the tricks he pulls off sure air all outer the common. He has his log camp up Eel River, and I'm aiming now to tell you all erbout the time them two great fellers, Tony Beaver and Paul Bunyan, met up face to face. That sure must er bin sompen to see! And outer it, too, come the biggest kinder eye opener for Tony and Paul both.

The first news Tony Beaver's crew had of Paul Bunyan was one time when a strange logger come by the Eel River camp singing a little song: —

> 'Paul Bunyan growed a mighty tree,
> Its branches scratched the sky;
> And when he felled the doggoned thing
> It ripped a hole on high.'

'Hey, stranger!' Big Henry, one of Tony's stoutest hands, yells at him. 'That song's all right, but you got

the names twisted. It wa'n't no Paul Somebody growed that tree; it was Tony Beaver hisself, and well I recollect the time.'

'I never heard tell of no Tony Beaver,' says the stranger, 'but Paul Bunyan I know well, being one of his hands. In Paul's camp now,' he says, setting down on a stump and biting him off a chaw of terbacker, 'they got a griddle for frying the batter cakes the fellers eats so big that the onliest way they kin grease the thing is to have six men skate over it with a slab of fat meat on each foot.'

'Welcome to Eel River!' says Big Henry. 'It's right here in Tony Beaver's camp you belong — only first you got to git them names straight.'

'I hate to git things wrong,' says the stranger, looking like he was doing his best to hit the truth; 'and it's a fact I made a slip when I said Paul Bunyan needs six men to grease that there griddle. It's really eight he uses, and in a pinch I've seen as many as ten er twelve hands skating over it, with them slabs of bacon on they feets. It sure is hot work fer the fellers! Every slide they make they leave a trail of smoke behind 'em, and they have to keep stomping they feet *all* the time to stomp the flames out.'

'Look a-here, stranger, did n't you hear me say that was Tony Beaver you was talking erbout?' says Big Henry, gitting mighty restless.

'Paul Bunyan is the man I'm speaking of,' says the tother, buttoning up his mouth in a right stubborn way.

'That's a — ' says Big Henry, and sidesteps. 'That's a — ' he says ergin, riding right up to the word and jumping off jest in time.

'If the word yer aiming at is "lie," hit it!' says the stranger, standing up kinder dangerous.

'Well,' says Big Henry, knowing he has to be polite to company, 'we don't have to *say* nothing erbout lies in this camp, for Tony Beaver's got a trick for ketching 'em. He's invented him some sticky lie paper that ketches lies as fast as fly paper ketches flies. Wait, and I'll show you!'

With that he goes into the bunk house, and comes back with a great roll of that thar lie paper. Thar was two or three ole lies still hanging on to the thing, and if thar's one thing worse-looking 'an a fresh lie, it's a ole one.

'Here, now, we'll jest see what's what!' says Big Henry, swishing the paper all erbout in the air whar the stranger'd been talking. But no, sir! He did n't ketch nary ernother lie.

'Hey! Looks like I've been telling the truth all erlong!' says the strange hand, kinder tickled, and some s'prised too. 'Or else sompen's the matter with the paper — mebbe you fellers in this camp has sorter overworked it.'

'Sompen's wrong, sure,' says Big Henry, mightily outdone. 'Thar, now!' says he, looking down the trail. 'Here comes ole Preacher Mutters! He's got all kinds er book sense if he ain't got no other kind. Mebbe he kin straighten things out. Hey, Brother Mutters!' he bawls. 'Did you ever hear tell of a feller by the name of Paul Bunyan?'

The ole preacher claws his fingers through his beard fer a spell, looking as earnest as a billy goat. 'It's *John* Bunyan you mean — him as writ that holy book, *The Pilgrim's Progress*,' he says, rolling back his eyes, and tipping up his chin to let them pious words trickle down his throat, like a ole hen drinking.

'That's news to me,' says the stranger. 'Paul mought of had a brother by the name of John, but I never heared tell of him. The Bunyan I'm speaking of,' he says, gitting into

his stride ergin, 'has the biggest bees a feller ever did see. Each one of 'em's big as a full-grown ox, and Paul crossed 'em a while back with a gang er moskeeters, and the offsprings of that wedding is the awfulest critters a person ever did see, fer they has stings both before and behind.'

'That sure don't sound like nothing I ever heared tell of John Bunyan,' says the preacher, shaking his head mightily mystified.

'Looks like the bunion's on the tother foot, then,' says the stranger, acting smart.

'It ain't no Paul Bunyan, ner no John neither — it's Tony Beaver! And I'm here to tell the world so!' says Big Henry, jumping up.

But it was the stranger got in the furst lick. '*Paul Bunyan!*' he says, putting his fist in the word, and landing it on Big Henry's jaw.

'*Tony Beaver!*' Big Henry bellers back at him, placing his name on the tother's nose.

'Hol' on, brothers! Hol' on!' says the preacher, reaching out and trying to peacify the two. But pore ole feller! *Bang!* he got a *Paul* on the side of his head, and next a *Tony* tuck him in the chist, bowling him over on the ground with the wind knocked outer him.

He lay thar for quite a spell gaping up at the sky. 'No,' he says at last, kinder talking to hisself. 'No, that Paul Bunyan surely ain't no kin at all to John.'

But jest erbout then Tony Beaver hisself happens up on the scene, toting a little boy on his shoulder what's a great buddy of his'n.

'Here, now! Here!' he says. 'What's all this erbout?' With that he scoops ole Brother Mutters up off'n the ground, steps right in betwixt the two fighting fellers, and had everything ca'med down jest in no time.

'But look a-here, Tony,' says Big Henry, still all worried up. 'Here's a strange hand telling some of your doings, and tacking 'em all on to a logger by the name of Paul Bunyan — or mebbe his furst name's John.'

'No, *sir!* It ain't John Bunyan!' says Brother Mutters, feeling hisself all over to see was he fatally busted.

'You all oughter see that blue ox, Babe, of Paul's,' says the strange hand, going right erlong like nothing had n't happened. 'He measures all of forty-two axe handles and a plug of terbacker acrost his forehead — forty-two, that is, of Paul's axe handles; that 'ud be erlong erbout one hundred and seventy-five of any common hand's. An' his nose is so fer away from his years he can't hear heself snort.'

'Well, *that* ain't nothing,' chips in the little boy setting up on Tony Beaver's shoulder mighty proud, fer he jest thinks Tony Beaver makes the world go round. 'Tony, he's got him a yoke er steers so big it takes a crow a week to fly betwixt the horns of one of 'em.'

'Shake, young feller,' says the stranger. 'If yer needing a job, I'd be glad to take you up to Paul; he's looking fer stout fellers like you right this minute.'

'I thank you,' says the little feller, all swelled up, 'but I got jest erbout all I kin han'le right here he'ping Tony out.'

'I've heared tell of that Paul Bunyan afore now,' says Tony, scratching his year more like he was some kinder varmint than a human. 'If he's the great logger you say he is, tell him to come on up Eel River, and him and me'll have a contest and find out which is the best feller.'

'That's the very trick!' Big Henry hollers out.

'All right, I'll take your word to Paul — *he'll* show you all sompen,'

says the stranger, laying back his years, and making ready to shoot fer his own shanty.

'Tony Beaver'll show *him* sompen!' the little feller hollers after him, cocking up his head, and flapping his arms like he was a rooster about to crow.

II

Well, it wa'n't hardly no time after that 'fore Paul Bunyan come up Eel River with a whole parcel of hands from his camp. Thar was Charlie the Swede, Big Ole, and a heap more, besides Johnny Inkslinger, Paul's timekeeper, with his fountain pen as big as a saw log — no, I dunno's it's quite *that* big.

Well, sirs! When they met, Tony and Paul sure did set a swift pace in manners!

'Welcome to Eel River, Mr. Bunyan,' says Tony.

'Pleased to meet you, Mr. Beaver,' says Paul. 'Me and my crew put out the minute I got your word, but mebbe I'm a bit late gitting here. What's the time?'

'It's any time you say, Mr. Bunyan,' says Tony.

'How's that, Mr. Beaver?' says Paul.

'Jest like I say — name the time you want, and it's your'n.'

'Well, I *was* aiming to hit your camp at sunup, but now looks like it's nigh midday,' says Paul.

'Sunup she shall be!' says Tony. With that he reaches in his pocket and hauls out a handful of time, and *swish!* thar she was right back at sunup ergin, with the dew fresh on the grass, and all the little birds chirping up to sing.

'That's a mighty handy trick,' says Paul. 'Inkslinger, make a note of that.'

The timekeeper laid aholt of his pen, and the scratch-scratching of it was like a million katydids ripsawing on they hind legs in fall weather.

'We had bad luck with the time in our camp the winter of the blue snow,' says Paul. 'There was mighty little forage that year, and Babe, that ox of mine, busted into the granery where the time was kep' an' chawed it all up 'fore we could make him quit — all, that is, 'cept the leap years. Even Babe could n't stomick *them*.'

'My time is yours, Mr. Bunyan. Jest help yerself; take right smart, take darned nigh all,' says Tony, showing his manners.

'I thank you,' says Paul. 'I fetched you a present of a couple of my bees. The pair of 'em'll make you a ton er honey a month. Here, Ole! Fetch up them bees!' he hollers out.

Big Ole brung the bees up, and I wished you could er seen 'em! Each one of 'em was as big as a ox, and they was loaded down with log chains to keep 'em from flying erway.

'We had 'em check they stings with the timekeeper while we was traveling,' says Paul. 'But Johnny Inkslinger's got 'em labeled which ones goes behind and which before, and kin slip 'em in whenever you say.'

Tony casts his eye over 'em, and they sure did give him back a mighty mean look, with both of 'em buzzing like a sawmill cutting through white oak.

'Well,' he says, 'let's git better acquainted afore we give 'em back they weepons.'

After that the stunts betwixt Paul Bunyan and Tony Beaver commenced. But pshaw! It looked like thar wa'n't a pin to choose betwixt the two of 'em. If Tony Beaver tore a white oak up by the roots and pitched it acrost Eel River, Paul Bunyan'd pull up a red oak and toss it over the ridge. And if Paul set the calks of his boots nigh

fifty feet up in the face of a cliff, Tony'd jump across Eel River and back ergin without tetching ground on the tother side. So thar they was wasting a lot er sweat and nothing gitting settled. But d'reckly all hands got to noticing that that little boy belonging to Tony's camp kep' a-hollering all the time for Tony no matter which feller done the trick. 'Aw, look at Tony Beaver jumping acrost Eel River! Aw, look at Tony stomping his boots up yander on the rocks!' he'd holler.

That made Paul's hands kinder mad. 'Look a-here, young feller, your man ain't doing it all! That was Mr. Bunyan what set his calks in the face of the cliff,' Big Ole tells him.

The little feller looks at him kinder big-eyed and s'prised, and then he says, 'Aw, you fool me!' an' kep' right erlong hollering 'Looky! Look at Tony!' fer everything that happened.

But Paul hisself did n't git mad. He looks at the little feller fer a spell, and then he throws back his head and busts out with a great big round 'Haw, haw, haw!'

'What's hitting your funny bone, brother?' Tony asks him, for by now the two of 'em was gitting mighty friendly.

'Thar's a big laf coming from somewhers,' says Paul, kinder sniffing the air like he was a hound dawg. 'I can't tell whar it's heading from, but when she busts she sure will be a big one. I'm funny that way,' he says; 'I kin sense a joke and commence to laf when it's still all of ten miles off — be damned if I can't! *Aw — oh!*' he says, clapping his hand to his mouth, 'I did n't go to let that word fly out before the little feller!'

'Take it back then, brother!' says Tony.

'How kin I? I spit that word out so hard it's nigh half a mile down the skidways of the past by now.'

'I kin git it back fer you!' says Tony, bawling to his hands to fetch him around his riding horse.

Now that nag of Tony's sure is swift, but it ain't so much its swiftness that's peculiar as the way they got him saddled. Tony had a chore boy in his camp a while back what appeared to be jest a fool fer want er sense, and one time the feller fetched the horse round with the saddle facing the tail. 'I saddled him thataway so's you could ride both going and coming,' he says, his mouth gaping open at his own smartness.

'Well, thar ain't one grain er sense to that,' says Tony, 'and jest fer that very reason I b'lieve it's true.' With that he jumps on the beast, and dogged if he could n't do jest like the fool said, ride both going and coming. It sure is a swift way er traveling, and the onliest way I know of that a person kin be in two places at onct.

Well, Tony jumps on his beast now, and takes out *pluckety-pluck* after that cuss word Paul had let fly. Riding thataway, it wa'n't hardly no time 'fore he come up with it. But course I don't have to tell none er you all that if thar's one thing a cuss word hates worse'n another it is to be taken back once it's loose. So, with Tony right atop of it, that word turned a kind of a summersault, and tuck back up the road ergin, its years laid flat, jest scooting fer — Well, to name the place that 'damn' was heading fer I'd have to let out another cuss word, which I ain't aiming to do; so I'll jest say it was making fer home, and let it go at that.

'Thar she goes! Head her off! *Head her!*' Tony bawls, checking up his horse, and turning erbout with the gravel flying off into the bresh, and the trail smoking behind him.

All hands from both camps spread out acrost the road whooping and

hollering fer all they was wurth. But, with them hollering in front, and Tony whooping up behind, that 'damn' word commenced to squawk and to fly like a skeered guinea hen. All hands made a jump fer it, but it sailed right over the heads of everyone 'cept Paul. He give sech a master leap that it landed him atop of a white oak tree, and from thar he bounded over on to a low-hanging cloud, ketching that cuss word on the way.

'Aw, *looky!* Look at Tony up in the clouds!' the little feller screeches out, dancing eround and all carried erway.

'That ain't Mr. Beaver up yander; it's Mr. Bunyan,' Paul's hands hollers back at him, clean outdone.

Well, *sirs!* Things sure commenced to look bad fer Paul. That cloud had been jest drifting erlong, hanging low in a kind of a doze, but when Paul landed down on it, all so sudden, it give a great bound, and headed fer the sky like a skeered racer, with Paul hung up on it, and no way er reaching ground ergin. More'n that, the cloud was right thin, and it looked like, heavy as Paul is, he mought fall spang through it any minute. Every step he tuck he went down waist-deep in the thing; and it's the truth, time and ergin the fellers seen his boots come dangling through the bottom side of the cloud with nothing but air betwixt them and deestruction. All of Paul's hands sets up a turrible yammering, hollering up at him to 'take keer' and 'mind out' and 'don't fall,' and all like that, like the feller would fall if he could he'p hisself. Tony's hands, wanting to show they manners, they hollered too. Johnny Inkslinger, what's the greatest cal'ulator the world has ever knowed, unlimbered his fountain pen and commenced to figger out the distance from the ground, Paul's weight, and all like that, so's they'd know how bad he'd be busted when he drapped.

'Git ready fer the wurst, boys, fer he'll be nothing but fractions when he hits,' he says, figgering and sniffling, with the ink and tears all spluttering out together.

But erbout then Big Ole lets out a great yell. 'It's all right! Ole Paul's all right! He's kicking him up a thunderstorm!' he hollers.

Sure 'nough, when the hands looked they seen that Paul was milling 'round in the cloud, trompling on it and teasing it, making the thing so mad that it was gitting blacker and blacker, twill d'reckly it all fires up and busts out in er turrible storm, swearing and spitting out thunder and lightening at him. Paul waits jest long ernough to pick him a good streak of lightening, and then he slides to the ground on it all safe and sound, 'cept his pants was some scorched, and a person could smell singed whiskers. But the cuss word, it was burnt to a crisp.

'I have to thank ole Pecos Bill for that trick,' says Paul, breshing hisself off. 'Bill, he's that great cattle man they got down in Texas. He kin take a cyclone by the year, ride it acrost three states, and slide to ground on the lightening whenever he gits ready.'

'I knowed you was all right, Tony. I knowed you'd slide down on the lightening streak,' says the little feller.

'Now look a-here, Buddy, you got to git things straight,' says Tony, kinder worried. '*That's* Mister Bunyan,' he says, pinting at Paul, 'and *this* here is me. It was him, not me, slided down on the lightening streak.'

The little feller looks at him mighty earnest, doing his best to onderstand, but in the end he says, jest like he had afore, 'Aw, you fool me!'

At that Paul Bunyan lets out ernother great crackling laf, shrugging up his shoulders, and rubbing his elbows

erginst his ribs. 'That big laf's gitting closer, I kin feel it tickling my funny bones,' he says.

Tony Beaver looks and looks at the little feller in a kind of a daze.

'Well, I will be dogged!' he says, like big news had struck him.

'Haw, haw, haw! Do you reckon it kin be true, brother?' says Paul.

'Well, thar's one way to find out. Come on, let's take it!' says Tony. With that he takes the little boy up on his shoulder, and, not saying nothing to the tother fellers, him and Paul went off into the bresh together.

III

Tony, he led along through the woods till they come to a little clear spring running out from under the roots of a maple tree. 'Now then, Buddy, you work us a charm,' he says to the little feller. With that he breaks off a switch from a witch-hazel bush like what you've seen a water doctor use, and gives it to the young-un to whip through the spring fer a spell. Then he says to Paul, 'Look, brother, and tell me what you kin see.' And standing right side by side they both of 'em looked down into the water.

'I see myself and nobody else,' says Paul. 'What do you see, brother?'

'I see myself and nobody else,' says Tony.

So thar you see how it was: after the little feller had charmed the water it showed 'em the truth, — what the young-un had sensed all erlong, — that Tony and Paul was one and the same feller, only dressed up in different bodies, and going under the name er Paul Bunyan in one part er the world and Tony Beaver in ernother. Did any of you folks ever meet yer very own self right face to face? Well, I ain't neither, and I know mighty well I ain't craving to. You'd think it would be a powerful awesome sight, but dogged if it tuck them two fellers thataway.

'So you're me and I'm you!' says Tony with a great 'Haw, haw!'

'I'm you an' you're me, and I would n't be s'prised if ole Pecos Bill from down yander in Texas was n't mixed up with us, too,' says Paul. 'An' what did I tell you erbout a big laf coming?'

With that the two of 'em jest laid back, whooping and hollering and laffing fit to bust the sky wide open. They did sorter try to check theyselves up and not act too much like fools fer wanter sense, but the big laf had struck 'em; one of 'em 'ud holler out, 'You're me!' and the tother 'ud answer back, 'I'm you!' and off they'd go ergin: 'Haw, haw, haw!'

Well, er course all that whooping and carrying on fetched the tother fellers loping into the woods, hollering to know what was the joke, like hounds on a hot trail. By that time it sure looked like Paul and Tony had n't got no sense at all, fer they was carrying on like they was making theyselves acquainted with theyselves. 'Mr. Beaver, meet Mr. Beaver,' Tony 'ud say, and Paul 'ud answer back, 'Mr. Bunyan, shake hands with my friend Mr. Bunyan,' and off the two of 'em would go ergin in the craziest laffing a person ever did hear, with the little feller jumping up and down, hollering, 'Aw, look at Tony introducing hisself to hisself!'

Well, course none er the hands could make head ner tail outer the thing, but d'reckly the big laf struck them, too, and seemed like the more they did n't know what it was all erbout the more tickled they got. One feller'd holler out to another, 'Hey, Buddy! What's the joke?' And the tother'd answer back, 'I'll be dogged if I know!' And then the whole shooting match'd

go off ergin, whooping and laffing, laying up erginst stumps, and holding on to they sides.

Well, now, er course when a whole parcel er folks gits to laffing beyond theyselves thataway they is running a turrible risk er hitting the world's funny bone, and everybody knows when that happens the world can't hold the laf in and it comes shaking out in a earthquake that's liable to crack a smile a mile wide. So when Paul and Tony commenced to feel the earth heaving up in a kind of a giggle, with a deep far-off growl rumbling up through it, they knowed mighty well what they was heading fer.

'Hey, brother, mind out er we'll have the world laffing with us d'reckly!' Tony sings out. 'An' more'n that, my jaws is commencing to hurt,' he says.

'That's bad! Haw, haw, haw, haw! That sure is bad!' Paul hollers back. 'Here, you fellers, quit this foolishness now and sober down like I'm doing,' he says, holding on to a sapling and laffing so hard a person could see the lafs running up the tree and giggling out through the leaves. 'Here, quit, I say, and think er sompen solemn!'

'A toothache's a solemn thing; let's think of that,' says Charlie the Swede.

'A stomickache is more solemn,' says Big Henry, doing his best.

But at that all the Eel River crew jest fell over on the ground laffing, fer if ther's one thing that is comical it's Big Henry when his vittles turns erginst him. 'Aw, Tony, make him quit! Don't let him say nothing like that if yer aiming to git us checked up! Aw, my jaws, my jaws!' they hollers out, and the world itself rumbled out ernother long '*Ho! Ho! Ho-o-o-o-o!*'

'Here, Inkslinger, git to work now and figger out how long it'll be 'fore the world busts out with that laf!' Paul hollers to his timekeeper.

Johnny Inkslinger sets to work, figgering and laffing as best he could, and d'reckly he gits out, 'Mr. Bunyan, sir — Haw, haw, haw! Excuse me. Haw, haw! As nigh as I can figger it the world'll bust out laffing inside of the next fifteen minutes, thirty-three seconds, and sixty-seven hundredths of a second. Haw, haw, haw!'

'You hear that now, Mr. Beaver!' says Paul, reeling up to Tony, and skeercely able to stand fer laffing. 'The world's going to bust wide open inside of the next fifteen minutes if we don't all git together and think up sompen solemn.'

'Well,' says Tony, easing hisself down on a stump, 'cause by now his legs had done failed him, 'the solemnest thing we got in this camp is ole Brother Moses Mutters, the preacher feller.'

'Send fer him, then!' says Paul. 'Send for him quick afore the world busts!'

So, running and laffing, Big Henry and the Sullivan feller puts out after the preacher, and all the tother hands fell over on the ground and jest fa'rly give up, whooping and hollering, holding on to they sides, and complaining erbout they jaws, with the world frisking up beneath 'em, shaking out little giggles ahead of the big laf like you've seen dust devils scooting along in front of a big windstorm. Then d'reckly here come Big Henry and Sullivan back ergin, still running and laffing with the ole preacher hustled erlong betwixt 'em. The ole feller stood up thar in the midst of all them crazy hands, clawing his fingers through his beard and looking like a scan'alized billy goat.

'Thar, now! Did n't I tell you he was solemn? Aw, my jaws, my jaws!' says Tony.

'It ain't my jaws, it's my stomick hurts the most! Aw, haw, haw, haw! He's the solemnest thing I ever seen in all my life!' Paul says.

'*Yes!* Go on and laf!' the ole preacher bellers at 'em, all fired up, and gitting inter his stride. 'Laf yer silly heads off, but some day you all will find out that this world is but a desert dreer.'

'Aw, my soul! Don't she look like it right this minute!' Jack Sullivan sings out, and '*Ho! Ho! Ho-o-o-o-o-o!*' come that deep rumble from the world, fer seemed like having itself called a desert dreer tickled it all up and down the bed rock of its ribs.

The ole preacher was kinder startled when he heard that long '*Ho! Ho! Ho-o-o-o-o-o-o!*' But he tuck a brace and sets out ergin. 'Don't you know that hell is right down *thar?*' he says, stomping his foot on the ground, and '*Whoof!*' says the world back at him, giving a kind of a giggle and a buck-jump.

'Hey! What's *that?*' says the ole feller, jucking up his foot mighty quick.

Well, all hands knowed doggoned well what it was, and they sure did n't want the thing to bust through, but having the world sassing back at the preacher thataway, and him jucking up his foot so quick jest after locating hell right under it, got 'em more tickled 'n ever, so's they jest could n't speak fer laffing. More'n that, Jack Sullivan jumps his feets up, too, like Brother Mutters had done, and sings out, '*Ouch!* My foot's hot, too! What er-bout your'n, Buddy?'

'They's on fire!' says Big Henry, and after that them two big idgits went off in a crazy kind of a dance, jucking up they feets and shaking 'em in the air like they was walking on a hot griddle. It sure was scan'lous, and course it did n't do nothing to sober down the tothers.

'Aw, my jaws! My jaws!' says Tony.

'It'll be more'n yer *jaws* that'll hurt bimeby!' the preacher yells at him. 'Hell — hell — *hell* — ' he says, and thar he hung up dead with a kind of a guggle, his face drawed up and his throat working like he was fighting fer all he was wurth to git his words out.

'*Aw, my soul!* Look a-yander! The ole feller's going to laf!' Big Henry bawls, all dumbfoundered. At that all hands ketches aholt of they breath and jest looks and looks with all the looks they had, fer it sure was a awesome sight.

'Hell —' Brother Mutters commences ergin, making a brave fight fer it. 'Hell — h-e-e-*el* — he — he — *he* — HE —' But, puff as he would, pore ole feller, he jest *could n't* make the grade, and in another pair er seconds he busts all ter pieces, — 'He, he, he! Aw, ho, ho! He, he, he! Haw, haw!' — crackling out the awfulest laffing a person ever did hear. He stands up and lafs fer a spell, but d'reckly his knees broke under him, and he flops down on a log; but even that wa'n't enough, and in the end the ole feller jest sprawls right out on the ground, whooping and hollering and laffing.

Well, sirs! That done the trick, sobering up the tother fellers in a hurry, fer thar wa'n't no living man had ever heared the preacher laf afore and it sure was a turrible solemn sound. Even the world itself swallowed back its giggles, with the long rumble of the big laf dying down and down in the distance. All hands commenced to tell the news of it to one another. 'Ole Brother Moses Mutters is laffing,' they'd say, passing the word from mouth to mouth like they was awestruck. Thataway it got turrible solemn to 'em, and d'reckly they give way under it.

'Aw, my soul! Jest look a-yander now at ole Brother Mutters!' Jack Sullivan says, breaking down, and hunting him his bandanna.

'I jest can't *stand* having him laf! Make him quit, Tony!' Big Henry bawls, sniffling and sniffling, and wiping his nose acrost his sleeve.

'Brother Mutters is laffing, and he'll *never* tell us no more erbout he-hell,' says Jack Sullivan.

'Ner erbout the devil! Seems like I jest can't git erlong t'out the devil!' Big Henry bellers, carrying on like he was losing his blood brother.

And thar you see how it was: none er the Eel River crew had ever set much store by hell and the devil, and all like that, as long as they had it, but now when it looked like it was slipping from 'em they sets up a turrible lamentation—ain't that jest like human natur?

'Here, *quit* that! Don't you know this world is a desert dreer like you allus said?' Big Henry yells at the preacher. But 'Haw, haw, haw!' was all he got back from the ole feller. 'He never laffed afore in all his life, and he's sixty-three if he's a day. Make him quit, Tony! I jest *can't stand* this!' Big Henry blubbers.

'You say he's sixty-three and never laffed afore?' says Johnny Inkslinger. 'Then, as nigh as I kin figger it, he'll have to go on laffing day and night fer three weeks, five days, sixteen hours, thirty-three minutes, and forty-seven seconds afore he gits hisself laffed up to date and kin quit. No, hol' on a minute! I made a bad mistake,' he says, scratching out some figgers. 'He'll have to laf fer three weeks, five days, sixteen hours, thirty-three minutes, and forty-five seconds and a half, 'stead of forty-seven seconds like I said at furst.'

And that's jest *exactly* what the ole feller done. He kep' right erlong day and night with that awful dry crackling laf till the very second and a half Johnny Inkslinger had figgered out, and then *bang!* he stopped dead, and went on back to being jest as solemn as he ever had been.

Well, anyhow, him laffing jest in the nick er time like he done got all hands and the world itself outer a turrible fix. But what it was hit the world's funny bone and started the big laf in the furst place none er the hands ever did know. The nighest any of 'em ever come to tetching the truth was when Paul Bunyan and his crew was leaving the Eel River camp.

'Well, good-bye, Tony Bunyan,' Paul says with a grin.

'Aw, Paul Beaver, don't start nothing like that now, er you'll have us all off ergin,' Tony answers him back.

IO VICTIS

NUNGESSER — COLI

BY CHARLES PRINCE

Over the dangerous dim expanse,
World to world in an arch of flight,
Westward hurries the White Bird of France,
Followed afar by the Eastern light.
Nungesser governs its thundering force,
Lord of the French dominions in air.
Coli pilots the perilous course.
Bright are the laurels of Gaul they wear.
Safe through the battle's fateful hail,
Can it be theirs in the fog to fail?

When shall the White Bird flash into sight?
Myriads lift from the common rôle
Glances that question the day and the night
Time grudges the White Bird to win to its goal.
Questioning, doubting, waiting — in vain.
Lost in the silence of sea and of sky,
No sound is caught from the White Bird again,
No glimpse is given to mortal eye.
Did they fail then, Coli and Nungesser?
They cannot fail who ardently dare.

Courage, the soul of advancement, thrives
Bright in the teeming cells of brain;
Brighter in deeds of fearless lives
Whose glory is the race's gain.
Onward is the bent of the soul.
Slow is advancement, stage by stage.
Splendid defeat, though death be its toll
Betters the future's heritage.
Count them as victors, greater than chance,
Coli and Nungesser, sons of France.

HANG THE DOG

BY EDWIN HEDRICK

I

'*Hang* the dog,' said the leading counsel for the prosecution, in a case where a disappointed lover had slain his rival. Thrilled with the tragic effect of the whole scene then being enacted, I thought it would be grand sometime to say the same thing in the same way. From the sphere of influence of those words I could not escape; by that picturesque display of oratory I was uprooted from the soil, and taken forever out of the class of producers. To a country lad of sixteen murder sounded like something criminal, which really ought to be punished. I wished that I were a barrister, so that I too might take part in putting people to death. I wondered how it was that I had not before recognized the impulse and power that I now instinctively felt. Certain was I that every vile reptile of the species *Homo sapiens* who transgressed the command, 'Thou shalt not kill,' should be hanged; and that of all men I was the person best fitted by nature to enforce that divine law.

A farmer friend advised that if I wished to become a lawyer I ought to go to Chicago, and try cases for the corporations. He did not know that my secret purpose in life was to hang someone, and that my plan was to settle wherever my services were most needed. I selected Peoria. 'But up there,' he said (meaning Chicago), 'they pay ten thousand dollars a year.' That seemed like a vast fortune, hardly to be accumulated in one lifetime. From that day forward Chicago was a doomed city — I could feel it. I knew that sooner or later she must open her gates and surrender. But I did not know then that the demand for competent lawyers is always greater than the supply, simply because excellence in every line of human endeavor is very limited. Anyway, I had decided to give Peoria the first chance to be saved from legal chaos.

But in about eight weeks after starting I had a very decided feeling that I should have stayed on the farm where I belonged. I could see that my ambition to hang either man or beast was waning. And it looked to me as if Peoria did not care to be saved.

A deficit in my accounts soon ceased to worry me. It was very nearly my normal state. I never saw such peaceful, law-abiding citizens. No one seemed to appreciate the fact that a veritable Moses was in their midst, and that I was there for the purpose of ridding the community of bad characters. Embryonic greatness appeared to be a drug on the market. I would have sold myself 'short.' Finally a friend from my home town established himself in Peoria, in the buggy business. He felt sorry for me, and said so. I believe he was afraid he would have to support me. My first case in a court of record was his suit in replevin to recover ten thousand dollars' worth of buggies. The amount dazed me. I hardly knew whether to file a declaration or a

complaint. I had a case now, and was certain that I needed a lawyer. Common honesty required that I advise my friend to employ a regular attorney.

On the way to the trial I met a lawyer who is now a Federal Judge, and expressed to him my fear of the lawyer on the other side. 'Young man,' said he, 'you are the best lawyer in the country. Never admit that there are any better.' In order to make out a case I had to show fraud, and could not quite make the grade; but this case is where I learned that, as my judicial friend said, self-reliance, confidence in your own ability, is fundamentally essential to a lawyer's kind of salesmanship. The man who appears in court uncertain of his position, doubtful of the law, and ready to admit (if charged with it) that he is a fool anyway, should be operating with a broom of bristles and a shovel. The young man who is willing to turn the right cheek if smitten on the left may as well enter the prize ring as the law. 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' said the old prosecutor at Fairfield, 'is the unalterable will of God.'

A very demure and modest brunette came to my office and complained that her husband had abandoned her and wrongfully taken away her piano. I brought suit to recover it. All through the trial, defendant's counsel kept in the foreground the fact that my relations with my client had been very friendly; that we had been seen together on a steamboat excursion and at a dinner party. The purpose was manifest. It was embarrassing, too. It looked as though I had broken up a home, and ought to be horsewhipped. Something had to happen to change that atmosphere. Fortunately, counsel overplayed his hand by too much cross-examination. He asked her if I had not, at a dance before her husband left her, told her that she was 'very beautiful.' I knew she would truthfully answer, 'No'; but I objected on the ground that it did not affect her title to the piano, and said, 'I will leave it to the jury to say now whether I was right or wrong.' The jurors laughed; and I added, 'Her husband won't speak to her. Why should he object if others do?' That changed the atmosphere — always a very decisive thing — and left unimpeached her personal beauty, which of itself clearly constituted a preponderance of the evidence. The presumption that a beautiful woman is truthful cannot be overcome by proof; and the reader can well imagine who got the piano.

The campaign of 1900 was approaching, and if the Democratic candidate should be elected State's Attorney I wished to become his Assistant. This was my opportunity to become 'the secular arm' of the State, as it was described by the scholiasts of the Spanish Inquisition. I was in Peoria for that 'sacred' purpose, and to 'abandon' all accused ones to that secular arm. The chief of police had officially refused to permit a lawyer friend of mine, a duly licensed attorney, to interview his client then in the city prison, on the ground that he was not lawyer enough to be recognized. My friend did not look upon that as much of a compliment, and did not consider it a final adjudication. He felt sure there was a technical flaw somewhere in that holding. It became necessary to institute a proceeding against the 'Chief' to recover the statutory penalty for such a violation of the rights of attorney and client. The leaders of the three big Democratic wards of the city insisted that I withdraw from the case, and said that if I appeared against the 'Chief' my chances of becoming Assistant to any Democratic State's Attorney were ruined. I appeared against him, and the ruling of the chief of police

was reversed; and my friend thereafter enjoyed the rare distinction of having it established by adjudication that he was a regular lawyer. He was grateful to me. I know he was. He gave me the advantage of considering my efforts as a personal favor to him, and never commercialized our friendly relations by offering me any part of the proceeds. People appeared to have the idea that I was practising law for the exercise. The net result to me, however, was very satisfactory. After I became a prosecutor I learned that all contest for my job ended with that trial; and that the defeat in that case of the incoming State's Attorney commanded his respect.

The People of the State of Illinois vs. *William Dooley* was called for trial on the morning of the day we went into office. The charge was murder. I was nearing the goal of my early ambition — but not yet. While playing a game of billiards the defendant had struck someone on the head with a billiard cue and killed him; and who should appear as counsel for the defense but the far-famed and able previous State's Attorney. He was of commanding appearance physically, and of great intellectual power. In his opening he made an exhaustive and convincing outline of the evidence; then he turned toward me with a snarl, as though I had insulted him, and, apparently resenting my arrogance and conceit in being there at all, said, 'I'll show this young laddie-buck how to try a lawsuit.'

I do not know why that should affect my knees, but it did. My thought was 'I guess you will, all right.' I had a vague feeling that I might be in trouble myself before the thing was over. I thought I ought to apologize for insulting the jury with my presence. Dooley did not appear to be the dog I intended to hang. But the best thing counsel showed me was the great advantage of keeping your own temper when your opponent loses his. In that case I learned the real power of being cheerful when your opponent is angry. Counsel's bitterness toward me personally cost his client twenty years in the penitentiary.

'Ellsworth Hinckle Kills Wife; Cuts Jugular Vein' appeared the following July in large black letters across the front page of the morning papers. I moved slowly. I walked silently to the office, instinctively reflecting upon my early ambition. I knew the hour had come. There was nothing I wished to say; yet almost aloud I thought, 'Here is the case at last.' The State's Attorney looked me over intently, and after a pause said, 'Well, say it.' After some hesitation I got it out: 'They will hang this man.' They say Webster spent thirty years preparing for his reply to Hayne. For twelve years I had looked forward to this case. The evidence disclosed that the defendant had theretofore beaten his wife and driven her out into the street to prostitute herself for his support. That was enough to hang any man. It was no victory for the State.

But when I got squarely up to the point of saying, 'Hang the dog,' they appeared to be 'lost words.' All my life I had worked toward this moment. I had struggled for years to get into a position where, officially, I could use those words. I had rolled them over in the roof of my mouth so many times I could almost sing them. And now I could not get them out. I could find no place in my argument to put them. They did not seem becoming or appropriate. I was so sure that the jury would hang the defendant that I did not feel like adding insult to injury. It did not seem right for the State, in that bestial manner, to demand the sacrifice of blood. In my heart I looked upon capital punishment as a relic of

barbarism, like witchcraft and human slavery. By that time I had come to believe that Jesus or anyone else had the right to change a law which justified polygamy, slavery, the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter, and blood for blood.

At 10 P. M. the jury came in, slowly and solemnly. It was the death penalty.

At last I had taken part in one of those bloody orgies of breaking the neck of a human being and strangling him to death that are called capital punishment. Illinois had receded from the teachings of the Lowly Nazarene, and had glutted the savage vengeance which it inherited from the cave man and from the desert tribes of two thousand years before the Christian era. Most of the other revealed laws have been abandoned, presumably as of spurious origin; but this particular one, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,' we cling to, as of the very essence of divinity. It is the last one of the great State crimes inaugurated by those who did not know that the sun and moon cannot stand still, and who believed that Balaam's ass conversed with its master. Capital punishment in its inception is a form of religious neurosis, which in most cases prevents the proper punishment of capital crime and in no case prevents the crime. Certainty of imprisonment is more deterring than a ninety-per-cent chance of escape. When and wherever capital punishment has been abolished crime has been relatively less. *Whoever would murder expecting life imprisonment is not deterred by any penalty.* The 'hang the dog' philosophy of the modern mind, the 'hang the dog' arguments of prosecutors, contribute as much as any other one thing to the failure of juries to convict. Some day in the approaching scientific age that human mass called the people will realize that capital punishment is no more justified than any of the other prodigious crimes authorized by those who did not know that blood circulated in their veins or that there is such a thing as a law of gravitation.

II

To proceed with my journey: I had longed for the Hinckle case; and, while I prosecuted other capital cases, from that day forward I abhorred them. Homicide is justifiable only in individual self-defense against an assailant; but, in order that society may defend itself against the further assaults of any individual, is it necessary to take his life? Is it foreign to the criminal law to consider the natural rights of the parties? A prosecutor with an ambition to hang someone is unfit to represent the State. And the prosecutor who goes so far away from the question of the guilt of the defendant and the character of the crime in the abstract as to indulge in personal abuse of the defendant or his counsel is going away from the goal of his ambition to become a trial lawyer. Prosecutors constantly induce acquittals by engaging in personal animosities with more experienced counsel for the defense, who deliberately initiate controversies with a motive very similar to that of a mother bird in fluttering about at some distance from the nest. The Hinckle case was the line of cleavage between what is commonly expected as to the duties of a prosecutor and the correct conception of what they are.

I was beginning to learn, too, that advocacy is an art; that the argument is but a small part of the forensics of a lawsuit; that there is eloquence in the massing, sequence, and clear presentation of the evidence, and value in the unimportant incidents of a trial.

The decisive influence of immaterial

matters is illustrated by one case in particular. The charge was murder. The killing took place in the dark, and in the presence of no eyewitness; the most direct evidence to show that the defendant was the man who fired the fatal shot was the testimony of a young woman who, from a distance of a hundred yards, saw the defendant pass under an electric light, going away from the scene of the crime, immediately after she heard the shooting. The witness was rather tall and slender, with fair skin and dark hair, and wore a black silk all-over lace gown and a large broad-brimmed black hat. She was modest and refined by nature, and very striking in appearance. By the desertion of her father and the death of her mother she had been left alone to support five small children, her brothers and sisters. She kept them well dressed and in school and Sunday school. Her means of supporting them was well known, and not commendable; but she certainly did not look the part. I impressed upon her that her position in life was a great misfortune for which she was not entirely to blame; and that in answering about it on cross-examination she should manifest no resentment, express nothing but sorrow, and show the jury that in her heart she was a good woman.

She had testified concerning the support of these children, and counsel for the defense asked her how she did it. She avoided a direct answer. He squared himself for the grand assault, confident of victory, and, intending her complete destruction, came out triumphantly with the direct question: 'Is it not a fact that you earn your living by walking the streets at night?' She hesitated, and looked toward me for assistance. The jury were surprised. They could hardly believe it. They leaned forward, hoping that she might deny the charge. I could see her lips begin to quiver, and the tears coming. There was perfect silence; it was a tragic moment. I knew we were at the turning point in the case. I requested the judge to instruct the witness that she was not required to give an answer that would tend to degrade her. He did, and she declined to answer. 'Well, then,' said counsel, 'you refuse to answer because the truth would degrade you?' She could no longer restrain her emotions. 'It certainly would, Mr. ——,' she replied, bursting into tears. She wept bitterly for what she was. There was no acting; she realized the truth. Sympathetic tears of the jury attested their compassion for her. The clerk brought her a glass of water. I stepped up, took her by the hand, and helped her down as tenderly as if she had been the queen of the land. The court took a recess, and counsel for the defense slunk away like a whipped cur.

In my argument I referred to the Lord's forgiveness of the woman brought to Him for condemnation: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her,' and then said: 'There is but one issue in this case. Did this woman tell the truth?' The jury thought that she did. But, on the ground that there was no evidence to sustain the finding of the jury, the court set aside the verdict and discharged the defendant.

Upon arrival in Chicago I was employed by Mr. James F. Meagher, now deceased, and at a salary less than Mr. Meagher paid his chauffeur. That was eminently fair, too. He had tried out the chauffeur; and a good chauffeur is worth more, and less likely to cause damage, than a poor trial lawyer.

For a 'try-out,' as he called it, Mr. Meagher assigned me to a case where I could not be skeptical. I had to trust in the Lord. It was one of those suits which are responsible for the general

impression that all lawyers are dishonest. He introduced me to a theatre owner whose company had been sued for $1400 by a theatre-ticket broker. Upon the owner's office door in the Majestic Theatre Building appeared the name of his company and the words, 'Western Agency.' The ticket broker had paid to the agent $1200 in advance for six hundred seats for the coming performance of Harry Lauder. The agent received the money, disappeared to parts unknown, and never delivered the tickets. It would seem reasonable to suppose that the broker, not having received his merchandise, was entitled to the return of his money.

'Mr. Meagher, I cannot weaken on the first case,' said I, 'but please tell me how you expect a man to defend this suit.' For thirty years Mr. Meagher had been an object of terror to all attorneys for the plaintiff. He walked to the window, looked out over the lake during a long rhetorical pause, turned back to me, and said: 'Hedrick, there is but one way. Every time an opponent sticks up his head, bat hell out of him.' He had great confidence in an American jury. Verily the American jury system, especially the requirement of unanimity, is a wonderful institution. That requirement saves many a man from paying his debts when he does n't feel that he can afford it, or from suffering severe punishment for careless and indiscreet acts when his family needs him at home. It is a great thing, too, for a young lawyer. If the facts are against him he still has something to work on.

Plaintiff's counsel in this case knew that, and commenced operations with the jury as though he were moulding bits of clay. But his technique, I thought, was faulty. He examined each juror with unusual personal familiarity. He called the first man 'George.' I did not regard that as art. Only a very poor quality of human clay responds to that kind of workmanship. He then informed the juror that he personally was a member of the law firm of Blank and Blank and that 'Mr. Hedrick works for the firm representing the defendant,' and concluded by asking each juror if 'man to man, face to face, and heart to heart' he would give the plaintiff a fair trial. It would almost make you weep, it was so tender. He capered and cajoled through the whole examination, and finished each time with that same dash of pathos. I kept perfectly silent, and tried to assume an attitude of dignified reserve and confidence. My thought was to create the impression that a great wrong was being attempted by a cunning hypocrite.

When it came my turn I said to the first man, 'Your name is Hawkins, I believe.' He nodded, and I continued, 'You will have to pardon me if I call you Mr. Hawkins. I don't know you well enough to call you George.' The juror seemed pleased. I then inquired if the fact that opposing counsel was a member of the firm of Blank and Blank and that I only worked for a salary would make any difference to him as a juror. He answered emphatically, 'No.' I added, 'You know there are lawyers who would not consider it much of an honor to be a member of the firm of Blank and Blank.' Counsel objected; but the court made no ruling, and I went on. With just a suggestion of imitation and pathos, as delicately and artistically as I could do it, I solemnly inquired, 'Now, Mr. Hawkins, man to man, face to face, and heart to heart, will you give the defendant a fair trial?' A responsive smile was the only answer. I waived my opening statement, and said I would have the defendant as a witness tell the jury the facts.

Plaintiff had a perfectly good claim

for $1200, but it looked like good business to add the '99 cents.' He claimed an additional $200 that he was not entitled to. He said the defendant had promised to redeem at the box office before eight o'clock one hundred tickets, at $2.00 each, for some other performance. It was a fabrication out of whole cloth. I could have disproved it, but I did not, because, as the reader will learn, I quit the evidence in a terrible rage; and I could not back in and unload that testimony without the jury knowing it was all I had.

This bargain-counter claim for the extra $200 came between me and the merits of the case. It won my sincere affection; I loved it. The rest of the plaintiff's cause I treated with cold indifference. The plaintiff explained that, after defendant's refusal to redeem the tickets, he had given them to his friends and hotel acquaintances. In cross-examination, with pencil and paper in hand, I said, 'We will send for them. Kindly give me the name of one person to whom you gave a ticket.' He did not dare to take the risk. For a moment he looked as though he might choke to death. I asked him to name any person to whom he had ever given a ticket in his life. He refused to answer.

About this time James J. Jeffries, the ex-champion, came into the courtroom and took a seat near my client, who had been complimenting the 'acting' of Mr. Jeffries that week at the American Music Hall. He had come to the trial to see the kind of 'show' my client put on. I was introduced to him, and I can never forget that ham of a hand I tried to shake. I stood up and introduced him: 'If the court please, and gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Jeffries.' The way the opposing lawyer abused me for that one little act of kindness to the jury was a shame. I never thought it was so wrong. He said I ought to be disbarred. That caused ill feeling, and precipitated another blunder. 'Why, Your Honor,' said I, 'Mr. Jeffries is the peer of any member of the firm of Blank and Blank.' Everything I did seemed to be wrong. One of the Appellate Court judges, who read of the incident in the morning papers, said I should have been kicked out of court. Evidently that was not his idea of the way to become a barrister.

The defendant witness and I had agreed upon certain words to be used as a cue. This was at the time when the theatrical trust was in its palmy days, and he was one of the very few independents. I thought the jury should know that the trust was fighting him. They might find that the trust was the real power behind the prosecution of the plaintiff's case, and this would excuse defendant's agent for running away with the plaintiff's money. I assumed that the court would be narrow and technical about such things, and that it would take a broad mind to see the materiality of this evidence. So it was arranged that when I used the words 'alone or with someone' the witness, with a show of deep feeling and earnestness, should proceed to state, before objection could be sustained, how the trust was persecuting him. He could tell that story with sincerity, too. He testified that he was born in Germany, came to America alone as a stowaway, at the age of twelve, drove an ice wagon for five years, and then entered the employ of a booking agency. 'Mr. Hedrick,' said the court, 'that is all very interesting, but I don't see what it has to do with this case.' I assured the court that I wanted to show the jury 'fully all the facts.' In order to proceed with the business romance of my hero I was forced to use the cue, 'Are you in business alone or with someone?' The witness jumped right into high speed, and away he went—all

about how he was the only independent and the trust had been persecuting him for years. The court rapped on the bench vigorously. 'What 's that? What 's that?' he said. 'Strike that out, Mr. Reporter, strike that out!' But on went my witness. His first sentence was enough, but I could n't stop him; he very nearly ruined a good defense. It was not all acting, either. The manifest genuineness of his emotions saved the day.

It was my turn now. I put on a show of my own. I used all my ammunition in telling the court in the hearing of the jury how I wished to prove 'who and what' was behind this iniquitous prosecution. The court ruled against me, and I commenced all over again. I tried pathos, and then got as mad as David Garrick in *King Lear;* but it was of no avail. I stopped, looked first at the witness, then a long time at the jury, and finally turned to the court: 'Your Honor, I will leave this case to the jury.'

That was the end of the testimony; but there was a bit of material evidence I had failed to introduce. At that time the social lions were wearing those high 'lay-down' collars, which struck the wearer just at the back of the ear and made him look like a Manila convict being choked to death in wooden stocks. Counsel for the plaintiff had selected one of those evidences of a great mind in which to appear before the jury. The moment I saw that collar I knew it was bound to become an exhibit in the case. No one can become a barrister unless he is able to sense those decisive facts. But that personal kind of evidence must go in just at the right niche or not at all. If you offer it when it is forced and unnatural the jury will get the idea that it is of no importance, and some juror may suspect you of impertinence and ill breeding. It was not until plaintiff's closing argument that the materiality of this evidence became manifest.

I had devoted my time to plaintiff's generosity in giving to nobody one hundred of another man's tickets, and I made vague references to dark and devious facts which I could, but would not, discuss, because it was 'not proper to go outside of the record.' I was too honest to do that. It would not be fair. Then I offered my sympathy to the plaintiff in being used as a tool, a Punch and Judy, for those behind him pulling the strings to put an 'independent' out of business. I never saw such utter lack of appreciation. It was positively rude the way the opposing party and counsel accepted my condolences. Counsel laid down a barrage of oratory about my impudence to the whole human race; I was a disgrace to the bar, and my conduct an insult to the intelligence of the jury. Just at the highest pitch of this grand philippic his voice broke and began to squeak. It needed oil. He was out of air. His compliments to me had been so questionable that anything I might say, even at that tense moment, would be not only excused but expected. He took another sip of water, and paused for breath. 'You could breathe better,' I ventured to suggest, 'if you took about two inches off the top story of that collar.' It was the truth. As testimony it could not be denied. As advice it did not appear to be appreciated, and added very little to the friendly relations of counsel. The jury disagreed; two years later I met one of the jurors and he inquired if 'the top story' had ever been taken off 'that collar.'

III

Shortly afterward I was put to work trying damage cases for the Gas Company, and have since tried a rate case for that company and a capital-stock

case for the Pullman Company (of palace-car fame). At last I was representing the corporations 'up there' — in the big city. It has been a long trail, and beautiful scenery all the way. No man ever became a trial lawyer without a struggle. Every man knows in his heart the one thing he can do best. The most eminent success will be attained by the lawyer who early in his career seeks and finds employment in that special line which he loves best and for which he knows he is best fitted. Attainment is limited to one's capacity. There is in each human embryo a latent potentiality, whose utmost development marks the success of the individual.

Man's duty consists in the utmost development of himself and the furtherance of the cause of justice among men. Confucius was right: 'Do good for good, and for evil, justice.' And retaliation is not justice. Crime has never been retarded by the severity of punishments. This was proven by the experience of England, with its one-time long list of governmental cruelties, since abolished for the more effectual humaneness. Public executions do not even assuage the passions and instincts which produce the vice. Blood for blood is a stage in the development of man which must be surpassed, just as we have surpassed the burning stake and trial by right of battle, and by water — if the accused did not drown he was deemed guilty. It is more blessed to save life than to destroy it. No advocate has achieved the completest satisfaction his calling can give until he has experienced the thrill and tasted the everlasting joy of saving a human life.

Over on the near-west side of Chicago in 1920 a father of a very unruly son went out on the street one night to find the son and bring him home. The boy saw his father first and started to run. In a moment of distraction and confusion the father shot the boy in the back and killed him, in order, as the newspapers said, 'to save his soul.'

My associate in that case suggested that the prosecutors 'over on the north side' (at the Criminal Court building) did not know me, and that he had observed that jurors would help a lawyer win his case if they liked the lawyer and thought he was green at the business. So we deliberately decided that I should go into the trial of that case on the theory that I was just a plain 'boob,' and knew nothing at all about criminal practice and mighty little about any kind of law.

In examining the jury I asked the most outlandish questions I could think of; then, after counsel had argued his objections, I withdrew the question, speaking in a droll nasal tone, and inquired, 'How do you ask that question, Mr. Counsel?' And he would tell me, much to my chagrin.

Counsel for the State in his opening made an elaborate and learned disquisition on the law and the evidence, closing with a solemn demand for the death penalty. I sat there quietly, staring out into space as though I had no idea what to do next. 'Proceed, Mr. Hedrick,' said the court. 'With the evidence, Your Honor?' I inquired. 'No,' said the judge; 'the practice over here is that you can make your opening statement now or reserve it till the close of the State's case.' 'Reserve it,' I repeated aloud. Manifestly I was not certain what the court meant. But, after a short pause of doubt, I said, 'I got nothin' to hold back, Your Honor; I 'll give it 'em now'; and the jury laughed. That was the makings of an atmosphere, and helped to destroy the awful seriousness of what we were doing.

Then, with all the simplicity and frankness I could command, I said,

'My defense is an alibi, that the defendant, the real defendant, the *mind* of the defendant, was not *there* at the time of this accident; and I 'll tell you men how it was' — which I proceeded to do in the most colloquial and commonplace manner.

After several days, and toward the close of the trial, my associate heard one of the newspaper boys say to opposing counsel: 'Where does Hedrick get that farmer stuff? I know that guy.' From that moment on I conducted myself in a lawyerlike way, but never changed my rôle, and never thereafter gave my opponent an opening to question my perfect confidence in anything I said or did. Some of the jurors congratulated me upon my success in my 'first criminal case,' and one juror wrote, 'It was a pleasure to see you in action.' The verdict was one of the kind that caused Mark Twain to say that the criminal laws in this country are all wrong; that we should prosecute and punish people for insanity, and not for murder. The jury thought the defendant insane at the time of the homicide and 'Not guilty,' but sane at the time of the trial. One doctor testified that the rapidity of his recovery without medical aid was hard to explain.

Æsthetics is the expression and exhibition of the truth which the artist sees in such a way that it can be seen and understood by others. That is the talent which distinguished Wagner and Michelangelo in music and painting. It is no less essential to the advocate. The jury must see what he sees. The means of transmitting to the jury the vision of the advocate must be artistic. The emotions, prejudices, sympathies, and brains, or lack of brains, in the jury box are all that the State has furnished as the means of receiving and reflecting the truth. In order to project a true picture of what he sees the advocate must be an artist, and the means adopted must be suitable to the material upon which the impression is to be made.

Keep this to yourself. In one other People's case I represented the defendant, William D. Shepherd, charged with the murder of Billy McClintock. I defended Mr. Shepherd until we got him into jail, and he then procured other counsel to get himself out.

'Hang the dog!' was the general public clamor from all parts of the country. Instinctively most men believed that the expectation of inheriting a million dollars caused Mr. Shepherd to think of that crime. That they called motive. Would that as an inducement have caused so many men to wish for the death of another that it may safely be accepted as presumptive evidence of guilt? If that be so, then we have not progressed very far from the instincts of our ancestors who fed upon one another, and cannot have very much regard for human life beyond our affections and self-interest. Instinctive disregard for the lives of others may be the reason men have cried, 'Hang the dog!' until it has become an idiom of our language, a 'hangdog expression.' The State's prima facie case before the grand jury justified the holding of Mr. Shepherd in custody without bail; but there was no reliable evidence of his guilt, and he was never in the slightest danger of conviction; and yet that expression was applied to him with all its pristine vigor. And logically, on account of the law of capital punishment, the State was forced to take the position that the defendant should be hanged or turned loose; and this would have resulted in his acquittal even if there had been some evidence against him.

The general notion is that for every life feloniously taken society should wreak its revenge and kill the man who did the deed. Retaliation is the origin

and the spirit of capital punishment — the idea is that the way to reform a criminal is to kill him, as though another would not be born; that a bad man should be disposed of as a bad dog.

As I stand here at life's divide and look toward the western slope I do not anticipate the need of continued human slaughter. Looking backward through the ages, I can see now that it was a long stride from the amœba and the trilobite to man, and that man's journey upward has hardly begun. It was a bit of progress when human life was so highly valued as to be sacrificed only to appease the wrath of deities. Then commenced our own religious education: 'Behold also, the gallows fifty cubits high, which Haman had made for Mordecai'; 'And the Lord said unto Moses, Take all the heads of the people, and hang them up before the Lord against the sun, that the fierce anger of the Lord may be turned away from Israel.' Centuries later Christian martyrs considered human life of little value, and were more anxious to die well than to live well; and ablaze was the Inquisition, for the 'glory of God.' In the name of the Lord, Massachusetts undertook to cast devils out of women — and never succeeded. After the Lord hath spoken, who can deny the source of capital punishment? After those few kind words to Moses, who could blame us for taking the head of an individual and hanging it in the sun? And, if it be done in a spirit of anger and revenge, the Almighty is in no position to punish us.

But there is no religious authority justifying 'fierce anger' and cruelty in the treatment of dogs. Dogs are not hanged, and do not deserve it. 'Hang the dog' is applied only to man, meaning that defendant man has animal instincts. If it were not so he would not favor retaliatory punishments, in kind like the offense, known in 1100 B. C. as *lex talionis.*

Quite true it is that the human embryo and the dog embryo are from their beginning and for a long stage in development precisely the same. But the human embryo has in it a latent potentiality of manhood that no fellow man has the right to extinguish. It is that something which distinguishes men from beasts. It is variously called mind, soul, principle, reason, and God. Whatever it may be, no man has the natural or divine right to destroy it.

The truth is, God has been misquoted. He never said to Moses the cruel words which have been attributed to Him. And Moses had been buried with his fathers four centuries before those words were written by someone whose identity has never been established. It was a fraud upon the Jewish nation. If the people believed that in anger God declared to Moses, or to some other ancient patriarch of the Church, the spirit of retaliation, they would accept it as a rule of law. And that is precisely what occurred. Capital punishment was criminal *ab initio.* And nineteen centuries ago Jesus repudiated that pernicious doctrine. He had that very law in mind and undertook to abolish it: 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil.' In His own peculiar method of idiomatic speech, that was His declaration that the so-called Law of Moses is fundamentally sinful. After reading the Son of Man's clear denunciation of that savage custom, it is hard to understand how any devout Christian can find it in his heart to say, '*Hang* the dog.'

ONE AND THREEPENCE

BY KENNETH GRIGGS MERRILL

I

NAVAL docks, Liverpool. A large gray figure, looming in the fog like some clumsy bear escaped from a circus, achieved the more or less perilous swing from the gangway ladder to our ship's deck and, growling, spraddled and sprawled his way across the rivet-studded plates to where I stood. His voice, which issued from an unseen aperture in his beard, was quite in keeping with the atmospheric conditions: it was very much like a foghorn, though there was a rough, strained quality to it which, if found in a properly tended signal apparatus, would have called for the judicious application of oil. He drew his ponderous figure to its full height.

'H'are you the myte, sir?' he rumbled. Overbearing he was, and I sensed the habit of small authority. Hm-m! Where had I heard that tone of voice before? Memory slid back twenty years to a certain church parlor in an Illinois village where an English choirmaster had tried for many futile months to overcome the restlessness of little bodies by sheer vocal violence. Now the officer of the deck on even a small naval auxiliary vessel does not fancy being treated like a boy soprano by a stranger, however vast and bearish he may be. My reply was not uncivil, but perhaps a little more brusque than duty called for. 'Yes,' I said. 'And you?'

He regarded me with the terrible dignity of a druid priest. 'H'I'm the Beadle,' he said briefly, as though that explained everything.

'The Beadle?' I queried, sparring for time as I cast about desperately for a clue to the meaning of this title — he used it as though it were a password. 'The Beadle,' I repeated lamely, 'er — of what?'

'The Beadle of Bootle,' he declaimed stoutly, and fell to staring ferociously at a spot three inches above my head.

Little wonder I felt flattered. That a character from a hitherto undiscovered Gilbert and Sullivan opera should be calling on me! Especially that he should take the trouble to announce himself on such a cold and foggy day! It was overwhelming. I was about to ask him whether he wished to come into the wardroom and tip us a stave or two, when he broke in on me with a queer singsong recitation: —

'H'I've a summins, sor, for the person o' the capting 'r the myte o' this vessil t' appear in 'Is Washup's chymbers the Bootle District Cawt, h'as a witness t' identify a tenpenny tin o' beef tykin from the person of one Tawmus Miggins by Constable Smithers alleged t' 'ave been stolen from this vessil at tennerclock Weddensday mornin' h'October 'ighth.'

A little breathless, he drew a large handkerchief from his pocket, applied it to his nose, and blew a powerful blast, as though sounding a brisk fanfare to herald the majesty of the law. I was impressed: no one hearing this clear

bugle call at the end of so solemn a pronouncement could doubt the authenticity of his errand. It was as a seal to a state paper; it inspired awe and paralyzed resistance.

To be sure, I was not at all reluctant about going. I had long wanted to view the swift march of British justice, about which one hears so much, and lost no time in assuring the Beadle that I would attend the trial. His errand concluded, a sudden change came over the man. He leaned forward and with a confidential wink whispered, 'Yer'll get one and threepence fee, yer know. 'Andy, yus?'

Ah, so I was to be paid — and handsomely, by George!

The next morning, as I was finishing breakfast, an orderly appeared at the wardroom door and called my name. He was a young chap from the New York Ghetto, and his eloquent eyes, I noticed, were like saucers. When asked what he wanted, he mumbled unintelligibly, and finally stretched discipline to the point of beckoning in a most theatrical manner for me to come outside. Once on deck I quickly perceived the cause of his excitement — the poor lad thought I was about to be arrested. There stood a policeman not a shade under six feet, six inches, in height, his presence radiating the awful authority that goes with many bright brass buttons and a full waistline. He was brief and to the point. 'Thinkin' as 'ow yer moight 'ave diffyculty in findin' the Cawt of Bootle, h'I've come t' show yer the wye.'

A chance to walk down the street beside so titanic a figure — to me the British police have always been a race of demigods, calm, aloof, omniscient — was not to be scorned, so I hurried into my overcoat and was soon striding along beside him. After a block or two of walking in silence, he essayed a question.

'H'I've a brother in America oo's a patrolman in Tchicago. 'E 'roites me 'e's mykin' forty pound a month. 'E's 'avin' me on, now, is n't 'e?'

It seemed almost sacrilege to destroy his perfect faith in the theory that no policeman could be paid two hundred dollars a month, but I was forced to admit that his brother had not exaggerated.

'H'and me gettin' twelve pound a month,' he murmured. Abruptly he brightened; in solemn optimism spoke. 'But then me uniform's found. I fancy 'e don't get a bit o' cloth like this over there, sir, do 'e?'

He certainly does n't! The faultless fit, the smooth, sleek quality of a bobby's uniform, have never been successfully imitated.

Halfway down a narrow, deserted-looking little street my companion executed a grave and deliberate salute. There was no one in sight save ourselves, and I naturally looked at him in some perplexity. He colored a deep red. 'H'I lives there,' he said awkwardly, jerking his hand back toward a window we had just passed, 'and me little gel likes a bit 'f a nod.'

His daughter, it seemed, was six years old. I like to think of her standing there in the window, soberly accepting so magnificent a gesture!

II

At the next corner the police station hove into view, a sombre gray building so solid and formidable as to look as though it had been piled up by some prehistoric upheaval of the earth. The courtroom where we soon found ourselves was equally dark and forbidding. No sooner had I settled myself in a chair than I heard a voice in my ear asking if I was 'quite comfortable.' I looked up to see the now familiar cocked hat of the Beadle. 'H'it eyen't

goaning ter be long 'ere, sir. Your cyse is number three, sir.' Scarcely had this assurance been offered me when there came the noise of scraping chairs and shuffling feet, and I rose with the rest of them while the magistrate took his seat.

It is rather difficult to describe him. He looked like Scraggsy, if you recollect that sublime Western character in our fiction of two decades ago, whose appearance was that of 'a forlorn hope lost in a fog.' Bald, rather wizened, with a long wispy moustache colored by tobacco, he wore his glasses well down on his nose and looked over them with a pair of pale, cold eyes. He had a peculiar nervous smile which came to his face at the most unexpected times, and, since he was the most absent-minded man alive, it resulted in his interrogating witnesses with the air of one engaged in Holy Inquisition, and sentencing prisoners with the bland pleasantry of a bishop. A court clerk sat on his right, a clerk whose duties seemed to consist of keeping some sort of record, supplying statistics, and recalling ''Is Washup's' vagrant mind to earth when it took flight in the ethereal void of abstraction.

The first case was rather unusual. There was no defendant. The plaintiff was a typical Liverpool slavey, an untidy slattern with dirty red face, fierce hawklike eyes, and a greasy nondescript costume. Not one touch of decent feminine care could be discerned in either her face or her person. The magistrate looked at her in cold disapproval, shuddered slightly, and looked inquiringly at the bailiff. The bailiff opened his mouth to speak, but the hopeless creature cut him short. Striking an attitude, she burst forth with pent-up violence in a rasping voice: —

'Me 'usbing 's walkin' aht with a young woming, Yer Washup; h'a-passin' hisself orf h'as a single man, an' him married to me, stroike me pink, this two year, the bloody little —'

The magistrate, pale with horror, nearly broke his gavel in checking the flood of gutter sewerage that started from her twisted mouth. He looked at her sternly for a minute; then some little ray of pity for her ghastly, forlorn condition lit his face and he said, kindly enough: 'My poor young woman, do you approach His Majesty's Court with any proof of infidelity on the part of your husband?'

'Awr-r-r-r! Proof be blowed!' she croaked contemptuously. 'Eyen't h'I tellin' Yer Washup h'as 'ow me 'usbing is walkin' aht, the dirty — '

Again the gavel crashed. 'Young woman, lacking proof of infidelity, it is not within the jurisdiction of this Court to interfere with the personal social preferences of His Majesty's subjects. Dismissed!' Suddenly the nervous smile appeared on his face, and he drawled absently: 'Er — aw — might I suggest that you take a few of the more obvious steps toward improving your outward appearance?'

He conferred a moment behind his hand with the clerk, and, seemingly refreshed by the latter's nod of approval, turned to the next case. The prisoner appeared through a sort of trapdoor leading out of subterranean chambers, giving the impression of an inexhaustible store below, and the very bailiff handed him up with a gesture which seemed to say, 'How does this one suit? We've a large assortment below, y' know.' Your Briton takes pride in his work.

Charge, wife beating. Third offense. Sentence, thirty days in the workhouse, at hard labor — 'and the next time you lay violent hands upon your miserable wife this Court will strive to be more ingenious. Bailiff, look into the circumstances of this creature's family, and report to me personally.' Turning

to his clerk, the magistrate whispered indignantly, — all apathy had left him for the moment, — and the clerk nodded a great many times and glared also as the prisoner was being hustled below.

There was a brief delay, during which the magistrate's thoughts went far afield, if one were to judge by the quick play of expressions on his face. Then the bailiff brought up the third case, and the Beadle leaned over and nudged me. 'H'it's 'im!' he whispered dramatically. 'Him' was a white-faced, furtive little rat of a man, who stood twisting his cap like a schoolboy and blinking terrified eyes at the Court while his wretched shoulders twitched apprehensively. The magistrate leaned far out over his little desk, adjusted his glasses a notch lower on his nose, gestured aimlessly with his left hand, raised his eyebrows to an incredible height, and cleared his throat as though to speak — remember, the charge had not yet been read. Then he blushed, said 'Sorry!' and relapsed into grimacing vacancy while the charge was being read.

Solemnly a policeman with a fierce red face and a curiously mild voice testified that he had 'caught the little chap red-handed.' My name was then called, and I mounted the witness stand and identified the tin of beef — there was no doubt about its being navy property. A long silence ensued, during which the magistrate, with the appearance of not having heard a word spoken during the last five minutes, tapped out some intricate pattern on his desk with a pencil. Recalled to this world at last, — I'm sure the clerk actually nudged him, — the worthy dispenser of justice again stretched the law of gravitation to the breaking point by leaning a full two-thirds of his body out over his bench, and said: 'Eh — come, come, my poor fellow, and what is your wage?'

'Three puns a wake, sor,' said the unfortunate wretch. The magistrate in his astonishment sat down very abruptly, dropped his pencil, lifted his eyebrows to the top of his head, set his glasses on the very tip of his nose, and gasped in a strangled whisper: 'How — much — did — you — say?' 'Three puns a wake, Yer Washup,' reiterated the prisoner with some defiance. Some little spark of manhood, as yet not quite extinguished, evidently impelled him to resent such exaggerated incredulity as to his earning power.

Fiercely the magistrate looked at him, immediately forgot himself and smiled engagingly, caught himself at it and frowned, chewed his moustache, and with a helpless gesture turned to his clerk, with whom he conferred for several moments. (Why did I suddenly think of the court scene in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland?*) Finally he turned on the prisoner and said: 'If, as you say, you are earning three pounds a week — eh, three pounds a week, I understood you to say?' The prisoner nodded defiantly again. 'If, I say, you are getting a wage of three pounds a week' (even at the third repetition he could n't prevent a shade of mistrust — almost apologetic now — from creeping into his voice), 'what on earth possessed you that you should steal a tenpenny tin of beef?'

The little cockney braced himself, gave his hat a frantic twist, coughed, and blurted out: 'H'impulse o' the momint, sor!'

The magistrate threw up both his hands, smiled benignly, checked himself and glared balefully, looked at the bailiff as if for corroboration, tugged at his moustache, peered over his glasses at me, realized he was glowering like a tiger, changed expressions, smiled and gave me a slight bow, twitched his eyebrows, picked up his pencil, and turned helplessly to the clerk, with

whom he conversed behind his hand. Swinging back to his desk, he picked up some papers, read them half through, quite unconsciously, and came to with a start. After pronouncing the sentence, which consisted of a fifty-shilling fine, he beamed upon the prisoner, looked daggers at the policeman who had appeared against him, raised his eyebrows at me, and coughed sternly. As I left the courtroom, he was absently staring an Italian woman out of countenance, and, pencil again in hand, beating out the measures of a particularly sprightly minuet.

III

I'm afraid the Beadle was terribly disappointed that day. Most unctuously he guided me to the cashier's window, where I received my princely witness fee of one and threepence. Expectantly he waited, but I dared not give it him. I knew where he would spend it; and, were his complexion to deepen one more shade, there was no doubt in my mind that he would burst into flames. So instead I sought out the genial giant who had acted as my guide, and asked him to take it to his 'little gel.'

'She'll want the old 'oman t' buy 'er h'a ribbing, sor, tremenjous red,' he prophesied as we strode back to the ship. 'H'eye for color, that little gel!' he added proudly.

Possibly the color of which he spoke reflected his thoughts into gruesome channels; at any rate his next remark startled me. 'You 've an 'xstrawd'n'ry number of murders in America, 'ave n't you?' he asked abruptly.

'Yes,' I admitted reluctantly, 'I'm afraid that is true.'

'H'I eyen't speakin' o' wot you'd corl common murders, sor. Mean t' say, sor, look at the constables an' police they're a-murderin' h'every dye in America!'

He was obviously leading up to something, so I encouraged him. 'Ah!' I said. 'Shocking, is n't it!'

'Guv'nor,' he said, with terrible earnestness, 'h'it eyen't once in ten year that one of ours is done in, h'an' they 're a-killin' them every dye in America! Why?'

'What is the reason?' I asked, for the want of any solution myself.

Writers here and abroad have grappled for a hundred years with the British mind. Learned men have written volumes about it, shallow essayists have snapped innumerable epigrams at it, poets have made of it great thunders. Little did this humble policeman realize that in his answer he summed it up for all time.

'Ah, well y' moight ask!' he cried triumphantly. 'Your police are all armed. We're not. They can't very well shoot us, knowin' we're not armed, now, can they?'

GALLIENI

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

FIVE years after his death, the shade of Joseph Simon Gallieni received the posthumous honor of being created Marshal of France. It was a belated but sincere recognition from the French Government that in the dark days of early September, 1914, he had saved France, and had changed the face of the World War by bringing about the 'Miracle of the Marne.'

For years the truth was concealed by public ignorance, superficial assumptions, and the jealous dignity of a superior and his entourage, who needed to borrow the laurels of that victory in order to cover the shame of earlier disasters. Moreover, even among the governmental leaders who knew or surmised the facts, it was thought necessary to maintain the fiction in order to sustain the spirit of France and the confidence of her allies, for to the outside world the Generalissimo — Joffre — was the symbol of France triumphant. To-day, when this need has passed with the emergency, justice and gratitude demand that the world should recognize Gallieni, rather than Joffre, as the victor of the Marne.

Joseph Simon Gallieni was born on April 24, 1849, at St. Béat on the skirts of the Pyrenees — yet another of the famous soldiers of France who have sprung from that mountain region. And, if hereditary environment had an influence on his military qualities, there was an extra significance in the fact that his family was Corsican in origin and with a military tradition.

Entering St. Cyr when he was nineteen, he passed out, to a commission in the Marines, on July 15, 1870 — the day of the declaration of war against Germany. This early and bitter experience of war was for most French officers to be followed by forty years of peace soldiering, but not so with Gallieni. The service he had chosen cast his lot in foreign climes and, through a series of colonial campaigns, paved his way to a mission of colonization; for, unlike most of his famous comrades and compatriots, Gallieni would have had a niche in history if a European war had never come again within his lifetime. In the late seventies, as explorer and soldier, he played an important rôle in extending and establishing French influence in the region of the upper Niger, and, after a spell in Martinique, returned again to West Africa to become governor of Upper Senegal. An acute observer and a scientific mind, his work and writings rendered almost as much service to geographical research as to France. In 1893 he traveled east across the Indian Ocean to command a military district in Tongking and secure the French hold on the country. Three years later he was called back to a still greater rôle as governor-general and commander in chief of the new French colony of Madagascar.

Madagascar was in revolt, owing to the weakness of his predecessor.

Gallieni not only crushed the revolt and completed the full subjugation of the island, but by his political measures and development of the island's economic resources left it peaceful and prosperous. Henceforth Madagascar was to be as closely associated with the name of Gallieni as Morocco later with the name of Lyautey. And like another great colonial administrator in Africa, Kitchener, Gallieni was to be called to the rescue of his motherland in the hour of supreme peril. But if the outcome was perhaps to dim rather than to enhance Kitchener's wider fame, Gallieni's niche in the hall of fame was to be enlarged during his life and still more after his death. History has few stranger coincidences than the parallel course of the careers of these two great soldiers. Both were launched into active service in the same year and the same war, — the War of 1870 against Germany, — both carved their fortunes in Africa, both became famous colonial rulers. And they died within ten days of each other, both self-sacrificed on the altar of duty in a war against the same foe they had faced together as boys.

Recalled from Madagascar in 1905, Gallieni became military governor of Lyon and commander of the Fourteenth Army Corps. After so many years in colonial expeditions and administration he had lost touch with the higher study of war and, accustomed to dealing with isolated packets of men in bush and desert fighting, found difficulty in imitating the facile mastery of those who gayly manœuvred armies of millions on paper maps. Like Joffre, he was out of his depth; but, whereas Joffre had been building fortifications, Gallieni had been building men, and, while Joffre drifted with the current, Gallieni's quicker intelligence enabled him to strike out for a point where he could gain a firm footing. This point was the practical training of the troops. He did not attempt to lay down the law on strategical questions. Indeed, he was modest enough to realize his own handicaps and to say to his predecessor on arrival, 'I have come from the tropics: I don't know in the least what has been happening at home. Let me have a young Staff College graduate to give me lessons.' And the hero of Senegal, Tongking, and Madagascar sat humbly at the feet of this Captain Galonnier. Even when he had gained sufficient confidence to direct schemes and large-scale exercises, he hesitated to be dogmatic in exposition, and so hardly impressed his true powers upon his hearers until he was confronted by a real instead of an hypothetical enemy.

He was still learning when the crisis in the French Command developed in 1911. The reason that led Gallieni to throw the weight of his name and influence in the scales against Michel, the commander in chief designate, was probably less that he distrusted the latter's strategical policy than that he was disquieted by Michel's personality. Another factor may have been that his belief in the value of training led him to have little faith in Michel's project of utilizing masses of reservists. But strategically we shall see Gallieni, shortly after, taking the same view as Michel of the likelihood of a German advance through Belgium. When Michel, thrown down by all his colleagues on the Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre, was forced to resign, Gallieni could have had the succession to his place. Gallieni's scruples forbade him to reap a personal advantage by his opposition and he declined the prize, on the excuse of his age and the limitation of his experience to colonial warfare. Messimy, the Minister of War, asked him to take two days for reflection. But Gallieni was still firm, saying, 'It is my duty to repeat that you have a great

and cruel duty to perform — that of removing General Michel; but I, who have indicted him in front of you, cannot accept to be substituted for him.' In the impasse, Messimy asked him for alternative names. Gallieni suggested first Pau, a deeply read and intellectually qualified soldier, but politically suspect for his clerical views; secondly, Joffre, who had served under him in Madagascar; and the Minister of War accepted the latter suggestion.

Gallieni's recommendation of his former subordinate was the one disservice he rendered to France and the worst to himself. He certainly did not realize that he was merely creating a massive puppet which would dance to the measure dictated by the 'Young Turks' of the General Staff, for he was by no means fitted with their blind faith in a victory march to the tune of the *offensive à outrance*. In 1912 he insisted that war ought to be avoided, as the French Army was unready, and in March 1914 he directed a war game at the Centre of Higher Military Studies which foreshadowed the march of the German armies through Belgium. The danger so impressed him that in his report he urged that Dunkerque, Lille, and Maubeuge ought to be put in a state to act as breakwaters to the German tide, and that a field army should also be disposed on this flank. His warning fell on the deaf ears of leaders who were confident that they had only to advance to conquer, and that it was waste of effort to renovate fortresses in their rear. A month later he reached the age for retirement, and although, in tribute to his prestige and work, he was nominally retained on the active list, he settled down in peaceful repose on a little estate at St. Raphaël. His contentment was soon doubly shattered. For, while the Austrian guns were sounding the tocsin of war on the Danube facing Belgrade, Gallieni was standing by the graveside of his wife.

From his private sorrows and the débris of his dream of a tranquil eveningtide to his life a telegram from the Minister of War came to rescue him. Dated July 31, it notified him that in case of mobilization he would be deputy to the commander in chief, Joffre, and his successor, if the need arose. But when he arrived in Paris he was left to kick his heels in impatient idleness, for Joffre showed no desire to have a potential successor at his side or to keep Gallieni *au courant* with the operations of which he might be called on to take charge. The Minister of War asked Joffre to attach Gallieni to his headquarters, but was refused. As a courtesy a room in the Ministry of War was given to Gallieni, and there he sat studying maps and such bare information as Joffre chose to send to the Ministry. All Gallieni could do was to utter unheeded warnings against the idea that the German halt at Liége was a serious check, against premature rejoicings over the early superficial success of the Belgian resistance, against any attempt to push forward into Belgium — and the German noose.

On August 15 the Minister, disquieted, sent Gallieni to discuss the situation with Joffre, who merely spoke to Gallieni for a moment in an antechamber and then left him to a staff officer. Five days later alarming telegrams began to flow in from Joffre's headquarters, and when Joffre admitted the collapse of his rash hopes the Government, panic-stricken, was minded to throw over the commander in chief. A lesser man than Gallieni would have exploited this crisis, for Joffre's dismissal meant Gallieni's succession, but instead he joined with the Minister of War in dissuading the Cabinet from swapping horses when actually in midstream.

II

The defense of the capital was a different question, and on August 26 Gallieni was named military governor of Paris — when the enemy was almost at its gates. As he remarked, 'They have given me a formidable task. Nothing is ready and the minutes are centuries.' Having done the best it could for the menaced capital, the Government departed hastily for Bordeaux, leaving Gallieni to issue the famous proclamation, inspiring, yet with an undercurrent of sarcasm: 'Army of Paris, Inhabitants of Paris, the members of the Government of the Republic have left Paris in order to give a new impulse to the national defense. I have received a mandate to defend Paris against the invader. This mandate I shall carry out to the end.' The sarcasm was justified and explained by his private comment: 'The Government has left for Bordeaux and left me alone in the presence of a population which has been deceived until now by lying communiqués.' And it was significant of a fine sentiment that Gallieni, before accepting this charge to defend the capital, asked if its meaning was fully realized, that it might involve the destruction of historic buildings and works of art which are the glory of Paris.

His task of defense appeared to him, as he said, to comprise three elements — military defense, moral defense, and supply. While he pressed on the work of throwing up trenches and obstacles, pacified the fearful, and suppressed the alarmists, he showed an unusually acute appreciation of the reaction of the three elements of security upon each other. From experience of the 1870 siege he had culled the subtle lesson that in order to spread confidence — confidence particularly in the foresight of their leaders — 'it was not only necessary that Paris should not want for bread, but that it should eat the same bread.' To this end he kept a firm hand on the wholesalers and retailers, checked profiteering, supervised distribution, and, as another moral safeguard, started a campaign against drunkenness and the opportunity for it.

This concern with the internal conditions and immediate defense of Paris did not prevent his keeping his eyes on a wider horizon. Thus, by exceeding his duty, he perceived and seized the chance to save not merely Paris but France. On August 25, when he had been warned to take over the military governorship, he had told the Minister of War, Messimy, that it was essential, for the defense of Paris, unprepared for resistance, to have a mobile force of at least three army corps beyond the actual garrison. The Minister telegraphed an order, accordingly, to Joffre; Gallieni wired direct; nothing happened. Two days later there was a reconstruction of the Government and Messimy was replaced by Millerand, to whom Gallieni renewed his urgent pleas. All that Joffre could offer, in response to repeated telegrams, was the statement, 'The German army will not be before Paris for some days,' — it was already within gunshot of the outposts, — 'Maunoury's army and the territorial troops of the entrenched camp ought to suffice to defend Paris.' Maunoury's army was the force which Joffre had hastily assembled near Amiens for an imagined counterstroke, only for it to be engulfed in the ebbing tide of the Allied Armies. Swept back in the general retreat, its course brought it to shelter within the entrenched zone of Paris, and, as it was separated from the main armies, Joffre had no option but to leave it in Gallieni's hands — a welcome reënforcement, if not all that he had asked for. And the very fact of relinquishing

direct control of this force, which had been intended for a counterstroke, appears one of the numerous proofs that Joffre had also relinquished any idea of an early return to the offensive.

On September 1, Joffre issued an order for the retreat of the Allied Armies to be continued to a line south of the Seine, Aube, and Ornain rivers. Not only was the effect of this to take the armies away from and far to the southeast of Paris, but a commander who is contemplating an early counteroffensive does not place the obstacle of a river barrier between himself and the enemy. And a further note to the army commanders next day added that it was Joffre's intention to 'organize and fortify' this line, whence he planned to deliver not an immediate but an ultimate counteroffensive. That same day he replied to a suggestion of a stand on the Marne, made by Sir John French and communicated through the Minister of War, 'I do not believe it possible to envisage a general action on the Marne with the whole of our forces. But I consider that the coöperation of the English army in the defense of Paris is the only course that can give an advantageous result.' To the Minister of War and Gallieni he repeated the same verdict.

This array of evidence is more than sufficient to dispel the legend that Joffre had any intention of giving battle on the Marne or that he planned the counterstroke which wrenched victory from disaster. But on the evening of September 3 an insignificant action elsewhere was to have momentous consequences. An aviator flying over the area where the German columns were advancing remarked signs of a change of direction. This was reported to Gallieni, who ordered for the next morning fresh reconnaissances by aircraft and cavalry. These confirmed the fact that the German columns, instead of continuing their march south toward Paris, were wheeling southeast past the outskirts of the entrenched camp. Shut up in his office, Gallieni spent an hour in study of the map and in reflection. Then, his plan formed, he ordered Maunoury's army to get ready to move eastward for a blow against the Germans' flank, and told Joffre by telephone of the German change of direction and his own preparatory moves, urging the Commander in Chief to consent to a counteroffensive. This consent was necessary, not only to ensure a combined effort, but because Joffre had persuaded the new Minister of War to subordinate Gallieni to himself.

Gallieni's fiery and inspired pleas, however, had difficulty in making an impression on the slow-thinking Commander in Chief. That was not surprising. Four days before, a staff officer with the Fifth Army, Captain Fagalde, had found in the wallet of a dead German officer the German order for a change of direction, and sent it to G. Q. G. on the morning of September 2. Yet even this vital piece of information, earlier and more definite than any Gallieni gleaned, had evoked no active response from Joffre. To save time while Joffre was making up his mind, Gallieni rushed off by motor to Melun to explain the new situation to the British, and if possible gain their cooperation. Unhappily, Sir John French was absent from his headquarters, and at first Gallieni could not even find the Chief of Staff. It was a curious scene. Gallieni, on his side, found the British staff unsettled and depressed, not hesitating to say that had England known the situation of the French army she would certainly not have entered the war. The British officers, on their side, were hardly in the mood to discern the underlying qualities of this most unmilitary-looking military genius, bespectacled and untidy, with shaggy

moustache, black buttoned boots, and yellow leggings. Little wonder, perhaps, that one eminent soldier with a pungent gift of humor remarked that 'no British officer would be seen speaking to such a — comedian.'

Gallieni pointed out to the Chief of Staff that it was vital to seize the opportunity which the Germans had given by offering their right flank; told him that the 'Army of Paris' was already in motion against the German flank, and begged that the British should cease to retreat and join with his forces in an offensive next day. The British Chief of Staff showed 'une grande répugnance . . . à entrer dans nos vues,' and declared that he could do nothing in the absence of his Commander. After waiting three hours in vain for Sir John French's return, Gallieni had to leave with no more than the promise of a telephone message later. This brought no satisfaction, for its purport was that the British would continue their retreat next day. Their decision had been confirmed by receiving a letter, written that morning, from Joffre, who said, 'My intention, in the present situation, is to pursue the execution of the plan that I have had the honor to communicate to you — that of retiring behind the Seine — and only to engage on the selected line with all forces united.' The only influence which Gallieni's morning message to Joffre had achieved was shown by a subsequent paragraph, which said, 'In the case of the German armies continuing their movement toward the S-S-W . . . perhaps you will agree that your action can be most effectively applied on the right bank of this river, between the Marne and Seine.' This casual qualification of the definite opening statement gave the British little encouragement to fall in with Gallieni's audacious suggestion. There is a dramatic contrast between the sluggish working of Joffre's mind, gradually but all too slowly veering round, and Gallieni's swift *coup d'œil* and instantaneous reaction.

Yet, if Gallieni's *coup d'œil* gained the opportunity, it was, as he himself said, '*coups de téléphone* which gained the Battle of the Marne.' For on returning to his headquarters in Paris he had found a belated message from Joffre which was favorable to his proposal for a counterstroke, but preferred it to be delivered south of the Marne — where it would have lost the greater effect given by a blow against the enemy's flanks and rear.

Gallieni seized the telephone, got through to Joffre, and by the fervor and force of his arguments at last won the latter's sanction for the Army of Paris to strike north of the Marne as part of a general counteroffensive by the left-wing armies. Joffre promised to obtain the coöperation of the British. Gallieni promptly issued orders (10.30 P.M.) to Maunoury's army, which he reënforced, and a few hours later Joffre's telegraphic orders for the general offensive arrived, fixing the date for the sixth of September — it was too late now for the fifth. The delay had worse consequences. Next morning, while Maunoury's troops were moving east toward the enemy, the British were marching leisurely south — away from the enemy — in accordance with their original orders. When they turned about on the sixth, they had much ground to recover, and were not as quick in retracing their steps as the situation demanded. This lack of pressure enabled von Kluck, commanding the German flank army — the First — to leave only a cavalry screen facing the British and to pull back the two army corps from this sector to reënforce the one hard-pressed army corps which was trying to hold off Maunoury's menacing advance against

the German rear. The arrival of these fresh forces began to check Maunoury's advance on the seventh, and Gallieni pushed forward every possible reserve he could scrape up in order to strengthen Maunoury.

Here occurred the immortal episode of the Paris taxicabs. The Seventh Division had just detrained in Paris, but it was forty miles from the battle front. If it marched thither it would be too late, and there was insufficient rail transport to take the whole division. That afternoon the police held up taxicabs in the streets, bundled the passengers out, and, after collecting six hundred cabs, filled them with soldiers. During the night this forerunner of the future motorized column swept, as only Paris taxicabs can sweep, through the suburbs and past their amazed inhabitants, making two journeys, and next morning the whole division was concentrated on the battlefield.

The pressure on the Germans gained extra force from the fact that it was directed against the enemy's rear. If Gallieni had received the two further army corps for which he had asked days before, and which were only just arriving piecemeal, the German forces south of the Marne might well have been cut off and the battle been as decisive tactically as it was strategically. Even in the actual situation the menace was such that von Kluck called back his two remaining army corps, thus creating a twenty-mile-wide gap between him and the neighboring army of von Bülow. The consequences were fatal. Although he was able to hold and even force back Maunoury's troops, the gap in the southern front gave Franchet d'Espérey's army the chance to overlap von Bülow's exposed flank; and when, on top of this, news came that the British, who lay between Maunoury and Franchet d'Espérey, were advancing into the centre of the gap, it was the signal for the German retreat, which began on September 9. If the continuance of the British withdrawal on September 5 had marred the chance of a crushing victory, it was a pleasant irony of fate that their very withdrawal made possible the victory as actually achieved.

III

This victory might have been more decisive — to the shortening of the war — if its creator had not been removed from control at the beginning of the pursuit. For on September 11 Joffre informed Gallieni that he would resume direct control of Maunoury's army, leaving Gallieni to fret his soul within the confines of Paris while watching the fruits of victory slipping from the grasp of his slow-thinking superior. Throughout the battle Gallieni's governing idea had been to direct all reserves to the north, toward the enemy's rear, although several times frustrated by Joffre. With Gallieni's disappearance the advance became purely frontal, giving the Germans the breathing space to reorganize and stand firm on the line of the Aisne. Not until then did Joffre's slow mind awake to the idea of concentrating by rail a fresh mass of manœuvre behind the German flank. As a result, in the so-called 'Race to the Sea,' the French were always 'twenty-four hours and an army corps late,' until the trench front stretched to the sea, with ten fair provinces of France locked in on the German side.

The question has often been posed whether the trench stalemate would have come to pass if France had possessed a Napoleon. Although the unappreciated defensive power of modern weapons and the unwieldy masses of 1914 weighted the scales against the mobility and decisiveness of warfare, the Gallieni interlude raises a doubt.

For not only did Gallieni afford the one instance of 'Napoleonic *coup d'œil*' witnessed on the Western Front in 1914–1918, but his intuition, his boldness of manœuvre, and his swift decision were so vivid a contrast to the conduct of the other leaders, French, British, and German, as to suggest that it was possible to snatch a decision by manœuvre from the jaws of trench warfare, before the artisan swallowed the artist.

The hypothesis is strengthened by the fact that Gallieni's influence was exercised under the most shackling conditions. The command of a fortress was governed by rules and limitations which ordained a strictly defensive rôle, even gave the governor power to refuse assistance to the field armies, and discouraged him from any wider horizon than that of his immediate responsibility for the defense of the fortress. It was the irony of fortune that the commander in chief in the field should have led the way to universal siege warfare, that the commander of a fortress should have conceived and launched the most decisive manœuvre of the war. Yet war is a game where the joker counts, and when Joffre withheld the trump Gallieni played the joker. As he remarked later, half humorously, half bitterly, 'There has not been a Battle of the Marne. Joffre's instructions ordained a retreat on the Seine and the evacuation of Verdun and of Nancy. Sarrail did not obey: he saved Verdun. Castelnau held on to the Grand Couronne: he saved Nancy. I have taken the offensive. As for asserting now that it was the Commander in Chief — who had gone back far to the rear while I advanced — who conducted, foresaw, and arranged it all . . . it is hard to believe!'

For, from the moment that the Battle of the Marne was waged and won in spite of him, Joffre's satellites industriously propagated the legend that the battle was the fruit of a masterly and foreordained strategic plan, and Joffre himself showed no inclination to discourage the legend or reject the stolen laurels. Yet he had been eager to divest himself of blame if failure had been the result. At the opening of the battle he had telegraphed to the President of the Republic and the Premier: 'General Gallieni having attacked prematurely,' — later revelations have shown that even a day's delay would have meant the collapse of the French centre, — 'the Commander in Chief has given the order to suspend the retreat and return to the offensive.'

Gallieni waited in vain for further scope now that the tide of battle had rolled back from Paris. The neglect caused wide comment and a visitor to Joffre was bold enough to mention it. Joffre's noncommittal reply was: 'He is difficult to place, but if he waits he will probably be given an important post.' Joffre's idea of this was to offer Gallieni the succession to Maunoury, his subordinate of the Marne. This was well calculated to provoke the refusal that it met. At last the Government proposed to give Gallieni the command of a group of armies, but Joffre refused.

What made Gallieni's enforced passivity more trying was his conviction of the futility of the Allied strategy. As early as October 1914, on returning from a visit to the front, he remarked: 'We shall not break through; we shall not make a gap. Joffre is too content to be in trenches.' A year later, after the abortive September offensive of 1915, he remarked: 'I doubt whether it will ever be possible to make a serious offensive on the Western Front: too many trenches, too much barbed wire, concrete, artillery, on one side and the other. What is called the "breakthrough," what the public sees in this word, I don't believe in it. As for the war of attrition, are we making it

against the Germans or they against us?'

His prescience was equally striking in other directions. When the Goeben and Breslau sailed through the Dardanelles, he declared: 'We ought to follow immediately on their heels. If not, Turkey will be in arms against us.' As early as February 1915 he proposed the expedition to Salonika — to use it, however, not for an advance into the mountainous Balkans, but as a base for a march upon Constantinople with an army strong enough to encourage the Greeks and Bulgars to join with the Entente. This, one may remark, was the route which Milne took in October 1918 — a menace which hastened the surrender of Turkey. After taking Constantinople, Gallieni proposed an advance up the Danube into Austria-Hungary in conjunction with the Rumanians. Moreover, he gave the warning that if the Allies did not go in force to Salonika the Bulgars and Greeks would turn against them. In October the Bulgars attacked Serbia.

The project of this expedition, for the command of which Gallieni was naturally designated, collapsed through the opposition of Joffre, who declared that he could not be answerable for the security of the Western Front if troops were taken away — although he found ample for the prodigal assaults in Artois and Champagne. Consulted by Briand, he even said that the idea was due to Gallieni's personal ambition to have a command. 'I will not give a man. Why seek elsewhere and far away for what I shall obtain in March? I am certain to break through and drive the Germans back to their own country.' But in the autumn the futility of the Western Front operations combined with the entry of Bulgaria and the sacrifice of Serbia to bring about a political crisis, forcing a reconstruction of the Government in order to inspire public confidence. Gallieni was called to be Minister of War, although protesting that he had neither the political finesse nor the health to stand the strain.

Only a few weeks before, Joffre had issued a belated citation of Gallieni's service at the Marne, a citation so diminuendo that it could only have been intended to damn by faint praise and to check the volume of public acclamation of Gallieni's services. It sought to give the impression that Gallieni had been merely a cog in the machine directed by the Commander in Chief, contributing a useful but minor share as assigned. But it was too subtle, thwarting its own purpose by the storm of indignation which its slighting phrases raised. Many urged Gallieni not to accept the citation, but he replied that indiscipline was the inherent fault of the time and the nation, and that France could only be saved if those in high places set an example in reëstablishing discipline.

IV

A few weeks later the position was reversed and Gallieni became Joffre's superior. What a turning of the tables, what a chance for revenge! And if ever reprisal was justified it was in Gallieni's case. Yet, as four years before he had refused the succession to Michel because he had helped to unseat him, so now he refused to use his power against the man who had treated him so badly, although a large section of opinion was clamant for Joffre's dismissal and Gallieni had only to raise his finger to bring it about. Instead, his moral grandeur was attested by the way he not only strove to meet all Joffre's material needs but generously defended him in the Chamber of Deputies. Gallieni's scrupulous sense of responsibility not to abuse his power was a

handicap, leading him to make extra allowance for the failings of one who had used him badly. At the same time, his loyal support was also due to the opinion that Joffre's world-wide prestige, however ill deserved, was an asset not lightly to be discarded. Knowing the tide of criticism which was rising against Joffre, Gallieni tried to reason with this stubborn and jealous despot, to induce him to make reforms which would pacify the critics and contribute to greater efficiency. As a further step Gallieni caused Joffre to be named Commander in Chief of all the French armies and appointed Castelnau Chief of the General Staff, sending him to headquarters as a means of conserving Joffre's prestige while enabling a quicker brain to influence operations. But this remedy was marred by the passive resistance of Joffre and his entourage, who ignored Castelnau's presence as far as possible.

In December Colonel Driant, a Deputy, returned on leave from the front and exposed the neglected state of the Verdun defenses. Gallieni, who had already been disquieted by similar reports, wrote to Joffre for an assurance that the deficiencies would be rectified. Joffre replied in such a tone of pontifical infallibility and rebuke that even Gallieni was nettled and would have asserted his authority if his colleagues in the Cabinet, anxious not to precipitate a crisis, had not persuaded him to send a soothing answer for the moment. France paid heavily for postponing this political crisis. Gallieni, however, had worries enough, striving on the one hand to protect the Higher Command from continual parliamentary and press attacks, while, on the other, working to reform it without an upheaval, and also occupied in trying to speed up the supply of munitions and the training of fresh troops. A sick man, he drove himself unsparingly in order to 'simplify and accelerate' the cumbrous machinery of his own Ministry of War, fighting the civil servants in the battle against red tape, cutting down the mass of 'paper' which so often replaces action in the offices of a bureaucracy, ensuring a greater interchange between the staff and the trenches, giving a human touch to the military Moloch.

The clouds on this horizon were just beginning to disperse when the storm broke at Verdun — and the vivid play of the German lightning revealed beyond concealment the unreadiness and negligence of Joffre. The country cried out, but the Cabinet could only quiver, discuss, and adjourn. Gallieni could no longer bear to watch them shivering on the brink of a decision, and resolved to push them in. Through sleepless nights, racked by pain, he had been thinking out his scheme for the reorganization of the system of command, and on March 7, 1916, he brought the memorandum to the Cabinet. It laid down that the Government ought to assume the higher control and coördination of the war in the financial, economic, diplomatic, and military aspects; that the war must be recognized as a gigantic siege and treated accordingly; that the administration of the military resources should be restored to the Ministry of War, leaving the command of the field armies free to concentrate on the conduct of operations in conformity with, but not as hitherto in disregard of, the war policy laid down by the Government. The memorandum dealt with principles and not with persons, but to fulfill these principles Gallieni proposed to bring Joffre, as Commander in Chief of all the French armies, back to Paris, and to place Castelnau in executive command of the field army on the Western Front. The Cabinet, although many had been vociferous in their complaints about Joffre, were

panic-stricken when asked to translate their opinions into action. When he found they would not take his advice, Gallieni resigned, showing them a medical certificate, hitherto disregarded, stating that it was essential that he should have two months' complete rest. Instantly they were full of protests, declaring that it was impossible: 'Think of Verdun! We are in the midst of battle.' Gallieni scathingly replied: 'Pardon, we have been at war for eighteen months, and all that time at war has been battle. Moreover, it was in the midst of battle that the executive Command at Verdun has been changed. It was also in the midst of battle that in August 1914 the military government and defense of Paris was entrusted to me. One can take, one has always taken such measures in the midst of battle.'

His colleagues' arguments beat in vain against his inflexible determination. They suggested that he should take his rest, merely dealing with vital papers, and return when fit. He told them that he was undergoing an operation which, if successful, would restore his full powers and make him fit for active service; then the Government could make use of him as it wished — but he would never return to the Ministry of War. They begged him to take two days for reconsideration; he told them that they could have an interval of grace to find a convenient explanation to tell the public. Ten days later his resignation was officially announced on the ground of ill health. Eight months later, after a summer and autumn during which hundreds of thousands of lives had been fruitlessly sacrificed, the Government carried out the reform of the Higher Command which he had pleaded. But Gallieni was gone. Although the doctors had declared that he needed four or five months' rest to become fit for the operation, he could not bear to remain idle while France was at war, could not bear to delay his return to her service. 'Head high' — his favorite phrase — as always, he entered the hospital to be operated upon, faced the pain of successive operations without a murmur, aided the doctors by his will power in the battle for his life, and with calm fortitude announced his passing.

Many eulogies have been pronounced over his grave; in 1921 he was created Marshal of France posthumously in recognition of the fact that 'without Gallieni victory would have been impossible'; but the finest epitaph, and that most acceptable surely to him, is also the simplest: 'Gallieni — la tête haute.'

MY FRIEND KAKOOT

BY CAPTAIN THIERRY MALLET

I

I HAVE a friend who has three wives. This sounds perfectly immoral, but it is a fact. And not only has he three wives, but he lives with all three together in perfect peace and happiness, which is quite a feat in itself, as anyone, I think, will concede.

My friend is really a Canadian. Should any very religious person, reading these lines, feel the urgent need to go to him so as to show him how wrong are his ways, and incidentally try to save his soul, he will have to travel quite a bit. For my friend lives close to the Arctic Circle — without a permanent address, and far away from the sea, which makes it all the more difficult and complicated to reach him at any season of the year.

His name is Kakoot, and with a little luck, or if sundry arrangements have been made a year or so beforehand, one may find him between Ennadai Lake and Yathkyed Lake, somewhere on the Kazan River, which, as anybody might or might not know, is between the sixty-second and the sixty-third degree, in the Northwest Territories.

I might add also that my friend Kakoot is a full-blooded Eskimo. I have known him for several years, and not later than last summer I had the privilege of touring his own bit of the country, in his company, for a matter of several weeks.

Kakoot, I should judge, is about forty-five years old. I never could get his right age from him, for the very simple reason that he has absolutely no idea when he was born. He knows the exact spot of his birth, which, by the way, is a hollow between two rocky hills on the shores of Angikuni Lake. He also remembers his father and mother and two of his grandparents, and can show you where they are buried, but these are about all the indications he can give you as to his approximate age.

In appearance he is about five feet six and nearly as broad as he is high, especially when he has his winter clothes on. He wears his hair long, not in a braided pigtail such as some of the old Indians still used to wear a few years ago, but loose all around the head, evenly trimmed at the base of the neck and clipped short above the eyebrows. His face is dark and sunburned, with tremendous cheek bones, very hollow cheeks, and a few straggling black hairs at each corner of the mouth, giving him a little moustache 'à la Chinese.' His eyes are dark brown and hardly ever still, although they look directly at you when he speaks. His nose is slightly curved, his jaws exceedingly square, and his teeth, although very even, seem to have been filed down to the very edge of the gums. That comes from cracking too many reindeer bones in search of the marrow. He smokes incessantly a short black pipe.

Kakoot is by far the most intelligent and the most prosperous Eskimo

among the thirty-odd families which form the entire population of that part of the Barren Lands.

While the other natives never go to the sea, and live entirely on the caribou between the edge of the trees on Nueltin Lake and Baker Lake farther north, he has traveled extensively. He knows three hundred miles of the western shores of Hudson Bay, has been as far as Bothnia to the north and the Great Slave Lake to the west, and has picked up a lot of knowledge and experience through dealing with other tribes and meeting, occasionally, white men.

He relies, of course, on his own hunt, meat and fur, to obtain all the necessities of life. Nevertheless he is a born trader and does not hesitate to journey south to the trees so as to get a small outfit of goods which enables him to collect part of the other Eskimos' white foxes.

From all accounts he is a shrewd dealer, drives a hard bargain, and, I'm sorry to say, is not overscrupulous as regards prices and quantities. All that, added to his untiring energy, has made him what he is, and his igloo and topek contain priceless treasures in the eyes of the other natives.

Last summer, for instance, he was the proud possessor of a good-sized wooden trunk, all brass-bound, a phonograph of old vintage but still in good working order, a shotgun, a Mauser pistol with two hundred rounds, a new 303 British rifle with a fair amount of ammunition, a fishing net, a secondhand canoe, a few carpenter's tools with nails and screws, a three months' provision of tea and plug tobacco, and, last but not least, white men's clothes for summer wear, including a pair of rubber boots.

And then, of course, there are his three wives. It takes a lot of things to keep three wives, even within a short distance of the Arctic Circle. Kakoot manages that as well as he seems to manage everything else, as far as he is concerned.

His wife number one is about his age. He married her when he was a very young man. She has had several children who are now grown up and have families of their own. In summer she discards her native garb of winter hides and wears, outwardly at all events, civilized clothes, consisting of a dress and shirt of thick stroud and a shawl round her head. She wears no ornaments and her hair is arranged at the back in a loose knot. Her appearance is very slovenly, reminding one of a middle-aged gypsy. But she rules the household with a rod of iron and superintends the storing of the food, the drying of the meat, the tanning of the caribou skins, the manufacturing of garments and boots, and the everlasting search for dry willow twigs for the fire. When the family moves from one place to another she sees that the loads are evenly distributed. Finally, she attends to the dogs.

Wife number two is about thirty or thirty-five years of age. Her children still play about the camp, but can look out for themselves. She wears native clothes all year round, unadorned, and her sole duty is to accompany Kakoot wherever he goes, either hunting or traveling. Then she tends his camp, repairs his clothes, looks after the dogs, prepares the food, and sets an occasional fox trap. Outside of that, she seems to do nothing but sit on the ground, smoke her own or somebody else's pipe, and spit thoughtfully into the fire.

Wife number three is barely twenty. Her sole duty is to bear Kakoot children. She also wears native clothes, caribou fur in winter, caribou hide in summer. But she must always look beautiful. So she is covered with ornaments of all kinds. For instance, when

I saw her a few months ago she was wearing a brand-new two-piece suit of reindeer hide, scraped and tanned until it was nearly white. Her trousers were tucked in high deerskin boots, the laces below the knee being strips of red flannel. The swallowtail of her coat nearly reached the ground, the edges being trimmed with wolverine fur and a row of empty cartridge shells. She wore on her chest, from neck to waist, a wide 'stomacher' of multicolored beadwork; in the centre hung a large bright ornament which I recognized as one of my spoon baits, given to Kakoot the summer before, from which the hook had been neatly filed off. Her head was uncovered, but her hair, parted from back to front, was divided in two braids which, tightly wrapped in beadwork, hung down beside her cheeks like two fat sausages. Her wrists were one mass of copper and bead bracelets, while each finger of her hands sported several broad copper rings, the middle finger of each hand having as many as five. She was smoking a little soapstone pipe. The bowl was dark green in color, somewhat like jade, while from the willow stem, two feet long, hung little streamers of beads.

Yes, she looked beautiful, and knew it, too. I had no difficulty in having her pose for a few photographs, but each time she insisted on raising both her hands, palms forward, to each side of her face. She did not want her rings to be out of the picture!

Kakoot, of course, is tremendously proud of her, but it seems that it would be a breach of etiquette, on his part, to take any notice of her in public. And when you try to say something about her he immediately endeavors to attract your attention in another direction.

Little does he know, I suppose, that I was told by other natives how much he paid for that young wife of his. 'Ten white foxes, a secondhand canoe, a new rifle, and ten boxes of ammunition.' A tremendous price, which her father snapped up greedily. But the poor old man did not have time to enjoy his wealth long. For that was in the summer, two years ago, when the caribou, migrating south, changed their usual route and all the Eskimos missed the herds completely. Kakoot, being wise and having a net, pitched off at once to the nearest lake and started fishing for dear life before freeze-up. Thus he was able to 'stack up' enough trout and white fish to last him until spring, when the reindeer migrated north again and he was able to secure all the fresh meat he needed. But the old man was obstinate, and he went on and on, searching for the herds, until his food gave out and his dogs lay down, dying one by one. Finally he gave up the fight himself and starved slowly to death. Kakoot found him the next spring — that is, what remained of him — under the torn skins of his topek, which, crushed under the weight of the snow of the whole winter, had fallen down, covering his body like a shroud.

II

When I reached Kakoot's camp last June I found everyone expecting me. Had I not made special arrangements with him, a year before, to meet him on that very same spot and explore, with him, the lower regions of the Kazan River? For a whole year he had prepared for that trip in my canoe. For twelve months he had told all the other Eskimos about the event. For weeks ahead he had all the children of the camp perched on every hilltop, looking south, so that he should be advised in time of my arrival. And when I did appear with my two Indians a small volley of rifle shots heralded my approach.

As soon as I stepped on the shore I noticed that the Kakoots had finished their yearly spring cleaning. This, of course, is an important matter, but it is really quite simple. It consists in removing one's self and all one's belongings a few hundred yards upstream or downstream, as the case may be.

When twenty-odd people with at least as many dogs have wintered on the same spot for about six or seven months, eating, roughly speaking, five hundred reindeer and goodness knows how many fish, throwing the discard each day around the igloos in the deep snow — when that snow melts in the spring, the sooner one leaves that place, the better it is for all concerned!

Everyone was on the bank to shake hands — the three wives, the children, and a few orphans and destitute grown-ups, for Kakoot has a kind heart. I might add also that he dearly loves a large retinue. But Kakoot himself was not there. As chief of his clan, as my equal and as my host, he was waiting for me in one of the topeks — his own, the largest one of all. He was trying to look unconcerned, smoking his pipe and sitting on his brass-bound trunk. But he showed his excitement by streams of perspiration which ran down his face and disappeared down his neck.

When I entered the topek, bending low under the reindeer-skin flap, he rose to meet me and we solemnly shook hands in dead silence. Then I pulled out my tobacco pouch to have a smoke. With a grunt of joy Kakoot stretched out his hand and took it. While he stuffed my precious tobacco with thumb and first finger in the bowl of his pipe, which was still burning, I could see him store a lot more, with the remaining fingers, in the inside of his palm.

Having had my property restored with a polite and loud 'Matna,' I proceeded to fill my own pipe. Then I sat beside him on the brass-bound trunk; and under the admiring eyes of all the other Eskimos, young and old, who by then had crept in, one by one, my friend Kakoot and I smoked in silence the pipe of peace and contentment.

Such was the way we met a few months ago. The next day we proceeded on our way north, Kakoot sitting beside me and acting as pilot.

While my two Indians and myself, having traveled steadily for seven weeks to reach that spot, were beginning to show rather a little wear and tear in our clothing, Kakoot was splendidly rigged up. Everything he wore was new. He had on his rubber boots, a pair of blue overalls over a suit of thick woolen underwear, two shirts, — one black, one gray, — two mackinaw shirts, — one in black and green, the other in black and red checks, — a huge pair of caribou-skin gloves, and a wolverine fur cap with a long peak and ear flaps. His sleeping robe was in a neat waterproof bag, which also contained, outside of several pairs of moccasins, a large package of raw reindeer tongues. Of these he would eat one or two occasionally, between meals, peeling them carefully with a clasp knife until, held at one end, they looked exactly like large pink bananas.

The difference of manner with which Kakoot, during the entire trip, addressed the two Indians and myself was very marked. He plainly considered my two men his inferiors. He was quite amiable to them, however — oblivious, of course, of the fact that my two Crees, true to their race, thought him only one degree removed from a wild savage; but he never lost a certain patronizing attitude which was

very apparent. As far as I was concerned, he treated me as an equal. He knew me as some sort of white chief hailing from the south. Did n't I know him as Kakoot, the mightiest hunter and cleverest trader of all these barren lands?

During all the time we traveled together he did cheerfully his share of the work, even more than his share at times, especially when, for instance, we had to look for firewood over a few acres of ground. Then he was by far our superior. He seemed to guess with one look at the bleak landscape where there was a patch of dead willows, and in an incredibly short time he would be back, staggering under a load of fagots.

But all the time his manner to me was that of a host showing to his guest his own house and lands. Every mile or so he would point out a rock, a caribou trail or river crossing, a hill, a faraway lake, an old camp site. He would call it by name, making me repeat it several times, and then try to tell me all about it. Here he would draw my attention to a coulee between the rocks, where he had once a cache raided by a wolverine. There he would show me, on a high ledge of hill, a mound of rocks, a grave, sometimes of a relation, always of someone he had known. Now and then we would land and examine the spot. Kakoot, of course, would be there first to look things over.

I recall one enormous grave. The dead man's name was Ky-yo. I remember it because it means 'wood.' He had been laid upon his back on a flat slab of stone. Around him and above him the Eskimos had built a regular vault of rocks. It happened that the base had been made out of such huge boulders that the latter projected over the body, thus enabling the men to build up a round roof of lesser boulders which held together and did not fall down on the dead. The body was therefore ensconced in a little niche, just like a coffin, but there were a few cracks between the stones through which the sun filtered. And Kakoot was delighted when he found a large one through which we could plainly see the bottom of the tomb and, in the middle of it, the white skeleton, rigid, gleaming in the semidarkness.

When there was nothing of special interest to show, Kakoot would describe in gestures the country ahead of us, the lakes, the winding of the river, the rapids, and the portages. He had discovered that I had a notebook and a pencil. At regular intervals he would borrow them and draw for me maps of the surroundings over and over again. First he would draw one starting from where we were at the time and going northward. Then, another time, he would draw the same one starting from where we were going to, for instance, backward to where we were at the time. The maps, made perhaps half a day apart, would always coincide exactly.

He would always add information about the country by little crude drawings on the side — reindeer, musk ox, willows if there was a certain quantity, fish, topeks with people around them. At first it was somewhat confusing, but in a very short time one could understand them perfectly. The only thing he could not do was to decrease the scale of his map. He was used to a certain scale, and when he had to draw two hundred miles he needed sheets and sheets of paper, which was very expensive.

Although Kakoot shared our meals and ate enormously, he really enjoyed only the tea, sugar, while it lasted, and jam. Pork and beans he scorned. Bannock he could not understand, and fresh caribou meat he thought we spoiled by overcooking it. Like all

inland Eskimos, he was accustomed to raw frozen meat in winter and what we called 'lukewarm meat' in summer. He also missed his sundried pemmican and fish. Nevertheless he always took a special pride in showing us where and how to get the best meat and fish throughout the trip.

When we needed meat and sighted a herd of caribou, he would whip out of his pocket a small telescope and select the buck most easily stalked and appearing the fattest. Then he would take great pains in pointing it out to me, crawling behind me and looking down my rifle barrel before I shot, so as to make sure that I had understood which one to kill. When we could not find meat and needed fish, he would never let us camp until we had reached a likely place for our net.

As far as duck eggs were concerned, he knew every island where the birds laid in large quantities, and took great delight in helping us to collect what we needed. He liked eggs, for that matter, just as much as we did, and he could eat three times more than any one of us. The dividing of the spoils was made easy by the fact that we wanted only the fresh ones, while he preferred the other kind. When we had found a certain quantity we always put them in a kettle full of water. The ones that remained flat at the bottom we kept. The others, which floated on the surface, Kakoot took for his share.

While we ate ours boiled three minutes, he would invariably eat his raw. Of course, at first when I saw him break the shell, fish out the contents with the point of his knife, and swallow them as we would an oyster, I should have preferred to be elsewhere. Happily one gets accustomed to small details such as these when one travels north of 63.

III

The most remarkable achievement of Kakoot was the way he carried on a running conversation with me, considering that I can remember only about twelve words of Eskimo, while he does not know more than thirty words of English, picked up here and there, and invariably pronounced with a Husky ending. For instance, his way of saying George was 'Joss'; willow, 'willok'; rifle, 'reeflek'; but one caught on after a certain time.

His idea of time was always in 'sleeps' for days, while for hours he pointed to where the sun should be. He used the word 'hello' all the time, just to fill in or to mean 'Then I saw' or 'Then we shall reach such and such a spot.' The only words which he pronounced perfectly and always in their proper place were 'Never mind.' He always spoke of his children, some grown up to manhood, as 'me baby,' and of his father, dead by now, as 'me old buck.'

But his real way of talking was by gestures. With one or two words in English and Eskimo to put you on the right track, he could pantomime anything, and we understood him perfectly. I remember especially one story concerning the father of one of the orphans in his camp. The man was killed by a lame timber wolf, while one of the other Eskimos, a mile or so away, saw the whole tragedy through his telescope from the top of the hill. When we had left Kakoot and reached the trees that August, we met a white trapper and trader who speaks Eskimo well and who knows all the natives. We asked him about the story and he told it to us exactly as Kakoot had made us understand it through pantomime.

'It was a few years ago. The Eskimo had shot a lone reindeer, a straggler from the big herd that had migrated south. He cut up the carcass and

cached it under a huge mass of rocks. He had used his four remaining cartridges to kill the caribou and his rifle was empty. His boots were covered with blood and he left a red track on the snow as he plodded back to his igloo. There was a lame wolf in the neighborhood. He had been caught in a fox trap in the early fall, had broken the chain, and had been seen several times limping on three legs, with the trap still fixed on one of his hind legs. The brute, unable to follow the reindeer, was starving.

'Wolves in the Far North have the habit of feeding on the remains of the slain deer, and rifle shots do not frighten them, for the country is wide open and treeless and they can see for miles from the tops of rocks and hills.

'When the Eskimo killed the caribou, it happened that the lame wolf was within hearing. From a distance he watched the man caching the carcass, then limped up as soon as the hunter went on his way. But he soon found out that there was nothing left for him to eat, and that the weight of the rocks defied his frantic efforts to dig out some of the meat. Maddened by hunger, the wolf took up the man's trail, which was all the more enticing from the fact that each footstep had left a mark of fresh blood in the snow.

'While the Eskimo plodded on without thinking of looking behind him, the other man, having also heard the shots from the camp, had climbed up a hill close by and was watching the approaching hunter with his telescope. In a few minutes the wolf had closed the gap between them, for even a lame wolf on three legs can travel faster than a man on two.

'Forgetting the cringing caution of his race, the wolf never stopped at the sight of the hunter. When the latter, hearing a noise, turned around, it was already too late. Before he could raise his rifle as a club the wolf had darted in at close quarters, snapping at the nearest leg, as he would do when trying to hamstring a caribou. The man was tripped up and fell backward; the wolf instantly flew at his throat and remained there. There was an awful struggle, the brute staying uppermost and keeping his hold. The other Eskimo ran down the hill for his rifle, then hastened to the rescue, but when he got within long-distance range the man was dead, his neck and face already gone.

'The lame wolf, hearing the bullets whistling by, limped away, untouched, and all the man could do was to shoulder his dead comrade and carry him back to camp for burial.'

This was the story that the white trapper told us and it fitted exactly with what we had understood from Kakoot's gestures and pantomime. The only thing we missed was the parentage between the slain man and the boy in Kakoot's camp. He repeated over and over again the child's name, but as we did not know it we failed to grasp his meaning, although we knew he was speaking of someone in his topek.

As far as I remember, the only words in Kakoot's story that we understood were 'taitba' (meaning 'over there'); 'look' (meaning 'looked and saw'); 'tokto' (meaning 'reindeer'); 'Ennuit' (meaning 'Eskimo'); and 'Him old buck' (meaning 'He was the father of').

The first and only stumblingblock was at the beginning, and it was the word 'wolf' in Eskimo. Kakoot did not know it in English, and when he repeated it in his own language we did not understand. When he saw that, he proceeded to imitate a wolf. He showed the height of the animal with his hand, then got on four paws and howled. In the meantime he was describing with one hand the shape of

the head, the pointed muzzle, the stuck-up ears. We nodded approvingly. Still he was not satisfied. He may have thought that we were thinking he meant a dog. So, still on four paws, he described the tail by placing his arm, curving downward, exactly where the tail should start from. That he knew we should grasp, for when one describes a Malemute's tail one always pictures it curled up on one side or other of the rump.

The rest of the story went on swimmingly. The killing of the reindeer with four cartridges, the cutting up of the carcass, the piling of the rocks, the other Eskimo watching from the hill with his telescope — all that we followed as fast as he made the proper gestures. The limping of the wolf was easy, but it took some time for him to explain the fox trap. He finally drew its exact size in the sand, and then we knew.

But the climax of the story was the pantomime of the struggle between man and beast. Kakoot worked himself up into a frenzy and, rolling and struggling on the ground, first took the part of the wolf, then of the man, uttering the most savage growls or the most heart-rending cries, as the case would be.

Finally, when he described the man carrying away painfully the body of his dead friend, I think that the exhaustion he appeared to be suffering from was real. He was quite pale under his tan, and bathed in perspiration.

When our trip was over and we had returned to Kakoot's camp on our way south, we took leave of one another on the river bank, under the eyes of the whole family. Poor old Kakoot! He was munching one of his raw caribou tongues — which, by the way, was the first thing he asked for of wife number one as he stepped out of the canoe. He was plainly moved at the idea of saying farewell, and for once his excited laugh was gone and his busy hands were still.

When we had paddled a little way upstream I turned round for a last look. There he was, standing bareheaded on the bank, beside one of his meat caches. His three wives were at his side, the rest of the clan grouped a few yards behind. In the background rose the huge topek of reindeer skins which was his home.

I waved at him for the last time, and he answered by one small gesture with his right hand. Then, before dipping my paddle in the swift gray waters of the Kazan River, I shouted to him in English, 'Good luck to you, my friend Kakoot.' He remained silent, but I am certain that he understood my meaning.

ETCHINGS

BY FLORENCE CALL ABBOTT

Appeal to the Sea

EXPRESS for me the discords bleak
All crashing in my heart!
Prolong for me the intervals
That hold despairs apart!

Betrayal

LAUGHTER,
Unconscious, free,
The soul's betrayal be.
Nature
Doth thus reveal
The inner quality.

Presences

LAST night the dark was vibrant with life.
There was no murmur nor sigh,
Though everywhere, illusive, aware,
Black within black surged by.

THE TRADITION AGAINST THE THIRD TERM

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

I

One hundred and thirty-eight years have gone by since the first inauguration of Washington. During that time twenty-nine men have served as president of the United States. Eight of them have had two terms, four one term and part of another, nine one term, eight less than a term; two have declined and two sought a third. That the Constitution puts no limit to the number a chief magistrate may have is no oversight on the part of its framers, for every phase of the question, from a short term with eligibility to reëlection to a long term with no reëlection, was most carefully considered by them. There were those who favored a term of three years and reëlection any number of times; there were those who insisted on a term of seven years and no reëlection; and there was one who thought that triennial elections and never more than three terms was the best plan. The first decision reached was that Congress should choose the president; that he should serve one term of seven years and could not be elected to a second. But the delegates soon changed their minds and resolved that he might be reëlected, and then almost immediately again changed their minds and decided that he could not. This seemed final; but, when the Committee of Detail reported, so vigorous an effort was made to take the appointment of president away from Congress that the Convention, unable to come to a decision, sent the question and other troublesome matters to a committee of one from each of the eleven states. To that committee we owe the provisions as they stand today in the Constitution: a choice by the electoral colleges, a term of four years, and any number of reëlections.

From all this it seems quite certain that the intention of the Convention was that a president should hold his office on good behavior, an intention defended by Hamilton when, in *The Federalist*, he urged his fellow citizens in New York to ratify the Constitution.

'It is,' said he, 'a general principle of human nature, that a man will be interested in whatever he possesses, in proportion to the firmness or precariousness of the tenure by which he holds it; will be less attached to what he holds by a momentary or uncertain title, than to what he enjoys by durable or certain title; and, of course, will be willing to risk more for the sake of the one, than for the sake of the other. This remark is not less applicable to a political privilege, or honor, or trust, than to any article of ordinary property. The inference from it is, that a man acting in the capacity of chief magistrate, under a consciousness that in a very short time he must lay down his office, will be apt to feel himself too little interested in it to hazard any material censure or perplexity.'

Nothing 'appears more plausible at first sight, nor more ill-founded upon

close inspection,' than the idea of continuing the chief magistrate in office for a certain time, and then excluding him from it, either for a limited time or forever. Exclusion, Hamilton argued, would lessen the inducements to good behavior, deprive the community of the advantage of the experience gained by the chief magistrate while in office, banish men from stations in which, in certain emergencies of the State, their presence might be of the greatest value, and tend to produce fluctuating counsels and a variable policy. It was not to be expected that, while men changed, measures would not.

II

Such was the argument of one of the framers of the Constitution in defense of what he believed to be the intent of his colleagues: that the term of a president should depend on good behavior. If this be true, then their intent has been strangely confounded by the presidents and the people, for no task has proved so hopeless as the attempts to elect a president a third time, and only twelve have ever served twice. Washington, indeed, might have had as many terms as he would accept, but would not take more than two. To him, therefore, is ascribed the origin of the popular tradition that two are enough for any president. No such political maxim was ever asserted by him. To one who congratulated him on his reëlection he said: —

'To say I feel pleasure from the prospect of commencing another tour of duty would be a departure from truth; for, however it might savour of affectation in the opinion of the world (who, by the way, can only guess at my sentiments, as it never has been troubled with them) my particular and confidential friends well know, that it was after a long and painful conflict in my own breast, that I was withheld, by considerations which are not necessary to be mentioned, from requesting in time, that no vote might be thrown away upon me, it being my fixed determination to return to the walks of private life at the end of my term.'

Having accepted a second term, he positively refused a third and gave his reasons in the Farewell Address. 'The acceptance and continuance in office, to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference to what appeared to be your wishes. . . . I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the pursuit of duty or propriety.'

He was troubled with no scruples as to how many terms it was proper for a president to accept. He said nothing concerning the wisdom of rotation in office, a favorite political doctrine in his day. He retired because he was weary of the cares of office and longed for the quiet life at Mount Vernon, and because the state of the country no longer required a sacrifice of ease and comfort to duty.

Mr. Jefferson was the first to find a political reason, the first to apply the doctrine of rotation in office and to attempt to limit the number of terms to two. When he came into office he was fully resolved to serve but once; that he served twice was the fault of the Federalists. 'I sincerely regret,' he said just after renomination by the congressional caucus of his party, 'that the unbounded calumnies of the federalist party have obliged me to throw myself on the verdict of my country for trial, my great desire having been to retire at the end of the present term, to a life of tranquility;

and it was my decided purpose when I entered into office. They force my continuance.' 'I should,' he wrote another friend, 'have retired at the end of the first four years, but that the immense load of tory calumnies which have been manufactured respecting me, and have filled the European market, have obliged me to appeal once more to my country for a justification.' But he would not accept a third term. Once he was of the opinion 'that the President of the United States should have been elected for seven years and be forever ineligible afterwards.' But 'service for eight years, with a power to remove at the end of the first four,' came nearer to his 'principle as corrected by experience. General Washington set the example of retirement at the end of eight years. I shall follow it; and a few more precedents will oppose the obstacle of habit to any one after a while who shall endeavor to extend his term.' Knowing nothing of this resolution, his fellow citizens, before his second term was half over, began to invite him to accept a third. The Legislature of Vermont led off in November 1806, and the great Democratic strongholds, Georgia, Maryland, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, made haste to follow. But thirteen months passed before he answered the invitations of Vermont, New York, and Pennsylvania, saying: —

'That I should lay down my charge at a proper period is as much a duty as to have borne it faithfully. If some termination to the services of the Chief Magistrate be not fixed by the Constitution, or supplied by practice, his office, nominally for years, will in fact become for life; and history shows how easily that degenerates into an Inheritance. Believing that a representative government responsible at short periods of election is that which produces the greatest sum of happiness to mankind. I feel it a duty to do no act which shall essentially impair that principle; and I should unwillingly be the first person who, disregarding the sound precedent set by an illustrious predecessor, should furnish the first example of prolongation beyond the second term of office.'

The dangers of repeated reëlections having thus been pointed out, and the anti-third-term doctrine formally announced, the followers of Jefferson, the country over, made haste to assure him that they approved. A meeting of Democrats at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, admired 'the manly and sublime effort which dictated your determination to retire from public life at the close' of the second term. A meeting of delegates from the wards of Philadelphia, 'in yielding homage to the motives which have induced your voluntary retirement from public life, while surrounded by the warmest affections of the people,' derived 'consolation from the consideration that your example may operate on all future Presidents to pursue a course which has added luster to your character, already dear to liberty and to your country.' While we duly appreciate the motives, said the Legislature of Maryland, 'which induce you to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom the choice of our next President is to be made, and while we revere the patriotism which dictated those motives, permit us still to indulge the pleasing hope that when the next period of presidential election approximates (1812), should the united voice of your countrymen require it, those same motives and that same patriotism will induce you to sacrifice your private wishes and convenience to your country's good.' No votes for presidential electors could be cast in the far-away Territory of Orleans. Nevertheless his friends there assured him: 'However we

may regret, in common with our fellow citizens of the United States, this determination to decline being a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people, the motives which induce it afford another proof of your patriotism, and must command the approbation of the country.' The Tammany Society in Philadelphia, when celebrating its anniversary in 1808, drank to the toast: 'President Jefferson — Rotation in office is the bulwark of freedom. His precedent deserves our homage and our gratitude, and traitors would alone refuse them.' When the Fourth of July came he was honored in many places with some such toast as: 'Jefferson — May his successor imitate his virtues and follow his motto, rotation in office.'

III

Twenty years now passed away; four successors to Jefferson were elected and Jackson was in the White House before another president appeared who felt any concern whatever regarding the question of a third term. But it must not be supposed that the question was of no concern to anybody. Again and again it appeared in Congress in the form of a proposed amendment to the Constitution. Among the amendments demanded by New York when she ratified the Constitution was one limiting the number of terms to two. A Senate committee, in 1803, reported a resolution 'that no person who has been twice successively elected President shall be eligible as President until four years elapse, when he may be eligible to the office for four years, and no longer.' The resolution was rejected by a vote of four to twenty-five. Massachusetts and Connecticut, after the Hartford Convention had done its work, proposed that the executive should have but one term, and that never should two presidents in succession come from the same state. Nine years later a Senator from New Jersey repeated the proposition to limit the terms to two, and the Senate in 1824, by a vote of thirty-six to three, and again in 1826, by a vote of thirty-two to seven, sent to the House joint resolutions providing that no man should be chosen president more than twice. No popular demand for such a restriction existed, so the House suffered the resolutions to die. The contested election of 1824, the defeat of Jackson and his prompt renomination, produced a crop of proposed amendments. Thirty-eight had to do with the choice of presidential electors. Ten were intended to limit the president to one term, some of four, some of six years.

Jackson came to the presidency an earnest advocate of one term, and never failed in any of his eight annual messages to ask that the Constitution be so altered as to provide for it. During his eight years of administration twenty-one joint resolutions, providing some for one term of four years only, some for one of six years only, others for no third term, or one term and ineligibility to two in succession, or one term and ineligibility until four years had gone by, were laid before Congress; but, great as was his popularity, his party would approve none of them, and he went out of office leaving the issue just where he found it. Yet it would not down, and ten more one-term joint resolutions were moved in Congress before Van Buren gave way to 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too.'

Harrison came to the presidency pledged to one term, a pledge which he reaffirmed in his inaugural speech. Republics, he said, could commit no 'greater error than to adopt or continue any feature in their systems of governments which may be calculated to create or increase the love of power in the bosoms of those to whom

necessity obliges them to commit the management of their affairs; and surely nothing is more likely to produce such a state of mind than long continuance in an office of high trust.' Therefore 'it is the part of wisdom for a republic to limit the service of that officer, at least, to whom she has intrusted the management of her foreign affairs, the execution of her laws, and the command of her armies and navies to a period so short as to prevent his forgetting that he is the accountable agent, not the principal; the servant, not the master. Until an amendment of the Constitution can be effected public opinion may secure the desired object. I give my aid to it by renewing the pledge heretofore given that under no circumstances will I consent to serve a second terme.'

A month later Harrison died, and the country, for the first time in its history, beheld the duties of the President 'devolve' on the Vice President. The situation was new, and for a while there was doubt as to just what he was. He had not been elected President. How, then, could he rightfully be called President? The Constitution provided that the duties of the President should pass to him, but said nothing about the title. The Secretaries, when officially announcing the death of Harrison, addressed him as Vice President; John Quincy Adams held that he should be called 'Vice President acting as President'; Clay considered him nothing better than Regent; but the press and the people regarded him as President, and such he called himself.

And now a great political party took up the doctrine of one term for the president. The Whigs, when they read Tyler out of the party, asserted in their manifesto that it was good Whig doctrine and as such inserted it in their Baltimore platform in 1844. During 1841, when the quarrel with Tyler was at its height, the legislatures of eight states, Vermont, Indiana, Delaware, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and, in 1842, Kentucky, sent one-term amendments to Congress; but the day for such had gone, and for thirty years Congress almost ceased to be troubled with them. The men who nominated Frémont in 1864 declared in their platform, 'That the one-term policy for the Presidency, adopted by the people, is strengthened by the force of the existing crisis, and should be maintained by constitutional amendments.' Greeley, stating his reasons for opposing the renomination of Lincoln, said that it had been settled, and well settled, by the deliberate action of both parties that a president in office should not be reëlected save under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances. The Pomeroy circular, sent forth in behalf of the candidacy of Chase, declared that so great was the patronage due to war needs, and so loosely was it placed, that the one-term principle was absolutely necessary to the safety of republican institutions. The long fight with Johnson revived the old one-term issue, and twelve times during his administration joint resolutions of the old one-term type were moved in Congress. They were, as in Tyler's day, but expressions of antipathy to the occupant of the White House by disgruntled politicians, and caused not a ripple.

With the retirement of Johnson just sixty years had elapsed since the retirement of Jefferson. Never in all that time had the question whether a particular man should or should not have a third term come before the country, for in three cases only could it have arisen, and in no one of these did it do so. In Grant's second term, however, it did arise and become what was then considered a serious political issue. Scarcely was he reëlected in 1872 when the opposition press loudly proclaimed

that our republican institutions were threatened with ruin by his probable reëlection in 1876, and raised the cry of Cæsarism, and No Third Term. He has, it was said, been given a second term. The great majority of the people think that is enough. But he declines to say what he thinks, and so long as he is silent the majority is in doubt whether he may not, by the use of his administrative machinery, procure his nomination by the Republican convention, and if so whether he would not have to be elected to save the country from the Democrats. One of those crises has arisen in which it seems possible for a man already in office to keep himself in office whether the voters want him or not. 'We,' said the Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania, 'declare a firm unqualified adherence to the unwritten law of the Republic, which wisely and under the sanction of the most venerable examples, limits the presidential service of any citizen to two terms; and we, the Republicans of Pennsylvania, in recognition of this law, are unalterably opposed to the election to the presidency of any person for a third term.'

To this Grant, who hitherto had paid no attention to the charge of Cæsarism, longing for a third term, longing for power, gave heed, and before the platform was three days old wrote to the chairman of the convention. Soon after the election of 1872, he said, a portion of the press hostile to the Administration raised the cry of Cæsarism and the question of a third term, and called lustily on him to state his position. He had not done so because it was beneath the dignity of the office to which he had twice been chosen to answer such a question until it was presented by an authority competent to make a nomination, 'or of such dignity or authority as not to make a reply a fair subject of ridicule.' He did not seek the office for either the first or the second term, and did not want a third any more than he did a first. 'I am not, nor have I ever been, a candidate for renomination. I would not accept a renomination if tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty — circumstances not likely to occur.'

The letter put an end to the possibility of a third term for Grant; but the popular dislike of a third term for anybody continued to find expression in the platforms adopted by party conventions in the states. Republicans in Ohio resolved that 'the observance of Washington's example in retiring at the close of a second presidential term will be, in the future as it has been in the past, regarded as a fundamental rule of the unwritten law of the Republic.' Republicans in New York declared their 'unalterable opposition to the election of any President for a third time.' Democrats in Ohio gave it as their opinion that 'the President's services should be limited to one term.' Democrats in New York declared 'the Presidency is a public trust, not a private perquisite — no third term.' How fully these resolutions expressed the public sentiment of the day was still further shown when Congress met in December 1875, and Mr. Springer of Illinois moved this resolution in the House of Representatives: —

'*Resolved*, That, in the opinion of this House, the precedent established by Washington, and other Presidents of the United States, in retiring from the presidential office after their second term, has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic and fraught with peril to our free institutions.'

The rules were immediately suspended and the resolution adopted by a yea-and-nay vote of 234 to 18.

Hayes in his inaugural address asked for an amendment to the Constitution limiting the president to one term of six years; but the excitement over the third-term issue had gone down; there seemed to be no danger that it would arise again, at least in the near future, and nobody cared.

But the unexpected is always happening, and it did arise again very soon. In 1877 Grant set off on a tour of the world, and on his return landed in San Francisco in September 1879, just when his party was looking for a successor to Hayes. He met with such a reception, as he traveled about the country, as never before had been given to any citizen of the United States. Believing this outburst of popular favor to be a sure sign that the scandals of his second term were forgotten, that he was again the hero of the Civil War, that his countrymen were ready to see him once more their chief magistrate, the masters of the Republican Party, Conkling of New York, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Logan of Illinois, determined to renominate him. Grant consented, and for the first time since the office of president was created there was an avowed candidate for a third term. A storm of criticism followed. Pamphlets were written on both sides; his supporters were dubbed 'Restorationists' and 'Imperialists'; No-Third-Term Leagues were formed; Anti-Third-Term meetings were held; and an Anti-Third-Term mass convention met at St. Louis. Alarmed by the hostility aroused, Grant wished to have his name withdrawn, but Conkling refused; his name came before the convention and on thirty-six ballots never received less than 303 and once as many as 313 votes.

The attempt to nominate failed, the voters were not given a chance to express their opinions on the third-term issue, and thirty-two years elapsed before they ever were. Five times since 1841 presidents have died or been murdered while in office, and been succeeded by vice presidents; but none of them save Mr. Roosevelt — neither Tyler nor Fillmore, neither Johnson nor Arthur — was ever elected president, or so much as thought of as his own successor. The reëlection of Mr. McKinley, in 1900, was soon followed by an innocent suggestion that it might be well to consider him as a candidate for another reëlection in 1904; that 'the only objection which may be urged against his reëlection is the anti-third-term feeling, and that would amount to nothing where the candidate possesses the confidence of the country to the extent that Mr. McKinley does.' The President did not think so, and immediately gave out a statement from the White House. 'I regret,' he said, 'that the suggestion of a third term has been made. I doubt whether I am called upon to give it notice. But there are now questions of the gravest importance before the Administration and the country, and their just consideration should not be prejudiced in the public mind by even the suspicion of the thought of a third term. In view, therefore, of the reiteration of the suggestion of it, I will say now, once for all, expressing a long-settled conviction, that I not only am not and will not be a candidate for a third term, but would not accept a nomination for it, if it were tendered me.'

Mr. Roosevelt served the unfinished term of Mr. McKinley, and was elected president in 1904. On the night of election day, after the returns made it sure that he would be president, he too gave out an anti-third-term statement. 'On the fourth of March next I shall

have served three and a half years, and these three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance, and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept another nomination.' It is foolish for anyone to say what he will or will not do four years hence. Mr. McKinley was assassinated and never called on to stand by his pledge; Mr. Roosevelt, despite his pledge, became the candidate of the Progressive Party in 1912, and brought up the issue of a third term in a new form. Is he running for a third term? it was asked. May a vice president who comes to the presidency on the death of his chief be said to serve a term of his own? If so Mr. Roosevelt has had two terms; if not he has had but one, which is all he has had, for only once was he elected president. There were those who held that the number of terms was of no consequence whatever, was but an idle tradition which had arisen in times very unlike our own; that the fears of Jefferson never had been, and never could be, realized; that, in a country so vast as ours, sectional feeling, if nothing else, would prevent the reëlection of the same man for a long series of terms.

That the issue was not settled in 1912 is made certain by the fact that it is now again before us in identically the same form. That same year the Democratic National Convention put this plank in its platform: 'We favor the single presidential term and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for re-election, and we pledge the candidate of this Convention to this principle.' There were those who saw in this 'the fine hand of Mr. Bryan,' who was determined, they said, to have Mr. Wilson out of the way when the time came to find a successor. Be this as it may, when that time did come round the candidate pledged to one term was renominated by the party which pledged him, for neither the party nor the candidate, nor anyone else, believed the pledge meant anything.

IV

Thus has it come about that the idea of limiting the number of terms a president may have is as old as the Constitution; that it was debated and rejected by the framers of that document, has since been approved by some presidents and disapproved by none, has been approved by political conventions, has found its way into national platforms, has been the subject of popular debate and the cause of the introduction into Congress of more than a hundred joint resolutions to amend the Constitution; yet nothing has been done, for it has never been put fairly and squarely before the voters. Grant's desire for a third nomination was not gratified. The case of Mr. Roosevelt was complicated by the fact that he had been but once actually elected president, and so will that of Mr. Coolidge be should he be renominated. The prospect that he may be has again brought on a public debate and led to the introduction into the House of Representatives, during the last session of the last Congress, of the Springer resolution of 1875; but the House was afraid to bring it to a vote and suffered it to die in the hands of the Committee on the Judiciary. Should the time come when a president who has twice been elected to office seeks a third election, he will surely meet great opposition, for the no-third-term doctrine is still strong, and there are still a great many who believe, with Jefferson, that 'in no office can rotation be more expedient.'

A FORECAST

BY MARION L. FOX

I

A FEW weeks after the Republican and Democratic National Conventions have adopted their platforms, nominated their candidates, and organized their campaign committees for 1928, we shall see flaming posters on big billboards, in every state looked upon as a battle ground, telling why Calvin Coolidge or Alfred E. Smith should not be elected president of the United States. The campaign will be unique. For the first time a candidate will be seeking more than eight consecutive years in the White House. For the first time a Catholic will be a candidate for president.

The Democrats will make the third term their paramount issue, and the party's posters will picture Coolidge looking longingly at a crown and a sceptre. Behind him will be the shades of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Grant, and Roosevelt warning him not to violate a tradition established by George Washington at the end of eight years as president.

The Republican billboards will bear huge posters of the Tammany tiger as pictured by T. H. Nast, in *Harper's Weekly*, when the Tweed ring was in control of the Wigwam and Tweed was ruthlessly looting the city of New York. The United States, as Miss Columbia, will be shown seated on the back of the tiger. She will be smiling, unconscious of her peril. The tiger will be pictured in all of his fearful symmetry — black and yellow stripes, ravening teeth and claws, gleaming eyes, slinking, feline tail. Underneath the tawny belly of the beast of prey will be printed the limerick: —

> There was a young lady of Niger
> Who smiled as she rode on a tiger:
> They came back from the ride
> With the lady inside,
> And the smile on the face of the tiger.

Fortunately no charges can be made against the private life or the official integrity of either Coolidge or Smith. Each has a record of impeccable honesty. The Republicans will not dare attack Smith on the grounds that he is a Catholic or because he is a 'wet,' unless a bone-dry plank, such as Wayne B. Wheeler would invite, should be inserted in the national platform, with an avowed dry candidate standing upon it. Merely a declaration for enforcement would bar the Republicans from attacking Smith, because he is committed to enforcement. Without both wet and Catholic votes the Republican Party could not hope to succeed nationally. In fact, it could easily lose almost every state it is in the habit of carrying. Attacks upon Smith as a Catholic and a wet probably will be left to the Ku Klux Klan and the Anti-Saloon League, both of which are strong and efficient political organizations — the Klan the stronger by far.

Of course the Democrats will charge that Coolidge is the tool of Wall Street and that Mellon is the real president.

Something will be said about tariff duties that favor big business at the expense of the consumer and oppress the farmer. They will say that the Republican administration has so bungled its foreign policy as to make enemies for this country in all parts of the world, and it is possible that our Mexican, Nicaraguan, and Chinese policies will come in for condemnation. The Fall, Daugherty, and other scandals of the Harding administration will be pointed to with alarm. Failure to attempt to bring relief to agriculture will be emphasized in the platform and featured in the campaign literature and by spellbinders on the hustings.

But as the campaign progresses it will be seen that voters have little interest in Wall Street, no fear of Secretary Mellon, and that the tariff, as an issue, is about as dead as the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, unless the agricultural states should decide to use the tariff as a club with which to force farm-relief legislation through Congress. Americans have supported a vigorous and independent foreign policy always, and certainly they are not now enamored of foreign nations. Coolidge will not lose a vote because of anything he has done to Mexico or in Nicaragua. He would be condemned if he had failed to protect, as far as possible, American lives and property in China. Little attention was paid in 1924 to the scandals uncovered by Senator Walsh of Montana. If fresh scandals failed to influence votes, why should we expect them to influence votes after a lapse of four years?

No doubt the agricultural states are resentful. Probably they have a right to feel they have been treated like a stepchild. But their anger usually takes the form of a third-party movement, which takes from rather than adds to the votes of the Democratic Party.

But there is a real issue in the third term. A resolution passed by the lower house of Congress in 1875 — 234 votes for and only 18 against — clearly expresses the sentiment against a third term. Grant was nearing the time when he must tell whether he would be a candidate in 1876 to succeed himself. To smoke him out the legislature of Pennsylvania passed a resolution disapproving of a third term. Grant made only a vague comment. Then the lower house of Congress passed the following resolution: —

> That, in the opinion of this House, the precedent established by Washington, and other Presidents of the United States, in retiring from the presidential office after their second term, has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic and fraught with peril to our free institutions.

There is basis for the claim that a vice president who succeeds to the presidency to serve out an unexpired term, and who then serves a term to which he is elected, has not served two terms. But Theodore Roosevelt, in 1908, was in exactly the position Calvin Coolidge will be in in 1928. When an enthusiastic Republican National Convention was on the point of nominating him rather than Taft, Henry Cabot Lodge, speaking for his friend President Roosevelt, said 'his refusal of a nomination, dictated by the loftiest motives and by a noble loyalty to American traditions, is final and irrevocable.'

Grant, after four years, again sought the nomination, holding, as Roosevelt held in 1912, that the tradition against a third term meant a third consecutive term. Roosevelt's position was that no president should serve more than eight years consecutively. Roosevelt's problem in 1908 now faces President

Coolidge. Anti-third-term sentiment defeated the nomination of Grant in 1880, after he had been out of office one term. It was used effectively against Roosevelt in 1912, when he was running on the Bull Moose ticket.

There are two unwritten laws in the United States: one is the Monroe Doctrine, the other is the tradition against any president holding office for more than eight years. Not infrequently we hear it said that the country has outgrown sentiment against a third term. Maybe it has. It was also said before the World War that the Monroe Doctrine had outlived its usefulness and lost its punch. The Democrats were disillusioned in 1920.

II

Coolidge will be the Republican nominee in 1928, unless he declines, as Roosevelt declined in 1908. The best guessers of all parties are guessing that he will further test Coolidge luck by accepting the nomination. It is useless now to speculate as to who will be the nominee in the event that he declines.

Few politicians of either party doubt that Governor Smith will be nominated by the Democrats. They will name him because he is the only Democrat who has a chance against Coolidge or any other Republican nominee. Another incentive to his nomination is that Democratic leaders, of fair judgment and better, know that refusal to nominate him would almost inevitably result in the death of the party as a national organization. That party, as we now know it, actually came into existence in 1828, with the first election of Andrew Jackson. Quite pathetic it would be, and a bit dramatic, if on the party's one-hundredth anniversary it should fall to pieces, like the 'wonderful one-hoss shay' of Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem. That shay ran one hundred years to a day and then went all to pieces, because it gave out in every part at the same time. The Whig Party fell to pieces in 1856.

Why should refusal of the Democratic National Convention in 1928 to nominate Alfred E. Smith sound the death knell of the party?

First of all, the Democrats have not been strong enough to elect a president since 1892. Even Democratic optimism has its limits, and is costly. Woodrow Wilson was elected in 1912 because the Republicans were split wide open and the country had the spectacle of a Republican president and a Republican former president running against each other and doing everything possible to defeat each other. The Republicans defeated themselves.

When the campaign of 1916 was launched every condition seemed to favor Democratic success. There had been three years of constructive reform legislation; Wilson was a strong and popular candidate for a second term; he had 'kept us out of war.' The Democrats had the biggest campaign fund in their history and an able campaign management. The Republicans were still sore from the split of 1912. Their standard bearer, Charles Evans Hughes, was a candidate of recognized ability and unquestioned integrity. His life was as pure as an iceberg and his contacts as cold. His campaign manager, William R. Willcox, was less fitted to direct a national campaign than any man who ever, before or since, attempted such a feat for any party. The Republican war chest, as usual, was well filled, but Willcox was afraid to spend it or have it spent, lest he do or permit something unethical. Roosevelt, campaigning for Hughes, was denouncing Wilson for not seizing all German vessels in American ports when the Lusitania was sunk. He was making great numbers of German votes,

usually Republican, for the Democratic candidate. But the supreme fluke favorable to Wilson was when Hughes went to California and snubbed Governor Hiram Johnson. He lost California by a little less than 4000 votes, while Johnson carried the state for the senatorship by nearly 300,000. The election of Wilson in 1916 was no more the result of Democratic Party strength than was his election in 1912. How great were the defeats of 1920 and 1924 may be judged by the fact that Cox had only 127 of the 531 electoral votes and Davis only 136.

Catholics cast about fifty per cent of the Democratic votes in the Northern states. They are the most active workers for the party in nearly every county of the Western states. Without them no Western state would ever be found in the Democratic column. In the South the Catholic vote is negligible except in Louisiana.

If the Democratic Party should refuse to nominate Smith in 1928, the Catholics would assume, and with reason, that his rejection was due to the fact that he is a communicant of the Catholic Church. He has shown, four times, his ability to carry the state of New York by large majorities. Without the 45 electoral votes of that state no Democrat could hope to win in 1928. The fact that Wilson won in 1916 without New York has no promise for the Democrats in 1928. The vast influx of negroes into Ohio makes carrying that state next to impossible. Negroes may vote for a Democratic candidate for governor or for the Senate or for state, county, or city offices. Frequently they so vote. But in presidential elections they vote for Abraham Lincoln, whatever the name of the Republican candidate may be.

The Catholics say, and few Democratic Protestants fail to agree, that if Smith can carry New York for the presidency he should also carry the states of Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, thus giving him an even 100 electoral votes in the East, not one of which could be carried by any other Democrat — except that Ritchie or Reed might carry the eight votes of Maryland.

With such political strength in Republican states, Smith should be nominated without opposition if he were a Protestant. But what will occur if Smith is defeated for the nomination? Catholics are about as human as the rest of us. What would we do if we were Catholics? Quit the party, of course. The 'Solid South,' which has only 114 solidly Democratic electoral votes, might continue to be Democratic. Now and then Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma might add their 35 votes, making the total Democratic strength 149. To elect a president 266 votes are necessary. Little or no money could be had for a party without hope of national success. The Democratic one-hoss shay would fall to pieces, after running one hundred years.

Democratic leaders do not want the party to die. They cannot see into the beyond. If Smith should be nominated and elected, or if he should carry the states of the South that are always solid but be defeated in the Eastern states, a ghost would be laid for all time. If he should be nominated and then be defeated in the Democratic South, the party would be no worse off than if it refused to nominate him.

III

What are Smith's chances of election? To answer that question is also to answer the question of Coolidge's chances. Let it be said in passing that Smith's great personal strength would

be in the cities. It is there that sentiment for prohibition is weakest; even among Protestants there is a strong sentiment against it in the South and the West, as well as in the East. Also the Catholic vote is largely in the cities; therefore the fight will be mainly between urban and rural voters.

The Democratic reply to the Tammany charge is that Tweed and Croker were of the long ago, that New York never was worse governed than Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, or Chicago, and that for twenty years it has been the best-governed big city in the United States. They will say that the reformation of Tammany was due very largely to Alfred E. Smith, a dominant influence in the Wigwam while Charles F. Murphy was its head and since.

Of course the Democratic Party will be attacked along the old lines used by the Republicans, the most powerful of which is that it brings disaster to business, while the Republican is the party of prosperity.

Democrats will be inspired to work for Smith because they believe he can be elected. The Republicans fear his vote-getting strength.

But can Smith be elected? Maybe.

Ordinarily we should believe that any Democrat who could carry the states of New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island would be elected. Those states have 100 electoral votes. The actually solid South has only 114. Smith would carry them, probably. The states of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma, with their 35 electoral votes, are far from solidly Democratic.

Cox lost Tennessee and Oklahoma, in 1920, and carried Kentucky by only 4017. Davis, in 1924, carried Tennessee and Oklahoma, but lost Kentucky. A change of less than 15,000 votes from Democratic to Republican would have lost either Tennessee or Oklahoma. Therefore any Democratic candidate must fight for Kentucky's 13, Tennessee's 12, and Oklahoma's 10 electoral votes.

Granting Smith 100 votes in the Eastern states and 114 in the South, where will he get the 52 votes still necessary to elect him?

New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, and Montana would likely give Smith 13 votes, though each of those states has been in the Republican column nationally since 1916. Missouri's 18 would probably be for him, and he would have a good chance of carrying Wisconsin's 13 against Coolidge, who never has been popular in that state. Coolidge lost that state to La Follette, in 1924, by 142,064. 'Young Bob' is fighting him in the Senate, and the whole La Follette family is fighting him relentlessly and ably in *La Follette's Magazine.*

But when we give Smith the Eastern states, except Pennsylvania, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, and the Southern states, except Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma, and give him Missouri, Wisconsin, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, and Montana, he still lacks 8 of the necessary 266. To carry all of the states thus credited to him would be little short of miraculous. Of course, he might carry Nebraska. Senator Norris does not like Coolidge, and he is about as strong in Nebraska as Robert M. La Follette ever was in Wisconsin.

It is safe to say that Smith cannot lose all three of the states of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma and be elected. He might lose two of them and still win, but the chances are to the contrary. He might carry all of them, thus giving him the 149 electoral votes possible from the South, and still lose.

Close at all times, what are those states likely to do to Governor Alfred E. Smith — a Catholic, wet, and a

member of the Tammany organization? Those states are Protestant and dry, and their people have been taught to look upon the Tammany tiger as a ravenous beast of prey.

Kentucky casts about 900,000 votes in presidential elections. It gave Cox a plurality of only 4017 in 1920. Davis lost it by 24,111 in 1924. The vote of Oklahoma, in presidential elections, is about 500,000. Cox lost that state by 23,656. Davis carried it by 29,556. Tennessee cast about 425,000 ballots for presidential electors in 1920. Harding carried it by 13,271. The vote in 1924 was only about 300,000, giving Davis a plurality of 27,522.

However, the Democratic leaders in these border states believe Smith can be elected if he can carry the South. That belief is a genuine inspiration to forget religious prejudice and prohibition and work for his election. There was no such inspiration in 1920 or 1924. Never before was Federal patronage so great as now. Never was there a time when so many worthy Democrats wanted office. Conditions have not been very good in Kentucky and Tennessee. The agricultural sections of Oklahoma have been hit hard, and now the oil companies are cutting production. Another powerful factor favorable to Smith in those states is the fact that, should they go Republican, the Democrats would lose a lot of state and county offices. Emoluments of office still make a strong appeal for political activity.

But what are the factors against Smith in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma?

He would lose some votes because he is wet. However, when the voters of those states came to realize that his position on prohibition is exactly that of Woodrow Wilson, who vetoed the Volstead Act, and that a president has really little power except to enforce the law, which he would do, it is doubtful if his position on the Eighteenth Amendment would drive many votes from him. The dryest dry does not imagine that any president could influence Congress to submit an amendment for the prohibition amendment. No enforcement would be less efficient than now; probably none much better. Smith stands on prohibition where Woodrow Wilson stood. Wilson could not prevent the Eighteenth Amendment, or the Volstead Act, which he vetoed. How absurd to imagine that Smith could repeal or nullify a law that President Wilson could not prevent!

The religious factor, however, is serious. The Democratic leaders in the South would endeavor to minimize the prejudice against Smith because he is a Catholic. But would those leaders be able to command enough followers to carry their states?

Right there the small-town Protestant preachers became highly important. As a rule they have more influence with their congregations and in the affairs of the neighborhood than preachers have anywhere else in the United States. Neither they nor the members of their churches have come in contact with many Catholics. They grew up in the belief that the Pope is the Antichrist of the Apocalypse. Not many years ago a ballad commonly sung in the home by grandmothers and maiden aunts was a reminder of the persecutions. Its first lines were: —

> There was a Romish lady brought up in Popery;
> Her mother always taught her the priest she must obey.

Later, when she read a Bible secretly and was convinced that she must leave the Catholic Church, she started her confession with the following lines: —

> O pardon me, dear Mother, I humbly pray thee now,
> But unto these false idols I can no longer bow.

The ballad then tells how the mother denounced the daughter to the priest. The daughter refused to recant; was tried for heresy and burned at the stake. Not many years ago Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* could be found in a large per cent of the homes, along with Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted.*

The story is now being circulated in these states that the Pope will move to America whenever a Catholic is elected president. The new Vatican is to be located at the Catholic University in Washington, though now and then the site agreed upon is Lafayette Square, opposite the White House. There is a suspicion that the papacy actually holds a deed to Lafayette Square. Strange to tell; but, according to Belfast Orangemen, the Pope is to make Dublin his capital and become temporal ruler of Ireland. If the Pope could be induced to move to America, it would be a great stroke of business for this country; but the papacy will remain in historic Rome, in the shadow of St. Peter's dome.

Of course the great majority of the people of the South are far too intelligent to believe that the papacy seeks political advantage in the United States. They understand that persecutions, which are really the source of present-day prejudices, were the products of the times in which they occurred, and that the Protestants persecuted quite as vigorously and as cruelly as the Catholics when they had the power. There were more Catholic-controlled countries, therefore more Catholic persecutions.

We know to-day that persecutions belonged to no one church, and that they were results of the prejudices, the ignorance, and the superstition of the times in which they occurred. But the descendants of persecuted Protestants have the tradition with them still, and something of the prejudice inherited from their forbears.

The educated people of the South — that is, the college people, the percentage of whom is about as high as in the North — know that there has been a complete separation of Church and State in nearly all Catholic countries. Not long ago Dr. William States Jacobs, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Houston, Texas, replying to the wild talk of the Pope scheming to become head of the civil government in the United States, preached a sermon to his congregation in which he told how, when a plebiscite was taken in the Papal States to decide whether they should remain under temporal control of the Pope or be an integral part of United Italy, they voted, eight to one, to be incorporated into the Kingdom of Italy.

Of course all students of history know that the title of the Pope to the Papal States is one of the oldest in Europe, extending back to a grant from Charlemagne nearly one thousand years ago. There were no Protestants in those states. Every inhabitant was a Catholic, and the rule of the papacy had not been tyrannical. How, then, argued Dr. Jacobs, should any American be so foolish as to imagine it possible for the Pope to become temporal ruler of the United States when Protestants predominate fully five to one?

The states of Tennessee and Kentucky were largely settled by English and Scotch-Irish whose ancestors came to this country before the Revolutionary War. Nearly all of those ancestors were Presbyterian. Kentucky and Tennessee were the second and third states to be admitted to the Union after the adoption of the Federal Constitution. They became states while Washington was president. There are comparatively few Catholics in either

state. There are counties in each of them without a Catholic inhabitant. However, 'Al' Smith could not lose many votes in those counties, because they are overwhelmingly Republican. Oklahoma has drawn its population from everywhere, but mostly from Texas, Arkansas, Kansas, and Missouri. The Klan was quite strong in Oklahoma, and still is stronger there than it ever was in either Kentucky or Tennessee.

IV

The Catholics of America and the Protestants of the South may, and probably will, find themselves fighting side by side for the preservation of dogmatic Christianity. They agree that the Bible is divinely inspired as no other book; they reject higher criticism and the theory of evolution in so far as it teaches that the race of humans ascended from the lower orders of animal life; they are equally tenacious of the story of creation as told in the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, because they hold that the Bible is inerrant; they speak a common language regarding the sin of Adam and the fall of man thereby, and the necessity for the incarnation of God in the person of His Only Son, who, as God and man, through His death on the Cross became the vicarious atonement for the sins of the world. Catholics and Southern Protestants accept without question the story of the resurrection and ascension of Jesus to the right hand of God the Father Almighty, from whence He shall come to judge the world when all who live and all who have ever lived will be summoned to the bar of eternal justice on the day of final judgment. They differ on the apostolic succession of the Pope to the commission to Peter, to whom Christ gave the keys of the Kingdom, and who is said to have been the first Bishop of Rome.

The Democratic National Convention in 1928 will be held in June or the first of July. In the past, campaign work has not become active before the middle of September. History is likely to repeat itself next year. Governor Smith insists that he is not a candidate, and that if he is nominated the honor must come to him unsought. In that attitude he is quite sincere, and for it he is to be praised.

But while he is waiting for the nomination to be handed to him on a silver platter the Klan and the Anti-Saloon League are working persistently and effectively in the South and the West. Most of the pronouncements in behalf of Smith come from Tammany or from such wets as Walsh of Massachusetts and Edwards of New Jersey. Such pronouncements are not needed in the wet Catholic East. They hurt in the dry Protestant South and West.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE

BY ROBERT DOLLAR

I

THIS article is written on the American merchant marine, but that subject is so closely related to foreign trade that the two cannot be separated. Therefore it can be considered as relating to both subjects.

From the early years of our history until about 1860, American ships carried practically the entire American trade. This was helped by a preferential tariff. But immediately after the Civil War there was a terrible slump, and by 1890 only 12.9 per cent of our trade was carried in American ships. In 1900 the proportion was 9.3 per cent, and in 1914 it was down to .97 per cent — practically extinct.

The Seamen's Act was the principal factor in producing this last result. As a result of its requirements, when we compared three ships of the same size but of different nationalities, we got the following figures: —

The American ship had to carry 47 men, and her wages were $3270; the British steamer, of practically the same size, had a crew of 40 men and her wages were $1308; the Japanese steamer carried 36 men and her expenses were $777.

In analyzing those figures it would be quite pertinent to ask why, if American shipowners were able to operate British and Japanese ships under the laws of these countries at a profit, they could not operate American ships at a profit. The answer to this question has never been intelligently given, because our laws have made such operation impossible. The reasons for this are so numerous that space would not permit them to be set forth here. But they will be seen in part in the figures which I will give.

For instance, the measurement of American ships is very much larger than the measurement of ships of other nations. The uninitiated might say, What difference does that make? It makes this difference: whenever the American ship goes into a foreign port she has to pay the various expenses that are assessed on her tonnage, such as harbor dues, pilotage, and so forth, and since those charges are assessed on the tonnage of the ship the American ship has to pay from 20 to 30 per cent more than her foreign competitors. This is of absolutely no benefit, but a direct loss, to the American nation. Foreign ships, on entering American ports, are measured on the American measurement and they have to pay the same tolls as American ships in American ports, which is quite right and just.

The United States Government, during the war, built about one hundred ships called the Robert Dollar type. They were modeled after an 8800-ton ship built to our specifications. Her British net measurement was 3420; her American net measurement was 4283 — a difference of 863 tons, or approximately 25 per cent. To get a correct average I took the

tonnage of three British, three Norwegian, two Danish, and two German ships. Their combined total net tonnage under the measurements of the various countries was 30,555. All those ships were measured under the American rule and the tonnage was 41,142, a difference of 34 per cent.

General Goethals, in a public address, stated that the ordinary American cargo ship passing through the Canal had to pay $500 more than the ships of other nations. Just take one item. Our round-the-world ships entering the port of Shanghai have to pay $1932 for the tonnage dues. A foreign ship of the same actual size would pay between 25 and 30 per cent less, or approximately $500 less.

Probably this is brought about to some extent by our not having one shipowner in Congress to see that our laws are just and fair, whereas in Great Britain there are about seventy shipowners who are members of Parliament. Therefore there is a very decided indifference in the American lawmaking bodies about changing our shipping laws and regulations. Fortunately, for some time past a number of Senators and Congressmen have been posting themselves on the requirements necessary to put the American shipowner on an equal basis with his competitors, and we hope the time is not far distant when we shall be able to operate our ships on the same terms and conditions as our foreign competitors.

II

Our merchant marine is absolutely necessary for national defense. This was clearly in evidence when we entered the late World War and had to expend three billions of dollars to build ships. If our laws and regulations had been fair and reasonable our American shipowners would have had all the ships the Government required and not a dollar of that three billion dollars would have been expended. When the war broke out Great Britain did not have to build a merchant ship. Congress had a splendid illustration of the necessity of ships, had it only taken notice of it, when President Roosevelt ordered our battle fleet to go around the world and it was an absolute impossibility to furnish it with coal without employing foreign ships, which was done. Secretary Metcalf at that time was severely criticized, by people who did not know the facts, because he was employing foreign ships to convoy the American fleet, and he, much against his will, had to admit that the American merchant ships did not exist in sufficient numbers.

As a concrete illustration of what can be done by privately owned ships, the S. S. President Grant was ordered by the Government to fit out to carry 1600 troops from San Diego to Olongapo, Philippine Islands. She had just arrived in San Francisco from the Orient and had half a cargo to discharge. Fumigation took twelve hours. Then bunks and culinary and sanitary facilities had to be provided. The notice was served on us Saturday at 5 P.M. The ship sailed from San Diego the following Saturday, having loaded a full cargo and deck load. The soldiers and cargo were all landed in the Philippines in twenty-six days from the time we got the notice. Could a government-operated ship beat that?

Now the difference between the domestic trade and foreign trade is this: the foreign trade brings gold into the country. When we sell goods abroad these goods have to be paid for in gold, or, far better, they may be paid for in raw materials which we bring in to keep our factories going and give employment to thousands of men. Our domestic trade is a swapping of

commodities. A certain commodity is produced and sold in one part of the country and another part of the country buys it, so that the commodity is just transferred and the money shipped back, and the nation at large is not bettered.

I will just mention one of the benefits that our country derived from having a merchant marine. Our ships had difficulty in getting cargoes out of the Philippine Islands. The Southern islands had not been developed to produce anything for export. I found that copra could be got in large quantities, and developed the trade by shipping a cargo to the west coast of America. This was the first copra that ever had been sent to that part of the United States. Fifteen years after, the export of copra per annum from the Philippine Islands to the Pacific Coast amounted to twenty-two millions of dollars. The Philippine Islands had the tremendous benefit from this trade and the west coast of the United States had the benefit of the copra in furnishing employment and in producing oil in large quantities from the copra.

Foreign trade is a necessity because our factories would be idle considerably more than one third of the time each year if no foreign trade existed. Our farmers and fruit growers produce much more than can be consumed; therefore the surplus must be exported or rot on the ground. So foreign trade is an absolute necessity for a great part of our manufacturers and for the selling of the products of our soil.

A bill was in Congress a year ago to give a subsidy to American ships. It was defeated, but the same Congress passed a 50 per cent duty on all repairs done on American ships in foreign countries. It is impracticable to operate ships that are on long voyages without doing a certain amount of work in foreign countries, and this 50 per cent duty is a very heavy tax that no other nation in the world has to pay. Any other nationality can repair ships in foreign countries without paying a cent of duty.

Then our inspection service demands that a hydrostatic pressure shall be put on all our boilers once a year. This causes delay to the ship and also a big expense, as it causes repairs to be made that would not be necessary except for the test. No other nation exacts a hydrostatic pressure test once a year on its ships. All repairs and work ordered by the inspectors must be done before the ship is permitted to sail. Foreign ships get a certificate reading that the inspection has gone through, but that certain repairs have to be made at the first opportunity, thereby not delaying the ship.

Another serious matter for all American ships is that our Seamen's Act compels us to pay the crew one half their wages at every port, if the ports are one week apart. The result of this is that almost every sailor and fireman goes uptown as soon as he gets the money, and most of them return drunk to the ship. This has caused us a big loss of time and a great deal of expense, often delaying the sailing of the ship.

I could give you scores of incidents of this kind. It used to be that the captain used his own discretion as to whether he would pay the men part of their wages or not. Any sober man could get all the money he wanted. The drunkard could not get a cent, and this kept him sober until he came home. The Seamen's Act has done the sailors a great harm and has been a terrible injustice to the shipowner. No benefit to anyone, but a detriment to everyone. And Congress refuses to change it because the labor unions want it to

harass and cause expense to the shipowner.

The last Congress passed no bill to help, but attempted to pass many to hurt shipping and foreign-trade industries. These harmful bills had to be fought.

III

Shipowners are striving very hard to regain a small part of our carrying trade that foreign nations have been receiving. The Shipping Board, under the leadership of Chairman T. V. O'Connor, appreciating the great difficulty privately owned American ships were experiencing in competing with foreign-owned tonnage, adopted the policy of disposing of American government-owned tonnage to private corporations on sufficiently liberal terms to warrant their competing with foreign ships. This policy has proven most beneficial to American shipping, and through the assistance of the Board we were able to purchase a fleet of American combination freight and passenger vessels which were placed in the round-the-world service some four years ago.

The United States was the first nation to do this and is the only one now maintaining a regular round-the-world passenger service. Up to the present time over ninety ships have completed the round trip, calling at twenty-two ports of eleven nations, and sailing on time from every port. It was reported by all shipowners, before this service was started, that it could not be done. The distance around is 25,600 miles, so the total distance traveled up to the present time has been 2,304,000 miles.

In establishing this service and getting our offices started at all the different ports at which our ships call, I have had occasion to make four trips around. And on these four trips I have made something over 1700 calls on merchants and shipowners in an endeavor to develop this business. We are running in direct competition with the British, French, and Japanese mail subsidized steamers. In fact, we are in direct competition with every nation having ships on the ocean.

While in Manila I said to the Postmaster, 'You are sending a lot of mail on our steamers to Singapore. Part of it is transferred from our ships to British ships and distributed by them at the ports at which we call.' He said, 'I could not have you carry it, as the British ships are subsidized and we do not have to pay them, since they get the mail from the British post office.' I offered to carry the mail for nothing from Singapore on, and this has been done.

We have managed to make an arrangement with the Egyptian Government to carry its mail, and also with the Italian Government. These payments help us a great deal.

As to what the benefit of shipowning is to the country: Last year we spent in wages and supplies alone $15,000,000. We provided a sailing every Saturday to the Far East from the Pacific coast, and on account of this service merchants have developed new business amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now they are selling large quantities of commodities as far as Ceylon by this service. This is a direct benefit to the United States. And from the Orient to the west coast of America we also have a sailing carrying the mail once a week. This is a better service than ever has been rendered before, and has helped trade and commerce considerably.

There is another great benefit to the country that should not be overlooked. We own seventeen large American passenger steamers. It is generally conceded that this class of

ship should be scrapped and replaced in twenty years. Therefore we should build one new ship every year, commencing at once. The price asked by American shipbuilders at the present time is about six million dollars. Think of the benefit of this to our country, since practically every cent of this amount goes to labor, from the time the iron ore is taken from the ground until it has been built into the finished ship. Then the development of foreign trade is so important and so great that it is impossible to think out what it will be many years hence. Those who are not in favor of a privately owned merchant marine should think this over.

Congress should treat shipowners exactly the same as the governments of the various nations treat their shipowners — namely, pay the same compensation for carrying the mail and make our laws and regulations exactly the same as those of our competitors. And when this is done I can assure our country that American shipowners can and will operate a merchant marine for all our requirements, in peace or war, and in competition with the whole world. Give us no advantage whatever, but just put us on an exact equality, and we will make a success of it as well as they. And, outside of payment for carrying the mail, it will not cost our country a cent.

THE NEW PRAYER BOOK

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

I

It would be hard to imagine the bookstores of any American city reporting that a revised edition of the liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church was the 'best seller' of the day. A few weeks ago, however, the machines of the Oxford University Press, the Cambridge University Press, and the King's Printers were all working at high pressure to meet the public demand for the new *Book of Common Prayer*. This does not imply, of course, that there is a keener interest in religion in England than in the United States. The Church of England has been much more closely interwoven with the national life than its daughter Church across the Atlantic, and it is only natural that widespread attention should be attracted by any proposal to alter the forms of worship that, to most Englishmen, have become almost as familiar as the words of Sacred Writ.

It is no wonder that the cry, 'Why can't you let it alone?' should have been raised at once by many for whom the old Prayer Book ranks second only to the Bible as a lifelong means of spiritual nurture. But the task of revision was inevitable. A manual of public worship reflecting the troubled conditions at the end of the seventeenth century must fail in many respects to meet the needs of the present generation. During the interval political changes, social changes, and religious

changes have profoundly modified the life and thought alike of the Church and of the nation, and the new wine is in danger of bursting the old wine-skins. The publication of the book that has just appeared is the culmination of an effort that started with the appointment of a Royal Commission in 1867, but it is the fruit of the diligent toil of the Bishops during the last few years. For many weeks they sat together continuously, listening to every suggestion that came to them from any quarter, and weighing every sentence with scrupulous care. 'Never before in the history of the Church of England,' says the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'has there been a corresponding perseverance in laborious work on the part of virtually the whole Diocesan Episcopate.'

When the completed revision was set before the public the feature that jumped at once into the newspaper headlines was the deletion of 'obey' from the bride's pledge in the marriage service. One may remark in passing that this recognition of the altered status of woman in modern times had long ago been anticipated in most of the Free Churches. Among other changes of more or less interest to the 'man in the street' are the excision from the same service of much of the introductory disquisition on the purposes of matrimony, the shortening of the Morning Prayer and the Litany, the provision of several new occasional prayers and thanksgivings (for example, 'for universities and other places of learning,' 'for use at time of an election,' and so on), the addition of a special service for the burial of a child, the permission to omit imprecatory passages from the Psalter, the abolition of compulsion to recite the Athanasian Creed at certain festivals, and the sanctioning, under certain conditions, of extempore prayer.

Most of these changes have been generally welcomed as manifest improvements, and no controversy worth noting has arisen with respect to any of them. A few criticisms have been offered on the literary side, but they have mainly shown how soon a man of letters may get out of his depth when he tackles religious and ecclesiastical problems.

Thus, Mr. George Saintsbury complains that 'that magnificent motto of all true love and marriage, "With my body I thee worship,"' has been 'watered down' into 'With my body I thee honor.' To which Bishop Temple replies that Mr. Saintsbury can never have attended a wedding in a slum parish, or he would have realized how much of the magnificent language of the old Prayer Book is unmeaning or even misleading to people of our day who have not received an advanced literary education. Mr. J. C. Squire, again, does no more than betray his own lack of theological instruction when he raises the objection that 'for a reason impossible to conjecture' the word 'everlasting' has been cast out of the Athanasian Creed in favor of the word 'eternal.' The reason is simply, as the theologians have since been telling him, that 'everlasting' and 'eternal' have not the same meaning. As Archbishop Lang reminds us, 'the Prayer Book, after all, is not a literary legacy,' but is, or ought to be, 'the expression of the mind and spirit of a living society, reflecting the needs of generations as they pass.'

II

It is the changes involving points of doctrine that are causing the only serious trouble. 'I wish to say emphatically,' declared Archbishop Davidson in laying the new book before Convocation, 'that in my deliberate judgment

nothing that we have suggested makes any change in the doctrinal position of the Church of England.' Four, at least, of his colleagues in the Diocesan Episcopate do not agree with him, for they have registered their dissent on doctrinal grounds. One of them complains in addition that there has not been sufficient frankness in letting the people understand the doctrinal changes implied in the revision. The attack has come mainly from the Evangelicals, who regard these changes as a concession to the Romanizing section in the Church. The controversy rages especially around (1) Prayers for the Dead, (2) the Prayer of Consecration in the Communion Service, and (3) the Reservation of the Sacrament.

1. The Anglo-Catholics have long been agitating for the inclusion of Prayers for the Dead, but the Evangelicals object to them as not sanctioned by Scripture and as postulating a belief in Purgatory. Such prayers are now to find a place in the alternative Communion service, and the practice of offering them receives particular sanction in the provision of a special collect, Epistle, and Gospel for All Souls' Day, whose observance, the Evangelicals point out, originated with, and has always been associated with, the doctrine of Purgatory. There is a further provision that this service for All Souls' Day may be 'used on any day when desired.'

2. It is alleged by the Evangelicals that the alternative Prayer of Consecration provided for the Communion office brings that service nearer to the Roman Mass, and will give color to the belief that a particular form of words effects a miraculous change in the bread and wine over which they are said. 'The present prayer,' says Bishop Knox, 'is consistent with the idea that no change is made in the bread and wine, and that the only sacrifices offered are offered after the elements have been consumed, and are sacrifices of ourselves and of our praises and thanksgivings. The new prayer is consistent with the idea that a change is wrought in the elements by the action of the Holy Spirit, and with the idea that a sacrifice is offered by the priest for the remission of the sins of the living and the dead. This idea is reënforced by the introduction of the anamnesis, — the words of thankful remembrance, which are defined by liturgiologists to be the offering of the Son to the Father, — by the use of vestments associated with that sacrifice, and by the failure to forbid elevation, genuflections, incense, and sacring gongs, all of them recognized as accompaniments of the Mass.'

3. Provision is made for reserving the consecrated bread and wine for the Communion of the sick — an innovation which Dean Inge pronounces to be the 'crucial question' of the whole controversy. The Sacrament so reserved is to be used for no other purpose. It 'shall not be brought into connection with any service or ceremony, nor shall it be exposed or removed except in order to be received in Communion, or otherwise reverently consumed.' It is to be kept under lock and key in an ambry set in the north wall of the sanctuary, 'or in some other place approved by the Bishop.' Moreover the right to reserve is to be granted only under episcopal license. These restrictions, however, appear to Evangelicals an inadequate safeguard. They maintain that, once reservation is allowed, it will practically be impossible to prevent worshipers from praying before the consecrated bread and wine, and an opening will thus be given to the whole cultus of adoration of the elements. They point out that 'some other place approved by the Bishop' will mean, in some dioceses, that the

elements will be kept in a tabernacle on the altar with a red lamp burning before it. The Evangelicals protest further that the demand for reservation in the professed interests of the sick is almost entirely artificial and fictitious. What is really behind it is the desire to legalize the practice of adoration of the Sacrament.

On the whole, then, the proposed changes will mainly inure to the advantage of the Anglo-Catholics. At the least, they will give a more 'catholic' tinge to the worship of the Church of England. The Church Association, the Protestant Alliance, and most of the other Evangelical and Protestant organizations already in existence are therefore loudly beating the drum ecclesiastic, and their propaganda against the new Prayer Book has been assisted by the formation of an *ad hoc* 'Committee for the Maintenance of Truth and Faith,' which is supported by many influential clergy and laymen. On the other side, the Anglo-Catholics are by no means satisfied. Large as are the concessions made to them, they demand more. A memorandum of their English Church Union declares that many of them cannot accept the rubrics concerning Reservation, and that these restrictions 'could only be enforced, if at all, by a widespread and determined use of ecclesiastical discipline.' Middle-of-the-road opinion has been mobilized by the creation of a 'League of Loyalty and Order,' which serves as a rallying point and propagandist agency for those Churchmen, of varying schools of thought, who are anxious to see the new Prayer Book adopted.

'This alternative book is permissive only,' said Archbishop Davidson in laying it before Convocation; 'it is in no sense forced on those who do not wish to use it.' This general statement seems to need some qualification. A parish priest will have the right to continue the use of the old Prayer Book if he so desires. If he wishes to adopt any of the alternative services provided in the new one, he must first lay the matter before his parochial Church Council. In the event of their objection, the question must go before the Bishop, whose decision will be final. The option, therefore, as Mr. Ronald McNeill has pointed out, is a purely clerical one, in connection with which the parishioners have no right except that of being consulted. Attention has further been drawn to the misleading implication of the term 'optional' when applied to country parishes. In the cities every worshiper can attend the church which offers him the kind of service he prefers. But in the villages the only option allowed to worshipers who do not like the Prayer Book used in the parish church is the option of staying away altogether. And it is notorious that in a large number of country parishes the incumbent has already strained to the utmost his opportunities of introducing an advanced ritual with which the bulk of his parishioners have no sympathy.

III

There is a widespread apprehension that the Anglo-Catholic party will by no means be content with the gains they have secured in the Revised Prayer Book. One of the main arguments used to induce Evangelicals and moderate men to accept the book is that it will restore law and order within the Church; that it will put an end to the unauthorized revisions — in other words, the illegalities — that are at present practised by individual clergy and groups of clergy in all parts of the country, and will thus bring in a condition of peace in place of perpetual internal controversy. But thoughtful people are doubting whether they can

have any assurance that the acceptance of the book will really have a pacifying effect. Do the Anglo-Catholics honestly intend to observe the new rubrics — the limitations, for instance, imposed in connection with the Reservation of the Sacrament? Note has been made above of the manifesto of the English Church Union, to which may be added the declaration of Lord Halifax, the most distinguished leader of the Anglo-Catholics, that they are bound to insist that rigid obedience to the Revised Prayer Book 'cannot rightly be enforced by ecclesiastical discipline.'

What have the Bishops to say to that? In a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir William Joynson-Hicks has put some plain questions on this point. What steps, he asks, do the Bishops propose to take in order to secure obedience to the provisions expressed or implied in the new book? Will they, in the event of its adoption, cease in future to appoint or to institute clergy who disregard these provisions? 'We shall do our best,' says the Primate in reply, and 'we shall act, I hope, unitedly, or at least shall endeavor to do so,' but he declines to give, either on his own behalf or on that of his episcopal colleagues, any undertaking to carry out such measures of discipline as his correspondent suggests. 'It is foolish,' declares Bishop Pollock, 'to alter the book with no certain guaranty that the clergy will follow the new ruling. What power is there to maintain the new book which did not exist for the maintenance of the old one?' Dean Inge takes very much the same view. 'The weak point in the whole scheme,' he says, 'is the absence of machinery for dealing with lawbreakers.' He anticipates that the spirit of lawlessness will not easily be exorcised. 'There are scores of clergymen,' he tells us, 'who manage to combine an almost superstitious reverence for the episcopal office with an entire readiness to slap the face of the particular Bishop to whom they have promised canonical obedience. Especially in the diocese of London, where for many years there has been no discipline at all, it is most unlikely that the rule restricting Reservation will be observed.' (The Dean, by the way, ought to be well informed as to the condition of the diocese he specifically mentions, for it happens to be his own.) And, while there is no certainty that the new rubrics will be obeyed, there is perfect certainty that the concessions now made will be used as a stepping-stone for a demand for further concessions. Dr. Darwell Stone, the Principal of Pusey House, has not hesitated to tell Convocation that, if certain parts of the Revised Prayer Book become law, he will deem it his duty never to rest until he has done everything that he rightly can to obtain their alteration. It is evident that, if that example is widely followed, the new liturgy, instead of bringing about peace within the Church, will increase the existing strife and confusion.

As the discussion proceeds, this phase of the subject is becoming more and more prominent. At first, attention was concentrated on the doctrinal changes involved in the revision, but the practical question of administration is now being recognized as of no less importance than the theological issues. One may safely predict that it will receive increasing emphasis during the later stages in the process of legislation. At the time of writing, the Revised Prayer Book has been endorsed by the Upper and Lower Houses of the Convocations of Canterbury and York — bodies that are wholly clerical in composition. It will next come before the Church Assembly, which includes not only the members of Convocation,

sitting as a House of Bishops and a House of Clergy, but a House of Laity also, elected by the lay members of various diocesan conferences. If it runs this gauntlet, it will be presented to Parliament, which will submit it to the scrutiny of a special Ecclesiastical Committee, consisting of fifteen members chosen by the Lord Chancellor from the House of Lords and fifteen chosen by the Speaker from the House of Commons. If the report of this committee suggests any alterations, these will be laid before the Legislative Committee of the Church Assembly for its consideration before the bill authorizing the Revised Prayer Book comes up for discussion in the national legislature. Parliament has no power to amend, but can only pass or reject the measure as it stands.

When the controversy is thus finally transferred from the clerical to the lay arena, it may be anticipated that a determining factor in the decision will be the question, 'How will the new book work?' On this matter, M. P.'s will vote regardless of party ties. The Administration takes no responsibility whatever for the measure. Indeed, some distinguished members of it, including Sir William Joynson-Hicks (Home Secretary), Sir Thomas Inskip (Solicitor-General), and Mr. Ronald McNeill (Financial Secretary to the Treasury), will on this occasion be leaders of the opposition. The hostility of such men to the new book will be based on their devoted attachment to Protestant principles, but the attitude of the majority of M. P.'s will probably be decided by the view they take as to the prospect of its effecting a real and permanent settlement of the 'disorders' which for many years have amounted to scarcely less than a scandal.

The upshot of the whole matter is that the controversy over the Revised Prayer Book has emphasized the lines of cleavage within the Church of England and made it imperative to face seriously and honestly all that is involved in the 'comprehensiveness' to which her leaders point with pride as her chief distinction. It has raised in an acute form the problem of uniting within a single religious home two groups separated by such fundamental differences as those that divide the Anglo-Catholics from the Evangelicals. Is it really possible to combine these discordant elements happily in one body? 'Can two walk together, except they be agreed?'

GAY AUSTRIA

BY NEIL FORBES GRANT

I

'BITTE schön!' The plaintive and ingratiating cry of the little venders of cakes, chocolates, and mineral waters greets one at the Austrian frontier station; and is it mere fancy that the plaintiveness has become a little more marked in these recent years of suffering and change for Central Europe? The politeness and the timidity of that appeal always strike me as characteristically Austrian, and reveal the national character in much the same way that the military stolidity of the German customhouse officer, the vivacity of the habitués of the French seaports, and the curious slickness and nonchalance of the English railway porter bring home to one the characteristics of their respective countries.

I was present at St.-Germain when Dr. Renner and the other Austrian delegates entered that little zoölogical museum to hear from President Wilson and the premiers of the Allies the peace terms which were imposed on them; but when I thought of what the Austro-Hungarian monarchy had been, and what Austria had then become, I could not help recalling Wordsworth's lines:

> Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
> Of that which once was great is passed away.

The Treaty of St.-Germain and the kindred treaties broke up a once mighty empire, created three new independent States in Central Europe, — Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoslavia, — and added scattered fragments of the Dual Monarchy to two existing kingdoms, Rumania and Italy. The great city of Vienna was once the bureaucratic and cultural centre of an empire of 50,000,000 inhabitants, with an area of 676,648 square kilometres, and is now the capital of a mountain republic of 6,526,661 inhabitants, with an area of 83,904 square kilometres, though among the smaller States of Europe it is one of the largest. With the disappearance of that empire went also the monarchy, which was the keystone of the imperial arch. There is strong monarchist sentiment in Hungary still, but there is little vestige of it in Austria. Idle tourists and holiday crowds now throng the gilded state apartments and dainty boudoirs where Maria Theresa ruled in her splendor, and where the last Emperor of the Hapsburgs, the ill-fated Charles, awaited the coming of the storms which engulfed his throne. To-day idle sightseers pace alongside the coffins of the great figures of the house of Hapsburg in the crypt of the Kapuzinerkirche, in much the same way that Frenchmen look at relics of the Bourbons and the house of Napoleon. They seem to say: 'This is now all a part of History; something has gone, never to return.'

The war was a cataclysm sufficient in itself to produce startling changes in Central Europe, but nothing strikes the Englishman or American so much in his visits to Central Europe as the

evidence on all sides that the war is something already hidden in the remote past. To the American and the Englishman the war is a landmark, something so stupendous that everything that has happened in the world since seems of minor importance. But when I was in Poland two years ago I discovered that the war that the Poles of Warsaw were thinking about was not the Great War, but that more recent conflict between the Bolsheviki and the Poles which brought Lenin's troops within twenty miles of Warsaw; and I found the streets of the good city of Lemberg marked by the rifle fire not of Austrians and Russians but of Poles and Ruthenians, in the struggle which broke out after the termination of the greater hostilities. In the same way Austria has gone through so many subsequent crises that the war is to its people remote history. They had to pass through those tempestuous days when Socialism had its first practical experiment in government in desolated, isolated Vienna, when the krone fell tumbling and brought all the miseries of inflation in its train, and when all the revolutionary movements of restless Europe — German *Putsche*, Hapsburg coups, Communist risings, Ruhr occupation, Fascist flag wavings — had their repercussions on Vienna, that sensitive nerve centre of a distracted country. Even when the worst was over and the League of Nations, with generous American and British help, had come to the help of an impoverished republic, there were other troubles, like the Vienna financial crisis of 1924, which was due primarily to the unexpected demoralization of the French franc. There have been in Central Europe since 1918 many harbingers of trouble, and it is not surprising, therefore, that Austria has changed.

You miss, of course, to begin with, the pomp and trappings of the Empire. The Kaiser is no more, and the handsome officers in their gay uniforms and the light-hearted ladies rolling in their barouches along the Prater have gone with the Hapsburgs. That incurable gayety of the Austrian, which in the old days took the form of proud pomp and glittering circumstance, no longer holds revel on the banks of the Danube. The disappearance of the army has in itself made a political and social revolution in the life of the country, and the young men who would have been captains in crack regiments are now acting as bank clerks — and, incidentally, very good clerks, too. Palaces have become museums, and gay houses which once dispensed princely hospitality are now mysteriously and darkly closed or are let out in apartments at the dictation of the Socialist municipality which now controls Vienna. The cafés are not so sparkling; the night clubs, I am told on the authority of those who frequent those establishments, are comparatively tame affairs, and the hotels and shops, for some time at any rate after the war, had a very precarious existence. As has happened all over Europe, the middle classes in Austria have either disappeared or have just succeeded in adapting themselves to the new order of things, and that culture, that ease, that opulent hospitality of a well-established bourgeoisie, has faded away into the limbo of things that are no more. You feel to-day that Vienna is more of a working-class city than it was. That it has become again a comparatively happy one is, I think, a great tribute to that perennial resilience of the Austrian people which, if it takes the form of insouciance in good times, can also become a barrier of determination and patience in the hour of trouble.

The Austrian who before the war was either a bureaucrat or the willing victim of a good-tempered despotism

has now become a politician with an active share in guiding his country's destinies, and that he is a somewhat bitter politician can be excused on the ground that he has had to face a multitude of problems, and that the old antagonisms of aristocrat and social democrat, of Catholic and Jew, of workman and peasant, curbed and, so to speak, canalized under the Hapsburgs, have now become raging torrents. Vienna, which was once ruled by a nominee of the Court, is now under the dispensation of a Socialist administration, whose leading light is Dr. Breitner, a distinguished banker who went over from capitalism to the proletarian camp; once seat of an empire, she has now become a place of interesting Socialist experiments, for the city which provides seventy per cent of Austria's total state income gives a large revenue to its new municipal rulers. Their activities are innumerable — cheap trams, hostels of all kinds, for young and old, sick and poor, and above all, huge housing enterprises, especially for the outskirts of the city, where enormous blocks of flats, somewhat in the shape of a Roman amphitheatre, are continually arising, monuments to the ingenuity of the Socialist administrators and to the needs of a population suffering severely from house famine. In all Austrian politics, state and municipal, one is perpetually coming up against this housing problem. Capitalists groan at the virtual abolition of rents, with the consequent restrictions on the fluidity of capital, thus hampered by the inability to raise mortgages on bricks and mortar; the working classes rejoice at these nominal rents and at the huge sums set free for the building of these communal flats, while they also say that the provision of these cheap houses solved one of the important problems of Austrian industry, employers being able to give smaller wages to employees who are thus comfortably housed at the expense of the State.[1]

Whatever may be said about the merits or demerits of the Socialist régime which is now the dominating feature of Vienna, there can be no doubt that it has succeeded in solving, for the time being at any rate, many great problems, and the result is seen in the healthy faces and sturdy figures of the mass of the population and the disappearance of that terrible hunger which stalked through the streets and rendered ghastly the faces of men and women who had passed through the famine days of the war.

II

On the negative side, then, the Hapsburgs have gone, and to some extent the representatives of the working classes reign in their stead, at least so far as the municipality of Vienna is concerned. Now let me come to the positive side of the new Austria, and let me say at the outset that, following the imperious call of all life and of its organisms, the new Austria is determined to live. Most people said that the mountain republic, with the huge bureaucratic city of Vienna weighing it down on its eastern extremity, deprived of the industries of Czechoslovakia, the rich food of the Hungarian plain, the coal mines of Poland, the outlet to the sea at Fiume, would inevitably collapse. But Austria still lives, and gives every prospect of becoming as much a part of the European commonwealth as, say, Switzerland.

It has, of course, lost terribly by the war. The enormous bureaucratic army concentrated in Vienna after the

[1] It must be remembered, however, that the large employers of labor bitterly complain of the heavy burdens placed on industry by the housing and other schemes of the Socialist capital.

breakdown of the Empire, with the result that the state finances are laboring under an appalling pensions list, while industry is gravely handicapped by the necessity of providing some sustenance for the great number of men thrown out of employment. In my visits to Austria since the war I have come across many small tragedies — distinguished army officers in the ancient city of Graz, who have somehow or other to live on pensions which, to a general, work out at something like £150 a year; many Austrian noblemen who are parting with estates which have been in their families for generations; good upper-middle-class families whose sons are working as ordinary mechanics in the Ruhr, despite high qualifications and good university degrees. There are many empty rooms in the great banks of Vienna. In addition to the banks, the railways, newspapers, large export houses, and luxury trades suffer from the restricted territory in which they now have to operate. Before the war the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was the nearest approach in the Old World to that economic unity of which the United States is the great example in the New. The peoples of the Danube, under the flag of the Hapsburgs, were self-sufficing; their export trade was practically nil, compared with that of other great States, and their imports were correspondingly small. Now, so far as Austria is concerned, all is changed. Austria, like England, has to live on its invisible exports, for it not only has to import large quantities of raw material and food from abroad, but it also suffers from a lack of imports for its manufactured goods, owing to the mass of tariffs which now make Central Europe a stumblingblock not merely to the free-trade economist but to the ordinary practical business man. That, indeed, is the great change which differentiates post-war from pre-war Austria — it cannot live on itself. It is hampered on every side by hostile trade barriers, and its position is therefore one of very great difficulty.

How is Austria going to meet this problem? In the first place it was necessary to stabilize the currency, and as a result of the action of the League of Nations that task has now been achieved and Austria, with the withdrawal of League control last spring, has now been given a clean bill of financial health. The second step was to try to come to some arrangement with the neighboring States, for the purpose of overcoming the tariff obstacles, mainly by means of commercial treaties. Unfortunately, this palliative has been only partially successful, and at the moment Czechoslovakia and Austria are threatened with a tariff war, owing to the breakdown of the recent trade *pourparlers*. Nationalism, since 1918, has been rampant in Central Europe, and artificial industries have been created not so much for the purpose of developing trade as of gratifying racial *amour propre*. Flag waving is a harmless amusement compared with tariff building, and the mania has become so widespread in Europe that the business men of the principal countries, led by Germany, are taking the matter in hand themselves and by regional arrangements and the fixing of prices and markets are trying to bring some order into the economic maze created by nationalist politicians. Austria, which has to sell its goods in order to pay for its food, is particularly hard hit by this economic chauvinism, and much of its chronic unemployment is due to this cause. Failing for the time being to create some kind of Zollverein on the Danube, Austrians are engaged in a number of enterprises whose main purpose is to reduce the adverse balance of trade, which according to the latest

report of the Austrian National Bank was 1076 million schillings (the schilling being roughly sevenpence). They are trying to develop their agricultural resources, led in this respect by the President of the Republic, Herr Hainisch, who is himself a practical agriculturist and whose prize cow, Bella, is mentioned in many a conversation which he has with foreign visitors to the famous room in the Ballplatz where Baron Aehrenthal used to receive the ambassadors. Last year they had made such progress that Austria, which at one time was expected to produce only about thirty per cent of her food supplies, is now producing more rye, oats, and potatoes than she can consume, ninety per cent of her barley, and fifty per cent of her wheat, sugar, and cattle.

Then they are utilizing their superb water power for the purpose of generating electricity, thus saving their coal bill. As you travel through Austria, you see silver threads shining amid the pines on the mountain sides. It is water, Austria's best raw material, on its way to provide the power for her main-line trains and light and heat for her cities and villages. Thus during the past six years fifty-four high-power stations have been erected at a total cost of 300 million schillings, a third of the cost only being borne by foreign countries. The effects of these undertakings are incalculable, for not only are they providing work for some of the enormous army of unemployed, but at the same time they greatly assist industry through the cheapening of motor power. It has been estimated, indeed, that the annual saving in coal amounts now to almost one million tons or a sixth of the quantity of coal that Austria has to import annually from abroad.

Thanks to the enterprise of the bankers — Austrian bankers are really statesmen and manufacturers, and deal in coal, run hotels, or manage factories with equal skill — Austrians are making the best of Vienna's central position, standing as she does at the gateway of the East and West, for the purpose of retaining the influence she enjoyed as the hub of the banking world of Central Europe before the war. The banks have met with considerable success in this respect, helped doubtless by the fact that, while the business man of the hinterland has to go somewhere to transact his business, his wife prefers Vienna to any other capital. There are fine shops, good music, innumerable theatres; and women have an uncanny knack all over the world of making men do their business in the place where they are seeking their pleasure. Besides, the Vienna bankers know their business, and their skill has done much to promote the recovery of that great city which Mr. Zimmerman, the League's representative in Austria, described the other day as Austria's greatest asset.

But above all it is by the development of its tourist traffic that Austria hopes to balance its budget. Austria, I have said, is a mountain republic; and if those glorious peaks and ranges of pine-covered hills render the farmer a poor return, they promise to yield in time a golden harvest to the railways and the hotel keepers. A country endowed by Nature with the snow-capped giants of the Tyrol, with the waving symmetry of the Wiener Wald, with the rushing streams of the Salzach and the Mur, and with the stately Danube revealing beauty after beauty on its way from Linz to Vienna, is surely justified in its ambition to become another Switzerland. And, if Nature has been bountiful, man has been assiduous in his devotion to beauty. Vienna alone is a jewel of which any country might be proud — bringing to its service, in the course of a long and glorious

history, the arts of all the schools in almost all the countries, crowded with noble monuments, and still radiating from its hearths, despite its vicissitudes and sorrows, the generous glow of a gracious and immemorial culture. In the moment of its greatest misery Vienna, the proud city of Maria Theresa, refused to sell its priceless tapestries; and even with an unemployment which approximates to half a million it maintains intact its world theatre and world-famous national opera. For such a spirit will not Austria be forgiven much in the halls of Apollo?

Nor is Vienna the only city of Austria. There is Innsbruck, with its magnificent monument to the Emperor Maximilian in the Imperial Church, whose glorious figures in bronze have given immortality to the age of chivalry. There is Graz, that charming university town, whose venerable buildings rise from the banks of the swift-rushing Mur; there is Steyr, which takes you at one step right back into the Middle Ages, where can be still seen behind its ancient walls those rooms where Protestants worshiped in secret in the sixteenth century — and, coming to a later age, there is the house where Schubert lived, and where music lovers still search for the score of the Lost Symphony. Above all, there is Salzburg, whose musical festival in the early autumn is still one of the great events of musical Europe. I love to pass a summer's afternoon in the gardens of that amorous Archbishop of Salzburg at Hellbrunn, in whose pleasant grounds he raised a coquettish villa to his mistress. Trout bask lazily in its ponds and rivulets, and children still flock to see all the mechanical toys set in motion by water power. Salzburg is one of the most romantic towns of the world; one of the kindest, too, despite the deluges of rain which too often descend on its ancient courts and old-fashioned streets.

Altogether, then, Austria is beginning to look up. Its people have a hard task in front of them, but with a grim determination, which seems alien to the character of the most light-hearted nation in Europe, they are doing their best to solve it. Every now and then the old Viennese love of laughter breaks out. I attended, not so very long ago, a performance of Mozart's ever delightful *Così fan tutti* in the Redoutensaal in Vienna. In the middle of one of the acts one of the actresses suddenly laughed at the amusing quips of one of the male lovers. She laughed so merrily that she was unable to proceed with her part of the duet. Thereupon the male actor began to laugh. This was too much for the conductor, who also began to rock his sides; then the faithful orchestra began to rock their sides, too. Finally the whole house burst into uproarious merriment and the progress of the opera was held up for some minutes. The Viennese people can still be as light-hearted as Lehar's operas. The desert can blossom as the rose; Austria can still smile; and surely gayety in a sorely tried house is the finest form of courage.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS

THE reader will remember in Scott's *Ivanhoe* that Athelstane, at the Norman banquet following the tournament, devoured the whole of a Karum-pie, which was filled with nightingales and beccaficos. When the Normans discovered that he had thought it was filled with larks and pigeons, his ignorance received the derision which was merited by his gluttony. However, modern educators must admit that the Unready Saxon displayed a knowledge of things with which he was familiar, even in the Dark Ages, before the spread of culture and the I. Q.

I begin my first lesson on Burroughs's *Wake-Robin* with a class of twenty-four high-school students in the eleventh year of their modern education. All are American born and bred, most of them being natives of the locality. All have respectable I. Q.'s safely bestowed in a pigeonhole (alack, what a nest!) in the office of the principal. The month is May, and the world is beginning to soften; mountain peaks are visible through the branches of an elm outside the window; birds of the North Atlantic States call from without.

I face these sturdy sons and daughters of the mountains with some misgivings. Is it worth while, after all, to spend time on a subject with which they must all be as familiar as they are with the grass beneath their feet?

'This is a group of essays,' I announce, trying to appear confident, 'dealing with bird life, as you have already learned from the introduction.'

A chorus of warbling from the boys' side of the room interrupts me. From the girls comes a responsive twitter of mirth. The pie is opened — the blackbirds are running true to type. I now know what the king did with his dainty dish, after he had recovered from his first surprise: neither will I eat such half-baked creatures. I virtually wring the necks of the more melodious, and silence is restored.

'How many of you are fond of nature?' I ask platitudinously. Every hand is raised. I beam deceptively.

'What is nature?' I inquire, and am startled at the cruelty of the effect. The light dies from every face. They begin to squirm uneasily and exchange grins, while a look of terror dawns on some of the timid. Hawk-like, I begin to single out victims.

'Grass and trees,' declares one. 'Flowers and bugs,' grumbles another defiantly. The word 'bugs' elicits a titter. 'Birds,' says a third hopefully.

A fourth student brings confusion upon the entire group by the mortifying reply of 'God.' Just as though this were Sunday School! The looks cast in his direction are poisonous; I follow his insult with the injury that his answer is most nearly right. Blank amazement on the faces of the majority hastens my definition of nature, for we are losing time.

The robin and the bluebird, two of our commonest birds, to whom a great deal of space is devoted in the first essay, are brought up for discussion. But I have become wary, like the maid who was in the garden hanging up the clothes. Doubtless her definition of the natural order of the universe included the nose upon her face — plain and simple — until 'along came a black-

bird,' and the matter presented a painful complexity.

'How many of you know the robin when you see him?' I ask. Four hands fail to respond. 'When you hear him?' I add. Only twelve students know the song of the robin. The bluebird meets with a worse fate: six students know his warble, thirteen his appearance. I deem it unfit to ask if they know the difference between the bluebird and the indigo bunting. This is no time for a fit of the blues!

An obliging robin appears in the branches of the elm at this moment, and leads the discussion. He poses, chirps, sings, summons his mate, who ogles us as brazenly as a movie star, and then the pair depart. The class is thrilled. Half of them have seen and heard a robin in a state of conscious observation for the first time. They turn to the text as though it were something more than mere under-arm ballast. We read what Burroughs says of the robin with reproachful delight. Why, they seem to ask, had n't I told them this was interesting?

I give instructions for bird note-books. I urge personal observation, field glasses, trips to orchard and woods in twos and threes. I am called upon to explain why twenty-four people cannot enter the forest together to study the rarer songsters. The conversation turns to sandwiches, knickers, trails, and forest fires in the twinkling of an eye, and I reach out a talon to draw them back to the literary aspect of the work. Here I find wooden density, but I adopt the tactics of the woodpecker, and at length produce a few grubby ideas.

There remains to be dealt with only the relation of the essays to life — a relation I had dared to assume already well established. I feel that the foundation of the entire work has not been laid. But the period ends abruptly, and to-day, alas, is Friday! With hoarse croakings of joy, my blackbirds make their week-end escape. I am a remnant, crusty and broken.

When I again face them on Monday to renew the discussion, I ask for the results of their observations. I look for signs of interest; I see nothing but signs of guilt. It was such a lovely week-end! There was a baseball game Saturday afternoon, and another (a professional game) on Sunday. Many of them had to work at home Saturday morning. Saturday evening was taken up by a movie — wild and Eastern. Sunday morning — I discover my class are all good church members in regular attendance. All roads lead through the village, and the automobile we have always with us. The problem is before me, unsolved, to produce order out of the chaos of modern life in our small, mountainous, religious village. I arise like an avenging pagan deity hurling thunderbolts.

'Did no one hear the whippoorwill on Cedar Mountain Saturday night? He called to you on your way to the motion pictures.' I produce a picture of the whippoorwill. 'Charles, how about the Baltimore oriole in the cherry tree in your back yard, who was singing Saturday morning as I passed you at your woodchopping?' Another illustration. 'Did anyone notice the hawk above the ball grounds on Saturday afternoon?' Another picture. 'Or hear the flicker in the tree at the entrance to the grounds? Two of you took tickets at the gate, I know.' Picture. 'The trees on Main Street were filled with myriads of various kinds of warblers Sunday morning — just returned from the South,' I conclude.

Hands begin to wave frantically. I am smothered with feathered anecdotes. My bolts have rent the clod and dispelled the mist — light is breaking through. Songs are recalled and properly ascribed. Strange-colored birds

that had flitted from memory are now identified by the illustrations and forever snared. An ornithological peace pervades my soul.

My blackbirds are singing a true song now, which is sweet, sweet, sweet! They are creatures of the air at last, rising on wings not man-made above the terrestrial din of Sunday baseball, moving pictures, and the thousand discords of modernity, into a purer, rarer, immortal atmosphere.

CONFESSION BY A TWO-TRACK MIND

Like President Coolidge, I have my Official Spokesman and my Unofficial Observer. The former is a sober, steady-going writer whose highest dream is to write a four-volume work entitled, 'The Effect of Machinery upon Human Nature and the Social Order.' If these heavy tomes take their place on library shelves along with Buckle's *History of Civilization* and Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, the Official Spokesman for the firm of I, We and Company will be completely satisfied. Whether many or few read the book is matter of indifference to him, but he has reason to believe it will be a sweet revenge upon undergraduates who get in his way in libraries.

Among the other duties of the Official Spokesman is that of making halting addresses on social and industrial themes to conventions of earnest souls who don't mind hearing such themes haltingly discussed. But even while the Official Spokesman is speaking I am painfully aware that my Unofficial Observer is sneering at him. The Unofficial Observer renders me thoroughly uncomfortable in such crises, because he makes it so devastatingly clear that in his opinion I am gadding around the country for the sake of showing off before folks. No doubt this is why I uniformly disappoint my hearers; one can hardly sell himself unless he is sure he is worth selling.

The Unofficial Observer is not much of a provider; still he does what he can for the family in a quiet way. He writes anonymous essays and little sketches which help to fill the back pages of magazines. Sometimes the author finds in these more cause for pride than in the reasoned, factual articles shouted at the world by the Official Spokesman. These essays help me to maintain a secret conviction that I might have been a creative literary artist if I had not become a reporter at the tender age of seventeen.

While the Unofficial Observer functions in private, his light shrouded by the bushel of anonymity, still occasionally he hears that he has written this or that. Sometimes the best of wives 'peaches,' as wives will. Recently there came one bearing praise, one whose opinion I value, but who remains consistently cold to the Official Spokesman's mighty efforts. Said he: 'My dear fellow, I seem to have underestimated you. Thought you were just one more of these confounded analysts who are treading the noble art of letters in the dust. But now I'm told you wrote this. Man alive, it's worth more than all the stale profundities you put your name to. You must do more of them; they will outlive your routine work twenty years to one. Do that, and you're made; otherwise an autographed first edition copy of your books will be worth less than fifty cents fifty years from now. There is a reaction coming in favor of quiet writing like this sketch of yours; the world grows weary of jazz, of the persevering analysis of mediocre souls which masquerades under the name of fiction, of highly seasoned sociology and all other literary abominations. Just sit in a chair, watch life slide by, and write

simply of those phases of the procession which appeal to you. Why, it's a call, like any other ministry.'

I confess I should like to follow this advice. With due allowances for the extravagances of friendship, I think the conclusion is sound. There is an audience for the still, small voice, and it is going to keep on growing in spite of Baal and Babel, Mammon and the Mob. But what becomes, then, of my investment in the Official Spokesman, that pseudo heavyweight who can be depended upon to fill editorial specifications on such themes as 'The Effect of the Quota Laws upon Piecework Rates'? For the Unofficial Observer is quite unconventional in some of his views; as contrasted with the eternal verities which he finds in Man and the lesser animals, he remains unimpressed by parties, groups, institutions. What he thinks of the sovereign State would make Mr. Kellogg shiver. Actually this essay writer is no more radical than a plug hat, but when the State waxes radical, as it is in the present stage of interference with personal and family rights, it tries to destroy its critics by calling them radical. Smart young State! So I suspect that no nice captain of industry would read one of my books if I were to sign the Unofficial Observer's stuff. And mirth! What, I ask you, is likely to happen when the Mountain of Social and Industrial Uplift (slight exaggeration for the sake of preserving robust figure of speech) brings forth a flippant mouse? Crash goes the mountain and flat goes the mouse.

So, for the time being at least, I am going to preserve the anonymous status of the Unofficial Observer. (That sentence is in the Official Spokesman's best style.) I tell myself that the Observer is going to hug the dusk for the good reason that he can do better by dark than by daylight. I tell myself he can gather his material more easily if he walks the world unknown. He discourses frequently, you see, of innocent, naïve persons in a region where innocent, naïve persons are a little touchy on the subject of serving literary purposes. Our neighbors, I fear, would think the Observer was making game of them, whereas he loves them dearly in all their whims and crotchets and seeks to portray them, not as freaks in the national gallery, but as doers, thinkers, and be-ers richly worth recording.

But all the preceding paragraph, acutely considered, is mere rationalizing. The fact is that my neighbors might not object to the literary celebration of their qualities and landscapes; they might even like it and come bearing gifts of material. 'Here's one you never heard.' Those who object could do no more than punch my face, which is nothing compared to the risks the Official Spokesman runs whenever he quotes corporation statistics. No; the real reason I do not pitch the Spokesman overboard with a millstone round his neck and hoist Observer's flag to the masthead is because I'm afraid. Afraid of the losses, afraid of the explanations, afraid that Observer might fizzle out under the weight of responsibility.

It has always been my conviction that courage is a writer's best asset. An average high-school graduate can write well enough, from the standpoints of grammar and punctuation, to satisfy any editor. Practically all human beings think interesting thoughts, if they could bring themselves to reveal the secrets of their minds. Courage is therefore the key to the editorial heart. The Official Spokesman started courageously, but has grown, I confess, hackneyed. And yet I dare not make the Unofficial Observer official. This is rank cowardice, no doubt, but what would you?

JALNA: A NOVEL [1]

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XVI

ALAYNE and Eden were in their own room. He was at his desk, and she standing beside him. He began searching through a box of stamps for a stamp that was not stuck to another one. He was mixing them up thoroughly, partially separating one from another, then in despair throwing them back into the box, in such disorder that she longed to snatch them from him and set them to rights, if possible; but she had learned that he did not like his things put into order. He had been helping Renny to exercise two new saddle horses, and he smelled of the stables. The smell of horses was always in the house; dogs were always running in and out, barking to get in, scratching at doors to get out. Their muddy footprints were always in evidence in November.

'Here's a letter from New York to say they've got the proofs all right,' observed Eden. 'They think the book will be ready by the first of March. Do you think that is a good time?'

'Excellent,' said Alayne. 'Is the letter from Mr. Cory?'

'Yes. He sends his regards to you. Says he misses you awfully. They all do. And he's sending you a package of new books to read.'

Alayne was delighted. 'Oh, I am so glad! I am hungry for new books. When I think how I used literally to wallow in them! Now the thought of a package of new ones seems wonderful.'

'What a brute I am!' exclaimed Eden. 'I never think of anything but my damned poetry. Why did n't you tell me you had nothing to read? Why don't you simply jump on me when I'm stupid? Here you are, cooped up at Jalna with no amusements, while it streams November rain, and I lose myself in my idiotic imaginings!'

'I am perfectly happy, only I don't see a great deal of you. You were in town three days last week, for instance, and you went to that football match with Renny and Piers one day.'

'I know, I know. It was that filthy job I was looking after in town.'

'That did not come to anything, did it?'

'No. The hours were too beastly long. I'd have had no time for my real work at all. What I want is a job that will only take a part of my time. Leave me some leisure. And the pay not too bad. A chap named Evans, a friend of Renny's, who has something to do with the Department of Forestry, is going to do something for me, I'm pretty sure. He was overseas with Renny, and he married a relative of the Prime Minister.'

'What is the job?'

Eden was very vague about the job. Alayne had discovered that he was very vague about work of any kind except his writing, upon which he could concentrate with hot intensity.

'Eden, I sometimes wish you had gone on with your profession. You would at least have been sure of it. You would have been your own master —'

'Dear,' he interrupted, 'wish me an ill that I deserve — trample on me — crush me — be savage — but don't wish I were a member of that stuffy, stultifying, atrophying profession! It was Meggie who put me into it, when I was too young and weak to resist. But when I found out the effect it was having on me — thank God, I had the grit to chuck it! My darling, just imagine

[1] A synopsis of the preceding chapters will be found in the Contributors' Column. — THE EDITORS

your little white rabbit spending his young life nosing into all sorts of mouldy lawsuits, and filthy divorce cases, and actions for damages to the great toe of a grocer by a motor driven by the president of the Society for the Suppression of Vice! Think of it!' He rumpled his fair hair and glared at her. 'Honestly, I should n't survive the strain a week.'

Alayne took his head to her breast and stroked it in her soft, rather sedate fashion.

'Don't, darling! You make me feel a positive ogre!'

Eden had at last detached a stamp. He held it against his tongue and then stuck it upside down on his letter.

Watching him, Alayne had a sudden and dispassionate vision of him as an old man, firmly established at Jalna, immovable, contented, without hope or ambition, just like Nicholas and Ernest. She saw him gray-headed, at a desk, searching for a stamp, licking it, fixing it, fancying himself busy. She felt desperately afraid.

'Eden,' she said, still stroking his bright head, 'have you been thinking of your novel lately? Have you perhaps made a tiny beginning?'

He turned on her, upsetting the box of stamps and giving the inkpot such a jar that she was barely able to save it.

'You're not going to start bothering me about that, are you?' Rich color flooded his face. 'Just when I'm fairly swamped with other things! I hope you're not going to begin nagging at me, darling, because I can't wangle the right sort of job on the instant. I could n't bear that.'

'Don't be silly,' returned Alayne. 'I have no intention of nagging. I am only wondering if you are still interested in the novel.'

'Of course I am! But, my dear lady, a man can't begin a tremendous piece of work like that without a lot of thought. When I begin it I'll let you know.' He took up his fountain pen and vigorously shook it. He tried to write, but it was empty.

'Is n't it appalling,' he remarked, 'how the entire universe seems after one sometimes? Just before you came in, that shelf over there deliberately hit me on the head as I was getting a book from the bookcase. I dropped the book, and when I picked it up the sharp corner of the dresser bashed me on the other side of the head. Now my pen's empty, and there is scarcely any ink!'

'Let me fill it for you,' said Alayne. 'I think there is enough ink.'

She filled it, kissed the bumped head, and left him.

As she descended the stairs, she had a glimpse of Piers and Pheasant in a deep window seat on the landing. They had drawn the shabby mohair curtains before them, but she saw that they were eating a huge red apple, bite about, like children.

The front door was standing open, and Renny was in the porch talking to a man whom Alayne knew to be a horse dealer. He was a heavy-jowled man with a deep, husky voice and little shrewd eyes. A raw blast, smelling of the drenched countryside, rushed in at the open door. The feet of the two men had left muddy tracks in the hall, and one of the clumber spaniels was critically sniffling over them. The other spaniel was humped up in the doorway biting himself ferociously just above the tail. In the sullen twilight of the late afternoon she could not distinguish Renny's features, but she could see his weather-beaten face close to the dealer's, as they talked lovingly together.

After all, she thought, he was little better than a horse dealer himself. He spent more time with his horses than he did with his family. Half the time he did not turn up at meals, and when he did appear, riding through the gate on his bony gray mare, his shoulders drooping and his long back slightly bent, as likely as not some strange and horsy being rode beside him.

And the devastating fascination he had for her! Beside him Eden upstairs at his desk seemed nothing but a petulant child. And yet Eden had bright and beautiful gifts which Renny had neither the imagination nor the intellect to appreciate!

Rags's face, screwed up with misery, appeared around a doorway at the back of the hall.

'My word, wot a draft!' she heard him mutter. 'It's enough to blow the tea things off the tr'y.'

'I will shut the door, Wragge,' she said,

kindly. But, regarding her offer with cold criticism as she stepped over the long plumed tail of a spaniel, she came to the conclusion that she had made it for the sole reason that she might stand in the doorway an instant with the gale blowing her, and be seen by Renny. After all, she did not quite escape the plumed tail. The high heel of her shoe pinched it sharply, and the spaniel gave an outraged yelp of pain. Renny peered into the hall with a snarl. Someone had hurt one of his dogs. His rough red eyebrows came down over his beak of a nose.

'I was going to close the door,' explained Alayne, 'and I stepped on Flossie's tail.'

'Oh,' said Renny, 'I thought perhaps Rags had hurt her.'

The horse dealer's little gray eyes twinkled at her through the gloom.

She tried to close the door, but the other spaniel humped himself against it. He would not budge. Renny took him by the scruff and dragged him into the porch.

'Stubborn things, ain't they?' remarked the horse dealer.

'Thanks, Renny,' said Alayne. She closed the door, and found herself, not alone in the hall, but out in the porch with the men.

Renny turned a questioning look on her. Now why had she done that? The wind was whipping her skirt against her legs, plastering her hair back from her forehead, spattering her face with raindrops. Why had she done such a thing?

'Well,' observed the horse dealer, 'I must be off. Mrs. Crowdy, she'll have it in for me if I'm late to supper.'

He and Renny made some arrangement to meet at Mistwell the next day, and he drove off in a noisy Ford car.

They were alone. A gust of wind shook the heavy creeper above the porch and sent a shower of drops that drenched their hair. He fumbled for a cigarette and with difficulty lighted it.

'I felt that I had to have the air,' she said. 'I have been in all day.'

'I suppose it does get on your nerves.'

'You must have hated my coming out in the middle of your conversation with that man. I do not think I ever did anything quite so stupid before.'

'It did n't matter. Crowdy was just going. But are you sure you won't take cold? Shall I get you a sweater out of the cupboard?'

'No. I am going in.' But she stood motionless, looking at the sombre shapes of the hemlocks that were being fast engulfed by the approaching darkness.

Was she in his arms — the rough tweed of his sleeve against her cheek — his lips pressing hers — his kisses torturing her, weakening her? No, he had not moved from where he stood. She was standing alone at the edge of the steps, the rain spattering her face as though with tears. Yet, so far as she was concerned, the embrace had been given, received. She felt the ecstasy, the relaxation, of it.

He stood there immobile, silhouetted against the window of the library, which had been, at that moment, lighted behind him.

Then his voice came as though from a long way off.

'What is it? You are disturbed about something.'

'No, no. I am all right.'

'Are you? I thought you had come out here to tell me something.'

'No, I had nothing to tell you. I came because — I cannot explain — but you and that man made a strange sort of picture out here, and I moved out into it unconsciously.' She realized with an aching relief that he had not guessed the trick her senses had played her. He had only seen her standing rigid at the top of the wind-swept steps.

A long-legged figure came bounding along the driveway, leaped on to the steps, and almost ran against her. It was Finch back from school. He was drenched. He threw a startled look at them and moved toward the door.

'Oh, Finch, you *are* wet!' said Alayne, touching his sleeve.

'That's nothing,' he returned gruffly.

'Well,' muttered Renny, 'you had better change into dry things and do some practising before tea.'

His tone, abstracted and curt, was unlike his usual air of indolent authority. Finch knew that he was expected to move instantly, but he could not force his legs to

carry him into the house. There was something in the porch, some presence, something between those two that mesmerized him. His soul seemed to melt within him, to go out through his chest gropingly toward theirs; his body a helpless shell propped there on two legs, while his soul crept out toward them, fawning about them like one of the spaniels — one of the spaniels on the scent of something strange and beautiful.

'You're so wet, Finch,' came distantly in Alayne's voice.

And then in Renny's: 'Will you do what I tell you! Get upstairs and change.'

Finch peered at them, dazed. Then, slowly, his soul skulked back into his body like a dog into its kennel. Once more his legs had life in them. 'Sorry,' he muttered, and half stumbled into the house.

Meg was coming down the stairway, and Rags had just turned on the light in the hall. 'How late you are!' she exclaimed. 'Oh, what a muddy floor! Finch, is it possible you brought all that mud in? One would think you were an elephant. Will you please take it up, Wragge, at once before it gets tramped in? How many times have I told you to wipe your boots on the mat outside, Finch?'

She was at the foot of the stairs now. She kissed him, and he rubbed his cheek, moist with rain, against hers, warm and velvety. 'M-m,' they breathed, rocking together.

'I've got to do some practising,' said Finch.

'No, dear,' replied his sister firmly. 'You can't practise now. It's time for tea.'

'But look here,' cried Finch, 'I shan't get any practice to-night, then. I've a lot of lessons to do!'

'You should n't be so late coming home. That's one reason I did n't want you to have such an expensive teacher. It's so worrying when there's no opportunity for practising. But of course Alayne would have it.'

'Darn it all!' bawled Finch. 'Why can't I practise in peace?'

'Finch, go upstairs this instant and change into dry things.'

The door of Gran's room opened and Uncle Nick put his head out. 'What's this row about? Mama is sleeping.'

'It's Finch. He is being very unruly.' Meg turned her round sweet face toward Nicholas.

'Finch, you ought to be ashamed of yourself,' said he. 'And all the money which is being spent on your music! Get upstairs with you. You deserve to have your ears cuffed.'

Finch, with his ears as red as though they had already had the cuffing, slunk up the stairs. Piers and Pheasant, still on the window seat, had drawn the curtains tightly across, so that they were effectually concealed except for the outline of their knees, and their feet, which projected under the edge. Finch, after a glance at the feet, was reasonably sure of their owners. What a lot of fun everyone had but himself! Snug and dry before warm fires, or petting in corners.

XVII

The books from New York were held in the Customhouse in the city. The day when the official card arrived informing Alayne of this the country was so submerged in cold November rain that a trip into town to get them seemed impossible. Alayne, with the despair of a disappointed child, wandered about the house, looking out of first one window and then another, gazing in helpless nostalgia at dripping hemlocks like funeral plumes, then at the meadows where the sheep huddled, next at the blurred wood that dipped to the wet ravine, and last, from a window in the back hall, on to the old brick oven, and the clothes drier, and a flock of draggled, rowdy ducks. She thought of New York, and her life there, of her little apartment, of the publishing house of Cory and Parsons, the reception room, the offices, the packing rooms. It all seemed like a dream. The streets with their cosmopolitan throngs; faces seen and instantly lost; faces seen more closely and remembered for a few hours — the splendid and terrible onward sweep of it! The image of every face here was bitten into her memory — even the faces of the farm laborers, of Rags, of the grocer's boy and the fishmonger.

How quiet Jalna could be! It lay under a spell of silence sometimes for hours. Now, in the hall, the only sound was the steady licking of a sore paw by the old sheep dog, and the far-away rattle of coals in the basement below. What did the Wragges do down there in the dim half-light? Quarrel — recriminate — make it up? Alayne had seen Wragge, a moment ago, glide through the hall and up the stairs with a tray to Meg's room. Oh, that endless procession of little lunches! Why could not the woman eat a decent meal at the table? Why this air of stale mystery? Why this turgid storing up behind all these closed doors? Grandmother: Boney — India — crinolines — scandal — Captain Whiteoak! Nicholas: Nip — London — whiskey — Millicent — gout! Ernest: Sasha — Shakespeare — old days at Oxford — debts! Meggie: broken hearts — bastards — little lunches — cozy plumpness!

And all the rest of them, getting their rooms ready for their old age — stuffy nests where they would sit and sit under the leaky roof of Jalna till at last it would crash in on them and obliterate them!

She must get Eden away from here before the sinister spell of the house caught them and held them forever. She would buy a house with her own money and still have enough left to keep them for a year or two — until he could make a living from his uncongenial work.

Above all she must not be in the house with Renny Whiteoak. She no longer concealed from herself the fact that she loved him. She loved him as she had never loved Eden — as she had not known that she was capable of loving anyone. A glimpse of him on his bony gray mare would make her forget whatever she was doing. His presence in the dining room or drawing-room was so disturbing to her that she began to think of her feelings as dangerously unmanageable.

Mrs. Wragge laboriously climbed the stairs from her domain and appeared in the hall. 'Please, Mrs. Whiteoak,' she said, 'Mr. Renny 'as sent word from the stables as he's goin' into town by motor this afternoon and if you'll send the card from the Customs back by Wright he says he'll get them books from the States. Or was it boots? Bless me, I've gone and forgot! And there's nothink throws 'im into a stew like a herror in a message!'

'It was books,' said Alayne. 'I will run up to my room and find the notice. Just come to the foot of the stairs and I'll throw it down to you.'

The thought of having the books that evening exhilarated her. She flew up the stairs.

Eden was not writing as she expected, but emptying the books out of the secretary and piling them on the bed.

'Hullo!' he exclaimed. 'See what a mess I'm in! I'm turning out all these old books. There are dozens and dozens I never look at. Taking up room. Old novels. Old *Arabian Nights*. Even old schoolbooks. And *Boys' Own*. Wake may have those.'

What a state the bed was in!

'Eden, are you sure they are not dusty?'

'Dusty! I'll bet they have not been dusted for five years. Look at my hands!'

'Oh, dear! Well, never mind. Renny's motoring into town and he will get the books from the Customs. Oh, wherever *is* that card? I know I left it on the desk, and you have heaped books all over it! Really, Eden, you are the most untidy being I have ever known!'

They argued, searching for the card, which was at last unearthed in the waste-paper basket. In the meantime the car had arrived at the door, and Mrs. Wragge was panting up the stairs with another message.

'He says he's late already, 'm, and will you please send the card. He says it's not half bad out, if you'd like a ride to town. But indeed, 'm, I should n't go if I was you, for Mr. Renny, he drives like all possessed, and the 'ighway will be like treacle.'

'Great idea!' cried Eden. 'We'll both go. Eh, Alayne? It'll do us good. I've been working like the devil. I can stir up Evans about the job, and you can do a little shopping. We'll have tea at The George and be home in time for supper. Will you do it, Alayne?'

Alayne would. Anything to be free for a few hours from the cramped and stubborn air of Jalna.

If Renny were disappointed at the appearance of Eden he did not show it. Husband and wife clambered, raincoated,

into the back seat under the dripping curtains. The wet boughs of the hemlocks swept the windows as they slid along the drive.

The highway was almost deserted. Like a taut wet ribbon it stretched before them, to their left alternate sodden woods, fields, and blurred outlines of villages; to their right the gray expanse of the inland sea, and already, on a sandy point, a light-house sending its solitary beam into the mist.

Alayne was set down before a shop. 'Are you sure you've plenty of money, dear?' — and a half-suppressed grin from Renny. Eden was taken to the Custom-house, and then the elder Whiteoak went about his own strange business among legginged, swearing hostlers, and moist-smelling straw, and beautiful, satin-coated creatures who bit their mangers and stamped in excess of boredom.

Alayne bought a bright French scarf to send to Rosamund Trent — 'just to show her that we have some pretty things up here'; two new shirts for Eden — a surprise; a box of sweets for Gran and another, richer, larger one for the family; a brilliant smock that she could not resist for Pheasant; and some stout woolen stockings for herself.

She found Eden and Renny waiting for her in the lobby of an upstairs tearoom. They chose a table near the crackling fire. In a corner on the floor Eden heaped Alayne's purchases on top of the package of books. Alayne's eyes gloated over them as they lay there. While they waited for their order, she told what she had bought and for whom, except the shirts, which were to be a surprise.

'And nothing for me?' pleaded Eden, trying to take her foot between his thick-soled boots.

'Wait and see.' She sent a warm, bright look toward him, trying to avoid Renny's dark gaze.

'Nor me?' he asked.

'Ha,' said Eden, 'there's nothing for you.' And he pressed Alayne's foot.

'What is that you have?' asked Renny, looking down his nose at Alayne's cake and ice cream.

'You seem to forget,' she replied, 'that I am an American, and that I have n't tasted our national sweet for months.'

'I wish you would let me order an egg for you,' he returned, seriously. 'It would be much more staying.'

Eden interrupted: 'Do you know, brother Renny, you smell most horribly horsy?'

'No wonder. I've been embracing the sweetest filly you ever saw. She's going to be mine, too. What a neck! What flanks! And a hide like brown satin!' He stopped dipping a strip of toast into the yolk of an egg to gaze ecstatically into space.

Alayne gave way. She stared at him, drank in the sight of the firelight on his carved, weather-beaten face, lost herself in the depths of his unseeing eyes.

'Always horses — never girls,' Eden was saying rather thickly, through jam. 'I believe you dream o' nights of a wild mane whipping your face, and a pair of dainty hoofs pawing your chest. What a bedfellow, eh, brother Renny?' His tone was affectionate, and yet touched by the patronage of the intellectual toward the man who is interested only in active pursuits.

'I can think of worse,' said Renny, grinning.

Safe from the wind and rain, the three talked, laughed, and poured amber cups of tea from fat green pots.

'By the way,' said Eden, 'Evans wants me to stop in town all night. There is a man named Brown he wants me to meet.'

'Anything doing yet?' asked Renny.

Eden shook his head. 'Everything here is dead in a business way. The offices positively smell mouldy. But Evans says there's bound to be a tremendous improvement in the spring.'

'Why?' asked Alayne.

'I really don't know. Evans did n't say. But these fellows have ways of telling.'

'Oh, yes,' agreed Renny, solemnly. 'They know.'

Little boys, thought Alayne, that's what they are — nothing but little boys where business, city business, is concerned! Believing just what they're told. No initiative. I know five times as much about business as they.

'So,' went on Eden, 'if you don't mind trusting yourself to Renny, old lady, I'll stop the night here and see this man.

You'll just have to chuck those books back into the bookcase, and I'll look after them to-morrow. Too bad I left them all over the place.'

'Oh, I'll manage.' But she thought: He does n't care. He knows that I shall have to handle a hundred dusty books, that the bed is all upset, — they are even on the chairs and dresser, — and he'll never give it a second thought. He's selfish. He's as self-centred as a cat.

As Eden was putting her into the car he whispered: 'Our first night apart. I wonder if we'll be able to sleep.'

'It will seem strange,' she returned.

He pushed his head and shoulders into the dimness inside and kissed her. The rain was slashing against the car. Her parcels were heaped on the seat beside her.

'Keep the rug about you. Are you warm? Now your little paw.' He cuddled it against his cheek. 'Perhaps you would sooner have sat in the front seat with Renny.' She shook her head and he slammed the door, just as the car started.

They were off, through the blurred, streaming streets, nosing their way through the heavily fumbling traffic. Then out of the town. Along the shore, where a black cavern indicated the lake and one felt suddenly small and lonely. Why did he not speak to her? Say something ordinary and comforting.

They were turning into a lane, so narrow that there was barely room for the motor to push through. Renny turned toward her.

'I have to see a man in here. I shan't be more than five minutes. Do you mind?'

'Of course not.' But she thought: He asks me if I mind after we are here. If that is n't like the Whiteoaks! Of course I mind. I shall perfectly hate sitting here in the chill dark alone in this lashing rain. But he does not care. He cares nothing about me. Possibly forgets — everything — just as he promised he would — and I cannot forget — and I suffer.

He had plunged into the darkness and was swallowed as completely as a stone dropped into a pool. She snuggled her chin into the fur about her neck and drew the rug closer. Then she discovered that he had left the door open. He did not care whether she was wet or chilled to the bone.

She could have whimpered — indeed she did make a little whimpering sound as she leaned over the seat and clutched at the door. She could not get it shut. She sank back and again pulled the rug closer. It was as though she were in a tiny house in the woods alone, shut in by the echoing walls of rain. Suppose that she lived in a tiny house in the woods alone — with Renny — waiting for him now to come home to her. Oh, God, why could she not keep him out of her thoughts! Her mind was becoming like a hound, always running, panting, on the scent of Renny — Renny, Reynard the Fox!

She and Eden must leave Jalna, have a place of their own, before she became a different being from the one he had married. Even now she scarcely recognized herself — a desperate, gypsy, rowdy something was growing in her, the sedate daughter of Professor Knowlton C. Archer.

He was getting into the car. From the black, earthy-smelling void into which he had dropped he as suddenly reappeared, sinking heavily into the seat and banging the door after him.

'Was I long?' he asked in a muffled tone. 'I'm afraid I was more than five minutes.'

'It seemed long.' Her voice sounded faint and far away.

'I think I'll have a cigarette before we start.' He fumbled for his case, then offered it to her.

She took one and he struck a light. As her face was illumined he looked into it thoughtfully.

'I was thinking, as I came down the lane, that if you were n't the wife of Eden I should ask you if you would like to be my mistress.'

The match was out, and again they were in darkness.

'A man might cut in on another man that way,' he went on, 'but not one's brother — one's half-brother.'

'Don't you recognize sin?' she asked, out of the faint smoke cloud that veiled her head.

'No, I don't think I do. At least, I've never been sorry for anything I've done. But there are certain decencies of living. You don't really love him, do you?'

'No, I just thought I did.'

'And you do love me?'

'Yes.'

'It's rotten hard luck. I've been fighting against it, but I've gone under.' He continued on a note of ingenuous wonder. 'And to think that you are Eden's wife! What hopelessly rotten luck!'

She was thinking: If he really lets himself go and asks me that, I shall say yes. That nothing matters but our love — better throw decency to the winds than have this tumult inside one. I cannot bear it. I shall say yes.

Life in a dark full tide was flowing all about them. Up the lane it swept, as between the banks of a river. They were afloat on it, two leaves that had come together and were caught. They were submerged in it, as the quivering reflections of two stars. They talked in low, broken voices. When had he first begun to love her? When had she first realized that all those exultant, expectant moods of hers were flaring signals from the fresh fire that was now consuming her? But he did not again put into words his desire for her. He who had all his life ridden desire as a galloping horse now took for granted that in this deepest love he had known he must keep the whip hand of desire. She who had lived a life of self-control was now ready to be swept away in amorous acquiescence, caring for nothing but his love.

At last, mechanically he moved under the wheel and let in the clutch. The car moved slowly backward down the sodden lane, lumbered with elephantine obstinacy through the long grass of the ditch, and slid then, hummingly, along the highway.

They scarcely spoke until they reached Jalna, except when he said over his shoulder: 'Should you care to ride? This new mare is just the thing for you. She's very young, but beautifully broken, and as kind as a June day. You'd soon learn.'

'But did n't you buy her as a speculation?'

'Well — I'm going to breed from her.'

'If you think I can learn —'

'I should say that you would ride very well. You have the look of it — a good body.'

The family were at supper. Meg ordered a fresh pot of tea for the late comers.

'Could we have coffee instead?' asked Renny. 'Alayne is tired of your everlasting tea, Meggie.'

Nicholas asked: 'What books did they send? I should n't mind reading a new novel. I'll have a cup of that coffee when it comes. Where did you get rid of Eden? Are n't you cold, child?'

His deep eyes were on them with a veiled expression, as though behind them he were engaged in some complicated thinking.

'Evans wanted him to stay in town,' answered Renny, covering his cold beef with mustard.

As Nicholas and Ernest separated for the night Nicholas said in his growling undertone: 'Did you notice anything about those two?'

Ernest had been blinking, but now he was alert at once. 'No, I did n't. And yet, now I come to think of it — What d' ye mean, Nick?'

'They're gone on each other. No doubt about that. I'll just go in with you a minute and tell you what I noticed.'

The two stepped softly into Ernest's room, closing the door after them.

Renny, in his room, was sitting in a shabby leather armchair, with a freshly filled pipe in his hand. This particular pipe, this chair, were sacred to his last smoke before going to bed. He did not light up now, however, but sat with the comfort of the smooth bowl in the curve of his hand, brooding, with the bitterness of hopeless love, on the soft desirability of the loved one. This girl. This wife of Eden's. The infernal cruelty of it! It was not as though he loved her only carnally, as he had other women. He loved her protectingly, tenderly. He wanted to keep her from hurt. His passion, which in other affairs had burst forth like a flamboyant red flower without foliage, now reared its head almost timidly through tender leaves of protectiveness and pure affection.

There she lay in the next room alone. Not only alone, but loving him. He wondered if she had already surrendered herself to him in imagination. No subtle vein of femininity ran through the stout fabric of his nature that might have made it possible for him to imagine her feelings. To him she was a closed book in a foreign language.

There she lay in the next room alone. He had heard her moving about in her preparation for bed. She had seemed to be moving things about, and he had remembered Eden's saying something about emptying out the bookcase. The blasted fool! Leaving her to handle a lot of heavy books. He had thought of going in to do it for her, but he had decided against that. God knows what might have come of it — alone together in there — the rain on the roof — the old moss-grown roof of Jalna pressing above them, all the passions that had blazed and died beneath it dripping down on them, pressing them together.

There she lay in the next room alone. He pictured her in a fine embroidered shift, curled softly beneath the silk eider down like a kitten, her hair in two long honey-colored braids on the pillow. He got up and moved restlessly to the door, opened it, and looked out into the hall. A gulf of darkness there. And a silence broken only by the low rumble of Uncle Nick's snore and the rasping tick of the old clock. God! Why had Eden chosen to stay away to-night?

Wakefield stirred on the bed, and Renny closed the door and came over to him. He opened his eyes and smiled sleepily up at him. 'Renny — a drink.'

He filled a glass from a carafe on the washstand and held it to the child's mouth. Wake raised himself on his elbow and drank contentedly, his upper lip magnified to thickness in the water. He emptied the glass and threw himself back on the pillow, wet-mouthed and soft-eyed.

'Coming to bed, Renny?'

'Yes.'

'Had your smoke?'

'Yes.'

'M-m. I don't smell it.'

'I believe I've forgotten it.'

'Funny. I say, Renny, when you get into bed will you play we're somebody else? I'm nervous.'

'Rot. You go to sleep.'

'Honestly. I'm as nervous as anything. Feel my heart.'

Renny felt it. 'It feels perfectly good to me.' He pulled the clothes about the child's shoulders and patted his back. 'One would think you were a hundred. You're more trouble than Gran.'

A muffled tread sounded in the hall and a low knock on the door. Renny opened it on Rags, sleep-rumpled but important.

'Sorry to disturb you, sir, but Wright is downstairs. 'E's just come in from the stible and 'e says Cora's colt 'as took a turn for the worse, sir, and would you please 'ave a look at it.'

Rags spoke with the bright eagerness of hired help who have bad news to tell.

This was bad indeed, for Cora was a new and expensive purchase.

'Oh, curse the luck,' growled Renny, as he and Wright, with coat collars turned up, hurried through the rain, which was now only a chill drizzle, toward the stable.

'Yes, indeed, sir,' said Wright. 'It's pretty hard luck. I was just going to put the light out and go to bed, when I saw she was took bad. She's just been nursed, too, and we'd give her a raw egg, but she sort of collapsed and waved her head about, and I thought I'd better fetch you. She'd seemed a bit stronger to-day, too.'

Down in the stable it was warm and dry. The electric light burned clearly — lamps in the house, electricity in the stables at Jalna — and there was a pleasant smell of new hay. The foal lay on a bed of clean straw in a loose box. Its dam, in the adjoining stall, threw yearning and troubled glances at it over the partition. Why was not its tender nose pressing and snuffling against her? Why, when it suckled, did it pull so feebly, with none of those delicious buntings and furious pullings which, instinct told her, were normal and seemly?

Renny pulled off his coat, threw it across the partition, and knelt beside the foal. It seemed to know him, for its great liquid eyes sought his face with a pleading question in them. Why was it thus? Why had it been dropped from warm indolent darkness into this soul-piercing light? What was it? And along what dark, echoing alley would it soon have to make its timid way alone?

Its head, large and carved, was raised above its soft furry body; its stiff foal's legs looked all pitiful angles.

'Poor little baby,' murmured Renny, passing his hands over it, 'poor little sick baby.'

Wright and Dobson stood by, reiterating

the things they had done for it. Cora plaintively whinnied and gnawed the edge of her manger.

'Give me the liniment the vet left,' said Renny. 'Its legs are cold.'

He filled his palm with the liquid and began to rub the foal's legs. If only warmth and strength could pass from him into it! By Judas, he thought, perhaps there's some fiery virtue in my red head!

He sent the two men to their beds, for he wanted to look after the foal himself, and they must have their sleep.

He rubbed it till his arms refused to move, murmuring encouragements to it — foolish baby talk: 'Little colty'; 'Poor little young 'un'; 'Does she feel 'ittle bit better then?' and 'Cora's baby girl!'

Comforting noises came from other stalls — soft blowings through wide, velvety nostrils; deep, contented sighs; now and again a happy munching as a wisp of left-over supper was consumed; the deep sucking in of a drink. He took a turn through the passages between the stalls, sleepy whinnies of recognition welcoming him. In the hay-scented dusk he caught the shine of great liquid eyes, a white blaze on a forehead, a white star on a breast, or the flash of a suddenly tossed mane. God, how he loved them, these swift and ardent creatures! 'Shall I ever see the foal standing tall and proud in her box like one of these?'

He went back to her.

Cora had lain down, a dark hump in the shadow of her stall. In her anxiety she had kicked her bedding into the passage, and lay on the bare floor.

The foal's eyes were half closed, but when Renny put his hand on its tawny flank they flew wide open, and a shiver slid beneath his palm. He felt its legs. Warmer. He was going to save it! He was going to save it!

It wanted to rise. He put his arms about it. 'There — up she comes — now!' It was on its feet, its eyes blazing with courage, its neck ridiculously arched, its legs stiffly braced. Clattering her hoofs, Cora rose, whinnying, and looked over the partition at her offspring. It answered her with a little grunt, took two wavering steps, then, as if borne down by the weight of its heavy head, collapsed again on the straw. 'Hungry. Hungry. Poor old baby's hungry! She's coming, Cora! Hold on, pet.' He carried the colt to its dam and supported it beneath her.

Oh, her ecstasy! She quivered from head to foot. She nozzled it, slobbering, almost knocking it over. She nozzled Renny, wetting his hair. She bit him gently on the shoulder. 'Steady on. Steady on, old thing! Ah, the baby's got it! Now for a meal!'

Eagerly it began to suck, but had scarcely well begun when its heart failed it and it turned its head petulantly away. Cora looked at Renny in piteous questioning. The foal hung heavy in his arms. He carried it back, and began the rubbing again. It dozed. He dozed, his face glistening with sweat under the electric light.

But another light was penetrating the stable. Daylight, pale and stealthy as a cat, creeping through the straw, gliding along the cobweb-hung beams, penetrating delicately into the blackest corners. Impatient whinnies were flung from stall to stall. Low, luscious 'moos' answered from the byre. The orchestra of cocks delivered its brazen salute to the dawn. The stallion's blue-black eyes burned in fiery morning rage, but the little foal's eyes were dim.

Renny bent over it, felt its legs, looked into its eyes. 'Oh, that long, long, lonely gallop ahead of me,' its eyes said. 'To what strange pasture am I going?'

Wright came clattering down the stairs, his broad face anxious. 'How's the wee foal, sir?'

'It's dying, Wright.'

'Ah, I was afraid we could n't save her. Lord, Mr. Whiteoak, you should n't have stopped up all night! When I saw the light burning I was sure you had and I came straight over.'

Cora uttered a loud, terrified whinny.

The two men bent over the foal.

'It's gone, Wright.'

'Yes, sir. Cora knows.'

'Go in and quiet her. Have it taken away. God, it came suddenly at the last.'

The rain was over. A mild breeze had blown a clear space in the sky. It was of palest blue, and the blown-back clouds, of

pearl and amethyst, were piled up one on another like tumbled towers. Behind the wet boles of the pines a red spark of sunrise burned like a torch.

Renny pictured the soul of the foal, strong-legged, set free, galloping with glad squeals toward some celestial meadow, its eyes like stars, its tail a flaming meteor, its flying hoofs striking bright sparks from rocky planets. 'What a blithering ass I am! Worse than Eden — writing poetry next. All her foals — and theirs — generations of them — lost.'

He went in at the kitchen door, and found young Pheasant, a sweater over her night-dress. She was sitting on the table eating a thick slice of bread and butter.

'Oh, Renny, how is the little colt? I wakened before daylight and I could n't go to sleep again for thinking of it, and I got so hungry and I came down as soon as it was light enough to get something to eat, and I saw the light under your door and I was sure it was worse. Wake called to me and he said Wright had come for you.'

'Yes, Wright came.'

He went to the range and held his hands over it. He was chilled through. She studied him out of the sides of her eyes. He looked aloof, unapproachable, but after a moment he said gently: 'Make me a cup of tea, like a good kid. I'm starved with the cold in that damned stable. The kettle's singing.'

She slid from the table and got the kitchen teapot, fat, brown, shiny, with a nicked spout. She dared not ask him about the colt. She cut some fresh bread and spread it, thinking how strange it was to be in the kitchen at this hour with Renny, just like Rags and Mrs. Wragge.

Renny sat down by the table. His thin, highly colored face looked worn. Straws clung to his coat. His hands, which he had washed at a basin in the scullery, looked red and chapped. To Pheasant, suddenly, he was not imposing, but pathetic. She bent over him, putting her arm around his shoulders.

'Is it dead?' she whispered.

He nodded, scowling. Then she saw that there were tears in his eyes. She clasped him to her, and they cried together.

XVIII

Early in December, Augusta, Lady Buckley, came from England to visit her family. It would probably, unless her mother proposed to live forever, be the last Christmas the ancient lady would be on earth. At any rate, Augusta said in her letter, it would be the last visit to them in her own lifetime, for she felt herself too old to face the vagaries of ocean travel.

'She has said that on each of her last three visits,' observed Nicholas. 'She makes as many farewells as Patti. I'll wager she lives to be as old as Mama.'

'Never!' interrupted his mother, angrily. 'Never! I won't have it! She'll never live to see ninety.'

'Augusta is a handsome woman,' said Ernest. 'She has a dignity that is never seen now. I remember her as a dignified little thing when we were in shoulder knots.'

'She always has an offended air,' returned Nicholas. 'She looks as though something had offended her very deeply in early infancy and she had never got over it.'

Mrs. Whiteoak cackled. 'That's true, Nick. It was on the voyage from India, when I was so sick. Your papa had to change her under things and he stuck her with a safety pin, poor brat!'

The brothers laughed callously, and each squeezed an arm of the old lady. She was such an entertaining old dear. They wondered what they should ever do without her. Life would never be the same when she was gone. They would realize then that they were old, but they would never quite realize it while she lived.

They were taking her for her last walk of the season. This always occurred on a mild day in December. After that she kept to the house till the first warm spring day.

She invariably went as far as the wicket gate in the hedge beside the drive, a distance of perhaps fifty yards. They had arrived at the gate now, and she had put out her hands and laid them on the warm and friendly surface of it. They shook a good deal from the exertion, so that a tremor ran through her into the gate and was returned like a flash of secret recognition. Those three had stood together at that gate nearly seventy

years before, when she was a lovely-shouldered young woman with auburn ringlets and they two tiny boys in green velvet suits with embroidered cambric vests, and cockscombs of hair atop their heads.

They stood leaning against the gate without speaking, filled for the moment with quaint recollections, enjoying the mild warmth of the sun on their backs. Then Ernest: 'Shall we turn back, Mama?'

Her head was cocked. 'No. I hear horses' hooves.'

'She does, by gad,' said Nicholas. 'You have better ears than your sons, Mama.'

Renny and Alayne were returning from a ride. Like soft thunder the sound of their galloping swept along the drive. Then horses and riders appeared, the tall, bony gray mare and the bright chestnut, the long, drooping, gray-coated figure of the man and the lightly poised, black-habited girl.

'Splendid!' cried Nicholas. 'Is n't she doing well, Ernie?'

'One would think she had ridden all her life.'

'She's got a good mount,' observed Renny, drawing in his horse and throwing a look of pride over the chestnut and his rider.

Alayne's eyes were bright with exhilaration. In riding she had found something which all her life she had lacked — the perfect outdoor exercise. She had never been good at games, had never indeed cared for them, but she had taken to riding as a waterfowl to the pond. She had gained strength physically and mentally, and had learned to love a gallop over frozen roads, against a bitter wind, as well as a canter in the temperate sun.

Renny was a severe master. Nothing but a good seat and a seemly use of the good hands nature had given her satisfied him. But when at last she rode well, dashing along before him, bright wisps of hair blown from under her hat, her body light as a bird's against the wind, he was filled with a voluptuous hilarity of merely living. He could have galloped on and on behind her, swift and arrogant, to the end of the world.

Sometimes Eden and Pheasant and Piers rode with them, and once they were joined by Maurice Vaughan, to Pheasant's child-like delight. It was on this occasion that Eden's horse slipped on the edge of a cliff above the lake, and would have taken him to the bottom had not Renny caught the bridle and dragged horse and rider to safety. He had pushed Piers and Maurice aside to do this, as though with a fierce determination to save Eden himself. Did he covet the satisfaction, Alayne wondered afterward, of risking his life to save Eden's, to make up to him for winning the love of his wife, or was it only the arrogant, protective gesture of the head of the family?

Now at any time the bitterness of winter would descend on them. The rides would be few.

'Watch me,' cried Grandmother. 'I'm going back to the house now. This is my last walk till spring. Ha — my old legs feel wobbly! Hold me up, Nick. You're no more support than a feather bolster!'

The three figures shuffled along the walk, scarcely seeming to move. The horses dropped their heads and began to crop the dank grass of December.

'You've no idea,' said Renny, 'how much the old lady and the two old boys mean to me!'

His grandmother had reached the steps. He waved his riding crop and shouted: 'Well done! Bravo, Gran! Now you're safe till spring, eh?'

'Tell them,' wheezed Gran to Nicholas, 'that when they've put their nags away they're to come and kiss me.'

'What does she say?' shouted Renny.

Nicholas rumbled: 'She wants to be kissed.'

When they had installed their mother in her favorite chair, he said in a heavy undertone to Ernest: 'Those two are getting in deeper every day. Where's it going to end? Where are Eden's eyes?'

'Oh, my dear Nick, you imagine it. You always were on the lookout for that sort of thing. *I've* seen nothing. Still, it's true that there is a *feeling*. Something in the air. But what can we do? I'd hate to interfere with an affair of Renny's. Besides, Alayne is not that sort of girl.'

'They're all that sort. Show me the woman who would n't enjoy a love affair with a man like Renny, especially if she

were snatched up from a big city and hidden away in a sequestered hole like Jalna. I'd be tempted to have one myself if I could find a damsel decrepit enough to fancy me!'

Ernest took up a newspaper and glanced at the date. 'The seventeenth. Just fancy! Augusta will arrive in Montreal to-morrow. I expect the poor thing has had a terrible passage. She always chooses such bad months for crossing.' He wanted to change the subject. It upset his digestion to talk about the affairs of Renny and Alayne. Besides, he thought that Nicholas exaggerated the seriousness of it. They might be rather too interested in each other, but they were both too sensible to let the interest go to dangerous lengths. He looked forward to seeing Augusta — he and she had always been congenial.

Lady Buckley arrived two days later. She was like a table set for an elaborate banquet at which the guests would never arrive. Her costume was intricate, elegant, with the elegance of a bygone day, unapproachable. No one would ever dare to rumple her with a healthy hug. Even old Mrs. Whiteoak held her in some awe, though behind her back she made ribald and derisive remarks about her. She resented Augusta's title, pretended that she could not recall it, and had always spoken to her acquaintances of 'my daughter, Lady Buntley — or Bunting — or Bantling.'

Augusta wore her hair in the dignified curled fringe of Queen Alexandra. It was scarcely gray, though whether through the kindness of nature or art was not known. She wore high collars fastened by handsome brooches. She had a long, tapering waist, and shapely hands and feet, the latter just showing beneath the hem of her rather full skirt. That air of having never recovered from some deep offense, of which Nicholas had spoken, was perhaps suggested by the poise of her head, which always seemed to be drawn back as though in recoil. She had strongly arched eyebrows, dark eyes, become somewhat glassy from age, the Court nose in a modified form, and a mouth that nothing could startle from its lines of complacent composure. She was an extremely well-preserved woman, who, though she was older than Nicholas or Ernest, looked many years younger.

Since it was her fate to have been born in a colony, she was glad it had been India and not Canada. She thought of herself as absolutely English, refuting as an unhappy accident her mother's Irish birth.

She was most favorably impressed by Alayne. She was pleased by a certain delicate sobriety of speech and bearing that Alayne had acquired from much association with her parents.

'She is neither hoydenish nor pert, as so many modern girls are,' she observed to her mother, in her deep, well-modulated voice.

'Got a good leg on her, too,' returned the old lady, grinning.

Lady Buckley and Alayne had long conversations together. The girl found beneath the remote exterior a kind and sympathetic nature. Lady Buckley was fond of all her nephews, but especially of the young boys. She would tell old-fashioned stories, some of them unexpectedly blood-curdling, to Wakefield by the hour. She would sit very upright beside Finch while he practised his music lesson, composedly praising and criticizing, and the boy seemed to like her presence in the room. She endeared herself to Alayne by being kind to Pheasant. 'Let us ignore her mother's birth,' she said, blandly. 'Her father is of a fine old English military family, and, if her parents were not married — well, many of the nobility spring from illegitimate stock. I quite like the child.'

It was soon evident that Meg resented her aunt's attitude toward Piers's marriage, her admiration for Alayne, and her influence over Finch and Wakefield. She first showed her resentment by eating even less than formerly at the table. It would have been a marvel how she kept so sleek and plump had one not known of those tempting secret trays carried to her by Rags, who, if he were loyal and devoted to anyone on earth, was loyal and devoted to Miss Whiteoak.

She then took to sitting a great deal with her grandmother with the door shut against the rest of the family, and a blazing fire on the hearth. The old lady thrived on the scorching air and gossip. There was nothing she enjoyed more than 'hauling Augusta over the coals' behind her back. To her face she gave her a grudging respect.

Since Augusta approved of Finch's music

lessons it was inevitable that his practising should prove a torture to the old lady. 'Gran simply cannot stand those terrible scales and chromatics,' Meg said to Renny. 'Just at the hour in the day when she usually feels her brightest her nerves are set on edge. At her age it's positively dangerous.'

'If the boy were taking lessons from Miss Pink,' retorted Renny, bitterly, 'the practising would n't disturb Gran in the least.'

'Why, Renny, Gran never objected to his taking from Mr. Oliver! It does n't matter to her whom he takes from, though certainly Miss Pink would never have taught him to *hammer* as he insists on doing.'

'No, she would have taught him to tinkle out little tunes with no more pep than a toy music box. If the youngster is musical, he's going to be properly taught. Alayne says he's very talented.'

The words were scarcely out before he knew he had made a fatal mistake in quoting Alayne's opinion. He saw Meg's face harden, he saw her lips curl in a cruel little smile. He floundered. 'Oh, well, anyone can see that he's got talent. I saw it long ago. That is why I chose Mr. Oliver.'

She made no reply for a moment, but still smiled, her soft blue eyes searching his. Then she said: 'I don't think you realize, Renny, how strange your attitude toward Alayne is becoming. You have almost a possessive air. Sometimes I think it would be better if Eden had never brought her here. I've tried to like her, but —'

'Oh, my God,' said Renny, wheeling, and beginning to stride away. 'You women make me sick! There's no peace with you! Imagine the entire family by the ears because of a kid's music lessons!' He gave a savage laugh.

Meg, watching him flounder, was aware of depths she had only half suspected.

'It's not that. It's not that. It's the *feeling* that there's something wrong — some sinister influence at work. From the day Eden brought the girl here I was afraid.'

'Afraid of what?'

'Afraid of something in her. Something fatal and dangerous. First she wormed her way —'

'*Wormed her way!* Oh, Meggie, for heaven's sake!'

'Yes, she did! She literally wormed her way into the confidence of the uncles. Then she captivated poor Finch. Just because she told him he was musical he is willing to practise till he's worn out and Grannie is ill. Then she turned Wake against me. He won't mind a thing I say! And now you, Renny! But this is dangerous. Different. Oh, I've seen it coming!'

He had recovered himself. 'Meggie,' he said, stifling her in a rough tweed hug, 'if you would ever eat a decent meal — you know, you literally starve yourself — and ever go out anywhere for a change, you would n't get such ideas into your head. They're not like you. You are so sane, so well balanced. None of us has as sound a head as you. I depend on you in every way. You know that.'

She collapsed, weeping on his shoulder, overwhelmed by his primitive masculine appeal. But she was not convinced. Her sluggish nature was roused to activity against the machinations of Alayne and Lady Buckley.

That evening when Finch went to the drawing-room to practise he found the piano locked. He sought Renny in the harness room of the stable. 'Look here,' he burst out, almost crying, 'what do you suppose? They've gone and locked me out. I can't practise my lesson. They've been after me for a week about it and now I'm locked out.'

Renny, pipe in mouth, continued to gaze in whole-souled admiration at a new russet saddle.

'Renny,' bawled Finch, 'don't you hear? They've locked me out of the drawing-room.'

Renny made sympathetic noises against the stem of his pipe and continued to gaze at the saddle. Finch drove his hands into his pockets and slumped against the door jamb. He felt calmer now. Renny would do something, he was sure, but he dreaded a row with himself the centre of it.

At last the elder Whiteoak spoke. 'I'll tell you what I'll do, Finch. I'll ask Vaughan if you may practise on his piano. I'm sure he would n't mind. The housekeeper's deaf, so her nerves won't be upset.

I'll have the piano tuned. It used to be a good one. Then you'll be quite independent.'

Soon young Finch might be seen plunging through the ravine on the dark December afternoons to the shabby, unused drawing-room of Vaughanlands. He brought new life to the old piano, and it, like land that had lain fallow for many years, responded joyfully to his labor, and sent up a stormy harvest of sound that shook the prismed chandelier.

Often he was late for the evening meal, and would take what he could get in the kitchen from Mrs. Wragge. Several times Maurice Vaughan asked him to have his supper with him, and Finch felt very much a man, sitting opposite Maurice with a glass of beer beside him, and no question about his smoking.

Maurice always managed to bring the conversation around to Meggie. It was difficult for Finch to find anything pleasant to tell about her in these days, but he discovered that Maurice was even more interested to hear of her cantankerousness than her sweetness. It seemed to give him a certain glum satisfaction to know that things were at sixes and sevens with her.

Finch had not been so happy since he was a very little fellow. He had perhaps never been so happy. He discovered in himself a yearning for perfection in the interpretation of his simple musical exercises which he had never had in his Latin translations or his math. He discovered that he had a voice. All the way home, through the black ravine, he would sing, sometimes at the top of his lungs, sometimes in a tender, melancholy undertone.

But how his school work suffered! His report at the end of the term was appalling. As Eden said, he out-Finched himself. In the storm that followed, his one consolation was that a large share of the blame was hurled at Renny. However, that did him little good in the end, for Renny turned on him, cursing him for a young shirker, and threatening to stop the lessons altogether.

Aunt Augusta and Alayne stood by him, but with caution. Augusta did not want her visit to become too unpleasant, and Alayne had come to regard her position in the house as a voyageur his difficult progress among treacherous rocks and raging rapids. She could endure it till the New Year, when Eden was to take a position in town which Mr. Evans had got for him, and no longer.

Christmas came. Books for Alayne from New York, with a chastely engraved card enclosed from Mr. Cory. More books and a little framed etching from the aunts up the Hudson. An overblouse, in which she would have frozen at Jalna, from Rosamund Trent. Alayne carried them about, showing them, and then laid them away. They seemed unreal.

There were no holly wreaths at Jalna. No great red satin bows. But the banister was twined with evergreens, and a sprig of mistletoe was suspended from the hanging lamp in the hall. In the drawing-room a great Christmas tree towered toward the ceiling, bristling with the strange fruit of presents for the family, from Grandmother down to little Wake.

A rich hilarity drew them all together that day. They loved the sound of each other's voices; they laughed on the least provocation; by evening the young men showed a tendency toward horseplay. There was a late dinner dominated by the largest turkey Alayne had ever seen. There was a black and succulent plum pudding with brandy sauce. There were native sherry and port. The Fennels were there; the two daughters of the retired admiral; and lonely little Miss Pink, the organist. Mr. Fennel proposed Grandmother's health in a toast so glowing with metaphor and prickling with wit that she suggested that if he were three sheets in the wind on Sunday he would preach a sermon worth hearing. The admiral's daughters and Miss Pink were flushed and steadily smiling in the tranced gayety induced by wine. Meg was soft and dimpled as a young girl.

A great platter of raisins smothered in flaming brandy was carried in by Rags, wearing the exalted air of an acolyte. The raisins were placed on the table in the midst of the company. Tortured blue flames leaped above them, quivering, writhing, and at last dying into quick-running ripples. Hands, burnished like brass, stretched out to snatch the raisins: Wake's, with its round, child's wrist;

Finch's, bony and predatory; Piers's, thick, muscular; Grandmother's, dark, its hook-like fingers glittering with jewels — all the grasping, eager hands and the watchful faces behind them, illuminated by the flare, Gran's eyes like coals beneath her beetling red brows.

Pheasant's hands fluttered like little brown birds. She was afraid of getting burned. Again and again the blue flames licked them and they darted back.

'You are a little silly,' said Renny. 'Make a dash for them, or they'll be gone!'

She set her teeth and plunged her hand into the flames. 'Oh — oh, I'm going to be burned!'

'You've only captured two,' laughed Eden, on her other side, and laid a glossy cluster on her plate.

Renny saw his hand slide under the table and cover hers in her lap. His eyes sought Eden's and held them a moment. They gazed with narrowed lids, each seeing something in the other that startled him. Scarcely was this unrecognized something seen when it was gone, as a film of vapor that changes for a moment the clarity of the well-known landscape and shows a scene, obscure, even sinister. The shadow passed and they smiled, and Eden withdrew his hand.

Under the mistletoe Mr. Fennel — Grandmother having been carefully steered that way by two grandsons — caught and kissed her, his beard rough, her cap askew.

Uncle Ernest, a merry gentleman that night, caught and kissed Miss Pink, who most violently became Miss Scarlet!

Tom Fennel caught and kissed Pheasant. 'Here now, Tom, you fathead, cut that out!' from Piers.

Finch, seeing everything double after two glasses of wine, caught and kissed two white-shouldered Alaynes. It was the first time she had worn an evening dress since her marriage.

Nicholas growled to Ernest: 'Did you ever see a hungry wolf? Look at Renny glowering in that corner! Is n't Alayne lovely to-night?'

'Everything's lovely,' said Ernest, rocking on his toes. 'Such a nice Christmas!'

They played charades and dumb crambo.

To see Grandmother — inadvertently shouting out the name of the syllable she was acting — as Queen Victoria, and Mr. Fennel as Gladstone!

To see Meg as Mary, Queen of Scots, with Renny as executioner, all but cutting off her head with the knife with which he had carved the turkey!

To see Alayne, as the Statue of Liberty, holding a bedroom lamp on high ('Look out, Alayne, don't tilt it so! You'll have the house on fire!'), and Finch as a hungry immigrant!

You saw the family of Jalna at their happiest in exuberant play.

Even when the guests were gone and the Whiteoaks getting ready for bed, they could not settle down.

Ernest, in shirt and trousers, prowled through the dim hallway, a pillow from his bed in one hand. He stopped at Renny's door. It was ajar. He could see Renny winding his watch, Wake sitting up in bed chattering excitedly.

Ernest hurled the pillow at Renny's head. Renny staggered, bewildered by the unexpected blow, and dropped his watch.

'By Judas,' he said, 'if I get you!' With his pillow he started in pursuit.

'A pillow fight! A pillow fight!' cried Wake, and scrambled out of bed.

Ernest had got as far as his brother's room. 'Nick,' he shouted, in great fear, 'save me!'

Nicholas, his gray mane on end, was up and into it. Piers, like a bullet, sped down the hall. Finch, dragged from slumber, had barely reached the scene of conflict when a back-handed blow from Eden's pillow laid him prostrate.

Nicholas's room was a wreck. Up and down the passage the combatants surged. The young men forgot their loves, their fears, their jealousies, the two elderly men their years, in the ecstasy of physical, half-naked conflict.

'Boys! Boys!' cried Meg, drawing aside her chenille curtain.

'Steady on, old lady!' — and a flying pillow drove her into retreat.

Pheasant appeared at her door, her short hair all on end. 'May I play, too?' she cried, hopping up and down.

'Back to your hole, little hedgehog!'

said Renny, giving her a feathery thump as he passed.

Renny was after Nicholas, who had suddenly become cognizant of his gout and could scarcely hobble. Piers and Finch were after Renny. They cornered him, and Nicholas, from being the well-nigh exhausted quarry, became the aggressor, and helped to belabor him.

Eden stood at the top of the stairs, laughingly holding off little Wake, who was manfully wielding a long old-fashioned bolster. Ernest, with one last hilarious fling in him, stole forth from his room and hurled a solid sofa cushion at the pair.

It struck Eden on the chest. He backed, missed his footing, and fell. Down the stairs he went crashing, with a noise that aroused Grandmother, who began to rap the floor with her stick.

'What's up? What have you done?' asked Renny.

'My God, I've knocked the lad downstairs! What if I've killed him!'

The brothers streamed helter-skelter down the stairs.

'Oh, those bloody stairs!' groaned Eden. 'I've twisted my leg. I can't get up.'

'Don't move, old fellow.' They began to feel him all over.

The women emerged from their rooms.

'I have been expecting an accident,' said Augusta, looking more offended than usual.

'Oh, whatever is the matter?' cried Alayne.

Ernest answered, wringing his hands: 'Can you ever forgive me, Alayne? Piers says I've broken Eden's leg.'

XIX

Six weeks had passed, and Eden was still unable to leave his room. Besides a broken leg he had got a badly wrenched back. However, after the first suffering was over, he had not had such a bad time. It was almost with regret that he had heard the hearty red-faced doctor say this morning that he would soon be as fit as ever. It had been rather jolly lying here, being taken care of, listening to the complaints of others about the severity of the weather, the depth of the snowdrifts, and the impossibility of getting anywhere with the car. The inactivity of body had seemed to generate a corresponding activity of mind. Never had he composed with less effort. Poetry flowed through him in an exuberant crystal stream. Alayne had sat by his couch and written the first poems out for him, in her beautiful, legible hand, but now he was able to sit up with a pad on his knee and scrawl them in his own way — decorating the margins with fanciful sketches in illustration.

Alayne had been a dear through it all. She had nursed him herself, fetching and carrying from the basement kitchen to their room without complaint, though he knew he had been hard to wait on in those first weeks. She had looked abominably tired. Those brick basement stairs were no joke. Her face seemed to have grown broader, flatter, with a kind of Teutonic patience in it that made him remember that her mother had been of Dutch extraction, several generations ago; but still it was there, the look of solidity and patience. A benevolent, tolerant face it might become in later life — but plainer, certainly.

She must have been disappointed, too, at his inability to take the position got for him by Mr. Evans, at the New Year. Though she had not said much about it, he knew that she was eager to leave Jalna and have a house of their own. He had refused to let her put her money into the buying of one, but he had agreed that, he paying the rent from his salary, she might buy the furniture. She had talked a good deal about just how she would furnish it. When his leg was paining, and he could not sleep, it was one of her favorite ways of soothing him; to stroke his head and furnish each of the rooms in turn. She had chosen the furniture for his workroom with great care, and also that for his bedroom and hers. He had been slightly aggrieved that she spoke of separate rooms, though upon reflection he had decided that it would be rather pleasant to be able to scatter his belongings all over his room without the feeling that he was seriously disturbing her. She was too serious, and that was a fact. She had a way of making him feel like a naughty boy. That had

been charming at first, but often now it irritated him.

There was something strange about her of late. Remote, inward-gazing. He hoped and prayed she was n't going to be mopy. A mopy wife would be disastrous to him — weigh on his spirits most dreadfully.

She had slept on the couch in their room during the first weeks after the accident when he had needed a good deal of waiting on at night. Later she had taken all her things and moved to a big low-ceiled room in the attic. She spent hours of her time there now. Of course, all he had to do was to ring the little silver bell at his side and she came flying down the stairs to him, but he could not help wondering what she did up there all alone. Not that he wanted her with him continually, but he could not forgive her for seeking solitude. He was really very happy. He was well except for a not unpleasant feeling of lassitude. He had also a feeling of exquisite irresponsibility and irrelevance. This interval in his life he accepted as a gift from the gods. It was a time of inner development, of freedom of spirit, of ease from the shackles of life.

He had scarcely felt the chafing of those shackles yet, and he did not want to feel them. He should have been a lone unicorn stamping in inconsequent gayety over sultry Southern plains, leaving bonds to tamer spirits.

He was just thinking this, and smiling at the thought, when Pheasant came into the room. She was carrying a plate of little red apples, and she wore the vivid smock bought for her by Alayne.

'Meggie sent you these,' she said, setting the plate beside him. 'As a matter of fact, I think you eat too much. You're not as slim as you were.'

'Well, it's a wonder I'm not thin,' he returned with some heat. 'God knows I've suffered!' He bit into an apple, and continued: 'You've never had any real sympathy for me, Pheasant.'

She looked at him, astonished.

'Why, I thought I'd been lovely to you! I've sat with you, and listened to your old poetry, and told you what a wonder you are. What more do you want?'

He reclined, drumming his fingers on the afghan that lay over him, a faint smile shadowing rather than lighting his face.

She examined his features and then said darkly: 'You're *too* clever, that's what's the matter with you.'

'My dear little Pheasant, don't call me by such a horrid word! I'm not clever. I'm only natural. You're natural. That is why we get on so famously.'

'We don't get on,' she returned, indignantly. 'Uncle Ernest was saying only the other day what a pity it is you and I quarrel so much.'

'He's an old ninny.'

'You ought to be ashamed to say that. He has done everything in his power to make up to you for hurting you. He has read to you by the hour. I don't think he'll ever get over the shock of seeing you hurtle downstairs with his pillow on top of you.'

'I agree with you. It was the most exhilarating thing that has happened to him in years. He looks ten years younger. To have knocked an athletic young fellow downstairs and broken his leg! Just when he began to feel the feebleness of old age creeping on! Why, he's like a young cockerel that's saluted the dawn with its first crow.'

'I think you're sardonic.'

'And I think you're delicious. I especially admire your wisdom, and that little tuft of hair that stands up on your crown. But I do wish you'd put it down. It excites me.'

She passed her hand over it.

'Do you know,' he said, 'that you pass your hand over your head exactly as I do. We have several identical gestures. I believe our gesture toward life is the same.'

'I think your greatest gift,' she said, stiffly, 'is flattery. You know just how to make a woman pleased with herself.'

She was such a ridiculous little child, playing at being grown up, that he could scarcely keep from laughing at her. Neither could he keep the tormenting image of her from his mind when she was away from him. He lay back on the pillow and closed his eyes.

Outside, the snow-covered lawns and fields, unmarked by the track of a human

being, stretched in burnished, rosy whiteness toward the sunset. The pines and hemlocks, clothed in the sombre grandeur of their winter foliage, threw shadows of an intense, translucent blueness.

When he opened his eyes and turned toward her she was gazing out on this scene. He thought there was a frightened look in her eyes. A faint sound of music came from Uncle Nick's room. He was playing his piano, as he often did at this hour.

'Pheasant.'

'Yes?'

'You look odd. Rather frightened.'

'I'm not a bit frightened.'

'Not of me, of course. But of yourself?'

'Yes, I am rather frightened of myself, and I don't even know why. I believe it's that wild-looking sky. In a minute it will be dark and so cold — you'll need a fire here.'

'I am on fire, Pheasant.'

He found her hand and held it. Then he asked: 'Do you think Alayne loves me any more?'

'No, I don't think she does. And you don't deserve it — her love, I mean.'

'I don't believe I ever had it. It was my poetry she loved, not me. Do you think she loves — Renny?'

She stared at him, startled. 'I'd never thought of that! Perhaps she does.'

'A nice mix-up.'

'Well, I should not blame Alayne. Here she is, pitchforked into this weird family, with a husband who is absolutely devoted to himself, and a most remarkable-looking and affectionate brother-in-law.'

'Remarkable-looking and affectionate! Heavens, what a description!'

'I think it's a very good description.'

'Well, I suppose Renny *is* remarkable — but affectionate! That scarcely describes making love to another man's wife. I don't believe Alayne would fall for him unless he did make love to her. But affectionate! I can't get over that.'

'How would you describe your holding my hand? That's affectionate, is n't it?'

He took her other hand and laid both hands on his breast. 'I shan't mind about anything,' he said, 'if you will only care for me.' He drew her closer, his face stained by the afterglow that transformed the matter-of-fact room into a strange and passionate retreat.

Pheasant began to cry. 'Don't,' she implored. 'Don't do that! It's what I've been afraid of.'

'You care for me,' he whispered. 'Oh, my darling little Pheasant! Say that you do — just once. Kiss me, then — you know you want to. It's what you've been dreading — but — desiring, too, my dearest. There's nothing to be afraid of in life — nothing to be ashamed of. Just be your precious self.'

She flung herself against him, sobbing.

She did not know whether or not she loved him, but she knew that the room had a sultry fascination for her, that the couch where Eden lay was the centre of all her waking thoughts, that his eyes, blazing in the afterglow, compelled her to do as he willed.

She hated Piers for being absorbed in his cattle, seeing nothing of her temptation, not saving her from herself, as he should have done. He knew that she was not like other young girls of his class. She had bad, loose blood. He should have watched her, been hard with her, as Maurice had been. His idea was to make a 'pal' of his wife. But she was not that sort of wife. He should have known, oh, he should have known — saved her from herself, from Eden!

As she wept against Eden's shoulder, her tears became no longer the warm tears of surrender, but the tears of black anger against Piers, who had not saved her.

(*To be concluded*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

On our office map a blue star on the white waste area of northwestern Canada marks the frontier home of **Hilda Rose**. From her Peace River claim have come letters enlisting our warm sympathy in a struggle which, though it seems almost unparalleled, doubtless has its counterpart in many an unchronicled life. Readers will remember Mrs. Rose's letters written from her American Stump Farm which we published in February, March, and April 1927. This later correspondence comes to us through the kindness of Dr. Mary Hobart of Massachusetts. ¶Another pioneer, though in the more urban field of advertising, is **Earnest Elmo Calkins**, senior partner of a prominent New York firm. A timely supplement to his paper is Mr. Robert Updegraff's report of the following interview which appeared in a recent issue of the *Magazine of Business:*—

'You have not seen it in the newspapers,' the banker said, 'but Gibraltar has fallen. Of course,' he hastened to add, 'the rock still stands there, majestic symbol of impregnability, and of course it would be practically impossible for an unfriendly ship to get past it. But there lies the point: it is no longer necessary to get past Gibraltar. Where sheer force of frontal attack would fail, imagination has surmounted it. A murderously equipped force could now fly over this great fortress; modern guns could stand well out of range and shoot over it, devastating the country behind it. For practical purposes it is to-day little more than a great museum rock, a relic of 1914 security.'

This analogy, which the banker applied to his own business, seems significant also of the conservative stand-pat attitude of the great fire and life insurance companies. The rock of Gibraltar has been for years the symbol, the trade-mark, of one of the greatest of these companies. The waning strength of Gibraltar under modern progress is a material illustration of the changing spiritual values created in a new world by the upheaval of a great war. Gibraltar has never been taken. It has been quietly superseded. Its passing is a warning that other standards and symbols by which the insurance people set such store are no longer what they were. Forces are at work which will eventually affect the selling of insurance. Insurance, like all business, must adjust itself to the new thinking, the new buying, the new conceptions of good will, reputation, friendly relations, and intimate acquaintance, which play so large a part in the success of some of the greatest corporations. It is not merely advertising that is needed. Advertising is but a means of expression. The insurance companies need a better understanding of their own place in the social scheme, which advertising would give them.

A young English critic, **I. A. Richards** is on the jump. He began his present essay in New York, continued it in San Francisco, and finished it in Japan. No wonder it has a continental flavor. ¶The **Reverend Samuel McChord Crothers**, of the First Church, Cambridge, is the most quotable minister alive. ¶Together with Mr. James Stephens and Mr. Edward O'Reilly, **Margaret Prescott Montague** has had a hand in perpetuating the genuine lore of our lumber camps. But of all her Tony Beaver stories, several of which have appeared in the *Atlantic*, this latest is, we believe, the most gigantic.

* * *

Charles Prince, an American living in Paris, pays a tribute which many have felt to be due. ¶A noted trial lawyer of Chicago, **Edwin Hedrick** speaks his full mind about murder trials and the death penalty. A trial of quite another color was that legal pantomime in which **Kenneth Griggs Merrill**, formerly an officer in the United States Navy, took part. ¶When, in his analysis of the Great Reputations of the war, **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart** came to Gallieni, he was able to give support to a judgment extraordinary for its admiration — and its stricture. Here is a fresh reading of history. ¶As president of Revillon Frères, **Captain Thierry Mallet**, a distinguished French *bleu*, has yearly access to the Arctic Circle and some curious friends. ¶It has been said that the verses of **Florence Call Abbott** are

'authentic reincarnations of Emily Dickinson.' **John Bach McMaster** is Emeritus Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania. Three decades ago he began to earn his great reputation with a paper on the Third Term. At this political juncture it is fitting that he should review the field seriously and impartially. ¶Long training as a newspaper editor has enabled **Marion L. Fox** to allege facts which are generally verified by subsequent events. It is no secret that Mr. Fox is a Democrat.

* * *

Robert Dollar is head of the steamship company that bears his name. Although the Dollar Line is the only conspicuous example of American success in the merchant marine, it should be observed that the stringent provisions of the La Follette Bill have compelled the company to place all its ships under British registry. Mr. Dollar's paper is drawn from an address which he was unable to deliver at Trinity College. **Herbert W. Horwill,** for ten years London correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* and a close student of church affairs, writes us that the Revised Prayer Book has so far been the best seller of the year in the English bookstores. **Neil Forbes Grant,** foreign editor of the *Morning Post* of London for half a dozen years, now gives his time largely to writing plays.

* * *

Mazo de la Roche, author of the Atlantic prize novel, has been spending the summer on the Maine coast. For the benefit of those readers who may have missed an installment we print below the synopsis of the narrative thus far: —

When Captain Philip Whiteoak and Adeline Court were married in India in 1848, they were the most brilliant couple in their military station. But the inheritance of property in Canada prompted Philip to sell his commission and bring his wife and infant daughter Augusta to Ontario. A great stone manor house was built and a thousand acres of wilderness transformed into the semblance of an English park. 'Jalna' the estate is called, after the military station where the couple first met.

The story is of the present time. Adeline, her husband long since dead, is an indomitable old woman, eagerly on the verge of completing a full century of life. She has two surviving sons, themselves old men: Nicholas, whose wife left him for a young army officer, and Ernest, a bachelor. Her daughter Augusta, by marrying a young Englishman who later inherited a title, has become Lady Buckley. A third son, Philip, is dead. His two marriages embarrassed the declining estate with six children. From the first marriage came Meg, the only girl, and Renny, now master of the cohesive little Whiteoak clan. From the second came Eden and Piers, now in the twenties, Finch, sixteen, and Wakefield, nine.

The relations of this pungent family are complicated and intensified by two further marriages contracted by members of its youngest generation. Piers arouses unbridled resentment and abuse by bringing home as his bride a girl of illegitimate birth. She is Pheasant, whose father, Maurice Vaughan, is a friend of Renny, and had been engaged to Meg until she learned of his fault. Eden in the meantime has upset Whiteoak tradition by writing a volume of poems. During a visit to his New York publisher, he meets Alayne Archer, a girl of sheltered and cultivated life, who, on the death of her parents, has become a publisher's reader. On the news of their engagement, the family at Jalna naïvely conclude that the girl is rich, and the pair, arriving after their marriage, are extended a welcome in sharp contrast to the hostility shown to Piers and Pheasant. Alayne finds adjustment to the members of Eden's family peculiarly difficult. But, as her residence at Jalna continues, one figure presses into her consciousness with disturbing force. It is Renny, master of the clan.

* * *

Miss de la Roche sends us another appealing note which the publication of 'Jalna' has brought to her study.

BOGALUSA, LA.
April 18, '27

CHÈRE MADEMOISELLE:

The writer of this note is only a plain mechanic, a native of Belgium who has lost 7 boys in the war and 2 girls in the Red Cross, also his wife.

Came to America to leave in 'Peace,' and now I am finishing my invention who will saved *Millions, Millions* to U. S. and I *hope* Canada will get her shares about it, but Mademoiselle de la Roche mes petites economies are all gone and Now, I will have to get my Patents, but have not a cent.

As I have read your great success writing Novels, I send you that poor missive asking you

if you will be aimable to help me to get my Patents, only $85.00, which will be *returned* to you as *soon* my *invention* is *sold*, with compound interest. Before the war, Mlle. de la Roche, I was well-to-do, but have lost everything, 2 manufacturing plans, and family, and it is very hard, Mademoiselle, to start life again with my 72 years, but with the volonté and courage I will succeed again.

Wishing you a continuel success in your ligne as 'Autoress'

I am, Mlle de la Roche
Your obedient
A. M. C. (machinist)

* * *

Old Believers in a New World.

Neighborhood House
Erie, Pa.

Dear Atlantic, —

Reading, interestedly, 'The Old Believer,' by Albert Rhys Williams, in the July *Atlantic*, it occurred to me that you might be interested to know that two colonies of these archaic Russian Nonconformists have settled in the United States: one, with whom this Household dwells in amity, another at Marianna, Pa. Our neighbors have their own church and 'priest.' The latter, an erstwhile grocer, lays about him with the stinging whip of orthodoxy, much to the chagrin of the Modernists among us whose daughters heretically bob their hair and sing and dance. It is a 'sin' for a baby to eat the candy 'teacher' hands her in Big, or Little, Lent. Fasting twenty-eight weeks out of the year; abstaining from meat, flesh of fowl, milk, animal fats, sweets — one wonders how the sturdy babies and their elders maintain their physical balance. Following 'Lents' the devastating feasts set in.

Our bearded patriarchs toil on the docks near by. Lake Erie beckoned them long ago from the lower regions of Pennsylvania where they originally came from a remote Russian province and persecution. Thrift, honesty, simple living, with a deadly thirst for the current vodka, mark these stolid people. Their children have come to us for twenty years for recreation, kindergarten, and social and 'neighborly' service.

When death comes to one of them a pitiful little cortège winds down the street to the church around the corner, with the body of the departed carried on an open stretcher by loving hands as in the olden days in the Volga province. The journey to the desolate cemetery on the bleak hillside — then faces turned homeward toward 'Erie with Norse-blue eyes,' to more toil, more vodka, and some day soon will come the last of the Old Believers and his strange Odyssey.

Virginia Hunt

The opinion of one who, like Mr. Bland, has been on the spot.

Westchester County, New York

Dear Atlantic, —

I have read with the greatest interest and keenest delight Mr. J. O. P. Bland's article in the July *Atlantic*, 'China: And Yet Again.' As a missionary priest just returned after five years in the interior of China, it is refreshing indeed to read something about China written obviously by one who has no axe to grind, no constituency to fear, and from the point of view of facts. Since my return home I have been astonished and dismayed at the amount of misleading, vicious propaganda that has been and still is being broadcasted throughout the country by Chinese students, and others, on behalf of the so-called 'Nationalist' party in China. As Mr. Bland so ably points out, the 'political activities of the Cantonese faction' *do not* 'represent a real awakening of national consciousness and genuine patriotic ideals.' What the Cantonese faction does represent is a skillfully imposed and wholly artificial state of mind among millions of lovable, peace-loving, friendly Chinese, who, bewildered by the delusion of the 'Republic,' ground down by rapacious officials, overrun, looted, raped, and impressed by armed coolie mercenaries, at last in desperation are led to believe by lying tongues that somehow, and in some way, the foreigner is at the bottom of all the trouble.

Would that Mr. Bland's article could be reprinted in every newspaper in the country.

Sincerely,
H. S. S.

* * *

What does the Fourth mean to you?

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Atlantic, —

When I was a little girl my father used to love to say, 'Well, it has been a very quiet Fourth,' and we, sensing the coming of that safety and sanity now so much applauded and dreading it, used to contradict him as politely as possible and say that, in our judgment, it had been a very noisy and joyous Fourth. Now I myself have reached the age when the Fourth seems 'quiet,' as of course it is, compared with those explosive older days when the delicious smell of gunpowder was in the air. Something else has gone out of the day too. It went with the Great War. Never again can one read the tales of the Revolutionary War with quite the same simple hatred for Britain which children brought up on the histories of thirty years ago certainly had.

One of the most impressive Fourths I can

remember was spent in a small town near the summit of the Sierras. The summer visitors were rather shallow and frivolous and no preparations had been made to make the birthday of our nation any different from any other day. There was an old man in the village whose fading eyes were already fixed on things invisible to the rest of us. He was a Civil War veteran and, fragile as he was, he had arranged a carriage block as a platform, put a table on it with a Bible, decorated his impromptu rostrum with a large flag, the bunting quite frayed and stained, and there, in a trembling voice, with that far-away look in his eyes and with one veined brown hand resting on the Bible, he read the Declaration of Independence to that vapid, rather scoffing crowd. That was all. Some of us never forgot our shamed feeling that we had not helped him is his little ceremony of remembrance.

Our quiet Fourth this year began by the head of the family reading aloud after breakfast the Declaration. Then from Lodge's *Story of the Revolution* was read a description of Jefferson's writing of the document, bits about some of the battles, of the sad winter at Valley Forge, of Washington's indomitable courage and military genius, of the unfit Congress, of the squabbles and jealousies among the states, of 'Mad Anthony' Wayne's dash and Benedict Arnold's treason, of the rebuke to Lee at Monmouth, and the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown — a pitiful matter of 9000 men, but it ended the war.

We saluted the Revolutionary musket with its powder horn which hangs above our library door and we looked with a new interest at the old splint chair, made by hand in 1750, for that very chair must have been in somebody's kitchen or common room and if it had had ears could have heard at first hand the news of these skirmishes and battles. That spinning wheel beside the fireplace must have stopped in its whirring for a few minutes as the bulletins passed from mouth to mouth. As we go upstairs we look again at the old mahogany clock on the landing. This one has a very plain case, an unexciting face, and soft, pewter hands. And as all the brass was needed for cannon, this brave old veteran has only wooden insides!

A very quiet Fourth! Yes, God be thanked.

MABEL CRAFT DEERING

* * *

Freshmen look in the glass.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In these days when so much is being said about college education and college students, it may be interesting to you to hear what college students think of some criticisms of themselves. Dr. Rubinow's article, 'The Revolt of a Middle-Aged Father,' in your May number was so interesting that I recommended it to my freshman classes in Citizenship here at Stanford. Their reading cards for the week gave such novel comments that I thought you and Dr. Rubinow might be interested in some of their reactions. I quote herewith a few.

'Unfortunately this article is quite true. The author shows pretty clearly the tremendous waste of money and energy in college.'

'He has, in my opinion, a narrow view of college life.'

'An article which most college students would read rapidly and then try to forget.'

'A discussion of our present "four years of advanced loafing."'

'I think that he puts his college expenses too high and that he pays too little attention to the fact that many earn their way through.'

'I agree with him. I know in my own case I could work in the daytime and get as much out of night school as I am getting out of college.'

'Whether you are getting as much out of college as you should is an individual matter. The knowledge is offered you, but it is not always accepted.'

'You're right. I did n't like this article. The worst of it was he seemed to be right in his accusations. After reading this I felt like quitting college and going to work.'

'Evident that Eastern colleges are more expensive than Western.'

'Makes me feel ashamed to go to college. However, I can make all my expenses at college and do it on $900 per year. Much truth in his article.'

'Anyway, what *is* the B.A. degree worth besides permitting one to study for the A.M. — and the A.M. for the Ph.D.?'

(*Signed*) ELMER L. SHIRRELL

* * *

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I would like to make the acquaintance of some one who dislikes automobiles, newspapers, radios, commercialism — and who has a taste for the music of Mozart, the philosophy of Spengler, the poetry of Hardy. — R. H. WHELDON

WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM - By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic, and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems, and ambitions.

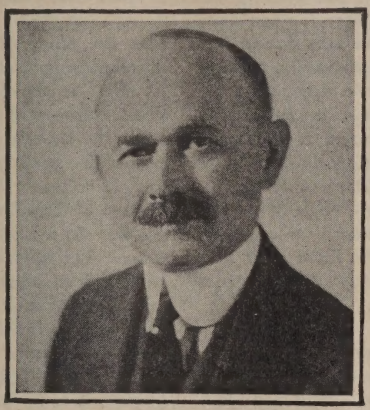
In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure*, I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

Pelmanism the Answer

If I were asked to set down the principal cause of the average failure, I would have to put the blame at the door of our educational system. It is there that trouble begins — trouble that only the gifted and most fortunate are strong enough to overcome in later life.

What wonder that our boys and girls come forth into the world with something less than firm purpose, full confidence and leaping courage? What wonder that mind wandering and wool gathering are common, and that so many individuals are shackled by indecisions, doubts and fears?

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its working, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole modern world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. Years ago his vision and courage lifted children out of the cruelties and stupidities of the criminal law, and forced society to recognize its duties and responsibilities in connection with the "citizens of tomorrow."

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

Pelmanism's Large Returns

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will-power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage — these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided, and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(*Signed*) Ben B. Lindsey.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 600,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for *you*.

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A Blessed Companion Is a Book

Appreciating the national popularity of reading clubs and circulating libraries, the Editor of the Bookshelf has compiled a list of the most prominent books, fiction and non-fiction, that have appeared in the last twelvemonth. This list has been selected from the suggestions of the nine librarian advisers of the Atlantic; it will be sent with our compliments to committees and members of reading clubs and other interested persons. Requests should be addressed to the Editor of the Bookshelf, Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Giants in the Earth: A Saga of the Prairie, by O. E. Rölvaag. Translated from the Norwegian. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. 12mo. xxii+465 pp. $2.50.

Giants in the Earth is a moving narrative of pioneer hardship and heroism, told with such obvious veracity that it makes almost all other tales of the Western frontier seem cheap. At times, as in the description of the storm of locusts, of the blizzard, of the coming to the little settlement of a lone pioneer whose wife has gone mad with grief, it rises to great power. And the background of the boundless Dakota prairie, with its mysterious distances and its capacity for evil, is painted with alternating beauty and grimness.

The novel has such real values that to call it a 'magnificent and powerful epic,' as the publishers do, or a 'sustained and powerful tragedy,' as Mr. Lincoln Colcord does in his interesting Introduction, seems a little strained and even a little unfair. It has pathos a plenty, much humor of a homely sort, a group of appealing characters, and, in the story of Per Hansa and his wife, Beret, a narrative that one follows with sympathy and absorption. But the strongest qualities of the novel are neither tragic nor epic. The tragedy of man's struggle with nature and the epic march of frontier conquest are always in the background, but Per Hansa, the hero, never rises to tragic proportions and his wife is merely pathetic.

Of course, allowance must be made for the fact that the novel is a translation. Its author is a professor in an American college, but he composed *Giants in the Earth* in Norwegian and it was first published in Norway. There is no indication in the style of this edition that it is a translation, for it reads idiomatically enough, and yet one feels that it somehow falls below the conception and the subject matter. It is hard to tell just what a fine novel loses in translation, but it certainly loses something; and it is possible that the effect of this one is in English very different from its effect in Norwegian. In English its effect is one of ingenuous charm with occasional chapters of great power.

To the thoughtful reader part of the fascination of the book lies in the sturdy simplicity of the characters — brave fisher-folk transplanted from the rugged mountains and wild fjords of Norway to a flat country of immeasurable distances. For them the prairie beyond the horizon is full of an implacable capacity for evil. The trolls live there, and a sensitive, imaginative woman like Beret dwells in perpetual fear of their malignancy. She at last finds comfort in the traditional religion of her folk, but her newly awakened faith drives her husband out on an errand of mercy that takes him straight to his death. The suggestion is that a true pioneer cannot afford to swerve from a straightforward combat with nature, in which his wits and muscles are immediately engaged and intellectual and mystical refinements only hamper his fighting powers. The study of Per and Beret, in Book Two, is interesting and at times subtle, but the stirring narrative of the 'land-taking,' in Book One, is likely to live longer in the mind.

The novel is an impressive and valuable account of one of the great movements in American life, and, although the characters are all immigrants, it is American to the core. These people in their simple and matter-of-fact way are unconsciously laying foundations that have proved lasting. Their moral courage is perhaps the best inheritance that we have received. Other races have contributed their share to it, too, of course, but none with more undeviating heroism or quiet devotion.

R. M. Gay

From Bismarck to the World War: A History of German Foreign Policy, 1870–1914, by Erich Brandenburg. Translated by Annie Elizabeth Adams. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. 8vo. xiii+542 pp. $7.00.

All histories dealing with the period here described naturally focus on an ethical issue — responsibility for the World War. Since the facts of the period, seen in this relation, are still highly controversial, and many of them remain inferential pending the publication of complete and unsophisticated diplomatic records, the temper in which they are approached is even more important, if possible, than it ordinarily is in historical writing. At least it is the first thing we

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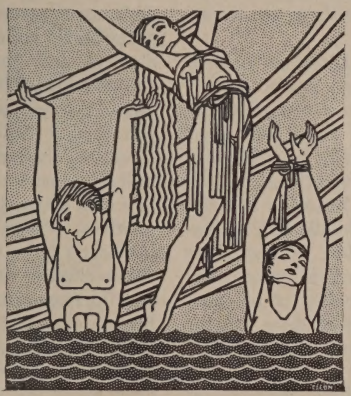

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"The best proof of the interest of this biography is that in reading it the question of Sargent's rank as an artist is forgotten, and that, when on closing the book the question is recalled, the inevitable answer is that if he was not a great artist he ought to have been."—*The London Times*.

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want to know in addressing ourselves to a book like the present one. Bearing in mind that when it was written Germany and Russia (through the joyful labors of scandal-scenting Soviet rummagers in Tsarist archives) were the only countries involved in the war that had given the public anything like a full and candid documentary account of the information relating to its antecedents and origin in the possession of their foreign offices, the sentences from the preface that follow help us to a first impression of the author's mind: 'It is the historian's duty in a case where official materials on the one side are meagre, not to attribute a motive unless he can supply an actual proof of it. . . . It is as incumbent on us as on our enemies to avoid prejudices formed under the obsession of war. . . . This book has been written, often in anguish of heart, in the belief that it is necessary. The readers I desire, be they in Germany or elsewhere, are those who seek earnestly to see things as they really were.'

The professor of modern history at Leipzig University who wrote these words has no known antecedents or earlier professional commitments that would give his work what would have been called a few years ago a Treitschke bias. Neither is he, on the other hand, an emotional cosmopolitan. His reputation as an historian and the present book bespeak a well-balanced, painstaking, objective-minded scholar. Naturally he arranges his data in a Berlincentric pattern, for he is describing the foreign policy of his own country primarily for German readers, but his work is by no means conventional *Kriegsschuldfrage* literature.

It is impossible to deal critically in the compass of an ordinary review with the author's evidence and conclusions. That would necessitate going behind his documentation, which is ample though not burdensome. He does not challenge dissent from the ordinary reader, although he may irritate uncured war neurasthenics and he conceives some phases of his subject differently from other historians both in his country and elsewhere. He would be classed at home as of the Bismarck school. That is, he sees in the Old Chancellor's diplomacy a sincere effort, though exerted in rather devious and complicated ways, to preserve the peace of Europe. He is not an admirer of William II, whose impulsiveness and instability prevented Germany's pursuing a consistent foreign policy and helped to drive Russia into the arms of France. During the quarter of a century while the war was incubating, Anglo-German cleavage, beginning with Britain's jealousy of Berlin's new colonial ambitions, aggravated by her fear of Germany's commercial expansion, and widened to the danger point by naval competition, is represented as the most decisive of many powerful forces moulding the contours of the international landscape.

Professor Brandenburg evidently considers the Kaiser and his entourage largely responsible for the failure to find a solution for the naval issue. Indeed the alienation of England was the cardinal blunder of Germany's post-Bismarckian diplomats. Nevertheless, 'so far as we can learn from the sources at present available,' he writes, 'no one in England really wanted war. The view so widely held in Germany that Britain engineered the war in order to destroy our economic competition . . . has little justification.' Furthermore, 'there is no indication that the Entente was originally intended as an instrument of war.' On the other hand, while Germany's foreign policy 'can justly be accused of short-sightedness, lack of method, want of forethought and of understanding the psychology of other peoples,' and 'we can blame Germany's vacillation and her sudden recklessness, as in the Morocco question . . . no one can maintain with any show of reason that at any given time she either wished for war or strove to bring it about.' In France and Russia likewise 'the great body of the people . . . was desirous of peace,' but each country had a war party in its ruling circles, the Petersburg Pan-Slavists and the Paris *revanchists*. Isvolski, embittered by his personal reverse in the Bosnian crisis, actively promoted Pan-Slav projects at the French capital, with the friendly aid of Poincaré. 'So far as guilt can be brought home to individual personalities in the World War, these two men stand convicted.' Of course the Tsarist archives, whose secret documents have been published from the housetops, supply the evidence cited to support this charge. If the Bolsheviki were given equally free run of the other foreign offices of Europe, we might enlarge the circle of criminals. But the author does not simplify the genesis of the war as much as this brief quotation suggests. Although the 'clever and unscrupulous tunneling operations' of comparatively small groups prepared the way for that disaster, it was in its larger perspectives the result of new political and economic tensions caused by the race to grab the earth's undeveloped territories, the fierce fight of rapidly expanding industries for markets, and the growth of national sentiment among the peoples of Europe, which made them rebel against the old and ethnically irrational frontiers that kept kinsmen apart and yoked together discordant races.

VICTOR S. CLARK

Uplands, by Mary Ellen Chase. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927. 12mo. vi+192 pp. $2.00. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.)

THIS book, if the reviewer mistakes not, springs from the author's affection for beautiful words, for sentences turned with a rhythmic fineness in which each syllable is a conscious and intended element. It is a work of beauty, or it is nothing, and it is beauty of expression which seems to have been foremost in the author's mind as she wrote.

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and Miss Chase's material is peculiarly inseparable from her stylistic predilection. One suspects that she would be somewhat at a loss to exercise her faculty for beautiful language if she had not nature to describe, that at times her characters are chiefly valuable to her as excuses to record the blossoming of the wild plum or the heat of the August suns on the berry bushes of the Maine hills. The majority of the English poets are perhaps not far removed from her in this respect; and if prepossession with nature is a less popular characteristic of novels at the present time, many readers will still welcome a volume in which this imperishable source of pleasure is freely and beautifully exploited. And as always when the beauty of nature is genuinely rendered, a quality of the ideal and the poignant pervades Miss Chase's book, pervades its expression, its story, and is enhanced by its humor.

Miss Chase's story is of the simplest, its elements familiar and universal — first love; the earth, in its duality as the type of fullness, of life immeasurable and rich, and as the actual land, crushing the farmer beneath a weight of poverty, repression, and toil; the search for escape from a narrow and parching environment; birth and death. Of such material Miss Chase has constructed her tale. The fullness and the abundance of life, the days of a spring and a summer peculiarly flawless and symbolic of the transient and unearthly happiness of Martha and Jarvis, Miss Chase gives us to feel in overflowing measure. The bitterness of the farmer's lot we rather acknowledge as a proposition to which assent is necessary than feel in its original force. The external beauty of the Maine landscape to her own eye is much more Miss Chase's concern than the actuality of the farmer's hardship to his. The book is open, indeed, to the complaint that its pretended setting of Maine is scarcely distinguishable from the land of faëry, into which the impressionable young Colin, whose susceptibility to both love and the charms of the priesthood is so rudely distracting, introduces the wondering Martha. In the same way the rusticity of Miss Chase's characters is considerably softened. Touched by her willing and tolerant humor, it never obtrudes its cruder phases. It again is present rather as a proposition agreed to than as an immediate datum felt and seen in its native substance.

Yet Miss Chase's insight into the bitter emotional repression which settles over thwarted and isolated lives is preserved in pages of great skill. And sometimes, also, at her most ideal Miss Chase is most actual. Moments are preserved in her words which could only have been produced by an unusual skill both in beauty of style and in the reality alike of their external detail and the emotional perception with which it is united. Such a moment is that which finds Jarvis bending over Martha in the berry patch in the first days of their enchantment. 'Her pink dress, which was at last succumbing to wear and sun, was torn at the neck, and as she leaned forward showed the white soft skin below the tan of her throat and chest. He saw the fine down upon it, its rise and fall with her breathing, the tiny drops that clung to it. He saw, too, the eager, fearless poise of her head, the hair in curling wisps about her face, the light in her dark eyes that seemed to see something close to him.' Is it not precisely at instants as unconscious, as unprotected as this that the premonitions of fatality and change which are aroused in Jarvis do occur?

THEODORE MORRISON

Trader Horn: Being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn, edited by Ethelreda Lewis. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1927. 8vo. x+302 pp. $4.00.

IN a cheap boarding house in Johannesburg lived an old man of over seventy, known as Zambesi Jack, who made his living by twisting copper wire into gridirons and forks and peddling them from house to house. He was writing his memories, memories of a trader in the French Congo in the 70's, twenty years after Du Chaillu and twenty years before Mary Kingsley. In them, to use his own words, 'Romance ran amuck.' He remembers how he shipped to President Grant in a puncheon of spirits, instead of the gorilla he expected, the body of a trader who wanted to be buried at home; how much he admired Livingston's wife (without forgetting Livingston's second and black wife); how Cecil Rhodes got drunk on some of his prickly-pear brandy and almost got eaten by a crocodile while he was sleeping it off; how he picked up in a native village the music box which Du Chaillu had left there half a generation before; how the natives pushed their grandmothers into the river and called them modest if they drowned face down. But chiefly he remembers how he and a schoolmate helped the daughter of a British peer to escape from the throne of a goddess in a native witch house, and how they tossed a gold piece for her hand. ('I levelled off the sand. . . . Your shout, I cried. . . .')

One Tuesday morning he sold a gridiron to Mrs. Lewis — and started to talk to her. She gave him pencil and paper — and this is his book, just as he wrote it in his boarding house. As he got on with it, he would talk over each chapter with her, and in the book she adds his spoken to his written word. Just as pen and ink choked Dr. Johnson with Latinity, so his pad and pencil almost strangles Horn with his 'literary procedure' (as he calls it), a style which dates from his early Victorian schooling. However, his tongue gives us such things as 'The rich are happy when there are no mosquitoes. For the poor there are greater mercies,' and his opinion of prayer, 'This constant nudging of the Almighty is a mistake.' John Galsworthy, in the preface he wrote for this volume, quotes a dishful of hors d'œuvres for a jaded public. Readers of the

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Atlantic Monthly need none, for they are always hungry for such victuals as this. Let them sit down to it, and take the plums fairly, as they come.

CHARLES P. CURTIS, JR.

Witch Wood, by John Buchan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. 12mo. xii+352 pp. $2.50.

THE old name of the wood was Melanudrigill, when Merlin harped there; a part of the ancient Wood of Caledon it was. The Black Wood they called it afterward, but the last of it was burned on the cottage hearths 'in the winter of the Sixteen Drifty Days.' The heathen altar in the wicked heart of the wood is Mary Cross to-day, 'a shapeless stone in a field of bracken,' and the fairy well where Katrine Yester sang to the Minister of Woodilee is a spring in a field of turnips; Katie Thirsty the children call it.

With suchlike magic of old place-names John Buchan bespells his readers. Scott and Stevenson, his forerunners in the great tradition, never told a better tale than this one. To the historian's sifted knowledge he brings the novelist's flair. He touches stark reality with glamour, and lo, Romance, the creature of faërie!

By the method of realism we should have here a sordid huddle of ignorant, unsanitary Scottish peasants, besotted in vicious practices and shepherded by a cold-blooded, fanatical, self-deceived crew of Covenanting dominies, perverting religion and patriotism alike to base uses. The romantic method is as relentless, every whit; we are spared nothing of the unlovely life of the village, the horrible devastations of the plague, the indecencies of the hell-ridden wood, the callous details of the witch hunt; but they come to us with a difference, these 'old, unhappy, far-off things.' Who shall venture to dissect glamour? What is there to dissect? The magic of strange and lovely words; Nature in her visionary moods; a ladylove in a green gown who sits by the side of a well and sings the heart out of her jo; a delicate whimsy of humor that will insist upon making a twinkle in the blackest pit of human destiny; a discreet use of mystery. And always the something over, undefined, escaping the critic's scalpel. Certain figures of history cannot be separated from this glamour, and of these the Marquis of Montrose is one. Any page through which he may choose to wander is a page of high romance. John Buchan admits him but sparingly; he is here, and away again; once, twice; but the lure of him calls, to the end of the story.

Yet, within this eerie, moonlit device of warlocks and portents, the historian has wrought a substantial image of the times as he sees them: of a Scottish Church corrupted through alliance with the State; of a personal religion tainted with perfectionism and the near-madness of Calvinistic logic. The struggle of the young minister of Woodilee against these sinister forces is the romantic theme of the book, a struggle not without suggestion for a later day. The twentieth-century romanticist is more alive to the subtleties of success and failure than his predecessors have always been, but David Semphill is a true hero of romance; we believe in him as we do in all those others of his ilk whose end is veiled in mystery.

FLORENCE CONVERSE

Your Money's Worth, by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. 12mo. x+267 pp. $2.00.

THIS is a confusing book. What you take away from it will depend upon your own humor and prejudices. If you have bought a shirt at a fire sale, only to have it fall into shreds on your back, you will instantly agree with Mr. Chase and Mr. Schlink that we are staggering under 'an enormous burden of adulteration, bad workmanship, misrepresentation, sharp practice, and even downright bodily danger.' If, on the other hand, you have been buying good merchandise at fair prices from Marshall Field or Macy's or any other good merchant, you will wonder what put these authors into such a terrible stew.

Stew it is. They want to make our flesh creep. Consider, for instance, their views on the floor-wax business. To make 'Homemade Floor Wax No. 1,' they say, you take ¼ pounds beeswax, 1 pound paraffin, ¼ pint linseed oil, and 1¼ pints turpentine. You melt these things and stir vigorously, using hot water, not flame, to avoid the risk of igniting the turpentine.

'This mixture will cost around 25 cents a pound,' say the authors. 'When you compare this outlay with a wax of completely unknown quality, produced under the economies of mass production, but selling under a proprietary name for 80 cents a pound . . .'

Now I am willing to promise that if I had the beeswax and other things, if I could find a double boiler never again to be used for cooking, a stirrer, and a can with a cover for the finished product, I could make some elegant wax. By so doing I should save 55 cents and help to put a piratical floor-wax man out of business. The trouble is that I should also be putting myself out of business, for in far less time than it takes to make wax I can write a book review that will sell for much more than 55 cents.

Consider again. 'There is no need,' I quote to my wife, 'to buy any of the prepared insect-spray materials now on the market at $4 a gallon up, if you are willing to invest 50 cents in half a pound of pyrethrum flowers and a gallon of kerosene . . . adding a little cheap perfume like oil of sassafras.'

'Oh, goody! Let's do it!' answers my wife. Or does she? Those who have wives know how much the prospect of messing in the pantry with kerosene and sassafras will appeal to them; and we may as well admit that, if any valuable liquid is going to be made in our pantries, it will not be insecticide.

So I am content to work at my trade and let

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CHARLES·G·NORRIS

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the floor-wax man and the silver-polish king work at theirs — even though I know now that a fine silver polish consists of 'whiting and ammonia mixed to a thin paste and kept tightly stoppered.'

Mr. Chase and Mr. Schlink see clearly that cottage industry cannot compete with mass production, although they overlook the human factors which I have mentioned. They do not object to large-scale manufactures — what they want is large-scale testing of the finished products, so that we Alices will not be bamboozled in our Wonderland. They are terribly afraid of patent medicines; suddenly, after a discussion of adulteration, ranging from beeswax altar candles to rabbit, sheared and dyed and labeled seal, they invoke the ghosts of Lydia Pinkham and Doctor Munyon. They urge us to love, honor, and cherish the Bureau of Standards and the other governmental and private agencies that stand between us and ruin. They predict still better things in store for us, with scientists analyzing all our stuff before we buy it, and standardization waving a wand of security over our heads.

And that will be nice for people who have no confidence in their own ability to tell good wares from bad. But before the millennium comes most of us will continue to buy as before, learning by experience to patronize first-rate stores. Some consumers even say that we are living in halcyon days, when we are all grossly overpaid. Instead of worrying about how to reduce the costs of distribution, perhaps we should set about increasing them for the common good. Many of us live on one another's wastes.

HARFORD POWEL, JR.

The books selected for review in the *Atlantic* are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board: —

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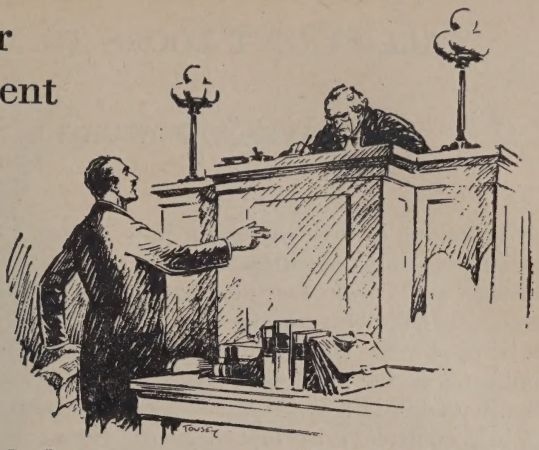

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WALL STREET LOOKS TO MAIN STREET

BY RAYMOND EDWARDS HUNTINGTON

MANY investors, in their search for information regarding securities, turn to Wall Street as the source of these data, forgetting that Wall Street goes back to Main Street for the facts.

Significant of the important bearing which events on Main Street have upon affairs in Wall Street is the fact that our shrewdest captains of finance and business make periodic trips the principal purpose of which is to get into Main Street in order to get a truer perspective of Wall Street. In the last analysis Wall Street is a mirror of Main Street.

What Wall Street is most keenly interested in is questions such as these. Is Main Street buying Fords or Chevrolets, Frigidaires or General Electrics? Is Main Street cooking with coal, gas, or electricity? Will Main Street renew its franchise with the trolleys or license a bus line? Are the acres behind Main Street producing as good a crop as last year?

Wall Street anticipates.

Hence, even in the case of rails and public utilities it studies conditions on Main Street in the territory served. True enough, in these two groups the political factor may be given serious consideration for the time, but in the long run it is Main Street which determines fundamental conditions, including the political situation. When too many oil wells are drilled in the hinterland of Main Street the law of supply and demand asserts itself. The prices of oil stocks tumble.

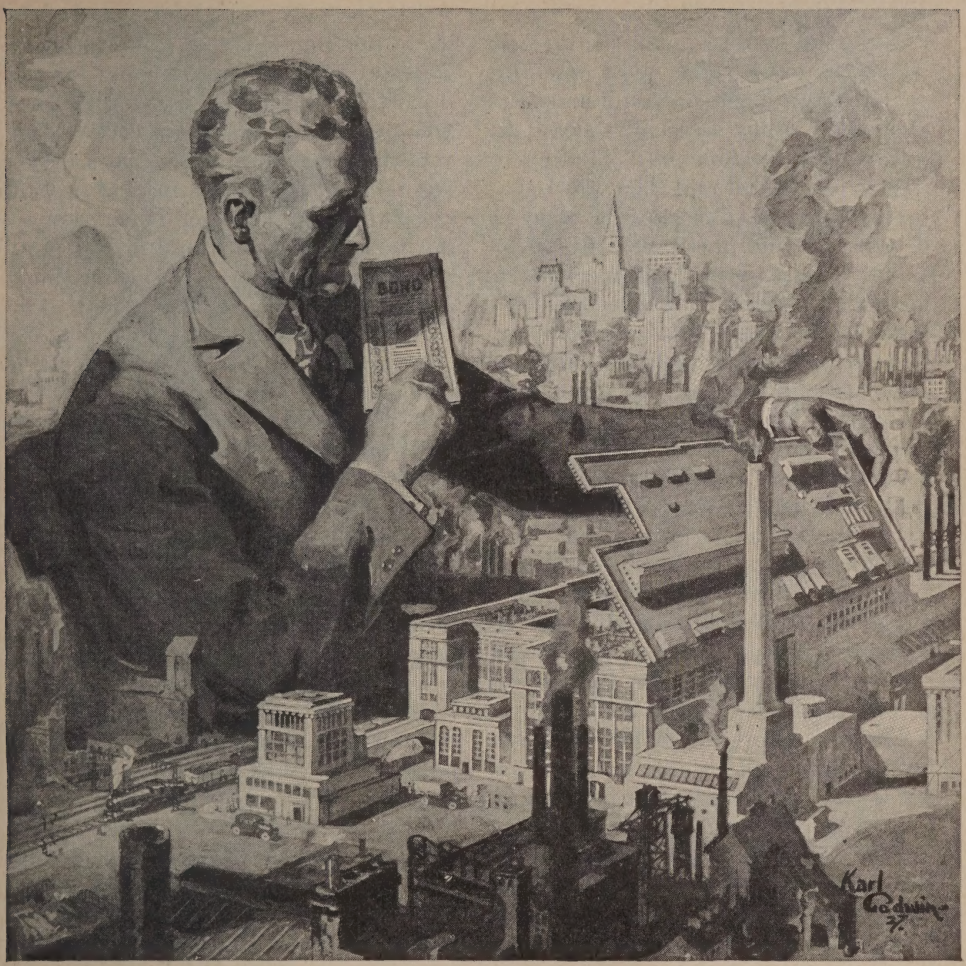
The popularity among conservative investors of the securities issued by our railroads may be due in part to the fact that for years dependable and standardized financial reports have been available to the public. From these reports Main Street could study and compare the progress of any railroad in which it was interested. In other words, from these reports, standardized for the Interstate Commerce Commission, Main Street could determine the trend of any railroad and see for itself the composite effect of business on Main Street upon the railroad in question.

Wall Street looks to Main Street to determine the trend. When Wall Street hesitates we know that Wall Street is uncertain as to Main Street.

Wall Street will always fascinate Main Street so far as the investor is concerned. It is a battle of wits. The keen investor of Main Street is deliberate; otherwise he will not discriminate. He knows that a marked change has taken place in Wall Street during recent years. Whereas in 1907, 1914, and 1920 the stock market as a whole experienced severe reactions, we have within the past few years seen reactions of significant proportions take place in certain groups of stocks which have dropped low in price in the face of a rising market. Textiles, rubbers, oils, and more recently motor-truck stocks of certain companies, illustrate the remarkably selective character of the present market for stocks.

Not for many years has there been a time when greater discrimination was essential, because of the fact that the bond market has experienced a slight reaction and owing to the unusually high level of the stock market.

The tremendous strength which our life-insurance companies enjoy as financial institutions is due to the fact that they are able to diffuse and diversify their investments to a degree that is hardly approached by any other institution. By the very extent of this scientific diversification the element of



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risk and the factor of loss are reduced to a negligible item. To-day the investor should examine his list most carefully.

One of our most successful magnates once gave as his secret of success the following familiar maxim: 'Put all your eggs in one basket and then watch that basket.' Let me illustrate the mischief of this doctrine, misapplied by an investor who had made a comfortable fortune in business. He invested all his funds in the securities of one company because he knew the president and had implicit confidence in his ability and integrity. This company belonged to one of the groups which I listed as having experienced a drastic reaction in a rising market. To-day the estate is but a fraction of its former size. This investor was unconsciously gambling, first on the life of his friend, and second on the continued prosperity of the company. When the law of supply and demand had settled prices, the folly of this investor's policy was evident.

The case where the investor is justified in putting all his eggs into one basket is rare. If he is in a business in an executive position and can buy and sell the securities of his company with entire freedom, he should be able to invest in this way with a greater likelihood of success than otherwise. But even in such a case, unless he knows not only the trend of his own business but also the trend of the industry it represents, he is treading dangerous ground.

Diffusion of risk does not mean the buying of the securities of all the companies in one industry or the buying of securities of many of the different industries in a certain locality. Neither would a wholesale purchase of an exceedingly broad list to-day be a proper diversification, because the investor would purchase equities in certain companies that were facing a period of declining profits, whose securities must undergo a material shrinkage. Under present highly selective conditions discrimination is most essential in pursuing the sound policy of diffusion of risk.

While it is agreed that the stock market is at a very high level, and while there are thousands of investors with funds at hand who are itching for the opportunity to invest at more attractive price levels, there are certain factors that seem to indicate that a major reaction in the stock market is not close at hand and when it comes may not be as severe as those in the past.

Business is spotty. Certain lines are active, others dull and depressed. Underlying conditions, however, are sound. Business has not forgotten the lesson of 1920. Buying in many lines is still on a hand-to-mouth basis; inventories are snug. The Federal Reserve System, through its monthly statistical reports, has been a powerful factor in assisting the business man to anticipate conditions. Furthermore, the elastic control which it can exercise in times of need may serve as a preventive to forestall the speculative excesses which would lead to a sharp setback. In effect the Federal Reserve System should act as a stabilizer of business, and thus indirectly as a shock absorber to an otherwise sharp stock-market reaction.

Two danger signals should be closely observed at this writing. If any security which you hold shows a net loss in a rising market for one day, that may be a coincidence. If the market as a whole rises, yet this security continues to slip downward against the trend, at once seek impartial counsel.

Another danger signal at this time is the matter of yield. If either a stock or a bond shows a yield that is materially above the average, leave it alone unless you are in possession of all of the facts. When high-grade investment stocks are selling to yield between three and five per cent, yields of eight per cent and over should cause one to stop and ponder. It is a mistake to make the point of yield the vital issue. It is far wiser to ask, 'How much has this company earned over the past five or ten years? How consistent have its dividends been, how conservative its management?'

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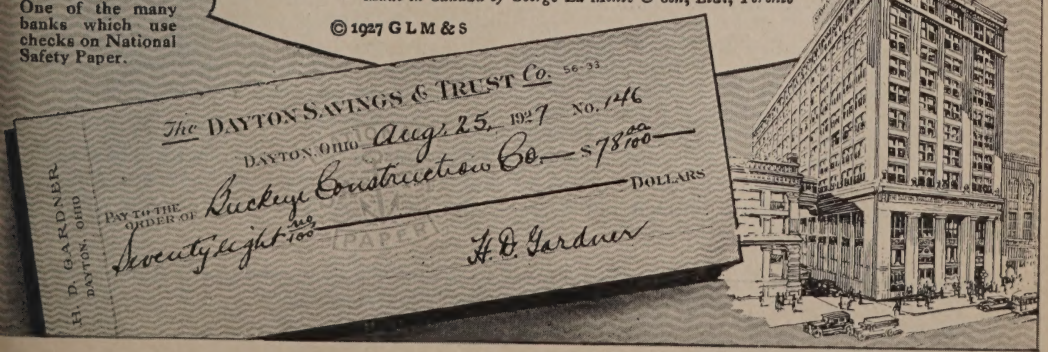
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THE MUSIC FIELD

Advancement of Music and of Radio Broadcasting

AMERICA loves good music and plenty of it. There can be no doubt about that. And never were there such opportunities as today for its enjoyment within the home as well as in public. There is, too, greater interest than ever before being shown in the study and mastery of musical instruments of all kinds from the tuneful little harmonica to the majestic pipe organ.

New forces are at work to stimulate increased interest in music, both vocal and instrumental. In connection with the latter, much has already been written about the nation-wide interest that is being aroused in piano music and piano playing and the ways in which this is being accomplished. And considerably more will doubtless be heard of this as the months go by, for perhaps nothing could be more deeply significant of real progress in our musical development.

We have also seen in the past year such wonderful improvement in the phonograph and in the methods of recording phonograph music that it stands today on a far higher plane and in greater demand than ever before. The general public has been quick to respond and the improved phonograph music of today is finding new admirers by the thousands in every part of the country.

RADIO'S CONTRIBUTION TO MUSIC

Music has contributed greatly toward the popularity of the radio. In turn the radio can do much to reveal on a broad scale the wealth of fine music inherited from the past as well as the works of the best artists and composers of the present day. This co-operation is becoming more and more valuable to our musical progress through improvements in broadcasting methods and receiving equipment, insuring more perfect reception to listeners.

The radio is also doing much to help discover and encourage new talent among singers and musicians. Perhaps the most significant movement in this direction is the far-reaching plan recently announced for the Atwater Kent National Radio Audition, sponsored by the Atwater Kent Foundation.

While all the details cannot be presented here, the plan provides a means of discovering, encouraging and developing unknown American singers of exceptional talent and letting the world hear them by radio.

By this plan America's great, but as yet undiscovered young voices are to be found, wherever they are, brought out into the open and rewarded with money, musical tuition and fame. Many great singers have been discovered by accident. Voices of wonderful promise are often lost to the public through failure to find them and through inexpert training or lack of any training.

Every community in the United States will have an opportunity, first, to select by popular vote its best young singers, and then to enter them in state, sectional and national auditions to be broadcast by radio. The various winners of the National Audition will receive rich prizes in cash and instruction by the leading vocal teachers. Millions will enjoy the auditions as this unique contest proceeds and follow the careers made possible by popular acclaim and by the vote of musical experts.

This is but one of the various ways in which radio is lending itself to the advancement of music as well as to its popular enjoyment.

6 French

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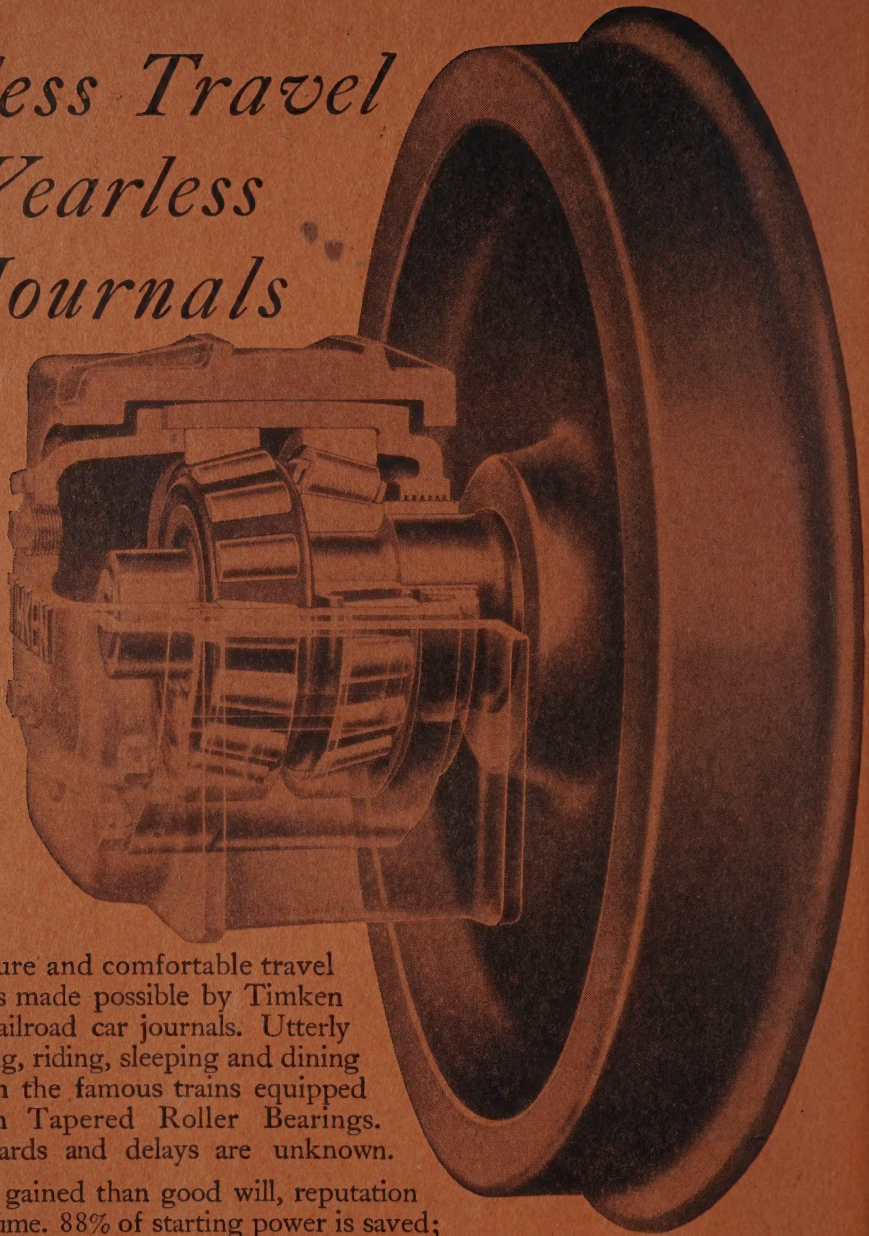

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1927

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

After some months at 'home' in America and a couple spent in rambling over Italy and France, I returned once more to London several weeks ago. The first thing that struck me, happily, was that its perennial and inexhaustible charm was as fresh and unchanged as ever. It is true that changes in detail, mainly architectural, are to be observed as plentiful enough by one who has long known it and who has now been an annual visitor for some years. Devonshire House, never a thing of beauty, but nevertheless of a certain antique dignity, has given place to a glaringly white palace of smart flats and shops. The yet newer but equally glaring hotel in Park Lane is regarded with many shakings of heads as a possible portent for what may be in store for the entire length of that aristocratic street. Dorchester House, most beautiful of all the great houses in town, has been sold in spite of efforts to save it from the auctioneer's hammer and probable destruction. Burlington Arcade, beloved of all shopping tourists, has also changed hands and its fate is unknown. The Adelphi, with its dignified houses above and its gloomy and mysterious 'arches' below, is about to be disposed of. The dark passageways, lit at midday by flaring gas lamps, and housing, besides memories of David Copperfield, the largest and perhaps choicest collections of wines in the world, are probably doomed. I hesitate to say too much about it for American readers, but there are estimated to be between three and four hundred thousand dozen of priceless vintages stored in the vaults which will soon have to be moved. At least, although the fate of the buildings still hangs in the balance, Bernard Shaw, who has lived there for thirty years, has taken, with Celtic impatience, a flat elsewhere, and Sir James Barrie, another tenant, is, with more British calm, 'waiting,' as he says, 'to see.' As for the complete transformation of lower Regent Street, in progress for several years, the alterations are now practically completed and the new buildings will require many months of damp and soot to mellow into harmonious tone with their surroundings.

Yes, in some external features London is undoubtedly changing, and changing rapidly. But then, it always has been changing since it was founded by the Romans nearly two thousand years ago. Here and there we may lament some particular manifestation of the law of life and growth, but as a

whole one finds the life of the town singularly unaltered, and London still seems to me in most ways the most civilized, as it is unquestionably the greatest, of the cities of men.

Coming from the Continent, a 'citizen of the world' feels at once that he has come from the backwaters into a great centre of human interest. London is not only in sheer extent and population the largest city in the world, so that Paris and even New York, in the restricted limits of its only interesting portions, seem quickly exhaustible in comparison, but it is the centre as yet of the greatest and most widely scattered empire the world has ever seen. The dweller in it feels that he is at the crossroads of all the world's chief highways. One can survey the world from here as from no other one centre. France, it is true, has a scattered empire also, but the average Frenchman has, for the most part, as little interest in the world at large as has the American of the Middle West. Italy's empire and interests are almost wholly confined to the shores of the Mediterranean, to say nothing of the iron censorship of speech and press. Except for international sport and the spectacular, the average city in America is as unconscious of what is being said and done in other countries as is a man of the radio waves carried on the ether. By 'listening in' he may at once pick up a whole world of sound and thought of which he is otherwise unconscious. In the same way a man at home may 'listen in' to the international world by using special apparatus in the way of foreign journals or by personal relations, but these opportunities are limited to comparatively small groups.

Here, on the other hand, that world is, so to say, in the air and not the ether, and one does not have to make a special effort or acquire exceptional apparatus to share in it. There are certain types of the stay-at-home smaller business Englishman who are as hopelessly narrow and provincial as Babbitt. But, even if one is not a Joshua to fell the walls of high society or the higher political circles, one is more apt here to meet all the time people who have just come from China or the Cape, or almost any part of the world, than one is at home to meet strayers from Dayton or Houston or Los Angeles. Moreover, if one picks up a dozen English magazines on the news stand and contrasts them with a dozen American ones, the wider range of interests at once becomes apparent. Of course, there are reasons for this. The main business of England, both in merchandising and banking, is international. The larger business man has a direct interest in almost all quarters of the globe. Again, speaking broadly, there is scarcely a family of the better-magazine-reading classes which has not a member of it living in some remote corner of the Empire or of the world outside. Cape Town, Calcutta, and Peking are not merely far-off foreign cities which creep into the news occasionally as centres of political disturbance, but places where 'Tom' or 'Dick' or 'Harry' is stationed.

But another and perhaps one of the chief charms of London is that, if it is the greatest of all great cities, it is also the most homelike and, one might almost say, rural. The low sky line, and the fact that the architectural unit for most of the town yet remains the small house as contrasted with the vast 'apartment houses' and skyscrapers of American cities, account for part of this 'homey' atmosphere for a generation which still feels that a home means a house and not a slice of some costly communal barracks. Then there are the parks everywhere, affording not only the welcome relief of lawns and trees, but opportunities for cricket and

golf and tennis within walking distance of one's house almost wherever it may be. Apart from the innumerable larger parks there are the endless 'squares' and 'gardens,' so that one may walk only a few minutes in almost any direction without the eye encountering the restful green of trees and shrubs. Cheek by jowl with the busiest thoroughfares there are village-seeming streets or quiet nooks which are as retired and peace-bringing as any cathedral close. One steps out of Piccadilly to find one's self surrounded by the flowers and country atmosphere of the Albany, or one passes from the confusion of High Holborn under an archway to rest in the charming old-world garden of Staple Inn, where the lilacs and iris bloom and a fountain plashes with the cool serenity of the garden sanctuary of some country house. Again, one may pass from the Strand, busiest of the streets of men, under another archway to the perfect sylvan peace of the Temple, where lawns stretch to the river and boys and girls are playing tennis and one feels a brooding calm under the shade of almost immemorial trees. One of the loveliest rural views in England is looking up the water in St. James's Park, only three minutes from what, with the Abbey and Parliament Buildings, may be called the very centre of Empire. Starting there, one may walk for miles over grass and under the trees, keeping all the time in the heart of London. I know in America no country club to compare in sheer rural beauty with Ranelagh, with its superb gardens, its flowers, water views, tennis courts, golf course, and polo grounds, yet this, like Hurlingham, is not an hour or so out of town by train, but on one of the busiest arteries of traffic within the city itself.

All these open spaces, all this green and the scent of flowers, give one the impression that everywhere the country is overflowing into the city. One hears the syrinx rather than the riveter, and Pan and Flora yet hold the field against Midas and Vulcan. Nowhere in London, with the exception of the Mall and perhaps one or two other instances, do we find any such planned architectural vistas as so delight the French. London, vast as a primeval forest, has just naturally grown without elaborate city planning, but unlike New York and the larger American cities it has managed to keep itself green and homelike and beautiful. Nature has not been banished, but welcomed in a thousand nooks and corners prepared for her to enter. The difference seems to depend on national taste and a different scale of values. In America the sole 'value' of a piece of city real estate is considered to be what it will yield when built upon, and every inch is made to produce as much as possible by building on it. Here — although, Heaven knows, London land is costly enough — open spaces, irises and daffodils, hawthorns and lawns, have their values also for the human life of the town. It is this sense of human values, in private properties as well as public parks, maintained in spite of the need and lure of money in the world's most densely populated city, which again gives one a sense of its civilized attitude toward life.

Yet another element in its civilization is the almost perfect quiet that reigns in it. As contrasted with the insane tooting of horns day and night in Paris and New York, one rarely hears a motor, and although these warm days the parks are filled with children and older persons of all grades of society, walking about or playing games, one never hears any such 'catcalling,' yelling, and general racket as one would in American city parks with such masses of people. Civilization is of necessity a colossal compromise

between impulses of self-expression in an individual and his strength of will in controlling such impulses as, indulged in by many others, would make life less possible or agreeable for all. When one motorist, dashing through a street at night, gives vent to his self-expression by a shriek of his horn which awakens with a start perhaps a hundred people, he is a being who has not learned the very rudiments of civilization — that is, of harmonizing his own instincts with the good of all.

Perhaps the highest test of whether a city or a people is civilized is just this one of how far it has gone in learning what things can and cannot be done in order to attain to the most perfect balance between expression and restraint. This, of course, is most obviously manifested in the nature and character of the laws, in the speed and impartiality with which they are enforced, and in the attitude of the people at large to them. One feels here that, whether by centuries of training or by some political instinct, this people can govern itself as no other can. There are comparatively few laws interfering with the liberty of the individual to do as he likes, but they are enforced with a swiftness, an impartiality, and a completeness that leave an American green with envy. To note merely two examples since my arrival: About three weeks ago a woman's body was found in a trunk which had been checked at Charing Cross Station. There was no apparent clue to the mystery. At the end of a week the newspapers were much perturbed by what they called the 'unique' and most disturbing fact that after seven days the police had not yet caught the unknown murderer. A few days later, however, he had been run down, had confessed, and is now in jail. Shortly after this a most outrageous blackmailing scheme was brought to the attention of the police. Within a fortnight the ringleaders had been caught, tried, convicted, and sent to prison for terms ranging up to life.

It may be said that good enforcement of the law might also be had under an autocracy, but what strikes one here as a test of civilization is not merely the enforcement of law by the authorities, but the attitude of the people themselves toward it in a democracy. Take the case of the regulation of the liquor traffic. We tried it ourselves at home for years; but, on the one hand, the authorities proved themselves too incompetent and venal to enforce any laws regulating the saloon, and, on the other, the people as a whole were too lawless to make the problem a small one. From this we went on to prohibition, with the resulting farcical but no less disgraceful mess we are in to-day. Over here, ever since the war, the traffic has been regulated by permitting sales only at certain hours of the day, and it is illuminating to see how the law is everywhere enforced by the people themselves. The hours vary slightly in different towns so that not infrequently in the past five years I have found myself asking for a drink in a public house or hotel a few minutes ahead of the particular opening time in that locality. In all these years I have never yet witnessed a single case in which the law has been infringed by the fraction of a second on my behalf or that of anyone else. As a result, the law has been entirely successful. The possibility of prohibition, with all its evils, has been put off indefinitely, and on the other hand drunkenness has ceased, as far as my observation has gone. I have seen only one case of even semi-intoxication, that of a man who had that afternoon received a decree of divorce and was either drowning his sorrows or celebrating his luck, I never knew which. Over the

Whitsuntide holiday, I might add, some two hundred and fifty thousand persons went to Blackpool, and there was not a single instance of drunkenness or disorderly conduct.

II

Certainly if we judge the degree of civilization by the completeness with which a people governs itself, combined with the completeness with which it retains all possible liberty of individual action, I know no other leading country of European civilization which can compete with England. As for liberty of speech, thought, and action in America, it is notorious that in many ways they are being maintained only by a direct disobeying of or winking at innumerable laws.

To some extent we may attribute some of our difficulties of this sort to the extremely heterogeneous population we now have, but that is due to the 'native' American's dislike of physical work and his desire to get rich as quickly as possible by exploiting with the greatest speed and with alien labor the resources of the continent. At home there is no use blinking the fact any longer that we are not an Anglo-Saxon country. Our language may be English, the framework of our government may be mainly derived from English precedents, and the old stock may still give the leaders, for the most part, in culture, but the population figures tell another story. In New York City alone there are two million foreign born and two hundred thousand negroes, to say nothing of foreigners of the second generation. In all England there are only three hundred thousand aliens, and this racial solidarity gives one a sense of being at home and among one's own kind.

The figures in *Who's Who* are suggestive. That volume is supposed to list some twenty-six thousand Americans who have achieved enough distinction to win a place there. Of those twenty-six thousand, as I recall it, ten per cent were foreign born, but of that ten per cent one half came to us from the British Empire, leaving only five per cent, or some thirteen hundred persons in all America, who have achieved distinction from among the millions of all other races who have been immigrants in the last generation. For the most part, we get the lowest and not the best from foreign countries, and, apart from a few notable individuals, their purely cultural contribution to American life has been small. The types of civilization evolved by various races all have their good and bad points, but each has been fitted to racial idiosyncrasies. The world would be poorer without either the Anglo-Saxon or the Latin; but, to mention only one point, when we study what the Latins have everywhere made of parliamentary government of the English type it is evident that it is utterly unsuited to them. It is not one of the least satisfactions of living in England that one is surrounded by English people. In America one is also surrounded by 'Americans,' but 'American' has utterly ceased to have any racial connotation. In the colonial days, in spite of a considerable admixture of Germans, Dutch, Scotch, and Irish, the social fabric was still English, and it is not surprising if an American of English descent whose family had been in America for many generations before the separation took place should still prefer an English attitude and outlook on life to that of the Semites or Slavs or Armenians, however interesting he may find certain aspects of their self-expression in literature or art.

I have mentioned the charm of the flowers in London, but the children, dainty and flowerlike, are no less

charming, and these warm days the parks and squares and streets are full of them. As great numbers of the boys of the better classes are away at school, the girls are most in evidence, with their skirts so short as to be mere flounces on the bottom of abbreviated waists. One can study childish legs from ankle to hip here by the thousand, and one comes to the conclusion that they are among the most beautiful things the world has to offer. These youngsters, arrayed in a way to make Main Street gasp, have also a gentleness, a modesty, and a quietness of demeanor that are equally beyond the ken of that thoroughfare.

One could continue to write indefinitely of the charms of London, but already many readers have undoubtedly been giving vent to that characteristic remark whenever one praises foreign lands or suggests anything lacking in 'God's Country': 'Why don't you go there to live if you think it's so much better?' — with an inflection of annoyance that makes the sentence much more of an imperative than an interrogative. Over here, year after year, as one's life passes so easily and humanely, one asks one's self that question, especially as one reads that marvelously fascinating last page of the morning *Times* with its illustrated advertisements, veritable 'magic casements,' of country houses for sale at fabulously low prices according to American standards. Also one knows one can be sure of a cook. Why not stay here and live? And yet one does n't — or, at least, one has not yet.

As for the mere matter of changing one's residence, American opinion has always been irrational. Americans think it laudable that a citizen of any other nation should come to America to better his condition, but shameful that an American should emigrate to Europe for the same purpose. Let an Astor or a Henry James or an Edwin Abbey transfer himself to England and, in the American vernacular, 'a howl goes up' as though he had been a Benedict Arnold. But life after all is not rational, and one hesitates. The advantages of this country are all rational. The reasons for not packing up forthwith are largely irrational and usually they win, though they are not easy to describe.

There is at bottom that largely modern and perhaps hardest of all passions to analyze, the love of one's country, even in America where in many neighborhoods one's neighbors have ceased to be of one's own race or even, perhaps, capable of speaking one's own tongue. As one looks at the beautiful English landscape, more beautiful in its well-tended charm and utter peacefulness than any other I know in the whole world, a sudden nostalgia will come over one for a rough, neglected bit of some Vermont hillside or the familiar ugliness of some fishing village on the shore. One murmurs to one's self, 'Beautiful, beautiful,' in Devon or Warwickshire, and then may unaccountably be seized with a sudden desire to 'muss it all up.' All Englishmen have to some extent this love of the wild and the unfinished, and perhaps those of us whose families have been in America for centuries — and mine, counting South as well as North America, was here for two generations before even the Mayflower sailed — have 'gone native' a bit, have become a little more uncivilized, a little savage. Something revolts in us at living too continuously too perfect, too orderly, too civilized a life.

Perhaps the scale has something to do with it. Mere bigness, so much worshiped at home, has no value in itself. Many a tiny insect is more beautiful than an elephant. But there is a sense

in which size when translated into scale has a legitimate influence. A miniature, an easel painting, and a mural decoration differ in something more than mere size. So far as I know, no attempt has been made to study the effect of the size of a man's habitation upon him, though as the average man's grows smaller and smaller it is a subject not without interest. What are all the psychological effects of living in two rooms and a bath as compared with the old roomy house of two generations ago? Over here one feels at times that sense of being 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd.' One recalls the picture in *Punch* of an American motorist driving his car at seventy miles an hour while a man by the roadside calls out, 'Remember this is an island!' Even if one has lived only on the Atlantic seaboard, he has felt that there were three thousand miles of open sea in front of him and three thousand miles of his own land behind him, and it has done something, very lasting but very hard to define, to him.

But perhaps most of all there is the feeling that at home one is watching one of the greatest experiments in history, an experiment that is somehow partly one's own responsibility as an American. If one loses one's way in the subway because the conductor can talk only Hungarian, if some negroes are burned at the stake as though it were the year 800, if a bricklayer gets twenty dollars a day and a professor of economics gets ten, if a town can find no better way to express its enthusiasm for a native son than by running the fire engines up and down the main street, if twenty thousand school children are assembled to see which has the most freckles, if any one of the hundred unaccountable and fantastic things in the American press come true daily, one wonders what it all signifies and where it is all going to end. But that is just it. One wonders and one wants to wait just a little longer and see. Perhaps the small boy has never lost his love for the circus.

III

In speaking with American friends at home I find that there is a widespread opinion that the English do not like us and that a tourist or resident here is acutely made aware of the fact. I have spent part of each of the last five years in England and have found very little of this alleged hostility to ourselves.

There is no other human relationship more apt to breed bad blood and misunderstanding than that between debtor and creditor, as the entire history of our country proves in the relations between East and West. The trouble is apt to be greatly emphasized when such a relation is suddenly reversed and the formerly rich creditor finds himself in turn in the rôle of poor debtor. The debt of the now comparatively poor England to the enormously prosperous America might well have been expected to have bred ill feeling of the deepest sort, but it has not done so to anything like the degree which it has on the continent of Europe. In the first place, there has been the long-ingrained respect in England for business ethics. She has been called a nation of shopkeepers, but the very conditions that have called forth that name have bred in her a sense of commercial honor that is notably lacking in certain other countries. The war debt has therefore been regarded here much more than in any other debtor country in the same light in which the business man in America has regarded it — that is, as a purely financial transaction the terms of which should be complied with as far as possible. Also the English are good sports and believe in 'playing cricket.'

It is true that England would have been glad to see all debts canceled for the good of all, and in this she was not

as selfish as has been claimed, for the debts owing her by other nations are much more than she owes and she would have lost heavily on balance by such an all-round cancellation. This balance she has, as a matter of fact, relinquished by canceling all debts due her except enough to pay us, provided she can collect it, which is not by any means yet certain. English business, including manufactures, commerce, and banking, has always been international, whereas American has been almost wholly domestic. The average American has little or nothing to do with the complicated problems of foreign exchange, and the English can see far more clearly the future difficulties involved for the entire business of the world in these enormous annual payments by Europe to a country which already has half the world's gold supply. The task of paying international debts raises problems which are entirely different from the mere transfer of domestic credits, and the securing of funds to be transferred annually to America is far from being solely a matter of taxation, however staggering. When, in addition to insisting that the debts be paid to the uttermost farthing possible, according to our standard of the debtors' 'capacity to pay,' we raise a tariff wall which prohibits the sale of foreign goods to us, an almost impossible situation is created. We already have the gold, so they cannot pay us in that. We refuse to let them pay us in goods. We prohibit the import of wool, for example, one of England's chief exports, by raising the duty to sixty per cent. As a personal experience, last year on the dock I found the duty on my suits to be the figure just named, on embroidery seventy-five per cent, on jewelry eighty per cent, and on lace ninety per cent. In the old days we used to imprison debtors who could not pay. We gradually learned that shutting a man in jail and depriving him of the means of making a livelihood was a foolish way to expect him to pay his debt. By our tariff wall we are imprisoning our European debtors in much the same way. This phase of the problem is resented to some extent here because the situation is much better understood than at home, where most business men have had experience only with domestic debts, with no training in international finance.

On the whole, however, one hears comparatively little here now about the debt. In responsible quarters there is a great desire to let the matter rest and to continue to make the annual payments without further comment unless the ultimate impossibility of the situation may become clearly apparent on both sides of the water. It does hurt and annoy them here when Mr. Mellon tells the American people that the debt is not costing England anything and is not hurting her. If Englishmen are not given either to whimpering or to welshing, they do believe in fair play. They may or may not eventually receive from other nations what they are already paying us. They have not received it yet, and may never do so. They are engaged in delicate negotiations with France about the matter now. Meanwhile they have signed the note to us and are paying it in cash. Therefore, when they are bleeding themselves white in their private and corporate incomes to pay their own taxes (the lowest income-tax rate is twenty per cent), and are paying the debt to us on a scale which we have not exacted from any other debtor, they feel it is unfair to say they are not going into their own pockets at all. But even so, there was much criticism here of Churchill's note as tending to start afresh a controversy which Englishmen feel is settled and which it is beneath their dignity to reopen of themselves.

Among people of all classes I would say that there is far less feeling against the United States here than there is against England even now at home, with all the improvement that there has been in sentiment there. Perhaps the most absurd opinion which many people in the smaller communities in America hold is that England hates us because she has never forgotten the Revolution. As for the loss of a major part of her earlier empire, several points must be remembered which Americans are apt to forget. One is that for many decades in the nineteenth century public opinion in England was not imperialistic at all, and, so far from regretting the loss of the United States, the country was in favor of divesting itself as soon as possible of the rest of its imperial possessions. The imperialism of today is of comparatively recent growth, with a long interval of anti-imperial feeling between the loss of the old empire and the present day. Again, England has no grievance or rankling soreness from being defeated by Americans. There is a simple reason for this, usually ignored at home. It is that she never was so defeated. She was not beaten by her colonies, but by a coalition of European Powers that came to their aid. Washington admitted that the game was lost and that the only salvation was to have France, at least, enter the fight. Not only did France do so, but Spain also, and England was fighting all over the world as well as in America, and continued to do so a year and more after Cornwallis surrendered. She was beaten only by the combined power of nearly half the civilized world.

As a matter of fact, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Revolution, and all the rest of our history so familiar, either in fact or legend, to American children are to a great extent not known at all here. It was only about four years ago that the first chair of American history in any English university was founded. The cultural contributions of America to civilization had been comparatively slight, and until we became a world Power, owing to our wealth and numbers, there was little more reason for Europe's being interested in our history than there is for us to study the local historical details of South Africa or Australia. The situation is well illustrated by a story which I heard Lord Lee of Fareham, who has an American wife, tell the other day. She thought she would make a pious pilgrimage to Plymouth to see the place from which her ancestors had sailed. Trying to find the dock, — where, by the way, there is a commemorative tablet, — she asked a man if he could tell her where the Pilgrims had sailed from. He looked puzzled and finally replied: 'I really do not recall them, madam. Did they sail recently?' The Standard Life Assurance Company is at present running a series of advertisements in one of the best-known English weeklies using 'historical incidents' as texts. Last week they inserted one on the sailing of the Mayflower. Explaining briefly for English readers who the Pilgrim Fathers were, the notice says that 'after a short stay in Holland they sailed for America, where they founded a colony at New Plymouth in 1621' [*sic*]. This is evidently all new and requiring explanation to English people, although any American child could point out the several errors of fact in that one sentence.

Far from discovering any feeling of antagonism here on the score of history, an American is constantly amazed to find how the greater men on either side of the ocean are considered to belong to one common race. It would be a delicate if not an impossible matter to set up the statue of an English king in America, though Alfred and Edward and all the others down to George the

Third are as much figures in our history as in England's. It would also be difficult to erect the statue of any great Englishman of recent days. But here one is becoming surrounded with Americans. If one goes into the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral one finds a bust of Washington gazing at the tomb of Nelson, and there are many tablets there commemorating American artists. In Westminster Abbey Americans abound. Not only are there the bust of Longfellow, the window to Lowell, the tablet to Page, but many lesser men are represented and honored. When one steps outside the door one is confronted with the statue of Lincoln. In front of the National Gallery is a statue of Washington. At St. Saviour's is a bust of John Harvard, an Englishman, but honored thus for his services to America. In the Bodleian Library at Oxford yesterday I found busts of Washington and Franklin. Incidentally, in a number of English histories which I have just been reading, all for English readers and some for English children, the Revolution is treated with such a spirit of fairness and with so little hostility as to raise the question whether the authors have made out as good a case for their ancestors as they well might.

IV

There are some aspects of the personal contact of the two races which, it must be confessed, have unfortunate consequences. As for the appraisal of Americans by the English, the fact that we both speak the same language has its drawbacks. The tongue of every Frenchman, whether gentleman or boor, proclaims his nationality. The best as well as the worst are known for what they are — French. But there is nothing to proclaim so obviously the well-bred, cultivated, quiet-mannered American as American. Unless that fact transpires in some other way, he naturally is considered to be English. On the other hand, there is no mistaking the noisy, underbred American, and, it must be confessed, a most appalling number turn up over here. Nor is it always those without money or apparently any social background who give the English cause to wonder at us as uncultured barbarians. In the quiet English hotel where I always stay in London one is never disturbed by having to overhear the conversation of any English group either in the dining room or in the drawing-rooms. But in every case this winter when an American family has arrived the place has been thrown into a turmoil at once. To cite a specific instance or two: The other day an evidently well-to-do family appeared — father, mother, and son of about fifteen. At dinner the boy came into the dining room ahead of his parents, stood in the middle, and from that vantage point shouted out a conversation to his father, still in the drawing-room, to the consternation of the English diners. A few nights afterward another family, evidently of considerable wealth and speaking with an excellent accent, took possession of the drawing-room. The rest of us, quite uninterested, were informed in loud tones of what a new camp in the Adirondacks was like, where the son had been big-game hunting on two continents, and many other personal details, until in despair of being able to read or talk quietly one group of English after another got up and left the room to my fellow citizens. It is evident that this sort of thing does not endear us to the hearts of the quiet and privacy-loving British.

On the other hand, many American tourists, accustomed to the freedom of the Pullman smokers at home and the general atmosphere of Rotarian 'glad hand' in America, go back with

rankling spirits because the English do not talk to them in railway carriages or hotel lobbies. They do not realize, first, that most Englishmen are shy, and, secondly, that the Englishman, prizing quiet and privacy himself above all else, feels that he has no right to intrude upon others and that, unless obviously called for, it is bad form for him to do so. If, however, he feels justified, or if he thinks he can really be of use to a stranger, not even an American is more ready to make himself agreeable. The other day my wife and I were lost for the moment in some of the winding streets in Chelsea and were studying the map. An Englishwoman at once came up, asked if she could guide us, and walked several blocks to do so. The same thing occurred at Lincoln a few days later.

There is, however, a real fear and dislike of America on the part of some thoughtful people — a reasonable fear and dislike, I think, based on something far deeper, more subtle, and more important than a war of a hundred and fifty years ago, the precise terms of the debt settlement, or the abominable manners of many American tourists. It is the fear of the Americanization of Europe. For there are many changes going on here and they are not all due to the European situation in itself. What these people fear is not that they are facing years of comparative poverty, of the rise of the new rich, and of the painful reëstablishment of a bad economic situation, but the loss of the ideals and values of what has hitherto constituted their civilization. This the thoughtful traveler also broods over as he sees the changes that have come and the portents of more.

Mass production in America, the use of advertising to standardize the desires and taste of the public and so standardize production, the consequent reduction in production costs and the increase in wages, have all created a stupendous rise in the scale of American living from the purely material standpoint. With a population of over a hundred millions, undivided by tariff barriers, with most of the raw materials produced at home, with a people singularly lacking in individuality, more than willing to live and have everything exactly like everyone else, the leaders of industry have been able to achieve their ideal of standardized production. But the achievement of this result has brought about the surrender of certain values that the European still thinks of vital importance. What the cultured European desires above all else is to be an individual, to be able to express his own unique personality in work and play. The dreary sameness of American life throughout an entire and vast continent appalls him. Of what use to travel three thousand miles from New York to San Francisco if for the most part one sees only the same sort of people, reads the same comic strips and syndicated news columns, talks the same 'shop,' and sees the same city architecture?

In Devonshire the other day I was looking from my window at a bit of new garden wall, already beginning to weather and take on beauty in the damp climate. Most skillfully, and without any sense of patchwork, various materials had been put together in it — some gray stone, some of the red Devon sandstone, concrete, and different sorts of brick, with the effect of variety and interest. An American might have done it more 'efficiently' of one material, but then no one would have cared to give it a second glance. The old cottages also gain much of their charm from the variety of materials employed — brick, old oak, stucco, shingles, and clapboards. That evening I happened to read that the American Department of Commerce, coöperating

with manufacturers in the interests of 'efficiency,' had reduced the varieties of bricks to be produced from sixty-six to seven, two hundred and ten different shapes of bottles to twenty, and so on, and that the suggestions had been received 'with enthusiasm.' Nothing could better display the difference in the ideals of the two countries. After all, if we are all to have more and more things, but only on the condition that they shall be exactly like everyone else's, what becomes of the joy of individual living, of expressing your own personality — provided you have one — in work and play? Is it worth while to gain the whole material world and lose your own soul?

America, overwhelmed like a child on Christmas morning with all its new toys, does not yet seem to give a thought as to where it is all going to end. The average business man resents as almost impious, certainly 'unpatriotic,' any suggestion that all is not for the best, so long as his profits pile up annually. If anyone tries to discuss soberly the possible pitfalls of present tendencies, he is apt to have thrown at him, even by university men at home, some such remark as 'Get over your grouch' or 'America has no place for kickers,' for the average business man, though he takes himself most seriously, is incredibly naïve and immature. The average American, so far from resenting that Big Business is out to limit his choice of things more and more while increasing their number, that it is utilizing all the resources of science in psychological advertising to train him to submerge his individuality in order to simplify business for the manufacturer, to make him a mere 'consumer' and not a man, seems to welcome it. In itself that is a sign of immaturity. The schoolboy above all else dreads being 'different.' It is only as one grows to maturity that he insists on being himself and expressing himself in his own way.

Europe is mature if it is poor. It has come to know that there are better values in life than a host of material conveniences and possessions. But it *is* poor. It owes to America the greatest money debt that the world has ever dreamed of. America, with its vast resources, its boiling prosperity, half of the world's gold, is sucking Europe into the maelstrom of its own whirling industrial life. Europe feels itself slipping against its will, and clings desperately to the shore. It is possible that the present economic régime in America cannot last forever. When overproduction gluts the home market, when manufacturers have to enter into foreign competition for new markets, the story may be different, though the time may be far off. But in the meantime what may happen to the older and the more civilized ideals of the value of individuality and craftsmanship and artistic products?

Even now we have to go to Europe for such things as require individual talent. We still have brains and skill at the top, but are killing them off at the bottom. During the war we had to get Austrians to make our maps because there were no skilled American draftsmen for the work. In one of the finest churches in America the architect designed the carved stone — though in the Middle Ages the workmen would do that themselves — and then had to import workmen from Italy to execute it. Meanwhile Europe owes the debts and we insist they must be paid. The masses heavily taxed look toward American prosperity and methods. Here and there mass production is being tried, although Europe, with its limited and highly differentiated markets, can never fully compete. It is not, as many Americans think, merely a matter of national jealousies or tariff barriers, but of an individualism that

makes the world more interesting and richer.

If Europe is sucked into the whirlpool, if her form of civilization gives way to the American, and if we are at last world-standardized to one bottle and one brick and one dress and one bath and one car and one book and one idea, it may be that we shall regret the day when every Englishman could pride himself on being singular and 'a little mad.' And so one wonders as one walks about this old city of London — where tulips and irises dot lawns of inestimable 'real estate' value, where one feels a complete liberty to express one's individuality, where one is not limited to one brick in seven or one bottle in twenty, where one feels complete personal liberty within a framework of reasonable and observed law — how long it will last; and, if from poverty and the pressure of American gold it all falls to the low level of American efficiency, mass production, and controlled and standardized lives, what one will do for ideas and ideals and all the possible varied interest and charm of human life. It is not impossible that the world of men may eventually be infinitely poorer because of our colossal and unthinking prosperity.

A CRIMINAL IN EVERY FAMILY

BY EDWARD WEEKS

I

I own and operate an inexpensive car which my wife and I use in our holiday rounds. Living as I do in a city whose parking space is scarce and whose streets are narrow, I prefer to walk or take the subway to my office. Lately I have become increasingly aware of the difference in my attitude when I am at the wheel and when I am on foot. To reach my office I must walk ten blocks and pass three policed crossings. Naturally I am resentful when I find the traffic lights against me, and as the long line of commuting cars streams by me I soon lose patience. I crowd the curb and at the least opening I make a dash for the opposite bank. It always seems to me that the motorists have the best of it. When at last the pedestrian signal is given, should a car turn in upon us from a side street I not only refuse to hurry but glare angrily at the driver, muttering, 'D' you think you own the street?' If the intruder is called back by the officer I am pleased. For I am very jealous of my rights as a pedestrian.

But it is an entirely different matter when I am at the wheel. I have, of course, just as little patience with the traffic signals. I expect them to be against me, and when they are I simply cannot understand how the pedestrians can be so slow. 'Oh, hurry up, Sleeping Sickness!' I growl, and if later I should dodge a jaywalker, 'Did you see that fool?' I ask my wife. 'Why can't they stay where they belong!' I forget that it is their right to walk the streets (without a license); I forget

that it is my privilege — not my right — to motor. Instead, I insist on the right of way, and devil take the hindmost! Perhaps this attitude explains why on these very streets five out of six accidents are caused by motorists.

More irritating than the pedestrian is the rivalry that soon develops between me and the cars going in the same direction. It irritates me that Fords — always quick starters — can 'pick up' sooner than my car, and I overhaul them later with satisfaction. I know my car: I know that its best gait is between twenty-five and thirty-three miles an hour, and rarely do I push it faster. But there is in me some pride that protests against taking the dust from cars of my own class or inferiors — that is, those of cheaper makes. I pull over for a Pierce or a Packard without demur. 'You can't keep up with those fellows,' I explain to my wife or myself. But if in my reflector I see the approach of a smaller car I drop all conversation and get down to business. My foot goes down on the accelerator and I am none too ready to take to the side. You may be sure I give way grudgingly to Fords and Chevrolets and for a few miles thereafter I still have hopes of catching them. Should they by any chance be pulled up at the roadside for repairs, it is to smile. 'That's what comes when you push a light car,' I think. I notice this same sense of rivalry when I in turn overhaul the fellow ahead of me. At the sound of my klaxon his first reaction is to swerve to the right (I have an expensive horn), his second is to 'step on the gas.' Perhaps by the time I have drawn level with him he has increased his speed by five miles. Then we rush along like two angry chariot drivers, until with a final burst of speed I cut in ahead just in time to avoid the worried driver approaching in the opposite direction. You can see this taking place on any popular highway and if you are a motorist you will know what a superior sensation it is to pass another car. Without doubt it is human nature; without doubt it is dangerous driving.

But just as sharp as rivalry is the spur of time. Though I may start with the most placid of intentions, it is not long before I am comparing my clock and speedometer and calculating my mileage. I drive at what many would consider a slow pace (for two years I drove an ambulance over the most painful roads in France; the experience has slowed me up considerably); I seldom exceed thirty-five miles an hour, and consequently on my long runs seldom average above thirty. But as one of my friends says, 'It's impossible to make good mileage and drive like a gentleman.' I say it is impossible to average thirty miles an hour without constant infractions of the law. Clear of your first suburbs, your carelessness sets in. At first you disregard the white lines painted on the curves; then perhaps you pass a truck on the upgrade and below the crest of a hill. You go through a hamlet of only a dozen houses, and because it is so small you don't slacken — and miss a drowsy dog by the hairs of his tail. On the mad Saturday rush to the beach I have seen cars sweep by a discharging trolley car or even around its blind side — and 'get away with it.' And because you can 'get away with it' you come to think that it is safe. On goes the mad rush. 'If I can keep up a steady thirty-five we'll make it by lunch.'

So busy are we saving time that in an emergency we have almost no time to save ourselves. We have time for only the scantiest attention to side roads, and even less than that for judging what the other fellow might do. A car coming in at a crossroads

must give way. 'I had the right of way!' I explained heatedly to my passenger after one screeching dodge. 'Yes,' he said frankly, 'the right of way to Hell.' But we press on. 'Faster! Faster!' cries Time, the Red Queen, and like Alice we obey. Overhauling a car on a closed curve (fortunately no one coming); railing at a hoggish truck or a woman in a Ford who prefers the left to the right. Faster! Faster! Until, though a mild citizen, I am shouting at a stubborn bus or the Swiss Family Robinsky in eye shades and a fifth-hand Buick. Faster! Faster! Up hill and down, through town and country, until at last I arrive, having 'saved' perhaps fifteen minutes — and lost my temper, nerve, and appetite. No wonder accidents are doubled in the summer months.

A further problem has developed with the great growth of suburbs. From distances up to twenty-five miles people motor to their work. Naturally at the day's end there comes a rush for home. Now on congested roads the majority of us are well-behaved: we run along in obedient lines, swallowing each other's gasoline fumes, and holding out our hands at every stop. But the minority we always have with us. They cut in front of us at the barest pretext, form a triple line at every hold-up, disregard electric signals, smash rules and fenders at will. They are a physical menace, and they distract the attention of the careful drivers. Personally, they make me boiling mad. Yet if I try to keep my place and hold them back where they belong I am instantly forced into the very errors I have been cursing. Because of this contemptuous minority and because there are more pedestrians and motors on the roads than at any other time, accidents in every urban district reach their high point between the 'Death Hours' of 5 and 6 P.M.

II

Such, then, are the common failings — jaywalking, disregard for the pedestrian, motor rivalry, the race against time, and contemptuous commuting. For what are they responsible?

In 1926 they were responsible for about 23,000 deaths.

It is estimated that for the past three years in the United States one car in every thousand registrations was responsible for a fatal accident, one car in every twenty for an injury. The causes of these accidents were many, but the most common of them I shall quote from the figures supplied me by the Motor Registrar of my state. There are in round numbers 700,000 licensed drivers in my state. In 1926 this grand army was responsible for 27,436 recorded accidents (Heaven knows how many were unrecorded), injuring 25,351 and killing 705. Respectable casualties for any civil war. With the small number of inspectors at his disposal the Registrar was only able to analyze the more serious of these accidents, which have been traced officially to one or more of the following causes: —

Cause	No. of Cases
Brakes defective	92
Confused operator	167
Cutting in ahead	129
Inattention	1024
Intoxicated operator	103
Obstructed view	123
Operator had been drinking	127
Skidding	123
Inexperience	117
Too close to other vehicles	107
Too fast for conditions	1667
Wrong side of the road	323
Violating right-of-way law	173
Child darting in front	406
Pedestrian running across street	314
Pedestrian stepping from sidewalk	190
Pedestrian from front or back of vehicle	106
Pedestrian walking along road	237

Observe that only one charge can be in any way attributed to the machine; observe the carelessness ('Inattention'), the predilection for speeding, and the disregard for what the pedestrian may do. Fifteen years ago it was claimed that the high rate of fatalities was largely due to the unfamiliarity with motors. Our fathers could drive a tandem but not a Stanley Steamer. But to-day the majority of motorists killed are between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five, the majority of pedestrians between one and thirty-five — people, in other words, who have practically grown up with motors. Clearly there is need for further discipline, not so much for past offenders (it is not easy to forget a serious accident) as for those who are used to cars and who, thus far, have 'gotten away with it.'

Some of this discipline needs to come from the police; of that I shall speak later. But more of it ought to come from public opinion, which to-day is almost conscienceless in the matter, despite the efforts of editorial writers and of novelists and playwrights who, prophetically, it seems to me, have adopted the motor accident as the most popular means of 'taking off' their unnecessary characters. But neither in fiction nor in real life can we be brought to take the peril seriously.

For instance. My brother and I have each been arrested once. My father has been arrested twice — for speeding. Now this, I submit, is not an extraordinary record for an American family whose four older members have been driving steadily over a period of eight years. We were responsible for no injuries; we received the state's reprimand, paid our fines, and there the matter dropped. But I am not sure that the matter would have dropped so quickly if we had received the same number of convictions, say, for bootlegging or petty larceny. Nor am I sure that we learned our lesson.

Ours, I repeat, is an average record. I know of a family every member of which has been involved in a serious accident. I have a schoolmate who recently ran down and killed an old lady who was not so spry at the crossings as she ought to have been. I have an uncle who drove his car into a collision which destroyed both machines and killed one of the occupants. A younger relative bowled over a Ford containing a man and wife before he was old enough to have a license. I am further confident that three out of four motorists who read this have been in an accident — minor or major — and that the same proportion know within their acquaintance of at least one person who has been mortally injured. Yet our attitude toward these things is heedless when it is not cynical. 'I was pulled in yesterday for speeding,' you'll hear a man say. 'How fast were you going?' asks his companion. 'Oh, about forty-eight.' 'How much did he get you for?' 'Twenty dollars.' And they laugh it off. Summonses for speeding — last year, remember, speeding was a direct cause of 1667 accidents in my state alone — summonses for speeding are like notches in our forefathers' rifles, a mark of bravado. And it is an exceptional family whose motorists — or whose chauffeur — have not answered to this or an equivalent charge at least once. A criminal in every family.

Still we speed on, confident that our brakes will hold, that the other fellow will slow down, that our insurance will meet any ordinary emergency — confident that we can 'get away with it.'

III

How are we to be brought to our senses? In two ways, I think. First, by aroused public opinion, and secondly,

by the increased severity and justice of the police supervision. To open the public's eyes we must have men who are at once martinets and skilled propagandists. As state officials in charge of motor vehicles they must undertake to 'popularize' the idea of safety and to drub it into those who won't listen. The Registrar of my state has some forcible ideas on the subject. Each Monday he has printed in local newspapers in a black-bordered box the list of the motor victims of the preceding week. This is beginning to make an impression. Then, as the seasons dictate, he sends his inspectors out on the roads, now to inspect brakes, now headlights, now to fine and punish those who are driving without licenses. And I have noticed that the press helps him swing his 'big stick' by running editorials and articles calculated to caution those who will read before they run. These two forces in collaboration made such a campaign against driving while under the influence of liquor that the subject became a matter of general conversation and people began to think twice about cocktails if there was motoring to be done afterward. It meant the suspension of your license if you were caught. Yet, despite the warning, the 1926 statistics report that 230 drunken drivers took a toll of 249 injuries and 46 deaths; and that 4863 drivers lost their licenses for 'operating under the influence of liquor.'

Our Registrar has found that it pays to remove serious offenders from the roads. In the past four years he has suspended or revoked sixty thousand licenses. Last year he revoked over eighteen thousand and this year he estimates that the total will be close to twenty-four thousand. This is a striking number when it is remembered that many culprits — through personal or political influence — were able to have their names scratched off the police reports. By this means in 1926 he punished more drivers in our single state than were similarly punished in all the rest of the states put together. What is more, he has proved that the punishment does teach its lesson. There are very few 'repeaters.' And fatalities are proportionately decreasing.

This rigor is of course exceptional: it is more than balanced by the laxity in other parts of our country. It is almost unbelievable that to-day only sixteen states out of the forty-eight require licenses. The remainder, particularly those in the South and Middle West, issue number plates without even a perfunctory driving test. The farmers, it is said, have not time to drive their flivvers; the job is left to their children, many of whom are under registration age. Hence anyone, presumably, with 'a piece of tin' and some gasoline can make the street hideous. Now, obviously the agency of a strict registration examination enables the state to cut off potential offenders at the very outset. If the precaution did not recommend itself on the grounds of safety, it is to be expected that it might appeal to officials as a source of legitimate revenue.

What chance, then, has a local official with such conditions as these existing, perhaps, across the next border? He can have no more than a temporary effect so long as there is no conformity the country over. The widening of streets and the necessity of diverting transient traffic from congested districts need hardly be dwelt on here. These improvements have been or will be put into effect by every progressive community. But other reforms are as badly needed. I think, for instance, that wherever possible local regulations should give way to a nationally adopted speed limit for town and country driving. The signs that

still greet our entrance to some towns — 'Speed Limit 15 Miles an Hour; Strictly Enforced' — are as antiquated as the Blue Laws. Not one car in two hundred accepts that ruling literally. It would hold up traffic if it did. But here and there the legend still persists. One highway I have in mind is controlled by electric signals for a three-mile passage through suburbs. The street, which is very wide, is divided by a trolley line, thus establishing one-way traffic on either side. With the road open before one and the side streets patrolled by the signals, one can drive safely up to twenty-five miles an hour — and one usually does. Yet for so doing a friend of mine was arrested this summer and, when he protested, was told angrily that the limit was fifteen! This is archaic. Surely twenty-five miles an hour is a reasonable speed for residential driving; it is so accepted by common consent and should be respected by regulation. Were there a clearer definition of speed limits, not subject to local manipulation, the motorist's — and the policeman's — lot would be a happier one.

To illustrate the form that local manipulation can sometimes take, I wish to cite the incident of my own arrest. It occurred in 1922 in a North Atlantic state at whose seashore my family were spending the summer. On a Sunday morning as I was placidly driving my mother and sister home from church I had occasion to pass a truck. Just ahead of me the road curved, but as it was plainly visible between the gaps of the widely spaced trees I had no hesitancy in passing, especially since the truck was not running fast. Hardly had I passed when a motorcyclist emerged from a concealed lane and came roaring up.

'Pull over! Pull over, you!'

I did so. 'What's the matter? I was only going twenty-five.'

'I know you were. But you were passing on a closed curve. Could n't see a hundred and fifty yards ahead of you.'

Argument was futile, and the short of it was that I appeared in the local court the following morning and was fined $36 — $25, which was the minimum fine in that state (and could n't be repealed), plus $11 'costs.' There were ten other victims besides myself, and for a variety of, for the most part, perfunctory offenses they were each compelled to pay $36. For pure extortion the court scene was a page from Dickens.

Like many of the others, I honestly believe that I was innocent. I did pass on a curve, but that it was closed or open depends on whether you take the policeman's word or mine. That the road inspector did not consider it dangerous was attested by the absence of those signs which guarded the road on other curves. I protested my case to one of the older residents. 'Yes,' he said, 'I heard they've been using that trap. Well, you see, the highway has to be repaired, and they're making you fellows pay your share.' To-day I drive slowly over that particular stretch that I may get my full money's worth.

But seriously, motor traps and perfunctory charges, whether for this or a more honest purpose, only serve to increase the natural antagonism between the driver and the police. Like undergraduates, we post rear guards 'to keep an eye out for cops,' and if we're in a good position we'll 'step on the gas' at the first sound of the commanding whistle. So there develops a feud in which we disregard the law so long as we are out of sight of khaki-coats.

I submit that a national speed limit should be established on our main highways. It should vary for three

zones: the slowest for the passage through business districts, a higher speed for the suburbs and thinly settled regions, and the maximum for the open country. Were signs posted announcing our entrance into each zone, and were the residential districts with their numerous cross streets controlled by the red, yellow, and green flash signals, we should conform far more than we do to the ever-varying conditions of to-day — and there would be fewer arrests. In the cities, for years to come, traffic will be under the eyes of the police. In the open country, where we answer to our own responsibility, there are fewer cars and, as a result, relatively few accidents. It is in the middle districts that trouble is found. I can imagine it as ideal when, in a medium-size suburb or village, a single policeman can sit in his pulpit and by electric signals control the north and south and east and west traffic in due proportion on streets far out of range of his personal vision. But it will call for more conscientious conformity than ever exists to-day. And for the heedless I can imagine maximum fines, fines that really 'hurt,' and certain loss of license for a serious offense. To bring this Utopia nearer I urge upon myself — and all others who share to any extent my feelings — more tolerance for pedestrians, less rivalry with the man ahead, and whenever possible a disregard for that fatal habit of 'saving time.' And upon our thirty-two backward states I urge some serious sense of responsibility for a scourge comparable — without exaggeration — to the Black Death. It almost looks as if we should have to call for Mr. Hoover again.

I finished writing this on a Sunday night. On my way to the office the following morning I picked up my newspaper at the usual stand and glanced at the headlines. This was the first to catch my eye: —

DRIVER HITS BOY AND LEAVES HIM IN FIELD

The W—— police are seeking the motorist who ran down William Connors, 8-year-old W—— boy, at Bacon and School streets that city yesterday afternoon, stopped his car, picked the boy up, and after driving with the lad an eighth of a mile along Bacon street, laid him in a field back of a factory building.

Fortunately pedestrians saw the act and the boy was removed to the W—— Hospital, where it is feared he has a fractured skull. His name is on the danger list. The boy lives with his grandmother at 115 Pond street.

When I reached my office I turned back through my sheaf of state statistics supplied me by the Motor Registrar. Here was what I wanted. In 1926, I read, three hundred and sixty-one drivers ran away unidentified — after such accidents as the above. A man who will do that sort of thing is worth a horsewhipping, and then a long 'time' to think it over. But what about the society that tolerates him?

WHY AMERICA BUYS ENGLAND'S BOOKS

BY A. S. W. ROSENBACH

I

During my frequent visits to England I have often been asked why Americans are so persistent, even voracious, in acquiring the great literary treasures of Great Britain. I have been accused in its public prints of being the greatest offender. I have been likened unto the ogre of ancient times. Perhaps it is pertinent, therefore, to know the reason why Americans are so anxious to obtain, at almost any price, not only the choicest English books and manuscripts, but the outstanding contemporary documents that chronicle so faithfully and so inexorably the political and literary history of England. According to some of the English newspapers that bewail the loss to England of her great monuments of the past, it is a new thing, this interest in things English on the part of the American public. On the contrary, it has been going on — increasing in volume, it is true — from about the year 1840. Before the Civil War those two far-sighted collectors, John Carter Brown of Providence, Rhode Island, and James Lenox of New York, were scouring England for volumes relating to the early history of this country, and incidentally gobbling up such rarities as the first folio of Shakespeare. They were ably assisted in their raids by an American who had taken up his residence in London, Henry Stevens of Vermont, the Green Mountain Boy, who, among the string of titles after his name, included the cryptic letters, BLK BLD, ATHM CLB, meaning 'Blackballed by the Athenæum Club.'

It is extremely gratifying to note the extraordinary love of books persisting in one American family for almost a century. In England the Huths and many others have shown the tendency, the collector's instinct passed on from father to son for many generations. In this country it is rare. The remarkable exception, however, is evidenced by the Browns of Providence. The great library founded by John Carter Brown, with its glittering array of superb volumes, among the finest in the world, bears eloquent testimony to a continual devotion to books and learning. The family of the original founder has never for a moment flagged in its interest, and the volumes added to the collection since its establishment bear silent witness of a loving regard for books unequaled in America.

In 1847, James Lenox brought to this country from England the first Gutenberg Bible. The earliest first folio of Shakespeare in America was purchased in London about 1836. Since then they have flowed to us in a constant and ever-widening stream, until to-day there are far more of them in the United States than in the British Empire.

England need not complain, however, or consider it such a serious loss as some of her statesmen do. She has within her narrow boundaries superb volumes that America can never hope to possess. The British Museum and

the great libraries of Oxford and Cambridge, to say nothing of the wonderful Spencer collection, now in the John Rylands Library in Manchester, are treasure houses that luckily can never be despoiled. They will be able to resist the American invader and they will remain always at the service of students and scholars. It is not generally known that the libraries have left no stone unturned to increase their already stupendous hoards. The British Museum has added constantly to its collections, and to-day it is a greater library, in many respects, than the Bibliothèque Nationale, which long held the leadership. I think it is actually the largest and most important library in the world. Under the able direction of Alfred W. Pollard, formerly Keeper of Printed Books, the British Museum acquired many books and manuscripts of great intrinsic value, and it is to the remarkable genius of this man that the British public owes much. Not only is he a bibliographer of extraordinary ability, but, when in charge of the books, he developed the rare faculty of finding the very volumes that would complete a certain series; he was, therefore, ever on the alert to secure for the Museum the things that were most needed. And this in the face of American competition! As to the latter, it is worthy of note that the late J. P. Morgan, and his son as well, in forming their memorable collection, whenever possible never bid against the Museum. If the authorities particularly desired a certain manuscript that belonged of right to the Museum, the Morgans gracefully refrained from bidding.

In fact, Englishmen have always taken a greater pride in their national library than Americans in theirs. Ever since its foundation, the British Museum has received important bequests from collectors, such as the superb gifts of George III and the Honorable Thomas Grenville. Recently, when it was found that in the Museum there was no first folio containing the portrait of Shakespeare in its first state, several patriotic and discerning Englishmen secured it for the nation.

True, a few of our citizens have made noteworthy gifts to our national library in Washington, but in the main it has been sadly neglected. Americans have given wisely and well to their own local foundations, but the Congressional Library, which should be the pride of every American, has never received the encouragement it deserves. Dr. Herbert Putnam, the gifted Librarian of Congress, is making every effort to remedy this glaring defect in our national armor. The Right Honorable Ramsay MacDonald told me, during his recent visit to Philadelphia, that an organized effort was being made by friends of the British Museum to secure the invaluable things that the Museum required. Why not form a society of friends of the Library of Congress, in order to purchase for it, while we have still the opportunity, the many volumes of Americana and the precious documents that bear directly upon our country's history?

II

It is a curious thing that rare books and the precious things of the collector follow the flow of gold. When the United States became the great creditor nation, taking the place of England, at least for the time being, it was but natural that the various objects of art and interest should gravitate to this side. During the last twenty years rare books and literary documents have left the shores of Albion at an alarming rate (for England). Most of them are now in the private and public libraries of the United States. I should hate to state

how much I assisted in this magic exodus.

England was the great offender in this same sort of thing a century ago. It is the old threadbare saying, which must have first been uttered by Methuselah, that history repeats itself. In the eighteenth century, Italy, France, and Spain were complaining of the raids made on their artistic resources by Englishmen, as England is complaining of us to-day. The extraordinary increase in gold in England during the Napoleonic Wars was responsible for this. It was the era when the great collectors, Richard Heber, Earl Spencer, the Duke of Roxburghe, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Mark Sykes, and Robert Stayner Holford were making the Grand Tour and buying in the great emporiums in Rome and in Florence, in Paris and Madrid, their choicest objects. It is true that the Grand Tour has been the fashion in England ever since the days of Chaucer, and that great libraries were formed in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, but it was during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries that the greatest collections were made. In those days Sir Richard Wallace could purchase the finest Watteau in Paris at the price of an etching to-day. The best eighteenth-century paintings, drawings, bibelots, furniture, so dear to the heart of the Frenchman, were transferred from the Rue St. Honoré to Carlton House Terrace, or to grace the drawing-rooms of the elegant country homes of Great Britain.

The wheel of time, however, turns.

It is really unfortunate for England that she is compelled now to give up some of her possessions. No nation has a finer appreciation of great works of the imagination. She receives payment for them, it is true. But money is a thing that can be had; it passes in cycles from one nation to another. A rare book or a manuscript, if it once goes into a public institution, can never be regained. Whether England, to protect her historical and literary relics, should make laws, as Italy has done, is no concern of mine. In her wisdom she probably knows the most expedient procedure. It is an economic as well as cultural question, and of economics I am glad to say I know absolutely nothing. There are, however, masters of the subject in Great Britain; they will probably solve the difficult problem.

The wisest among the collectors in England do not look upon this exchange as a total loss to England. I shall never forget my last conversation with the late Sir George Holford in Dorchester House, London, after I had purchased some of his dearest possessions. He said: 'The world is growing smaller — Englishmen are great travelers; they can see these very books some day in an American institution far more readily than in the private collections in England. I know myself how difficult it is to throw open private homes to students. You recall as well as I do that the finest library of English poetry was never at the beck and call of students. I am glad that most of it has gone to America, where it will be accessible to scholars of all nations.' Broad-minded men, like that erudite scholar, Lord Crawford, know that these books will have tender and loving care in America, and that they will be an inspiration to our students.

We Americans have the enthusiasm of youth. Perhaps the traditional Englishman has been so accustomed to seeing about him the finest things of art and literature that in the course of years he becomes a trifle bored. Perhaps we shall also, in the fullness of time, experience this, but at the present we are eager to fill the great libraries and

edifices in America with the rarest and most precious books. In the East, and in the West as well, there are enormous library buildings of the finest architectural types. Alas, they have not the books to fill them. The Free Library of Philadelphia has spent nearly seven million dollars on a superb edifice. It will be necessary to fill this building with suitable volumes. The growth of American universities, unparalleled in all time, calls for the apparatus of the student. They must have the tools of their trade — books. It is no wonder that there are not enough to go round. The demand is greater than the supply. Consequently prices will go steadily upward, and it is well to secure them while we may.

It seems a pity that some Americans give such enormous sums for library buildings and spend literally nothing on the volumes themselves. Books, not edifices, make libraries. A friend of mine only fifteen years ago spent four million dollars on a superb library building; some are already complaining that it is no longer up to date! Buildings pass; they soon become obsolete. Books alone are everlasting. 'Men may come and men may go, but books go on forever!' The late Mr. Huntington used to say: 'The ownership of a fine library is the surest and swiftest way to immortality!'

I have to-day in my New York vault a collection of early English manuscripts unequaled in any library on this side of the Atlantic. It includes four manuscripts of Chaucer, two of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, several of Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, and the famous manuscript of Occleve's *Poems* with a contemporary portrait of Chaucer. It will be impossible ever to secure another assemblage like it, for it does not exist. They will be appreciated after the last building has tottered on its foundation.

III

The past fifty years have produced in this country a group of book collectors equal to any that has appeared in England or on the Continent — men well in advance of their time, like the greatest book lover of them all, Richard Heber. I always envied this bibliomaniac his two possessions; as Sir Walter Scott so neatly puts it, 'Heber the magnificent, whose library and cellar are so superior to all others in the world!' Would that Americans could be as successful gathering old vintages as old books! In this, England has it all over us.

It is melancholy to record that in the last few months three of our most distinguished collectors have passed away, each one of them possessing in full measure the most extraordinary vision. I refer first to Mr. Edward E. Ayer of Chicago, who was one of the pioneers in making a serious collection of books relating to the American Indian, which he presented, before his death, to the Newberry Library in Chicago. The late Mr. William A. White of Brooklyn, of beloved memory, was among the earliest of our collectors to gather the choice and alluring volumes of the great Elizabethans. His judgment was unusually good and he had a vivid understanding of this golden period, equaled by few scholars. He did not hesitate to lend his finest volumes to any student who showed an intelligent interest in English literature.

I cannot speak at length of Mr. Henry E. Huntington. I feel his loss too poignantly at the present time. He was without doubt the greatest collector of books the world has ever known. Without possessing a profound knowledge of literature or of history, his flair for fine books was remarkable. His taste was sure, impeccable. The library at San Gabriel, California,

which houses his wonderful collections, will be the Mecca of students for all time. No gift to a nation or to a state can ever equal his. America does not appreciate it to-day, but, as time spins its web and the world becomes better acquainted with the Huntington treasures, this fact will be adequately recognized.

I do not mean to imply that American collectors are forming great libraries and art galleries solely for patriotic reasons, or for the good of their generation. It is perhaps, after all, a secondary consideration with them. Certainly it is not the first. Neither is their motive the encouragement of scholarship or of the arts. It is something more human. The bump of acquisitiveness is strongly developed in our collectors, and perhaps I know this as well as anyone. They like to exhibit their treasures as other mortals do, to show them to their envious friends with a twinkle in their eyes and a certain amount of deviltry. American amateurs, who have built railroads and great suspension bridges, who have been financial giants and captains of industry, must surely possess the red blood that made them thus. Of course they like to flaunt a folio of Ben Jonson or a Keats's *Poems*, with a presentation inscription, before the eyes of other collectors. In these ecstatic moments they do not care a whit for the nation or for the people. But with the passing of years, with the gradual oozing of the enthusiasm and candor of youth, they think of the ultimate disposal of their books. It is then and then only that the people of America come into their own.

It is a wonderful and magnificent thing that the gathering of books in this country is in the hands of leaders of her industries, the so-called business kings, and not in the hands of college professors and great scholars. The latter generally, in forming a collection, make a sad mess of it. The instinct of the collector, the *heluo librorum* of Cicero, is entirely different from that of the scholar. They are two distinct and separate faculties: the acquisition of knowledge and the gathering of books. Men to be successful in either must have an entirely different cosmos. Both are indispensable. It is paradoxical, but true, that not a single great library in the world has been formed by a great scholar.

Every year our collectors pitch their tents on the fair and hospitable shores of Great Britain, where they exchange their useless gold for ancient and modern English books. The pleasant bookshops all over England, Ireland, and Scotland welcome the American visitors, who take home with them ingratiating little volumes like Herrick's *Hesperides* and Lovelace's *Lucasta*. The supply of such charming volumes has become well-nigh exhausted. Nowhere can this migration be more clearly seen than in the *Short-Title Catalogue of Books Printed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, 1475–1640* issued by the Bibliographical Society. This monumental work has been compiled by A. W. Pollard, G. R. Redgrave, and a host of the ablest English scholars. A glance at its pages reveals the fact that there are many important books of English dramatic poetry of which no copy now remains in England. Take, for instance, the second edition of *Hamlet*, published in London in 1604. It is really the first edition containing the true text, as the first, of 1603, was a pirated one, with inferior readings. Twenty-five years ago three copies, all that exist, were in important private libraries in England. To-day all three are in America — in the Huntington Library, in the Elizabethan Club at Yale University, and in the private collection of Mr. H. C. Folger of New York. The check list shows that of many of

the most exquisite volumes of poetry and romance not a single copy remains in the great country that saw its birth. On the other hand, there are thousands of books remaining in the British Museum, at the universities and colleges, at Lambeth, at Edinburgh, in the Patent Office, at Peterborough, at Winchester, of which not a single example exists in any library in the United States.

The situation, for England's scholars, has certain compensations. The books are really accessible in this country. Following the procedure of the members of the old Roxburghe Club, beautiful reprints have been made by American collectors of various great rarities and distributed to the libraries of Great Britain. Heywood's *King Edward the Fourth*, 1599, which exists in a single copy in the library of Mr. C. W. Clark, has now been made in facsimile by the courtesy of the owner and issued for the use of students. Wager's unique Interlude, *Enough is as good as a Feast* (about 1565), has also been reprinted. It was in Lord Mostyn's library for many, many years, quite out of the reach of most scholars. I trust no one will infer from this that the great English collectors bury their things and are niggardly in offering their books and manuscripts to the learned. On the contrary, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir R. L. Harmsworth, and Mr. Thomas J. Wise have always opened their doors to worthy scholars.

IV

It is a great mistake for England to think that America is willing to pay mad prices for every English book. When bidding around the board at Sotheby's the trade have often smiled when they dropped a 'hot one' on me. I shall never forget when I bought a book for £640 in the Britwell sale and someone kindly remarked, 'Why, Richard Heber gave two shillings for that very copy in 1826.' Needless to say it made not the slightest difference to me what he paid for it; I only knew that I was getting a great book and that no price was too high for it. Books of intrinsic worth, which exist in one or two copies, cannot be measured in terms of shillings and pence, or dollars and cents. Occasionally, however, when bidding, for moral (or immoral!) effect I have dropped a common rarity on my competitors, and they have paid twice what I thought the book was worth. And I might have been mistaken at that! It's all in the game. It is also a great mistake to think that when a book is knocked down to an English bookseller it will remain within the British Isles. There is nothing more fallacious than that. At least fifty per cent of the purchases of British dealers eventually wend their way to this country.

Once I had a serious qualm when relieving Great Britain of her cherished belongings. That was when I purchased privately the Battle Abbey Cartularies, the original documents of those valiant men who came over with William the Conqueror. There were hundreds of deeds and legal documents dating from the Battle of Hastings in 1066, bound in ninety-nine volumes. They were the very foundations of English history. It was with a feeling of genuine regret that I saw them leave England forever. I hope in their home in the New World they will have the tender attention and respect they received in their former abode in the west of England.

The muniment rooms in the great houses still retain valuable documents of all kinds. A search through the many volumes and calendars of papers issued by the English Historical Manuscripts Commission will reveal the wealth of material still remaining in

Great Britain. I remember only last year looking with envious eyes upon the muniment chamber of a noble family. There were ancient papers, rolls, parchments of all kinds, bound volumes of letters, from floor to ceiling, some of which had been in the same family for over eight hundred years. What a treasure-trove for a student of the social and political history of Great Britain! In looking quite casually over the lot I found a paper bearing the signature of John Milton; another of Thomas Killigrew; a whole stack of Samuel Pepys. My mouth began to water. I even thought if I looked more thoroughly I might find one of William Shakespeare — who knows? Professor Wallace found several in the Public Record Office in London. The famous *impresa* is in the Duke of Rutland's collection at Belvoir Castle. Why not find one hidden away among these musty records?

It was, however, with a sense of relief that I heard the noble owner say to me: 'You cannot carry these off, Doctor Rosenbach. Thank God, they are entailed; even my children's children, if they fall on evil days, will be unable to dispose of them.' Down in my inmost soul I was delighted. Although I could never possess them, it warmed the cockles of my heart to hear the words that blasted my hopes forever. However, there are compensations. I was invited to visit the house any time I came to England, and to examine at my leisure these entrancing documents. My student days rushed back to me. How I should have been rejoiced, in the old days, when I was making original investigations into the beginnings of the English drama under the guidance of my beloved teacher, Dr. Felix E. Schelling, to study these papers, with a chance of finding something that would add, if only a trifle, to our knowledge of the subject. I felt a renegade. I had deserted the halls of learning for the bookshop; I had given up my fellowship to enter a business that would, perhaps, put money in my purse.

I did not, when at college, appreciate what a high adventure the business was to prove, the excitement and anxiety of the chase, and that I had a better chance, a far greater opportunity, to unearth unpublished documents and uncover original source material than ever I could have as an instructor in English in some university. After twenty-five years I am still of this opinion; although I sneakingly hanker for the time when I can quietly return to my early love, and carefully survey, without a thought of their commercial value, the many interesting things that have fallen to my collector's bag. Perhaps I have been of some help to other students, who can investigate at their leisure the great mass of material that I have been the instrument of placing in their hands.

The study of English letters in the universities of this country is also responsible for the persistent demand for everything relating to the language and literature of Great Britain. Theses on almost every subject are being turned out regularly by candidates for the Ph.D. degree. I would do almost anything rather than be compelled to read most of them. I plead guilty, however, to having written one myself, long before I dreamed of entering the more diverting sport of book hunting. The quality of some of the work done by our scholars is extremely high, almost astounding, like Dr. Hotson's bombshell, describing accurately, for the first time, the death of Kit Marlowe.[1] All the professors in the colleges and all the students in the seminars (how I hate this word!) are urging the university authorities to supply them with

[1] See 'Tracking Down a Murderer,' by J. Leslie Hotson, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June 1925.

books. And there is only one place to buy them — England. It is no wonder, therefore, that we are probably getting ourselves thoroughly disliked on the other side by carrying off, like so many lusty buccaneers, the sacred treasuries of English thought. Admiral Drake, the 'dragon' of Lope de Vega, on his West Indian voyage looted the pearls and emeralds of the New Empire, taking them back to England to show to the mighty Queen Elizabeth. Our pirates are almost as ambitious. We go after far more precious things, things that outwear time and are not dependent on taste or fashion. The demand for England's books will not lessen; it will increase with every decade. There are some English collectors, like Sir R. L. Harmsworth, who are trying gallantly to stem the tide. Others are steeling themselves to heroic efforts to check the rush, but mere man cannot conquer an economic situation of such dimensions. It will be impossible to check the welling flood unless the Government comes to the rescue.

As I have said before, the most sagacious among Englishmen do not consider the matter a very serious one. They look with equanimity upon the situation. They really admire the pluck and spirit of our collectors, for the English are sportsmen of the first order. Recently I was speaking to one of them about the Pierpont Morgan Library. He said how marvelous it was that such a great collection should be given to the public during the owner's lifetime. He knew of no gift to England of like magnitude. I reminded him of the splendid Althorp Collection of Lord Spencer, given in 1892 by Mrs. John Rylands to Manchester, which equals anything in this country. We, however, have just begun. New collectors and new libraries abound. New foundations, with large sums for the purchase of books, are springing into being. And yet some of the English (not the wisest) say that the United States is a country where the dollars count most. A libel, of course. In fact some of our amateurs are almost prodigal, nay, quixotic in their use of money. I know one who gave up a lucrative business in order to devote himself to the purchase of old books. Bravo! Would that there were more like him, not alone in this country, but in England as well.

Following the financial centre, the book mart has gradually shifted to New York. In a few years it will be impossible to purchase the finest English books in London. I have only recently sold to a well-known English collector some volumes purchased at the Britwell sale not two years ago. I can foresee the day when Englishmen, with the taste and ability to buy, will be browsing in shops in Philadelphia, in New Orleans, in Minneapolis, in San Francisco, and taking their lucky finds back with them to their old home.

THE COST OF ILLNESS

BY ANNE MILLER DOWNES

I

In discussing doctors' fees, in dealing with questions of medical and hospital service, we are treating of some of the most fundamental problems of social organization.

It is estimated by the most careful and reliable authorities that about two per cent of the population of the United States are ill all the time — ill enough to be unable to attend to their daily tasks. This means that every day there are over 2,300,000 people sick in the United States. In New York City fifteen per cent of the sick go to hospitals. In other communities this proportion is sometimes larger, sometimes smaller.

At a recent convention of the American Hospital Association the presiding officer called attention to the fact that the hospitals of North America are among the billion-dollar enterprises. Annually the hospitals of this country are spending a sum equal to about one-third of the expenditures of the United States Government. No wonder that public opinion is becoming more and more insistent in its demand for an adequate accounting of the stupendous sum expended for the care of the sick.

Every year the demand for hospital accommodations is increasing. The housing conditions in the large cities are growing worse in the sense that private homes are rapidly giving way to apartments of small rooms in multi-storied structures. The rents per family are increasing and the space is decreasing. This, coupled with the difficulty of obtaining domestic help, makes the problem of sickness at home still more perplexing.

Then comes the question of getting nurses. In spite of the high — we might better say the prohibitive — prices paid, nurses do not want to work in private homes. They are now on two shifts a day ($7 or $8 or more per shift), but they find so many opportunities in the public-health field, with regular hours of work, good pay, and a month's vacation on pay, that private-duty nursing becomes unattractive.

People realize also that surgery cannot be done satisfactorily at home, and almost two-thirds of our hospital work is surgical. Modern medicine requires so many ancillary departments, such as laboratories and X-ray equipments, that the best diagnostic and therapeutic work can be done only in hospitals. Women are using the hospitals during parturition in greater numbers every year. In some cities as many as sixty per cent of the births are in hospitals.

Some of us have forgotten that hospitals were built originally for the poor. They were charitable organizations. The poor are still there, crowding the clinics and wards; the rich have usurped the remaining space — the limited number of private and semi-private rooms; and the middle class are almost completely crowded out.

Formerly, when the hospitals were built for and used by the poor, a rich woman prepared a room or rooms in her

home for an operation or for parturition. This was done with painstaking care, according to her physician's instructions. Often walls were painted or frequently they were hung with clean white sheets. The surgeon came with assistant and nurse, expecting the entire household, including servants, to wait in attendance. When the woman of means found it more convenient to go to the hospital for childbirth, operations, or any other kind of medical care, she carried her demand for luxury with her. She must have nurses night and day; she must receive every sort of attention and consideration.

Little by little this quality and quantity of service have become standard, and the middle-class man, desirous of giving nothing but the best to his family, has aped the rich, with the result that insidiously there has come about this condition: the best medical service is available only for the very rich and the very poor. The great middle class is not rich enough to buy the best service and not poor enough to accept charity.

A professor in one of our large universities came up against the necessity of having his tonsils removed. After careful consideration and investigation of doctors' fees he went to a local man who hacked at his throat for something like forty minutes. Returning home after one night in the hospital, he was a very sick man. His dean expressed indignation that he should jeopardize his throat (the use of his voice as a lecturer being his only means of support) by allowing any but an expert to operate on it. Why did he? Because he had found that an expert who operated in four or five minutes charged $150 and his local doctor asked $25. With a salary of $4000, and a wife, two children, and an elderly relative to support, the expert's fee was not to be thought of. This year he is taking his boy to the local man to have his tonsils removed.

His wife, a cultured woman, is in need of an operation. She will not have it. She will 'get along.' She may go through life without experiencing the joy of positive health. She is giving unstintingly to the riches of the nation — a beautiful home, well-disciplined children, public service on charity boards, even service of a civic nature, but she cannot afford for herself the luxury of sanitariums, rest, or hospital service.

II

Perhaps considering authentic specific cases will give us a keener perception of the appalling changes that have taken place in the hospital world.

In 1902 a young woman was teaching in one of the best-known private schools in New York City. Her salary was $800 and that was rather good, considering the four months' vacation. She was injured in gymnasium work. A disagreeable hernia resulted. She was sent by her family physician to Dr. Robert Abbey, who promptly arranged that she should go to St. Luke's Hospital and be operated on.

In St. Luke's Hospital, in the year 1902, she occupied a private corner room with windows on two sides, paying $23 a week. She had as nearly perfect care as one could wish for. Such an idea as having a private nurse was never mentioned to her. The day nurses came in and out, attending to every duty, answering the bell when especially needed, going from room to room, from patient to patient, calling the interne if necessary.

At night a magnificent type of young Canadian woman came in like an evening benediction. The patient, being addicted to insomnia, followed the sounds of her footsteps through much of the night — up and down the halls, in and out of rooms in answer to the

buzzing of the bell calls. How many rooms, how many patients, were under her care it would be difficult now to report, but there were many, and she gave unstintingly of care and cheer to all.

The hospital bill, including the small charges for the operating room, was about $50. When it came to paying Dr. Abbey, he asked the patient's salary, her other means of income, and set the price at $25. The entire illness cost her about ten per cent of her income. She knew at that time that Dr. Abbey frequently received $5000 for performing operations, — remuneration his great skill deserved, — a sum which might have been much less than ten per cent of another's income.

Notice especially the nursing service that accompanied this operation.

On October 24, 1909, the *New York Herald* published the following table compiled by two prominent New York physicians.

Case	Laborers	Clerks	Business Men	Wealthy Patients
Abscess	$2	$3	$5	$10
Amputations (easy)	20	40	60	100
Anæsthesia	5	5	10	50
Empyema	15	25	100	200
Tracheotomy	30	50	100	500
Trepanning (simple)	25	50	200	500
Visits from 7 to 10 P.M.	3	5	10	25
Vaccination	2	2	10	25
Appendicitis	25	100	250	500 to 10,000
Maternity cases	10	25	100	500 to 10,000

In setting the charges for a major surgical operation one of the most noted surgeons in the country maintained that ten per cent of a man's income was a fair charge.

At this time a competent nurse came into the home, taking entire care of the patient, arranging with the family about her hours of rest and recreation, for $25 a week. Of course, added to this were her room and board.

An authoritative book on medical finance published in 1912 gives the following schedule of operating fees.

Appendicitis	$100
Removal of kidney	100
Tapping of abdomen or bladder	25
Operation for fistula	25
Bronchotomy, thyrotomy	25
Incision of abscess, boil, felon, carbuncle	5
Minor operation on nose, ear, or throat	10
Malignant tumor	50
Skull trepanning	100
Operation for mastoiditis	50
Amputation of hand or foot	25
Suturing wounds	5

In 1912 this was written to doctors: —

'You have invested a capital of $10,000 at the very least. Your returns from this will vary. In the large city $500 is a fair return for the first year. This should show about $800 better each year until $5000 or $6000 is reached. The number of men making more than this is not great and they are well known. If at the end of ten years your returns are $9000 you are the exceptionally successful practitioner.'

Now let us consider conditions in 1927.

Recently a physician was called in to see a young woman who was suffering from what appeared to be an acute attack of intestinal indigestion. He found her vomiting and in great pain. He examined her and feared appendicitis. He had reason to suspect it might be a ruptured appendix. He wanted another doctor called in consultation. He asked the family if there was any particular doctor they preferred. No, he should use his own judgment. He immediately telephoned for a specialist, a surgeon.

As it is customary to pay this specialist at the time of his visit, the doctor

consulted with the father, telling him the fee ranged from $25 to $100. The father produced the money. The specialist was moderate, charging $50.

After consultation it was decided that an operation was imperative. The entire family was seized with alarm — panic. Fear clutched them. They told the doctor to call up the hospital and make the necessary arrangements. When this was done, an ambulance was called. The doctor again explained that it is customary to pay this expense immediately, so the father paid $20 for the use of the ambulance.

Arriving at the hospital, the patient was taken directly to a room, while the father was asked to step to the office. It was explained to him that the rule of the hospital requires payment two weeks in advance. Sometimes payment for one week only could be accepted, but in a case of this kind payment for two weeks was the rule. (A man has to experience this in order to appreciate the sickening sensations.)

There ensued a frantic, hurried family consultation. A private room would be cheap at $10 a day. They considered the ward. No, they could not see her put there. She must have a private room if only for a few days. Perhaps later, when she was recovering, the change to the ward could be made. The hospital explained that the money would be refunded if they wanted to make the change later.

The father paid $140 for the room. The frightened family explained their straitened circumstances. They said they must do everything as economically as possible. Everyone understood, of course, but there is no getting away from rules.

The use of the operating room, setting up, and supplies would be $35. They engaged the hospital anæsthetist at $25, for a special anæsthetist would have cost $100.

The case proved to be a ruptured appendix — a difficult operation. The hours of suspense were somehow lived through. By this time, in their fear and anguish, the members of that family would have sold their souls to save the girl's life. They would have shouldered any debt.

Now they were to understand about the nurses. They were obliged to have two nurses: $18 for every twenty-four hours of nursing for two weeks at least — $252. (Those competent young women of the past are merely a tender memory, inhabiting the land of 'long ago' with Florence Nightingale.)

They had two nurses for the first two weeks and after that one nurse for four weeks more because it was a pus case which kept the girl six weeks in the hospital.

The drainings, dressings, and changes cost $12.

When the bill was paid there was the usual item, 'Laboratory fees.' This means simple things like urine examination, blood count. It seemed an outrage to charge $10 for this, but they were told it was the usual hospital price.

So far the total is $1076.

This was without the surgeon's fees or the medical fees both before and after the operation. The surgeon stated that his fee was $1000, but after a humiliating scene and a complete public exhibition of the barrenness of the family's resources he cut it to $500 and allowed them to pay it in installments over a period of time. Heartsick and burdened with debt the girl began her convalescence.

III

Someone has said the sick poor are doubly unfortunate: they are sick and poor. But the sick middle class are likewise unfortunate; they are sick and they will be poor when the bills are paid.

Right here there could be inserted

half a dozen stories told by reputable doctors illustrating the diabolical cleverness with which impostors have cheated surgeons, posing as poor when they could well afford to pay. I know of a throat specialist who operated on a poorly dressed woman who whimpered and groaned about her poverty until the surgeon did not have the heart to charge her even costs. A year later he discovered through another patient that the woman owned an apartment house, was wealthy, and boasted of her cleverness. He sued her and the court allowed him an amazing sum, which in this case was his right.

There is the impostor. There is also the doctor whose hardness and mercenary impulses lead him to extract the pound of flesh and bleed his patients of their bank notes if not of their blood. With these we are not here concerned.

Neither are we concerned with the man who will not pay his bills. As a matter of fact he is well and harshly taken care of at the present day. A surgeon with a large practice stated recently that she sends out her bills every six months — in some cases once a year — and within a month after the bills are mailed ninety per cent of the money is in.

The great majority of men are honest and wish to deal justly. The big business and the small business of the nation are based on credit. Ask the credit manager of some million-dollar concern what he thinks of the general honesty of mankind. You may be surprised to find that he who is giving large and small amounts of credit every day has a much higher opinion of the fundamental honesty of people than has the small man in the street.

The ethics of the public in regard to paying for medical care are generally sound and the ethics of the medical profession are generally sound. Doctors are generally competent in their respective fields; they dislike to divide a fee for medical advice or to suggest treatment unless the patient is fully informed as to the terms of the transaction. They are mostly decent, competent men and women, but it is a fact that the time has come when the likewise decent, competent man, woman, or child of the middle class cannot afford to avail himself of their skill.

Some who have studied the problem believe it can be solved through social insurance. For the laboring class this may be true.

It is a very interesting fact of American social history that from both the point of actual achievements and that of intelligent consideration much more has been accomplished in the way of pensions for old age and superannuation than in the way of sickness insurance.

It is difficult to refrain right here from discussing this question of social insurance against sickness. It is profitable to study what is being done by the sickness societies throughout Germany and Denmark. In no other country has the experiment been tried so thoroughly as in Germany, where there has been insurance against sickness since 1884. Denmark has had it since 1893. In both countries sufficient time has elapsed for definite results to crystallize. It is interesting to note that in Germany the insurance is compulsory, while in Denmark it is voluntary. In both countries the greatest blessings resulting are the systematic measures adopted for educating the insured public in matters of health and medical treatment. In Germany, should an insured person become incapacitated, the usual pension may for a time be refused if he has without justification declined to submit to examination and medical treatment. Think what this means in inculcating the idea of positive health in a nation!

Most of us middle-class people have

the idea of positive health thoroughly inculcated in us without the means of availing ourselves of medical care when we know the need of it.

The next ten years will doubtless see forward strides taken in the direction of both educational and remedial work for the laboring classes, but the great middle class may be still uncared for. This is not because of indifference. It is not apathy or ignorance that is causing the problem to continue undiscussed and unsolved.

Perhaps it is partly the peculiar personal quality inherent in illness. A man has a child ill with mastoiditis, a mother ill with pneumonia. Both illnesses are necessarily taken care of in the hospital, where the expense leaves him burdened with debt. He thinks of this as a misfortune peculiar to himself — forgetting that his neighbor in the next block, his neighbors all through the city and country, are undergoing the same worry and impoverishment. When he thinks of his every ill in terms of community illness, community problems, he will rouse himself to band together with his neighbors and do something about it.

The latest available statistics of the National Bureau of Economic Research show that 96.8 of the population of New York State have incomes of less than $5000 a year. These figures become significant and thought-provoking when studied in connection with the cost of illness to-day.

It is gratifying to see that the recognition of the appalling conditions that prevail, both as to doctors' fees and as to hospital expenses, is coming from the medical world. Some of its finest minds are alive to the seriousness of the situation. Some doctors suggest a modern and much improved method of applying the old Chinese idea of paying the doctor to keep us well and stopping payment when we are ill. The solution will come with free public expression of opinion and a frank disclosure of the tragedy that illness is at present to the man of moderate means.

Looking toward this end, a group of women doctors in New York City are planning to build in the near future a hospital so equipped and managed, organized and endowed, that patients will be charged in accordance with their incomes. One hundred and fifty beds — out of two hundred — are to be set aside for the use of people of moderate means; and the income of a special endowment will be used to reimburse the hospital for the loss sustained for caring for such patients at a price based on the individual's income. A price charged to cover all extras will include the use of operating and delivery rooms, anæsthesia, laboratory examinations, special drugs and special dressings. There will be fixed fees for the services of physicians and surgeons attending patients receiving the benefit of the endowment.

Not long ago a man who is an authority on civic health conditions and hospitals expressed himself as believing that the time must soon come when society in general must shoulder the burden of caring adequately for its sick. Hospitals must be maintained, medical and surgical care furnished, according to the man's income.

The endowment of education has long been considered essential. For instance, we know that no Yale student pays the full cost of his tuition. Boys and girls go to college and never for one instant feel they are objects of charity. And they are not. Their added education enables them to give back to their communities a hundredfold more than has been expended on them.

Is not this even more true of health? Is not the health that makes men and women efficient, happy, active, independent, one of the choicest assets of the nation?

THE TOMB

BY A. CECIL EDWARDS

I

FROM his seat on a mattress covered in red plush, which lay in the centre of a huge carpet of arresting pattern, a bearded old gentleman, whose goodly proportions were at the same time indicated and concealed by a brown mantle of ample yardage, remarked benignly: —

'On the subject of his prolonged journeys the Honorable Engineer has condescended to relate experiences at the same time curious and picturesque; wherein, doubtless, there may lurk, somewhere, a clove of truth.'

The slim, olive-tinted young man in the black tunic and pill-box hat, who stood respectfully before that pyramid of flesh, broadcloth, and upholstery, answered with some warmth: —

'That which your servant has described, his eye has seen. The avenue is a hundred paces wide; also it runs in a straight line through the city for six farsakhs —'

'Who shall deny the traveler his tale?' mused the stout old gentleman, who was called Preserver-of-the-Kingdom.

'To deny a tale to a traveler,' said the Engineer, 'would be unworthy of the magnanimous and discerning Presence. Nevertheless, your servant has refrained in this instance, not without difficulty, from garnishing the skirts of truth with the embroidery of fancy. As I have explained, the people of the city which has been described number as many as all the inhabitants of Azerbaijan, Khorasan, Fars, and Kerman together —'

'Peace!' said the stout old gentleman. 'A city to hold so many people should be twenty farsakhs long, not six.'

'Not so,' answered the young man, 'if the houses in it are six times the height of the minarets of the Mosque of Friday.'

He who was called Preserver-of-the-Kingdom made no reply. He let his eyelids fall and allowed his ponderous head to sink on an ample bosom. After an adequate pause his eyes reopened and he inquired with suspicion: —

'This avenue, which you say is six farsakhs long, and runs through a city whose houses are six times as high as the minarets of the Mosque of Friday —'

'As I petitioned,' said the young man.

'Who built it?'

The Engineer, disdaining an admission of ignorance, took advantage of an opportunity for loosening the bridle of his fancy.

'The avenue was built by the wisest governor the city ever had. When it was finished, the gratitude of the people was such that they named it after him, so that his renown might endure forever.'

The stout old gentleman again bent his head and pondered. At last he was heard to murmur: —

'The Avenue of the Preserver-of-the-

Kingdom'; and again: 'The Avenue of the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom.' Then he said cautiously: 'Should it become apparent that the people of this city also desired such an avenue, could the undertaking be accomplished?'

'Most assuredly!' cried the Engineer with enthusiasm. 'Why, just before they sent me here to dwell in the shadow of the Illustrious Presence, I had completed such a road outside Tehran. It runs from the Gate of Shimran to the Hill of the Hare —'

'What would be required,' interrupted the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom, 'for such an undertaking?'

'First,' answered the Engineer, 'a plan of the town must be carefully prepared —'

'It is unnecessary,' interrupted the stout gentleman. 'Everything is plain. The avenue will begin at the Gate of the Lion, which is at the lower end of the town, and will proceed in a straight line, without deviating a hand's breadth to the right or left, until it reaches the Gate of Sheikh Mahmoud at the upper end. What next?'

'Then,' said the young man, 'an order must be written bearing the seal of the Illustrious Presence, which will enable your servant to remove certain houses which might be found unfortunately to lie in the line of the proposed road —'

'Such an order is wholly unnecessary,' interrupted the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom. 'The houses may be removed. Proceed.'

'Then,' continued the Engineer, 'to the owners of the removed houses it is customary to give a promise of ultimate compensation.'

'Compensation!' cried the stout gentleman indignantly. 'When I am about to present them with a noble avenue, planted on both sides with trees!'

'Your servant spoke only of a promise,' said the young man airily. 'The matter of fulfillment was not touched upon. To those who have eaten the bitter herbs of despair at seeing their houses demolished before their eyes such a promise would come as a spiced sweetmeat of hope.'

'Or as the sight of a lake of reeds and floating islands to the ignorant and distracted traveler in the desert,' murmured the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom. 'Setting aside the matter of compensation,' he added cautiously, 'there might be, perhaps, other expenses.'

'Difficulties of this nature would be easily resolved by the sagacious mind of the Illustrious Presence,' said the Engineer. 'If, for instance, an insignificant tax of one kran were charged upon every ass, mule, horse, and camel which enters the town, ample funds would be provided for meeting any unavoidable expense.'

'Certainly, on the score of the heavy cost of construction and ultimate compensation, a sum might be conveniently collected in the manner described,' said the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom thoughtfully.

'Most assuredly,' said the young man. 'And further, this tax, once imposed, might be usefully retained for the upkeep of the road — or for general purposes. And as for workmen, the town prison is doubtless full of thieves, murderers, and other lost persons, who in their red and yellow costumes, with chains round their ankles, attached to heavy iron balls, would provide a sufficiency of picturesque if reluctant labor.'

'True, true,' murmured the stout gentleman.

He closed his eyes again, allowing his head to sink once more on his bosom. After an appropriate pause he reopened them and said: —

'The suggestions of the Honorable Engineer have been weighed and are found acceptable. When could the

work be commenced and when would the avenue be ready for the ceremony of opening and naming?'

'Why,' said the young man, 'there is no day like the first day of the new year for festivities of this nature. If your servant undertakes to have everything ready by then, which is to say in nine months' time —'

'It is accepted,' said the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom.

II

He who by all Saidabad is known as Chief-of-the-Masons, and by the purveyors of lime, bricks, poplar poles, and white plaster as The-Most-Famous-Architect, surveyed gloomily a scroll which the young Engineer had unrolled before him on the table.

'It is but a rough, imperfect plan of the town,' said the Engineer. 'You will say, "It should have been drawn on a larger paper and every street, alley, mosque, caravanserai, and house should appear." True, O Chief-of-the-Masons, but what could I do? In the opinion of the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom such details are a headache and a complication. However, thanks be to God, I was able with my instrument to obtain a sight of the Gate of Sheikh Mahmoud from the roof of the Gate of the Lion. So we have our direction. We shall begin from the Gate of the Lion and work upward, slowly, in a straight line, toward the Gate of Sheikh Mahmoud.'

The Chief-of-the-Masons made no remark.

'Arrangements have been made,' continued the Engineer, 'with the Chief-of-Police regarding the prisoners. Clad in their picturesque garments of red and yellow, they will work from sunrise to sunset, under a not too exacting guard. It is true that most of them are sick and all of them are hungry, and the chains round their ankles will not increase the alacrity of their movements. Still, the surprising number of them may compensate for their want of zeal.'

The Chief-of-the-Masons maintained a gloomy silence. The Engineer, bending over his plan, continued with enthusiasm: —

'The new road, as you perceive, will follow for some distance the Street of the Daughters. Then it will cross the Meidan and enter the bazaar, which we should reach in a month's time. There our headaches will begin. For the merchants, shopkeepers, and money lenders will refuse to be entertained by the new and startling experience of seeing their premises demolished before their eyes. Beyond the bazaar is the quarter of the Plane Tree —'

'Doubtless everything that has been conceived by the Honorable Engineer may be accomplished,' interrupted solemnly the Chief-of-the-Masons. 'With the help of God, everything may be accomplished. Nevertheless —'

'Nevertheless?' said the Engineer.

'*The Honorable Engineer has forgotten the Tomb*,' said the Chief-of-the-Masons.

'The Tomb?' questioned the Engineer.

'The Honorable Engineer is a stranger in this city,' answered the Chief-of-the-Masons. 'Otherwise the Tomb of the Blessed Guide, Sheikh Mahmoud (May God purify his clay!), would not be unknown to him. It lies by the Gate of Sheikh Mahmoud, directly across the line of the road which the Honorable Engineer proposes to build. Who knows?' continued with bitterness the Chief-of-the-Masons. 'Perhaps God placed it there so that these detestable Feranghi innovations might be brought to nought! For, whatever else you may demolish and cast away, be assured of this: the bones of His Holy One shall never be moved; neither shall the Tomb

of His Saint be defiled by those who have eaten the bread of unbelievers!'

III

When, with the aid of a variety of fragrant sauces, the virginal hillock of boiled rice had been ravished and consumed; when a sufficient number of gobbets of grilled mutton, concealed between slabs of smoking bread, had disappeared; when the cool, capacious bowl of sour milk and water had been drained with the aid of half a dozen boat-shaped wooden ladles; when a score of dripping segments of crimson watermelon had vanished, one by one — the Engineer from Tehran invited his guests to precede him into the inner chamber. There each took up a kneeling attitude upon the carpet and by refined and well-mannered noises of a belching nature sought to express his satisfaction at the hospitality vouchsafed.

Then Agha Seyyid Fazyl (called also Eye-of-Wisdom), the most distinguished among the assembled guests, made a sign to his serving man, who was waiting by the door; and soon, from the anteroom, his favorite water pipe was produced. For a person of his consequence would hardly venture forth to after-sunset dinner during the Blessed Month unaccompanied by his favorite water pipe. It had come, packed in a leather pocket which hung securely from the saddle of his Chief-of-Servants.

By this time the minds of the assembled company were so filled with the consciousness of peace and well-being as to cause a lull in the conversation. Whereupon the Engineer from Tehran, sensing that his principal guest, in the magnificent black turban, was pleasantly disposed toward him and to the world at large, ventured to remark: —

'The meagre hospitality of your servant is unworthy of this honor. Nevertheless, the humblest morsel may become acceptable, if it be offered in the name of God.'

'To us unknown provincials,' replied affably the Eye-of-Wisdom, 'how rarely is an opportunity accorded of edifying conversation with famous and instructed persons from the capital! Above all with those who, like the Honorable Engineer, have perfected their studies in the unrivaled universities of Feranghistan.'

'In alluding to himself as an unknown provincial,' replied the Engineer, 'the Eye-of-Wisdom is vainly attempting to drown the blare of the Trumpet of Fame with the refined music of the thin *Tar* of Modesty. His reputation, which he esteems to be merely local, extends in reality far beyond the confines of this province. Thus he may be surprised to learn that the fame of the school of Dream Interpretation which he has founded among the learned doctors of the Mosque of Friday has long since reached the ears of instructed persons in the capital.'

'I am indeed surprised and confused,' answered the Eye-of-Wisdom with becoming humility, 'that the learned doctors of the capital should have deigned to take note of our inadequate inquiries into the domain of Dream Interpretation.'

'It is as I have petitioned,' replied the Engineer. 'Before starting on my journey to your agreeable city, I decided to consult a learned mollah, one Sheikh Rahim of Shah Abdul Azim, about a dream which had caused me some uneasiness. For it concerned a personage of Saidabad and I feared that it might be intended as a warning to me to desist from this journey. Happily the learned Sheikh was able to allay my fears; he recommended me to proceed in peace and doubted not that

my arrival would be fortunate. "You will find," he added, "in the city of Saidabad whither you are journeying, a learned doctor of the Mosque of Friday, who is called the Eye-of-Wisdom and who has made an illuminating study of the art of Dream Interpretation. Should you require further advice on this matter, consult him with confidence, for his knowledge of the mystic science surpasses ours as the peak of Demavend outtops the hills of the Shimran."'

To the smile of humility of the Eye-of-Wisdom was added a deprecating gesture which denoted an unwilling acknowledgment that the remark of the Engineer contained a measure of perspicacity and truth.

'This dream,' inquired the Eye-of-Wisdom with professional interest, 'which you say concerns a personage of Saidabad, has not by chance been repeated since your arrival in our midst?'

'Alas!' said the Engineer distressfully. 'Not once, but several times. But why should I trouble this distinguished company on such an occasion with a recital of my secret distresses? Yet perhaps the problem is of interest to the Eye-of-Wisdom and to the other learned doctors, who are all Lamps of Enlightenment.'

'All of us who are at this moment enjoying the gracious hospitality of the Honorable Engineer,' replied the Eye-of-Wisdom, 'are priests and doctors of the Mosque of Friday. And all have been associated in those humble inquiries to which allusion has been made. It seems that the Honorable Engineer has an unusual experience to relate. Let him relate it openly, as a patient to his physicians. It may be that the inadequate researches of this company may bring to light a satisfactory interpretation of this dream, which is the cause of such distress to his habitually calm and undistracted mind.'

The Engineer paused a moment to collect his thoughts, while the assembled guests rearranged their mantles and prepared to listen.

'My friends,' he began, 'one night, as I lay asleep in my house in Tehran, I had a dream in which a saintly personage, who declared that he was a native of this city, appeared before me and complained bitterly of his estate. When I awoke, I was much concerned and puzzled, for at that time your delectable city was wholly unknown to me. Judge of my astonishment, however, when, on the very next day, I was informed by the Minister of the Public Works Department that I was to proceed without delay to Saidabad. I was so concerned at this strange coincidence that, before starting on my journey, I determined, as I have said, to consult one Sheikh Rahim, a learned doctor, who, when he heard my story, reassured me, saying that the dream was not unfavorable and that I should not hesitate to set out on my journey.

'But, on the very night of my arrival in this city, no sooner had sleep taken possession of my faculties than the personage again appeared before me. He was of saintly aspect; his beard was of a silvery whiteness; he wore the turban of one who has performed the sacred pilgrimage; and in his hand he held a copy of the Word. "Welcome to Saidabad," said he, "O Ibrahim, my deliverer." "O Blessed One," I replied, prostrating myself before the Saint, "tell your unworthy slave what dangers or discomforts threaten you, and by the justice of God I will deliver you from them all."

'Thereupon the Saint lifted me by the hand and said: "Listen, O Ibrahim! I whom thou seest am Sheikh Mahmoud, whom men call Saint, Guide, and Holy One. For five generations I have lain in a small chapel, over against the city gate which is named after me. But no rest have I found there: day after

day, from the first streak of dawn until far into the night, the noises of the passers-by, the cries of street vendors, and the wrangling of barterers distract me; I hear the booming and jangling of bells, the braying of mules and asses, the grunting of camels, the cries of the muleteers and camel drivers; at night I hear the howl of the jackal and the laugh of the hyena without the city wall. As the generations pass, the noises multiply. O Ibrahim, I desire to lie in a place of quietude. Seek out for me, O my son, a secluded corner in this the city of my birth, where I may rest in peace and hear only the call to prayer and the voices of the faithful." With that he disappeared, and I woke, aghast at the reality of the vision.

'My friends,' continued the Engineer, 'this is not all. Since I arrived in this auspicious city, three times has the holy Sheikh Mahmoud appeared to me. Three times, repeating each time his piteous appeal. I have spent my days wandering about the city, seeking for a peaceful and secluded spot, where the Blessed Saint might rest. Until yesterday, I despaired of finding it. Then, happening at the hour of the third prayer to enter the courtyard of the Mosque of Friday, I was attracted by a pathway which led under an arch adorned with a sacred inscription in tiles of black and yellow. Beneath the arch was a small door. It led into a delightful courtyard surrounded by a high wall. In the centre of the courtyard was a brimming tank, and on either side of the tank a row of dark cypresses; these were so elegantly placed that the slender beauty of each one was reflected separately in the still water.'

'The prince of blessed memory who, many generations ago, built the Mosque of Friday,' said the Eye-of-Wisdom, 'intended to erect a tomb in this courtyard for himself and his favorite wife. But, having departed on a pilgrimage to Kerbela, he died there and was buried near the sacred shrine. And the woman married another. So that the courtyard has remained unoccupied ever since.'

'Perhaps,' said the Engineer thoughtfully, 'this spot has been preserved and set aside to harbor at last the sacred dust of the Blessed Saint and Guide, Sheikh Mahmoud.'

'That may be,' answered the Eye-of-Wisdom cautiously, 'if, as I anticipate, our interpretation of the singular dreams of the Honorable Engineer confirms his supposition of their meaning.'

'May I without offending suggest,' said the Engineer, 'that, if the bones of Sheikh Mahmoud are removed to this place, honor beyond computation will be added to the Mosque of Friday? And you, my friends,' he continued with enthusiasm, 'who are priests and doctors of the Mosque, will become known throughout this province — nay, throughout all Iran — as Guardians of the Blessed Tomb! Under your fostering care it will become a shrine and a place of pilgrimage for thousands! Who can compute the total of the votive offerings which will flow into the treasury of the Mosque of Friday — for the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor?'

'There is no doubt,' replied the Eye-of-Wisdom, with more affability, 'that the removal of the bones of the Blessed Guide from their present lamentable situation to the holy precincts of the Mosque would add a certain lustre to an already famous foundation. And it is reasonable to suppose that the Tomb, under our care, would acquire renown as a place of pilgrimage. Again, it may be conceded that the more apprehensive or more fortunate pilgrims would open for us the hand of generosity — to the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor. All these things may be conceded; but the difficulty of persuading

the people of Saidabad to consent to the removal of the bones of the justly revered Hajji Sheikh Mahmoud remains to be resolved.'

'That difficulty,' answered the Engineer, 'has by no means been lost sight of. If, for instance, it should become known that the Blessed Guide has appeared in a dream on several occasions to a person of note in the city and complained of his distressful state, begging to be removed to the courtyard adjoining the Mosque; and if,' added affably the Engineer, 'the Blessed Guide should by good fortune appear to one or two of the assembled company, and this also should become known, is there any doubt that in a few days he will appear to a hundred persons more? And then surely the good people of Saidabad would not permit their justly revered Saint to endure his vexations a day longer!'

'The Honorable Engineer has spoken with singular discernment,' answered the Eye-of-Wisdom. 'The Saint might well appear to one or two of the assembled company; whereupon the circumstance will certainly be made known. And then doubtless everything will take place as the Honorable Engineer has suggested.'

'May it be added,' said the Engineer, 'that His Illustrious Presence, the Preserver-of-the-Kingdom, is desirous, with us, that the distresses of the Saint be terminated at an early date? He has desired me to make, on his behalf, a small contribution to the treasury of the Mosque — for the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor. He also desires it to be known that a new and elegant shrine with a dome of blue tile work will be erected in the courtyard at his charges, beyond, and in alignment with, the tank of water; so that the reverent pilgrims, entering the courtyard beneath the arch, will see, beyond the brimming tank, between a double row of slender cypresses, a turquoise dome under which will rest forever the Blessed Saint and Guide, Sheikh Mahmoud, whose clay is purified and who will there find peace.'

The Eye-of-Wisdom nodded sagely in acquiescence, and observed after an adequate pause: —

'The Chief-of-the-Masons informed us that the Honorable Engineer had proposed to build an avenue through the town; he added, moreover, that the project had been abandoned because of an unforeseen obstacle. Now, however —'

'Now,' interrupted with extreme affability the Engineer, 'since, with the assistance of the discerning Eye-of-Wisdom, the obstacle is to be happily removed, the project will be carried out. On the first of the new year the avenue will be opened. Then the good people of Saidabad will forget the annoyances to which they have been subjected, in the joy of moving easily and freely through their city. Doubtless,' continued the Engineer thoughtfully, 'in the scheme of things there is a place for the Saint as well as for the Engineer. Yet, more and more, in this old country, they will meet and perhaps interfere —'

'Whereupon,' interrupted with a smile of tolerance and understanding the Eye-of-Wisdom, 'the Engineer, whose skill and address as a remover of unforeseen obstacles are unsurpassed, will devise for the bewildered Saint a way of dignified withdrawal.'

WORDS

BY LAURENCE BINYON

I

I HAVE heard voices under the early stars
Where, among hills, the cold roads glimmer white, —
Voices of shadows passing, each to the other,
Clear in the airy quiet
Call their familiar greeting and good-night.

Were they not come as guests to a remembered room,
Those words, surrounded by the befriending silence?
But words, ah, words — who can tell what they are made of,
Or how inscrutably shaped to color and bloom?
Sharp odors they breathe, and bitter and sweet and strong,
Born from exultation, endurance, and desire;
Flying from mind to mind, to bud a thought again,
Spring, and in endless birth their wizard power prolong.

II

There was a voice on a sun-shafted stair
That sang; I heard it singing:
The very trees seemed listening to their roots
Out in the sunshine, and like drops in light
The words rained on the grasses greenly springing.

Ah, lovely living words, what have we done to you?
Each infant thought a soul exulting to be born
Into a body, a breath breathed from the lips, a word
Dancing, tingling, pulsing, a body fresh as dew!
Once in the bonds of use manacled and confined
How have we made you labor, beauty and strength sapped,
Dulled with our dullness, starved to the apathy of a slave,
Outcast in streets, abandoned foundlings of the mind!

III

But once, in stillness of night's stillest hour,
Words from the page I read
Rose like a spirit to embrace my spirit.
Their radiant secret shook me: earth was new;
And I throbbed, like one wakened from the dead.

O swift words, words like flames, proud as a victor's eye,
Words armed and terrible, storming the heart, sending
Waves of love, and fear, and accusation over
Peoples, — kindling, changing! Alas, but can you die, —
Hardened to wither round the thought wherein you grew?
Become as the blind, leading with slow shuffle the blind,
Heavy like senseless stones the savage kneels before?
O shamed, O victim words, what have we done to you?

THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

I

ALTHOUGH the sun had long sunk behind the trees, and the last of the afterglow had faded from the sky, we sat on in the garden. The air was warm and motionless; the day's heat had, as it were, dissolved in a faint low mist which now lay along the far rim of the lawn like a gauze, blurring without hiding the forms of the shrubs massed there and the trees beyond. Overhead the heaven, starless as yet, held an opaque and wondrous blue. It too seemed veiled, so still was the air. The birds which at sunset had sung vociferously had fallen silent. Except for a gurgle from the stream, invisible beyond the bushes, and the faint whirr of gnats and midges, there was no sound. Trails of smoke from cigars and cigarettes hung in faint purple curls, and gradually dissolved.

We sat on. No one said anything. We were rather drowsy and pleasantly tired. Our gregarious impulses were fatigued, for we had that afternoon endured collectively one of the incidental penalties of summer visits in the country: we had been convoyed en masse to the village fête — the usual bazaar with the usual side shows, the usual heat, noise, ennui. Now the dim languor of the summer night was breeding an appropriate melancholy.

The dreamy silence was broken,

characteristically, by our hostess. Her social sense was keen; solitude in any form had become unnatural to her and irksome. She was a handsome woman, whose age it would have been impossible to guess. The answer anyhow would have been irrelevant, for she had all the attraction of youthfulness of complexion and hair, plus the subtleties of a practised charm. She was charming; she was also rich, both in her own right and as a result of the effective exertions of her husband; intelligent, too, without any hint of that irony that frightens men when they suspect brains in a woman. Having married off her children, she was also free, with that superior freedom that comes to one who can look back on duty done. That she was generally believed to have been the 'inspiration' of a distinguished diplomat added a touch of special quality.

'Do you know,' she said, 'I went into that frowsty little tent where the fortune teller was and had my hand read. I never had it read before — I don't know why.' She had extended a pink palm and was now intently scrutinizing it in the dim light. 'Funny that there should be any meaning in these silly little lines. If there is —'

She paused. After a moment a man took her up. Somebody, obviously, had to do that. Norton, the novelist, — a baddish novelist, but successful and a notably good-looking man, — performed the duty.

'Did she tell you anything interesting?'

Lisa sighed and then, in the semi-darkness, smiled. We could feel if not see her smile as she answered, 'Oh, yes. She said there was a great happiness coming for me.'

'They always say that,' grunted another voice, that of an elderly lawyer.

'Well, why not?' asked Norton, sharply. 'You believed her, did n't you?'

'Why not?' she repeated. 'It's about time. I've never been really happy — not happy as I could be happy.'

Involuntarily our eyes turned in the direction of her husband. Ever since the coffee had been taken away, a longish time ago now, he had to all appearance been asleep. Certainly he gave no sign now of hearing a declaration that ought to have been wounding to his self-esteem. His large inert form did not quiver; there was no automatic reaction visible there. She might have been looking at him or she might not as she went on in a quicker, sharper tone: 'I don't see why I should not be happy.'

To take this up in quite the right way was not easy. Even Norton seemed to hesitate. There was a moment's silence. Then, on a rather squeaky note, there piped up the young man, just down from Cambridge, in whom our hostess apparently 'saw' something, though so far it had not been revealed to us.

'I wonder,' he muttered, 'whether anyone is really happy.'

Plainly he had not said the right thing.

'Jim is happy enough,' said Jim's wife tartly, glancing at the recumbent figure in the deck chair. He was not snoring, though her tone suggested that he was. 'He always has gone to sleep after dinner if he's at home.'

'That's an asset, certainly,' murmured Norton. 'I begin to see additional reasons for envying Jim.'

'But on a night like this!' A girl's voice now, ecstatic, passionate. 'How can he?'

'Ah, but he's wise; for nights like this' — the undergraduate took her up with the weary cynicism natural to

his years — 'are very disturbing. — Don't you feel that, Jenny?'

Jenny was not the passionate girl. 'I was puzzling over the color of that mist,' she said dreamily. 'It's not green, nor gray, nor quite purple, though it is almost purple at the edges. . . . I don't know. I wish one could paint in the dark.'

He was not satisfied with this.

'Does n't it all make you long to be happy?' he reiterated.

'Happy?' She looked up, as though surprised by his word. 'But I am happy. Oh, yes, I am. As a rule. Without thinking about it. More often than not. And especially when I see something I think I can paint.'

He shrugged his shoulders and turned away from her to the eager girl on his other side.

'You know what I mean, don't you?'

'Oh, yes.' She was all there, at once. 'Of course I do — only too well. It pulls at you — wakes all sorts of things in you. I don't know what they are. They make me happy and miserable at the same time.'

'*Weltschmerz*,' Norton elucidated. 'Yes, one feels it on a night like this. Nostalgia. The great artists give one that feeling always.'

She nodded. But Lisa was not to be put off with their vaguenesses.

'Oh, no!' she cried, candidly. 'It's my own happiness I want. The world is all right; it's I who seem to be somehow left out. That fortune teller, and now this night — it's all making me feel a kind of outsider. And I want to be inside; I belong inside. One has a right to that.'

The lawyer grunted. 'It's the common lot, you know. We either take the wrong ticket or get out at the wrong station and can't get back. The one we've missed looks nicer, but is it? Are any of us as unhappy as we'd like to make out? I doubt it.'

'But happiness,' cried the eager young woman, 'is surely something more than just not being unhappy. That would n't satisfy me. I want something positive — that's what the night seems to know and to promise. That's what your palmist meant, is n't it?'

She rose to her feet, stretched her arms out, and with a quick glance in the direction of the young man from Cambridge walked across the lawn toward the bushes and the sunken fence between them and the trees. In another instant he had risen too and followed her. Together they disappeared.

'Young woman of action, that,' said the lawyer. 'She's going to make a bid for it.'

Jenny, a moment later, rose too. She moved toward the house, evidently intent on painting.

'Silly young ass,' the elder man went on as she vanished.

'How do you mean?' asked Norton.

'What? And you a novelist? Did n't you see how he lost interest in her as soon as she said she was happy? As if that were not the one quality worth having in a wife! I've never married because I've never found a woman who would admit to it — to being happy, I mean. It may have been honesty on their part, but that did n't help me.'

'But surely,' said Norton after a moment, 'she ought not to be happy before He comes.'

'Is she likely to be so after, if she is n't? Rapture for five minutes, and then a life of boring recrimination — that's what those two are heading for.' He glanced down the garden.

'Oh, not nowadays,' Norton corrected him. 'There are no life sentences now. — Come and have a stroll?' He had turned to our hostess.

She rose, slowly, and they too wandered off together.

II

For a moment or two silence resumed its sway. Then, with surprising feeling and precision, the lawyer began to whistle the love motif from *Tristan*. He whistled beautifully, and the notes floated out and seemed to hang suspended in the warm stillness of the night air.

'Cunning old devil, Wagner,' he muttered, more to himself, I thought, than to me. 'He gets it all right. But they're all in it.'

'Even nature is n't innocent, you must admit. On such a night one can't help having — funny feelings.'

'No,' he agreed. 'No. You're right there. Even I, hardened old sinner as I am, feel to-night as though I had a claim to — something or other. Dashed if I know what, though.'

'What is odd,' I went on, 'is that one does n't — at least I don't — get them in the morning or in the afternoon or, often, when the moon is shining, in spite of all that poets have said about the moon. She, I suppose, has her own affairs. You don't get them in the tropics, do you?' He had spent some years in India.

'Oh, no, far too hot. The sun, when it is a sun, gives you the headache rather than the heartache.' He paused; then, turning on me, asked suddenly, 'Don't you feel that you have a right to happiness? The others all seem sure of that and Jim here has temporarily achieved it, I presume. I thought,' he went on, as I hesitated, 'that women all felt that it was waiting round the corner for them, in some shape or other, generally masculine. I read a book the other day, called *The Right to Be Happy*. It seemed quite an old friend. I seem to remember a whole flock of such books when I was young, all written by women, like this one — and that was what it all seemed to come to. Not, of course, that we are any more sensible. Some woman has got to give it to most of us. Funny how altruistic we all are, even in our egotism! Our hostess has hitched her wagon on to Norton, and he, perhaps, — though I'm more doubtful, — has the same notion about her. They've heard the "lonely blackbird fluting to his mate" as he does on the last page of a novel. That's what it comes to.

> 'Oh, let the solid ground
> Not fail beneath my feet
> Before my life has found
> What some have found so sweet!

'There it is, in a nutshell. No one you know has found it — but "some" have, and so I have a right to it. Lord, what nonsense it all is. And yet you, though you sit there so mouselike, probably believe in your heart that you have a right to it, too. Don't say you don't, for it will upset all my theories; or, what is perhaps worse, prove that, appearances notwithstanding, you, like me, are middle-aged — have passed the grand climacteric, the only one that signifies.'

'You don't believe in it, then — the "right to be happy"?' I prevaricated. Unusual as he seemed, it was unlikely that he carried peculiarity to the point of preferring to listen.

'Me? Oh, Lord, no — never did. I was brought up under a sterner dispensation than this. I was born in Scotland and bred on old Thomas Carlyle. All that the "right to be happy" ever did for anyone was to make him miserable. As if the thing were n't hard enough without that! Take life as it is — not as you expect it is going to be, but as it is, for others as well as for you — and then, when you are trying to stand up to it, let this dazzle cross your eyes — this infernal notion that you ought to be happy, that you are hardly used if you are not — and you are lost.

If we'd been trying to invent a dodge for making bad worse, this would have been it — this fantastic idea that we are born for happiness and, somehow or other, are being done out of our birthright. But you have not answered my question.'

'I don't think I was born for happiness, if that's your question. I'm not good-tempered enough at breakfast. But there are people, not me, who seem to me to have a sort of right to it. Beautiful people, for example.'

'I wonder why? They have got so much — why should they have more?'

'To him that hath,' I murmured. 'And children: you can't look at children without feeling that they have a right to it.'

'Were you happy as a child?'

I nodded.

'You were unusually lucky, then. You were n't happy as a girl, were you?'

I shook my head.

'No!' he cried triumphantly. 'And why not? Because you wanted to be — perhaps felt you had a right to be. It's amazing how few people remember their youth. They prate away about youth being a time of happiness, in complete apparent oblivion of their own youth. They are surprised that the young people of to-day do not seem happy — as though they ever did. When one's young, this fool notion that one has a right to be happy obsesses one, and the result of that is always the same. The only thing that makes me more angry is the modern "duty to be happy,"—all this mumbo jumbo of higher thought and spiritual exercises and "helpful" attitudes, — because it's all a sham. O Pragmatism, what sins are committed in thy name! But you look skeptical.'

I hastened to explain that I had no doubts as to the devastating boredom spread in widening circles by those who semiofficially professed happiness. 'I am only rather afraid,' I went on, 'lest you should follow Carlyle into what he calls "the worship of sorrow." I don't think he really meant that; but Æ, for instance, does talk seriously about making a God of Pain. That seems to me an awful trap. I'm not sure that the God of Pain is not more destructive than the God of Pleasure. And I still think that some people are happy — perhaps those who don't think or talk much about it.'

III

'But of course they are.' Jenny had rejoined us. She had come out from the house, through the verandah, so softly and swiftly that I had not heard her coming. 'I am.' We looked at her questioningly, and she went on: 'Yes, I am. I know that it sounds uninteresting, but I like being alive. There's so much to see — such a fascinating pattern weaving all the time. I'm only afraid of not having time enough, or not looking hard enough, to take it in. Such millions of things to draw, never twice the same. Those trees, now — they're utterly different from what they were half an hour ago; and look at the way that white bit of cloud is drifting across and taking up the white of Nora's frock, there among the bushes, so as to make a repeat of the design. Too marvelous!' She sighed. 'It's a sort of warm glow inside one; and when you see how to draw something it leaps into a flame; or when you see the drawing done by someone else. The Sargent exhibition made me want to live forever.'

'But,' I said, after a moment, 'happiness is n't what you are looking for, is it?'

'Oh, no. It's there.'

It was so much there that it seemed, as she spoke, to enwrap us. The very

silence into which the lawyer had subsided showed that he too felt it — felt it indeed so directly that he had no impulse to break it. We sat and took it in, and it did strange things to us — or at least to me. I wondered whether our answer were not here: that happiness was after all not a thing in itself, but a by-product — an uncalculated and incalculable aroma that belonged to other things; that came when you were not looking for it and eluded you when you were. As I let my mind drift back into the past, following that thought of Francis Thompson's, — 'Happiness is the shadow of things past, which fools still take for that which is to be,' — it seemed to me that it was so. An odd, disorderly series of sensations came to me. A sensation of leaves rustling all round me — silvery leaves, the leaves of the aspen trees into which as a small child I used to clamber and thence look down upon the garden from behind a moving screen. It was the leaves that came back now: the way they shifted and played in the light and the pattern of bright blue one saw through them. I could feel the sun as it filtered on to my face and on to my bare legs, curled round a branch of the tree — feel too the soft warm fur of the old yellow cat who used to climb up and sit beside me. Yes, I was happy in that old tree.

The next picture had even less 'meaning': the smooth shiny parquet of the floor of the great hall at college as I walked across it, my feet making a sharp clicking sound on its hard polished surface and giving me, at the time and now, a sense of the neatness and precise efficiency of those feet which did not seem to be mine, but did seem, as feet, to be good. A silly recollection, this, and yet curiously vivid and definitely happy. I recalled nothing of where I was going, across that shining parquet; but the pleasantness that it had filled me with at the time came back now.

Then waves of heavenly sound: the second movement of the Seventh Symphony, with the music turning and curling round me, marvelous white and blue and green like the water left by the wake of a great ocean liner; so heard and seen on one particular occasion — heard so fully, with such an entire oblivion of everything else, such a divine possession of the whole of me by it, that with no conscious effort the whole experience came down on me again and I relived its bliss.

Acuter moments of feeling I could call up. These came of themselves, with all their irrelevance and all their indestructible atmosphere. They came again, as they had come at the time, as things given, not planned or asked for.

The voice of the lawyer broke across my musings.

'The fact is,' he was saying, 'that although people talk about happiness and bleat of a "right to be happy," that is not what they really mean. Lisa — or the palmist for her — was more honest when she spoke of "a great happiness." Accent on the "great." What they want is not happiness, but ecstasy. If they talked about a "right to ecstasy" they'd see what fools they are, and stop. Ecstasy at the best is a paper bag. When you squeeze it, it bursts. Wagner, there, was candid. His bags always burst. Look at *Tristan* or any of them.'

'Is n't there,' said Jenny, 'something about a right to happiness in the Declaration of Independence?'

IV

At this point Jim suddenly and quietly woke up.

'What on earth are you folks talking about?' he asked.

'The Declaration of Independence,'

replied the lawyer, truthfully if not very luminously. Jim and he were old friends and business associates.

Jim certainly was quick at the uptake. He glanced about him, took in the vacant seats, smelled the night air, and smiled.

'Is Lisa instructing Norton in its implications? I should not have thought he needed any assistance there. He made his declaration long ago — to Minnie Norton's considerable relief, I have always fancied.'

'I see,' said the lawyer, 'that you know your Declaration better than most of us do. Better than they do, I have no doubt. I was just about to point out to these young ladies that it by no means asserts the right to happiness, as seems to be assumed nowadays, but only the right to pursue it. The difference between a right to pursuit and a right to possession I need not labor. The Declaration is at best a Charter of Utilitarianism, the wisdom of our ancestors having perceived that it is actually less fatuous to pursue the happiness of all than the happiness of one — and most of all if that one is one's self.'

Jim laughed. 'Anyone can pursue just what he chooses. And,' he added after a pause, 'most people get what they want; that's how you know what it is. You can always get what you want, provided your want has a shape and an outline and provided you will pay the price for it. You can't expect to have the purchase money given back to you as a bonus. That does n't happen in business; why should it happen in life? If I'm not happy, I can see that's my own fault — I aimed at something else, and I've got it. I wanted to be rich, and I am rich. It would be pretty cheap of me to sing hymns of praise now to lovely poverty. That was open to me from the start, and I looked the other way. I leave that sort of facing both ways to Brother Norton. He can talk about a cot beside a rill if it amuses him; he can't expect me to listen, when I know he could go and live in it tomorrow and that he won't do any such thing in donkeys' years.'

'Yes,' I said, since the lawyer seemed to have fallen silent and Jenny was lost in her own thoughts, which were probably entirely about color relations and values of another kind from that which we were discussing, 'I agree with you about getting the things one wants enough to pay for them. But my difficulty is this: Is happiness in that sense a thing? That's where I'm not clear. The other day I was at a children's party — rather a nice children's party. At tea one of the grown-ups asked the children what they would like to be when they grew up. The first little boy said he wanted to be an airman, another said a millionaire, another an engine driver, and so on. The last was a little fluffy-headed girl with very round brown eyes. She rather hung back, but at last she whispered that she wanted to be happy. Thereupon the boy who wanted to fly cried out, "But 'happy' — that's not a thing to be!" And, thinking it over, I can't help feeling that he was right. Is happiness a thing you can aim at direct — either for yourself or for others? It seems to occur when you are thinking least about it. If that is true, it rather upsets your theory.'

Jim looked thoughtful. As he did not speak, the lawyer took up the word again: —

'You said, just now, that you were not happy. What, precisely, did you mean by that?'

Jim laughed. 'Oh, precisely, just nothing at all. Form of words.'

'You mean that one feels that it is *distingué* to be unhappy?'

'Something in that, I dare say,' said Jim. 'But mainly habit, I fancy.'

'Hm, hm.' The lawyer nodded. 'I think, though, you partly illustrate the view I've been trying to put — that everyone consciously or unconsciously thinks that it's the duty of someone else to make him or her happy. In your case the assumption would be that you don't hit it off with your wife — I'm being brutal, but I know you won't mind.'

'Lord, no,' said Jim. 'That is n't near the bone with me, you know. That's what I'm trying to say. Why should I "hit it off," as you call it? I've never made that my first object. Not even when I was what used to be called "courting" her. It's never been more than a poor second with me. I know it. Unfortunately she does not know that exactly the same is true of her. Although, in her heart of hearts, she no longer expects happiness through me, she hoards a sort of grudge against me for not making her happy. And that even while she's trying to get it through other people! Not that I blame her for the others; what I do blame her for is not seeing that flitting about is obviously fatal; if you shift your aim you cannot hit the bull's-eye, and she is intelligent enough to see that. Poor Lisa. I think that she really is rather unhappy, largely because, for her, happiness is still a fruit on a tree — and a fruit somehow just out of her reach. And she has too much time to think about it.'

For a few minutes we all sat silent.

Of course, I thought to myself, we are all laying far too much stress on this. Happy or unhappy. Most people at any given moment are neither. The pulse beats normally until you stop to feel it. When you stop to ask yourself the question, the act brings dreams about your head. Variable as is human disposition, happiness surely can only be defined as the dictionaries define it — as 'a state of being content with one's lot'; and contentment obviously depends not only on the lot but on the temper — and the digestion — of the individual in it. Our lawyer friend would have added, 'And on the degree to which he has learned not to ask others to give him what he cannot give them.' Human variation means that happiness cannot be a constant; means that Tolstoi was wrong when he declared, in words put most specifically in the opening sentence of the French version of *Anna Karenina*, 'Tous les bonheurs se ressemblent.' Externally viewed, it would seem that some of the incidents of mortality are happy, others not. Yet it was not on any calculus of incidents that I could classify the people I knew. Past joys made some bitter; past sufferings left others with a curious serenity — a detachment from themselves that rose above troubles under which others fretted and fumed. And, looking at it, I seemed to see this internal variability as independent of station, class, or 'lot' in life. To the well-to-do, the poor may seem sunk in a drab wretchedness; to the poor, the rich lapped in happy comfort. Acquaintance with either dissipates such uniformities.

I looked around me, across the dim spaces of the garden. Then my eyes came back to our group and rested upon Jenny. She sat, her chin on her hand, staring out in front of her. Her expression did not suggest that she had heard what we had been saying; she was looking out, not in. As I watched her I seemed to see in that absorbed abstraction of hers the answer, or what was as near to the answer as I was likely to get, to the puzzle that teased me. Jenny was happy. She had said so, and I knew her well enough to know that it was true. Judging by extrinsic standards, there

seemed no particular reason why she should be so; her life, for a girl of her age, was none too amusing. She was the youngest of a large and poor family; there were several girls in it, all attractive, none of them very successful, none of them quite in tune with their 'period.' She herself was not in tune; her work was good, but not in the fashionable modern way. That hardly seemed to perturb her. She was invincibly honest, and nothing could induce her, I knew, to paint anything but what she saw, and as she saw it. All her interest was in doing that. Her honesty in this and other respects, again, made her angular; she could not adjust her standards to what was expected. But there it was, for her, in its absoluteness and security. Her standard, her centre, was firmly fixed outside herself. Outside herself, but not, I thought, in someone else. There might be 'someone else' in her life, but she was not, in the last resort, dependent on that. She was disinterested; the pattern, of which she had spoken to us, weaving before her eyes had for her a beauty and a concern that were independent of her own part in it. And in her disinterestedness she found happiness — a kind of happiness, too, that in its degree, and with its necessary variations, was open to all.

Yes, I felt that Jenny gave me the key. It might be hard to fit it into the lock, but, as the Greeks knew and told us, all beautiful things are hard. So long as the question we put to life is 'What are you giving to us?' the soul will get but a dusty answer. So soon as it is transformed into an effort after understanding, the motes assemble into a beam of light.

'Here are the others coming back.'

Lisa and Mr. Norton were in fact drifting toward us over the lawn. Lisa was a few steps ahead of her companion. Jim inspected them as they approached. He was very long-sighted, and anyhow the result of long sitting in the dark is to give one something of the cat's vision.

'That, apparently, has not worked,' he murmured. 'Lisa's fur is all stroked the wrong way.'

She was by now near enough to us to speak. 'What have you been doing, all this time?' she asked.

'We have been discussing happiness,' replied the lawyer.

'Oh, happiness!' she exclaimed. 'I am sure there is no such thing!'

THE LINHAY ON THE DOWNS

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

On the high down above the sea, in the corner of the last rough grazing field, stands a linhay, half fallen into ruin. It is built of boles of spruce fir, unhewn but barked, and boarded with rough wooden boards. It has a roof of corrugated iron. The roof is intact, but many of the wooden boards have fallen with the rusted nails. Those boards remaining are green and damp, and shaggy with gray lichens.

The linhay had been built with its eastern end open for bullocks to shelter in stormy weather; but the gentleman farmer had sold the down with his other land after the Great War, and the new owner had let it fall ruinous. Battering winds and rain straight from off the Atlantic, and the hot sun of summer, had warped and rotted the boards, and opened two other walls to the weather.

On windy days buzzard hawks lie over the down on crooked wings, watching for rabbits in the heather slope below, or turn and glide over the line of the hill. It is a beautiful and desolate place, where the spirit can spread itself wide and airy as the sea and the sky.

One morning I set out for the linhay with a companion. As we climbed the road to Windwhistle Cross the wind blew harder, and found cold places in our clothes. Past the spinney the way lay over fields, cutting across the broad and rushing gale. I was more hardened than my companion, who covered her face with her gloved hands and walked with bowed head. After a while we reached a wall of stone and earth, tunneled by rabbits and lying broken in gaps. The wind, seeking to level all things, was whipping up bits of stone and earth over the wall, and we had to shield our eyes. Plants growing on the crumbling riband of earth remaining on the top of the stones were pressed tightly down, guarding their leaves among the mosses from the stripping storms. White splashes marked the stones, where in still weather the buzzards had waited and watched for rabbits to lollop out of their buries.

We reached the ruined linhay, and realized it would give no shelter for a fire, as in other expeditions. The hollow was frigid in shadow, and scoured by the wind. The last stone wall before the heather and brambles of the wild seaward slope stood a few strides away, and behind this we sat down and rested. An easy matter to break the old boards with a fifty-pound slab of ironstone fallen from the wall, but not so easy to make a fire. Half a box of matches and chips sliced with a knife, however, changed the acrid smoke of deal wood into flame, and the flame into red and black brittle embers, which wasted in sparks over the grass.

While we were munching our sandwiches in the sunshine my companion, who had been staring into the shadow-cut interior of the linhay ten yards away, asked me if I saw anything above a stone against the inner wall. Yes, I saw a pair of ears upraised, and a dark brown eye below them.

I stood up, and the ears went down flat; but the brown eye continued to watch. A rabbit was squatting there.

I sat down out of the wind, and soon afterward the ears were raised again. The wind tore at the flames, and rocked a loose stone on the wall behind us. It was blowing harder. We moved away, spreading a raincoat before a derelict plough which old grasses had partly covered. Sea gulls, shifting and slanting in swift, uneven gliding, began to appear above our heads, first in pairs, and then in many numbers. The sunlight was put out, and it was instantly chilly. I got up and looked over the wall.

I saw a grand and terrible sight. The headland, which lay out into the bay, dark and puny under the vastness of sky that seemed to begin just beyond my feet, was blurred and lost. Beyond a mile or two from the extended sands below, where hundreds of gulls were standing, still and tiny as scattered whitish seeds, all was chaos. It was as though the sky was falling; as though a monstrous spectre had risen out of the vast sea and was moving to overthrow the land.

We picked up our raincoats, gathered them back from the wind, and allowed ourselves to be billowed into the linhay. The air blows thudded against the boards of the intact side — the shippen was open west, south, and east, except for the round support posts, gnawn with damp at the base, which remained upright. Wind, rebounding from the single wall, flung over us like a comber, dropping dust and straw specks in our ears and the corners of our eyes. It was cold on the rough trodden floor, whereon lay flakes of blard, and dried dung of bullocks. The slabs of stone lay against the wall, about six inches from the bottom board, and in the space the rabbit was crouching, its ears pressed on its shoulders, its life quivering behind the staring dark eyes.

The headland was gone; the sky was falling. Beyond the forming ridges of distant waves the sea seemed to be taking on a wrinkled dull gray skin, like molten lead in a trough; and as we watched, the falling blackness was riven, and in the rift a snout arose, and spread upward into the shape of a funnel as it traveled over the surf to the shore. We saw the tiny white seeds sprout with wings, and settle on the sands again. The open linhay trembled, and we buttoned our coats to the neck.

A ladder was fixed to the middle post of one side of the linhay, leading to the tallat, or loft, through an open trapdoor seven feet above our heads. We climbed up, and were in an open space crossed by beams under slanting corrugated iron sheets, lit at the seaward end by a window frame without glass. The floor was rotten in places. Wooden pegs of shares, some with tarnished brass-wire loops, were thrown in one corner, with a sack. The skull of a mouse, with brittle bones interlocked in grayish fur, lay on one beam, where an owl had roosted. I looked through a break in the floor; the rabbit was still beside the stone.

Wind noises ran through the bleak tallat, coming in at the eaves, the floor cracks, the window frame stripped of putty and paint, where owls had perched. They filled the loft, like the hollow and curious voices of straying things, never of the earth or its life. The light drained from the rafters, the floor, each other's face. The plaining voices were lost in the buffets of the iron roof. The skull of the mouse rolled on the beam, and the bones fell aslant, joining a trickle of broken straws along the floor. My companion wrapped her coat closer round her legs. I peered through an empty square of the window, and saw grayness rushing up the heather slope of the down. I saw the fire by the wall, already gutted of embers, kicked as though by an invisible foot. The charred lengths of board,

flecked with yellow and red points of flame, rose up and flew yards, and fell flat, smoking violently in the grass.

The voices wailed and shrieked, seeming to dissolve the substance of the tallat in a pallor of darkness. Straw specks and mice bones whirled on the floor, suddenly to rise up and scatter. The linhay was shuddering in the wind. Would the inner core of its uprights hold in the storm? I trod a careful way to the trapdoor, and the wind threw up the wide skirt of the raincoat into my face.

We waited, our backs to the screaming drafts racing up the corrugations of the iron roof. Suddenly a hatch in the walled angle above the trapdoor burst its wooden latch and flung half open, before wedging against the floor and shaking on the ragged grass background of the field below. An amazing object moved slowly across the grassy rectangle cut by the lichen-frayed door. My companion saw it and clutched my arm.

The object moved on three thin legs, threw its head up and down with a roll and a flop. It paused, got its hind legs under it, and took another hop forward, dragging something on the ground. Each forward movement, which needed about five seconds to prepare, took it perhaps six inches nearer shelter. By its head and tail it was a fox — but was it a fox? The tail hung like a piece of old rope, the small head was almost without hair, the ribs showed under creases of skin muddy and stuck with tufts, through which the sharp points of shoulders and hips seemed about to break with the weight of the swelled body. I had just turned my glass into focus and seen that it was a vixen, dragging the chain and iron peg of a rusty rabbit gin clamped on its foreleg, when the first hail smote the roof with an immense clattering crash, and the linhay rocked with the hollow thunder of the wind. I feared it would turn over, crumple, and be carried through the stone wall immediately behind. The field space below the door was a gray blank; the day was torn up and hurtling past us. Jets of icy air were driven through the floor, and up between body and clothes. The sack slid over the green and rotting floor boards, reached the square of the trapdoor, jumped to the rafters, on which it moulded itself before falling. It was snatched through the hatch. I yelled in my companion's ear that it would be best to stand by that hatch, to jump clear when the linhay should buckle and rise. I took her hand, cold as stone, and guided her along one of the joists, lest the floor break under our shoes.

We had reached the eastern end when the black of the storm fell on the down. Immediately we were under a torrent. I saw alarm with the misery in the dim face beside mine. The linhay was lurching under the falling flood. Skits blown in from the open window tasted salt on my lips. And the sea was a mile away, at the end of a downward slant of fifteen degrees! It must have been a waterspout we saw rising in the rift.

The earth under the linhay was awash. The water ran in wrinkled sheets prickled with rain. I could see nothing of fox or rabbit. The smashing of wood for the fire had given me warmth, but this warmth was used and gone after five more minutes in the tallat. My companion was rigid, as though being enclosed in an icicle; her teeth chattered. The wind pushed thorns under our nails and in our jawbones, and drew its brambles down our ears and cheeks. Our toes were broken in glacial gins.

There was no grandeur in the elements now; imagination was disharmonized from the sun. Nature was indifferent to the sufferings of all life. I could bear the screeching icy jets with fortitude, but my companion suffered,

having no dolorous background in memory to make the present ineffectual. In that background for me were days and nights in water and clay-marn to the waist, with death above the leafless winter hedge shot stooping-high; days and nights without sleep, weeks and months without hope, without liberty — life with neither present nor future, worse than death, for death was release; life more terrible than being in a gin, for God has blessed man with the power to reason, and I knew that if I sought release and failed, or escaped from killing men I did not hate nor had ever seen before, I should be caught and shot before sunrise in peace-time clothes, with a bandage over my eyes and a white paper mark pinned opposite my heart, still joined in spirit to the mother who bore me in pain and after-joy, and my name and my regiment would be read out on three successive parades to every soldier in the British Army in that alien country. These memories of 1914, and later ones far, far worse, made a background in endurance for the human spirit that had suffered and survived them. The pain as of thorns pushed under finger nails was nothing — it would pass.

The linhay withstood the storm, as it had others, held by the stout cores of its upright posts. The day began to grow again in the glacial twilight of the loft. Old boards grew swiftly green; the battering on the roof suddenly ceased with a few lingering taps against the iron sheets. Drops falling by the empty squares of the window were white; they glittered! — and blue and white sea and sky were beyond.

Kneeling down, and moving my face to a crack between the floor boards, I looked for rabbit and fox. Sight was limited, so I crawled stiffly — sometimes blowing through my half-clenched hands for warmth — to the trap, and peered over. The floor of the shippen was like the Salient in the winter of 1917 seen from a low-flying aeroplane. Hoof holes, shapeless and trodden into one another, were filled with water to their broken edges. Wind wrinkled the sky gleams by the posts. Against the inner wall the vixen sat, on one of the slabs of ironstone. Her back and neck were curved like a snail shell, and her nose touched the mud. She was shivering with every breath. The foot of the broken foreleg, and the gin that gripped it, were in the mud. Beside her on the other slab, about eighteen inches away, sat the rabbit. It looked about it with the relaxed movements and expression of an animal at ease. I had heard of timid and preying animals sheltering together innocently during a storm, but this was the only time I had witnessed such a pleasing sight.

A sound from above, from my companion, made vixen and rabbit look up together. We kept still, and they relaxed. I saw the vixen turn her mangy head toward the rabbit, which continued to nibble its forepaw. The narrow head began to droop, and a voice above me begged to be allowed to get down. I had forgotten those bluish hands, rough with chilblains. The field was a brilliant green, and steaming in the hot rays of the sun.

As I climbed down the ladder I saw, from the tail of my eye, the rabbit in a series of splashes crossing to the grass beyond the round posts. It disappeared. The vixen had risen on the stone. Her mouth was open, showing her teeth. She stood on three legs placed close together, swaying to keep balance, her brush pressed against the wall. She tried to stay herself with her broken leg, but it gave no support, and each time she nearly tipped into the mud.

There used to live in the village an old trapper who nearly died of the effects of a fox's bite, which festered and made his hand swell, and his joints to

be painful with inner corruption. This animal must have been feeding on slugs, beetles, and carrion left by magpies and buzzards — rats thrown out of gins in cornfields, broken carcasses of rabbits — and its teeth were probably more dirty than those of a healthy fox. How else had it survived, limping for weeks or months (long before clicketing time, perhaps), dragging the gin clanking on every stone, and rattling on the hard ground? I was afraid of its bite, having seen, some years before, a fox dead in a gin with lockjaw. Better to kill it, and so put myself out of my misery, for it was a woeful sight; and, although the poor beast might have been used to its slow and crippled ways, there were the cubs, soon to be born. Better to knock the 'viccy' on the nose with my stick, and bury her under a heap of stones.

My companion and I ran over the grass in the wind and the sunshine, swinging our arms, and laughing at each other with the pain in toes and fingers. We had a warm, dry cottage in the valley over the down, a garden filled with vegetables, fruit trees, stores of apples, potatoes, and wood for firing; shelves of books to read, clothes to wear, and flowers to tend in the coming spring and summer; we had a merry little babe with six teeth, who watched the rooks flying over the roof with sticks for their nests, and shouted 'Duka duk!' to them. So when we were warm again we returned with the sack to the linhay and, putting it over the head of the vixen, held her easily in her weak struggles, carried her into the field, trod on the steel spring to open the creaking iron jaws of the gin, and lifted out the paw. An easy matter to snick with a knife the frayed tendons, and to bind the stump with my tie, securing it with string. Then the sack was pulled away, rolling over the vixen. She kicked and scrambled on her three and a half feet, and faced us, snarling, with arched back and ears laid flat. I tapped the gin beside her with my stick and she snapped at it. Pushing the end through the spring, I drew it away; she lifted the stump and made the other foreleg rigid, as though to resist. Slowly we walked backward, drawing the gin over the wet grass. She whined, holding out a quivering stump. Five yards, ten yards, twenty yards — slowly we drew away from her, while she watched with raised ears and shifting feet.

We stood still. She arose and hobbled away, as though still dragging the iron. We watched her to the grass-tied plough under the wall. Here she smelt food, and down went her nose, searching for scraps of bread and boiled bacon left by us for the birds. We saw her rolling on her back in the sunlight before she disappeared through the gateway to the slope of furze and heather.

The daffodils in the garden broke yellow, and danced for weeks in the wind until their blooms were frayed; the sand martins and the chiffchaffs came back to the village. We saw the first swallows flitting over the seaward slope of the down. A trapper called to us from the bank, stopping his work to tell us of what he thought was a very strange thing. He had found something in one of his rabbit gins in the sand hills below. The sand had been laid by rain after he had tilled the gins the afternoon before, and visiting them that morning he had seen the prints of a walking fox, the marks of scurry round the gin it had sprung, and the trail leading away. How the bit of raggedy stuff had got in the gin he could n't think. Had he got it? No, he had 'throwed it away, not thinking much of it at the time; 't was a bit of old raggedy black stuff, with yaller stripes on'n. Aiy, like a wasp!'

I knew that regimental tie.

TWO SCIENCES

BY A. E. DOUGLASS

I

ASTRONOMY comes first. No science in all the long list of sciences has played a greater part in stimulating human progress. It entered the intellectual arena as a means of measuring time — of the day, the month, or the year; and it still continues to be our last referee in that line. But its greater stimulus has come in stretching our ideas of the enormous extent of space and in challenging us to measure it. In that process we have been compelled to develop mathematics in marvelous detail; and those who care not for numbers are equally inspired to visualize the enlarging universe and so build their own conception of the vast realm of creation in which man is less than a speck of dust.

To primitive man the universe was a small flat earth, consisting of his immediate locality, bounded often by mountain ranges; and overhead the clouds; and just beyond the clouds the sun, moon, and stars. He had no way of measuring the distance of these objects, and to him they were merely toys just out of reach. Then the Greeks in the day of their greatness invented geometry, or a method of 'measuring the earth.' This was one of the greatest discoveries of all time, and Greek thought was full of it. The fact that we study it to-day in the high school is a monument to their genius. They succeeded in measuring the diameter of the earth, but no objects beyond, even though they had invented methods of measuring the distance of objects out of reach.

The greatest book on science written in antiquity was by Ptolemy, an Alexandrian Greek, who lived more than a century after Christ. His book is about astronomy, but contains all the knowledge of his day in scientific lines. He treats of the earth and of geography and of mathematics and of the motion of the stars and planets, but he makes the mistake of placing the earth at the centre of the universe. His real reason for this was simple common sense. The stars and planets were believed to be near and small, and it would have been entirely absurd to think of those small objects as being stationary with the great earth moving around them; whereas it was entirely reasonable to think of the earth as stationary, with the little planets going around it every day.

This mistake lasted fourteen hundred years. In the meantime the Arabians improved their mathematical methods and got a real idea of the distance of the moon and therefore of its size, and by the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was realized that the sun was much farther off than the moon and consequently much bigger. Therefore Copernicus and Galileo, realizing that the vast sun was more likely to be stationary than the smaller earth, began the modern teaching of our solar system as we know it. Yet the people of their day could not

understand any new arrangement of the heavenly bodies, because as yet they were slow to learn the greater distance of the sun and moon, and they opposed these astronomers so violently that Galileo spent all of his old age in prison. Add to this the fact that the religious faith of that day had become tied to the idea of the earth as a centre; in short, people had made a religious idol of that thought, and they opposed the new idea with a fanaticism that we cannot realize to-day. But by 1650 the distance of the sun was known and generally accepted, and this religious idol was thrown down. It was seen that the sun is of immense size and situated in the centre, and the smaller planets move around in orbits, each in its own particular year. But the stars beyond were still thought of as a canopy off at the end of space, like a curtain hung about the universe.

It was two hundred years after the solar system was recognized that the distance of the first star was measured — a distance so great that it is impossible for us to realize it. The earth is 8000 miles in diameter. The moon is distant 30 times this, or 240,000 miles; and the sun is almost 400 times as far away as the moon, or 93,000,000 miles. If a traveler should go by express train across the continent and back continuously, it would take him four hundred years to travel that distance. That seems great enough, but the nearest star is 275,000 times that distance. That makes twenty trillion miles, or three and a half light years. Stellar distances are so vast that this new unit has been adopted to express them. Light travels 186,000 miles a second. The nearest star is so far that light takes three and a half years to come from it.

By 1900 some fifty or a hundred stellar distances had been measured by the Greek method, and then Kapteyn greatly extended that method by using as a base line not the diameter of the earth's orbit, as heretofore, but the motion of our sun in space. He was followed by Adams, of the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, and others who worked out a spectroscopic method, by means of which more than 2500 stars are now known as to distance. Shapley, of the Harvard College Observatory, using an observation of Miss Leavitt's, has worked out the application of what is known as the Cepheid Luminosity Period Law and obtained distances as great as one million light years, so that now we can see past the nearer stellar trees and discover the forest of stars beyond. We find that the brighter stars are generally near us, but that they are at immensely different distances. They form a group of which our sun is a member, and this group is called our local cluster. Its members may be as much as two hundred light years away. Beyond that the stars thin out a little until we come to other local clusters. Many of these supply our constellation groups. For instance, Orion is one group, distant five hundred or six hundred light years. We know that vast numbers of these groups combine to form our galaxy or stellar system, of which the Milky Way is our direct evidence. This stellar system, which has long been called our universe, has the shape of a disk, thicker at the centre like a lens. Its thickness through is possibly 10,000 light years, and its full diameter is 75,000 to 100,000 light years. Beyond its edges are vast vacant spaces until we come to other stellar systems, some of the nearest of which are 1,000,000 light years away. With our giant telescopes of the present time these other universes are readily recognized, and to-day we know that more than half a million of them exist. These are the 'Island Universes.'

Such, then, is the vast conception which has come from the development of methods of measuring distance, and we feel that space is boundless. We have broken down the idol of past ages — the idea of a small or limited space. And we know that the whole matter of extension of space is not a religious matter at all.

II

The similar popular idea of time is a failure. It is still regarded as a religious matter, for many of our best people and our best friends visualize all prehistory as one day of beginning, and the vast possibilities of all future history as one day when the world shall come to an end. This reminds us of the poet under the Arizona stars who sees the stars merely as a canopy moving overhead; or it recalls the beautiful dome in the Vatican Observatory with the stars painted on the inside so that one can sit and see the constellations, but the stars are all at uniform distance, obviously made for man's amusement and without real existence of their own apart from man.

The people who look back upon all history and see only one day of beginning, and that not far distant, should visit the Hermit Trail in the Grand Canyon, where a rock is shown across which are animal tracks. Their identity is obvious; any small boy can recognize them; he has seen such markings thousands of times on the sand of the desert or the seashore. It is perfectly clear that an animal walked across this rock while it was still soft sand, but now his tracks disappear under a thousand-foot cliff. When that animal walked, the cliff of solid rock was not there. It took millions of years for that cliff to form and to be placed in its present condition.

Geology is full of illustrations of that sort, and scientists have made a very wonderful invention to bring these events of past time into an orderly sequence. This invention is our second science, evolution, which bears the same relation to the one-day-of-beginning idea that the moving picture bears to the ordinary photograph. Evolution is the commonest experience in human life. Every growing child is an illustration, and, of all people who have to do with this phase of evolution, teachers take the first place. They are contributing a most important part in the development of every individual. So evolution is not specially a question of man and his ancestry, but evolution is any orderly progress in the course of time.

The science of evolution would need days for a fair description and this is not the place for it, but one of its latest phases only will be mentioned. Dr. Conklin of Princeton says that man is not now going through any course of physical or mental evolution, but he is developing in social groups; and this is true, for, as you look about, you see that our activities today are devoted largely to organization of human endeavor in various groups, such as a school, a business company, or a woman's club. Your luncheon club, your lodge, school, church, city, state, and nation, are groups in a continuous state of competitive progress. I like to think of these groups as having living human personalities, and for the sake of distinction I like to call them 'super-persons.' They each include many people, or at least the interest and work of many people, and they last longer than any one person. For example, the United States is a living human super-person. In a recent address Dr. Moore, of Los Angeles, said that he asked his students, 'What is the United States?' Someone answered: 'Look at the map and see the mountains, the rivers, plains, and

valleys'; and he replied, 'All those were there five hundred years ago, but the United States was not there.' The United States, then, is a living human organism, and between great organisms of this sort is a higher form of competition, struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, than Darwin found among the lower animals.

Now the main element of these super-persons to which I wish to call your attention is that their lifetime far transcends the lifetime of the individuals composing them: for example, a nation lasts many hundreds of years. Therefore the interests of the nation cannot be the same as the interests of the individual, for the nation must look to needs of its later life which the individual cannot see or recognize. In order, then, to make the nation efficient, the individuals must and do feel within themselves instincts which deal with the larger and more distant interests. The same is true when we consider the whole human race; its best interests combine the best interests of all the nations and peoples, and deal with distant futures too far and too big for the individual to see or recognize, but he must and does feel within himself certain instincts which do deal with them. Such instincts dealing with futures out of reach are the religious instincts, the very wishes of God Himself touching the human heart; and this is the scientific approach to religion.

To many this scientific demonstration that religions must exist is the modern Holy Grail, and we observe that it is found in this science of evolution, which is conscientiously opposed by many people of to-day who cannot yet see the depth of time in past and future and the method by which Nature carries on her processes. Evolution, then, is inspiring progress in the human mind, for we are developing a method of measuring human futures out of reach, just as the Greeks invented geometry to measure the distance of material objects out of reach and gave us our universe. So evolution, if I mistake not, is going to be one of God's chief instruments in developing our knowledge of a coming spiritual and religious universe, the Future of Humanity.

In this approach to religion, with a little tolerance on each side, we find a complete identity between science and religion. What a wonderful future to look forward to; and it is surely coming and not far off.

So these two great sciences have helped the human mind to grow. Astronomy has given us a perspective of space and measured its depth; evolution gives us a perspective of time and measures its duration. Astronomy has pushed Heaven in its religious sense farther and farther away until we make the discovery that Heaven and God are not far off among the stars at all, but right here among us and in us; and evolution pushes the day of beginning farther and farther back and the day of ending farther and farther in the future until we find both beginning and ending — that is, evolution itself — going on now as God's method of creation, continuous and ever present. Astronomy showed us that mere space is not a religious matter; evolution has the same work to do to-day in showing us that time of itself is not a religious matter. Together these two sciences supply the greatest inspiration we possess in expanding our ideas of space and in compelling us to fill a part at least of endless time with definite life and progress.

COURTESY

BY DANIEL SARGENT

Blessed be God who made such pretty birches,
And spent such gold in dandelions' crowns.
He made small swallows flying o'er great churches,
Made little fish that gaze from streams at towns.

He made great woods to give the small birds perches,
Made the green meads to give the crickets gowns.
He made the snail. He made the crab which lurches
Sideways to port, made cockleshells, made clowns.

Blessed be God, so sweet, so near is He.
He made the old man's sunlight, made this hour.
Made stars for roof tops. O what courtesy!
'T was He who dreamed the honeysuckle flower.
He gave the mole a labyrinth. He gave
The beach grass the embroidery of the wave.

CHAOS OR COSMOS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

BY HENRY W. HOLMES

I

EDUCATION suffers in America from confusion of purposes. Justified a hundredfold in our faith in schooling as an instrument of democracy, we have cared more for the spread of education than for its fitness for specific ends. We have been interested in quantity rather than quality. For the most part our public enthusiasm for education has been uncritical, and the actual arrangement of subjects in our school programmes has been largely the result of tradition, harried here and there by the raw winds of pedagogical theory. Not even in vocational schools do we know exactly what we want, to say nothing of the more difficult question of how to get it. In liberal education we are so far from clarity and agreement as to the ends to be served and the means to be used that the situation, in spite of a certain fixity, is little better than chaotic. Our professional students of education have been devoting their energies, perhaps inevitably, to the development of techniques for a scientific attack on the problems of the curriculum, and it is only within the last few years that the light of penetrating analysis has been turned on to one of the most important problems in our whole educational undertaking — the problem of what to teach in our secondary schools. So far we have made small headway, and tradition remains generally undisturbed. College requirements have kept Latin enthroned and protected, but nearly futile as a means of education. Mathematics has been struggling with some success to find its most fruitful form. Modern languages are just beginning to mean something in favored spots; history and science have been stifled; English drags; and such subjects as home economics and other forms of practical arts have had no freedom to find their place and proper goals. The root of the difficulty lies in the relationship between the secondary schools and the colleges; it is that relationship with which this article is finally concerned.

Our confusion as to purposes is one of the reasons for the lack of a coherent system of schools in this country. There is no discernible consistency in the multiplicity of our educational units and their endless variations. Six-year elementary schools stand alongside eight-year and seven-year elementary schools. We have three-year and two-year junior high schools, or no junior high schools, together with proposals for the four-year junior high school. We have 'regular' four-year high schools and senior high schools of three years. The junior college, a two-year unit beyond the senior high school, has been added in a rapidly increasing number of cities, chiefly in the West, and without exact definition of its functions. The traditional four-year college is matched by new collegiate units of two years, three years, and six years. The variations in vocational secondary schools, vocational

colleges, and graduate and professional schools, and their requirements and connections, form an intricate educational tangle. Endowed and preparatory schools constitute a completely disassociated system, internally somewhat more coherent, but hidebound by college requirements and by a purely external imitation of the great public schools of England, with their 'forms' and the fashions of their school life. In general, the organization of our schools, whether public or private, offers no testimony that we have translated into a definite scheme of schooling any clear and progressive philosophy of the social consequences of education. Our schools form a maze, a labyrinth, with any number of entry points and exits. Our procedure lacks not only simplicity but integrity. It is a sprawling, spineless profusion of educational 'opportunities.'

With this condition of things we might be measurably content if only the spawning liberality of our provision for schooling had led to any new vitality or effectiveness of teaching. But no one can speak with pride of the quality of our product. It is as if we were trying to turn out an enormous quantity of goods, roughly finished in an indistinguishable pattern. What our students learn in school they do not learn well, and they are very far indeed from the point at which learning is transmitted into understanding. They acquire no mastery of subjects as means for the interpretation of life. Their history does not enable them to view the present broadly in the light of the past, nor does their science enable them to see facts as the outward expression of laws. They develop no general criteria of taste or principles of criticism, no standards of judgment, no grasp of methods. They come to college 'prepared,' but with hardly the beginnings of an education. Contrasted with the students in English and Continental secondary schools, they must be rated, age for age, markedly inferior. In certain measure and in their own way the schoolmasters of England, France, and Germany seek the integration of what they teach into a coherent, flexible, and broadly applicable system of facts and conceptions; they expect their efforts to result in the development of cultivated intelligence. Because they do expect such results, they teach thoroughly, for it is clear that knowledge cannot be used before it is possessed. American teachers seem to entertain no such vaulting ambition. Our general attitude gives tacit assent to the view that no one needs to know anything very thoroughly unless he is going to be a teacher, with the consequence that thorough knowledge is uncommon, even among teachers. College professors, to be sure, are expected to know their subjects, although even that expectation has been weakened by the tendency to accept credentials and degrees as prima facie evidence of knowledge. School-teaching remains a craft, or even merely a job, often a temporary job.

So far as we aim at thoroughness at all, it is the superficial thoroughness of circumnavigation. Even our college graduates too often secure only a series of passing views of the islands of knowledge, including a view from the air. Their paper records may be complete, beginning with an orientation course and ending with a couple of seminaries or courses of research, but only in a few institutions is there vigorous effort to find out at the last whether or not students have really possessed themselves of a field of knowledge and learned to think in terms of its facts and principles. Our colleges, and indeed our graduate schools, suffer from the disease that

keeps our secondary schools permanently enfeebled — 'crediti tis,' the itch for credits, points, units, and semester hours. We are in the midst of a generation of students and teachers obsessed with the notion that organization counts more than the actual outcome of the educative process in the intellectual and spiritual condition of the pupil. Educationally we are a nation of credit hunters and degree worshipers. Even our graduate students, preparing to teach, talk of how many semester hours they have 'taken' with Dr. X or Dr. Y. To have 'had work' with Dr. So-and-so, to say 'I had his work last semester,' is offered as a substitute for knowledge of the subject and independent views as to its issues. Everywhere the emphasis is on machinery and bookkeeping. Standardization has laid a deadening hand upon us. There is much attention to processes and little assessment of results.

II

This picture of American education is undoubtedly discouraging and may seem one-sided and unfair; but when one starts to examine our educational procedure from the standpoint of its consistent bearing on clearly defined and widely accepted aims, it is difficult to find much that will support a more optimistic view. No doubt I have massed the colors to make a sharp impression. There are bright exceptions that might be noted in a more detailed analysis and values that would appear if the picture drew upon a fuller palette. To paint our education in terms of expenditure, buildings, numbers of students, ingenuity in method, provision of textbooks and facilities, earnestness of effort, administrative elaboration, and business efficiency, or faith in the entire process, would yield a different and a more inspiring canvas. But the time has come to question our schooling as to its actual results. What of the outcome, considered in relation to the time, energy, and money expended on the process? This is the inquiry which seems to me most to merit our present attention, and in these terms the account I have here presented is neither unfaithful nor misleading.

We have many requirements, and we put thousands of young people through the mill; it is high time that we began to examine the final product with a closer scrutiny. This is especially true of college preparatory work. When we ask how much the students who are working under the influence of college entrance requirements know of the subjects we force them to study, or, more pertinently still, how much we expect them to know and what use we expect them to make of their knowledge, our procedure offers no satisfactory answer. We are not clear as to our aims. We have compromised, relaxed requirements here and there, clung to certain traditions, insisted on a little mathematics or an elementary knowledge of a second modern language or a certain amount of laboratory work in science; but seldom have we carried through and applied in our colleges or schools a searching inquiry into educational values. Our discussions tend to degenerate into academic logrolling. The weighting of a subject for admission credit or the maintenance of a specific requirement for graduation becomes a political storm centre in a college faculty or an association of school and college teachers, much as does the duty on a given product in a new tariff measure in the national Congress. We avoid fundamental educational discussion. Great college presidents carry out educational reforms that deeply affect the whole educational programme, and educational theorists establish movements

of importance in the schools; but in college preparatory education, where the tides meet, there is still confusion and uncertainty.

The trouble, I believe, lies very deep. It is not due to any natural perversity in educators, either schoolmasters or college professors, although there are penalties which must be paid, of course, for the wearing of the academic cloth. It is an historic accident, or perhaps a series of historic accidents, which keeps us in confusion. It has come to pass with us, as perhaps nowhere else in the world, that liberal education is divided between two separate and almost discontinuous institutions, the secondary school and the college; and it is the break between school and college, perpetuated and deepened by unfortunate decisions as to entrance requirements, which makes our secondary education so largely abortive and affects adversely our efforts to improve education in the college. This, I believe, is susceptible of demonstration; but it is far easier to point out the difficulty than it is to designate the remedy.

Certainly there are directions in which it would be quite futile to seek the remedy, and one of these is the rejection or repudiation of our widespread effort to provide free schooling. It is always foolish to throw out the baby with the water you wash him in. To make our secondary education less democratic would be to sacrifice its most outstanding virtue. If our education sprawls, it is because we have been trying to meet an unprecedented variety of needs with the minimum penalty for false starts, without much counting of costs, and with steadfast refusal to debar anyone from 'educational advantages.' Our standards have suffered because we have tried educationally to be all things to all men. The American public has demanded the teaching of more and more subjects, and our educational leadership has not resisted the demand or insisted on concentration and accomplishment.

But in the effort to raise our standards we need not deny the democratic principle. We are rich enough to 'make universal education not only universal, but also education' — which means providing more education for a great many people without reference to their ability to pay, yet making our offering more consistent and definite in its lines of effort. We can and should set up a greater variety of curricula in our schools and see that they lead on to definite ends, many of them vocational, some of them nonvocational. The richness of our offering should not be sacrificed. What we ought to abandon is our willingness to smatter, to dissipate, to make a curriculum a patchwork. Every curriculum beyond the elementary school should have its centre, its essential character, its definite goals. A curriculum may be embroidered with subjects taught for interest, for enjoyment, for appreciation; but its major values should be realized in a small group of related subjects in which achievement of a clearly recognized sort may be expected and demanded. And all curricula that are not wholly and immediately practical ought to have some outlet into higher education, but not necessarily into the traditional college of liberal arts.

We have in one sense too little variety in our colleges as well as in our secondary schools. More colleges of more kinds, more school curricula of more kinds, but clearer definition of the kinds — this would be a formula which would at least lead us away from counting up 'units' of this, that, and the other and calling the sum an education. Such a scheme would require guidance for all students from the

junior high school on, and it would mean that false starts would entail some loss, and that a closer selection of students capable of pursuing the more difficult curricula would debar many for the sake of better results for those who remained; but there would be nothing undemocratic in all that. Our present practice seems to imply that taking a little of everything and not learning much of anything is good for us because it makes us all alike. Surely we may develop some community of understanding and some unity of purpose among Americans without making education the same for everybody because it has no distinguishing character for anybody.

To keep the democratic variety of our school offering and yet to crystallize the whole programme into lines of cleavage that will permit the achievement of distinctive and substantial results is a task of the greatest difficulty and complexity. If the realization of our need for concentration is an insight of any value, it must be matched with other insights as it is worked out into its application in the schools; and the undertaking cannot be entrusted to amateurs. The remedy for the present situation does not lie in scorn for the scientific study of education and the professional training of teachers and school officers. The scientific study of education is in its infancy, and it has been largely concerned, so far, with its own tools. To most laymen and to many teachers such technical instruments as psychological examinations, standardized tests of school achievement, and statistical studies of school problems are altogether unimpressive or forbidding. But in fact they constitute one of the surer promises of our educational salvation. Technique alone will not save us, but we cannot move far without it. It is said of money that there are many things of greater worth, but you have to have money to get them; the technical means and methods of educational investigation are in like manner indispensable to other ends. Our directors of educational policy need at least an adequate understanding of what can be done by way of measuring educational accomplishment, analyzing statistically an educational problem, and studying in exact and quantitative fashion the conditions under which an educational enterprise must be pursued. Laymen and the nontechnical among teachers may point out problems and suggest reforms, and the technicians ought to welcome the insights of the intuitive and the experienced; but in most cases the technicians must come into the undertaking before reforms can safely be consummated. Education is no longer a field for the inexpert. If our professionals have not saved us from the awkwardness of our present situation, we must not therefore dismiss the professional attack upon education as of no avail. The study of education should be broadened, rather, and raised to higher levels. Teachers' colleges and university schools of education have suffered from the same superficiality and credit-counting externality as the rest of our educational scheme; but that is no ground for leaving the direction of schools in the hands of those who have given no study to their problems.

If our trouble arises from an unfortunate relationship between schools and colleges, it might seem as if the best chance of improvement would lie in an attack on college entrance requirements and college entrance examinations, or, more generally, on the theory of college education itself as it affects the freedom of the schools. There have been plenty of attacks, in all conscience, on admission regulations and admission procedures, and the last

radical change in entrance policy — the New Plan — was unquestionably a change for the better. The New Plan accepts a creditable school record and requires examinations in only four subjects, whereas the Old Plan permits the piling up of entrance 'points' by the taking of examinations in one subject after another: the change from Old to New is obviously in the direction of concentration. Even the New Plan, however, leaves the secondary schools hesitant about simplifying their curricula and distinguishing sharply between them. One can go far, for example, without finding a secondary school that has set up a scientific curriculum, without Latin and without a distracting burden of study in other fields, in which a selected group of pupils is carried well beyond the introductory stage of scientific study. But no renewal of attacks on college requirements, in the old style, is likely to bring about any such result. To decry entrance examinations is futile, for some scheme of examination the colleges must have. Experiment in the form of examinations is desirable and is in rapid progress; but at bottom it is the theory of the relation between school and college that must be reconsidered, and this is not so simple a business as is the study of the relative merits of the various plans of selection for entrance, given the present theory and the present situation. The problem of admission to college involves both the theory of secondary education and the theory of college education. There can be no hope of accomplishing anything of importance by taking the point of view of the school and hurling complaint or defiance at the college, nor by taking the point of view of the college and casting scorn and accusation at the school.

From the point of view of the school, it must be recognized that some scope and freedom is a necessity. Schools must have the opportunity to prepare selected pupils for college without denying to them or to the rest of their pupils the opportunity for an education. Concentration, continuity of effort, and excellence of results in a relatively narrow field should be feasible and should be accepted as duly preparatory for college; but along with that it should be possible for schools to do interesting and genuinely educative work in general science, or world history, or even in the much despised study of civics, or in general mathematics, or in the purest informalities of auditorium exercises, club meetings, and 'projects,' without anxiety about success in strictly preparatory studies.

On the other hand, the facts as to the progress of college education should be accepted. The college is no longer a continuation of the secondary school. When the programme of the Boston Latin School was redefined in 1798, it consisted of nothing but Latin and Greek, and the programme of Harvard College consisted of little else. There is no such continuity now, and there cannot be. The college has taken up a far-reaching range of studies, of truly university character: philosophy, psychology, economics, government, comparative literature, the sciences, fine arts, the modern languages, higher mathematics, and much besides. The college has also adopted university methods, and is working out a new theory of its aims and procedures. To try to obstruct or reverse this tendency would be like trying to stop a glacier. The junior college can have no meaning or success as a mere effort to do the work of the college in a shorter period, and if it leaves secondary-school work the thing of shreds and patches it now is, adding a smattering of college subjects as a border or headpiece, it will be

a positive influence for evil. The commanding problem of liberal education in America is the problem of unifying secondary education and collegiate education without denying the essential character and the modern development of either.

The need for working out a fundamentally new answer to this problem may best be shown by a closer examination of the kind of secondary education we accept and designate as preparatory. It is in the schools that prepare directly for the college of liberal arts, as now constituted, that we can probably best begin to change our educational chaos into something approaching a cosmos.

III

The preparatory school is a truncated and impoverished institution. It finishes nothing. The subjects to which it devotes its attention and on which its students spend precious years in the golden period of youth need not be brought to fruition and in fact are largely abandoned at the college gates. The college starts a new and more rewarding type and kind of study, and its requirements have been formulated with very little reference to the completion of what has been begun in school. So far as the college programme has reference to school work, it expresses only lack of confidence in what the schools have done, requiring English composition, for example, because the schools have not taught boys and girls to write effectively. This lack of connection between school and college breeds confusion of thought and accounts for much of the 'milling around' in our educational discussion, which seems never to reach any fundamental and productive conclusions. In the preparatory schools it leads either to slackness of effort or to the kind of rigidity in routine, without illumination, which appeals to moral principles and conceptions of 'character,' buttressed by marks and punishments and personal pressure, as a substitute for intellectual satisfaction in study. In the college it leads to repetitions of school work and delay in beginning the distinctive business of higher education. It has more to do than has been generally noted or admitted with the perfunctory character of much collegiate study and instruction. Our college students — I borrow the figure of speech from a brilliant woman who knows them well — are more interested in the labels on their intellectual luggage than in what it contains; and so far as this is true it is largely because they have been taught at school to look no further than the customs inspection at the collegiate port of entry. Or, to shift the metaphor, school work is only a purgatory which precedes the heaven of college life, and 'getting by' is the rule for both. In spite of all the devoted effort of schoolmasters, their work is often baneful in its results, even when they are highly successful in 'getting their pupils into college.' The institution in which they work is not final and has no true aims of its own; nor is it in any exact sense even preparatory. School work, therefore, cannot be educative, and it will continue to induce wrong habits of mind until the school secures more freedom to aim at end points instead of halfway stations on roads that go no further. The present situation produces no attitudes that are profitable even for the college.

Consider Latin as a preparatory study. It is highly regarded and very widely required; but what do our secondary schools accomplish in the actual realization of the values of classical instruction? The preparatory school cannot make its work in Latin strictly a groundwork for what is to

come in college, for a large proportion of its students will drop Latin on entering college; and besides, the time is too long to keep the students at mere preparatory drill, especially if they start Latin at twelve. Yet the time is not long enough to achieve the higher and more important values of the subject, and the pressure of college requirements in other subjects, together with the general atmosphere of postponement and the pervasive schoolboy spirit of the institution, discourages effort of any genuinely scholarly character. There are very few schools that go beyond Cæsar, Cicero, and Vergil, and of these only the required books and orations. Granted that boys may get valuable linguistic discipline from two years of Latin, why keep them at it longer unless they are to get the more important results that would come if they continued their Latin beyond what the colleges require for entrance, reading Horace, Catullus, and other lyric poets, Terence and Plautus, the historians, Lucretius, more of Vergil, more of Cicero, and securing besides a wide view of Roman civilization? Our boys at entrance to college have no Latinity. Yet they need not get any, for they can drop their Latin, and most of them do. Even if they take Latin in the freshman year they are often so poorly 'prepared' that they get from it less than they should. The whole scheme of our education tends to prevent anything that could by courtesy be called classical scholarship. We cannot be thorough to-day with those who might respond and learn, as once we were thorough unduly, prescribing the classics alone for every type of mind.

In differing degrees this same condition obtains in every subject of the secondary school. The schools send up to college boys who have studied history but who have no historical sense and no developed interest in historical study; boys who have studied science but who have not grasped the scientific method; boys who have studied foreign languages but who have no *Sprachgefühl*. The schools can do nothing better, for their work is preparatory only and done in a preparatory spirit. They do not dare to concentrate their programmes into a few consistent and thorough curricula, leaving Latin out of some of them, for Latin is heavily weighted for entrance credit. The New Plan would permit greater consistency and sharper selection of students for specialization, as for example in science; but the schools would be uneasy in the attempt and the colleges do not seem to favor it. There is no chance in our schools to do the type of thoroughly scientific work done in a German *Oberrealschule* or *Realgymnasium*, even as far as our schools can go. The break ahead prevents it.

Meanwhile the colleges find it necessary to repeat much that the schools have taught because they have no confidence in the results. Some favored schools can, to be sure, anticipate the English composition of the freshman year, but there is much boredom and perfunctory teaching and learning in college because there is overlapping of subjects, a general ignoring in the college of what has gone before, and a tendency to look upon it, in any case, as a mere set of intellectual exercises preparatory to real work, now that the schoolboy has become the college man.

Is it any wonder that the insidious doctrine of formal discipline flourishes among us? This is the technical name for the belief that such a study as geometry is valuable because it 'trains the reason.' The total value of any programme of studies is covered by the statement that it has 'trained the mind.' Perhaps no doctrine in the history of education has done so much

mischief, nor has any been more thoroughly discredited by analysis and by experiment; yet it persists, and it is significant that it flourishes most in America, where secondary schools, being unable to accomplish results of any importance in the actual achievement of knowledge, outlook, standards of taste or judgment, or methods of work, fall back on the esoteric claim that their teaching 'disciplines the faculties.' The effects of any such belief are disastrous, for the disciplinarian forgets the true aims and values of his subject and uses it merely as a pedagogical club, or as a set of intellectual dumb-bells or chest weights. Its delights, the points of view to which it leads, what it means, and its relations to other subjects — all these values are set aside as of minor importance. And our teachers are tempted to accept the doctrine of formal discipline because they cannot see the transforming effect of any satisfactory progress in their several subjects. College teachers do not appeal to 'disciplinary' values in their own teaching. The college teacher of history expects those who specialize in history under his instruction to remember much that they learn, crystallize much into general views, gain some power of critical understanding of the past and of the present, and be in general more intelligent in their judgments of men and events. That, if you like, is a training of the mind, but it is not a 'discipline of the faculties' and it accrues only by reason of interest and effort and accomplishment in history. But even college teachers are inclined to look upon the studies of the secondary school as 'disciplinary.' The stigma of their purely preparatory character is upon them.

And why consider the actual choice of subjects in the secondary school important, after all? Have we not invented psychological tests that serve better than the entrance examinations in the subjects as a means of predicting success in college? The College Entrance Examination Board has a so-called Scholastic Aptitude Test, a psychological examination, the results of which have been expounded with gruesome statistical completeness in a supplement to the latest report of the Board. It may not take the place of examinations in subjects, but no college would be risking much that took the students who do well in that test, no matter what subjects they had studied or when or how. For colleges do not call upon students to carry their subjects of secondary study to completion. They ask only, 'Are you fit for college work?' The rest is of no significance. The development of psychological tests for college admission is a fine technical achievement and it has an important bearing on many problems; but it is in one aspect a comment on our educational system which may well arouse the laughter of the gods.

As to the pupils, can they be blamed for an attitude of acquiescence? What reason has the boy in a preparatory school for considering his studies anything more than payments demanded for the fun of being in school and the later privileges of college life? If he does not do well in his studies he is kept out of athletics — a policy wholly mistaken, so far as the boy's respect for study is concerned. If he does not get good marks he will not get into college, but he knows he can drop the 'stuff' he is studying as soon as he has 'cashed in' at the entrance gates what he is now learning in school. The system makes studies mere counters. The accepted aim of study lies outside; its true values are obscured. Of course this is due in part to parents and in part to the 'general state of culture' in America; but our relegation of school

studies to the rôle of 'preparation' for a purely ulterior object is responsible for the perpetuation of an utterly wrong attitude of mind in all concerned. It is surprising that any schools — even the better ones — do as well as they do.

There is another subtle effect of our separation of school and college which should be brought clearly to light. It lowers the standards of scholarship, skill in teaching, and educational understanding expected of our schoolmasters. A German *Studienrat* is expected to be master of his subject and is highly trained as a teacher. He is a pedagogue in the finest sense of that rather underrated word. Our schoolmasters, on the contrary, need not be scholars, although of course some of them are. As a class they have been called 'grossly ill-equipped, ill-rewarded, and lacking in distinction.' So far as this is true, is it not due to the fact that they are expected only to drill their pupils for the college examinations? Why ask them to be scholarly, when they have no chance to bring their pupils to any point of fruitfulness in scholarship?

There are evil effects on college teachers, too, and on college requirements. The intellectual snobbishness of college teachers toward secondary-school teachers is a result of the separation of school and college into two distinct systems, one altogether preparatory to the other yet in no sense continuous with it. And such educational absurdities as our college requirements in modern languages, whereby continuity and achievement in one language is sacrificed to a smattering of a second language, or even a third, are by no means unrelated to the fact that we have all lost sight of the student, his growth, the need of unity and persistence in his application to a limited field of study, in our obsession with credits, and the balance between hours in this and hours in that. If liberal education were one indivisible unit, continuous although varied, with a clear goal for each subject in each of the different curricula, we should think in terms of educational values in both school and college. As it is, who ever hears of what a subject may contribute at any given stage toward the student's understanding of himself and his world? One hears of units, entrance points, semester hours.

The resentment of parents and schoolmasters has centred on college entrance examinations; but examinations in themselves are not an evil and may indeed be made valuable from every point of view. The point at which examinations come makes all the difference. If an examination is *final* in the sense that it comes at a point at which the values of a subject may be realized, summed up, organized, and displayed, it is indispensable. In mathematics, for example, there is a point — so the mathematicians say — at which mathematics for general understanding, mathematics for 'culture,' may find an appropriate end. To get there, one must have studied the calculus. At that point a general, end-point, or leaving examination would be highly desirable and appropriate, and it could knit together all the mathematical studies that had gone before, from their very beginnings in arithmetic. That is where the German youth takes his *Reifeprüfung*. That is where we ought to have a general examination in mathematics, even if it has to come at the end of the freshman year in college. Those who enter college on a school programme concentrating in mathematics should meet such a test at entrance or else be held to taking freshman mathematics and meeting such a final test at the end of their first college year. There are end points of similar character in all

or at any rate in most of the school subjects. Whereas we now examine here and there and encourage students to forget what we have tested, assuring them that their 'points' have been put into the refrigerator of the entrance record, we should encourage them rather to look forward to an examination that will test them at a stage of reasonable mastery of the subjects in which they elect to specialize, and make their further progress depend on that.

IV

The principle, it seems to me, is clear, and the temptation is strong to work out a detailed scheme for applying it. Concentration and distribution, with general examinations at the final stages of progress in the subjects of concentration — the governing ideas in the plan of instruction established in Harvard College under President Lowell — if this plan makes college study educative, whereas before it often failed to be more than an instructional veneering, why not use it in the secondary school?

But the difficulties, it must equally be clear, are many, and the whole subject should have further consideration. The change can be made. The colleges must take the lead. They can so adjust their requirements for entrance and their regulations governing the work of the freshman year that the schools will look ahead, from the seventh grade (the beginning of the junior high school) to the end of the twelfth grade, or even beyond, to the meeting of tests in certain subjects that are tests of truly educative teaching. The college that takes the lead in this direction will deserve the blessings of schoolmasters. Yet schoolmasters should have a large part in the necessary readjustment, burying their own differences and their extreme claims for the educational virtues of their individual subjects in an effort to meet the colleges in a true reform. Schoolmasters know what American boys and girls can do, and with the help of parents they can be relied upon to safeguard the health and physical development of American youth against intellectual demands that might easily be made oversevere, especially during the earlier years of adolescence. They have become familiar with the possibility of using intelligence tests as a means of choosing the more gifted pupils and giving them an enriched curriculum without hurrying them forward at the expense of health or growth or social adjustment. They will have in mind also the needs of the boy or girl who is not a good candidate for college but who should, nevertheless, have a well-conducted secondary schooling. They will know what can be done in subjects for 'distribution,' subjects supplementary to those selected for concentration. In meeting these and other problems, some of which are with us already, some of which will appear or be sharpened by the application of the principle of concentration, schoolmasters should work hand in hand with college authorities. They are engaged in one business, the task of liberal education, the aim of which is not erudition or any imitation of learning, but general understanding — a true picture of men and things, with a genuine intellectual penetration of some phase or aspect of human experience.

TAWNY MARSH

BY J. M. WITHEROW

I

WHEN copper was found in the cliffs that faced the north shore of Tawny Marsh, men predicted confidently that Sunville, spreading east and west between marsh and cliff, would become a big city before a dozen years had passed. And for a time it seemed that the prediction would come true. The Tin and Copper Syndicate laid a railroad, built workmen's cottages, and put up the most efficient machinery for mining and loading, and later on for smelting. Spacious streets were laid out, numerous stores sprang up, farms were plotted and occupied, north and east and west. Long serpents of freight cars every week carried the finest copper in America to the big markets in the East. The Tin and Copper shares boomed. Everything seemed flourishing and full of promise.

And then the shadow came. Sunville became aware of a deadly enemy within her gates. There had been ominous whispers the second year, but not till the third year had men said right out that the little cemetery was growing faster than it should. The town authorities proclaimed that drinking water, obtained mostly from wells, should be boiled or at least filtered. But the uneasiness increased. Immigration slackened perceptibly. The Syndicate, alarmed for its labor supply, secured a young medical graduate who had won golden opinions in the hospitals of Chicago and sent him to Sunville, along with two trained nurses, to fight the enemy, equipping in his behalf a medical laboratory with all the most efficient drugs, instruments, and literature.

Dr. Valentine came and plunged immediately into the fray. The first case he visited was a boy of fifteen years, who two days before had been perfectly well. Now he lay with sunken cheeks, heavy eyelids, ugly dark rings round the eyes, almost imperceptible pulse — obviously near to death. It looked convincingly like ptomaine poisoning. Yet the most searching inquiry failed to elicit a scrap of evidence that the boy had taken food or drink differing in the slightest from what the rest of his family had taken.

The young doctor realized the importance of winning the first fight. He put on both nurses. He came four times to the house that day. By evening the treatment began to take effect. At ten o'clock Valentine was able to come out of the sickroom and tell the parents that little Robbie — his father's pride, his mother's darling — would probably recover, and recover soon. The gratitude of the poor people was affecting in the extreme. When Mrs. Peirce sobbed out a prayer that God would reward the man who saved her boy's life, the doctor could only shake her hand and hurry from the house.

He cherished no illusions. 'That was a near thing, won by a fluke. Next

time it may be the other way, unless we unmask the enemy.'

Many cases were malarial, aggravated by panic. On all such, Valentine's competent handling and cheery optimism acted like a charm. Wherever he went he brought hope and vitality. The little community recovered some of its old spirit. The shadow seemed to be lifting.

And yet the panic had been far from unfounded. Many deaths of alarming suddenness had occurred and still occurred. Valentine soon found that these illnesses consisted of two classes: one like that of Robbie Peirce, another apparently a high fever, not typhoid, not cerebrospinal meningitis, yet resembling both. Nothing in his medical books gave him definite light, but he had no doubt that here were two disease germs, comparatively new to American medicine, which, until expert bacteriologists isolated them, he could fight only by the most careful and scientific nursing.

So for three years the fight went on. Valentine soon put every household right and alert about the most effective devices for keeping flies, gnats, and mosquitoes out of sickrooms and away from food. By patient coaching he made every young mother in Sunville as trustworthy at the bedside and almost as deft as his own trained nurses. More than once he himself took a turn at watching a patient through critical midnight hours when relatives were worn out. And even when his efforts ended in failure he could say a word worth saying to desolate husband or broken-hearted wife or terrified child, and the very sound of his voice in those hours was like a caress. Before those three years ended, the doctor had endeared himself to the whole population. The men honored him, the women worshiped him, the children loved him, his two nurses would have died for him.

It can be guessed, then, what consternation reigned in Sunville when the news spread that the doctor himself was down with sickness.

'Dr. Valentine?'

'Yes, and he's bad.'

'Not the "poison death"?'

'No, but it's the "quick fever," and that's bad enough.'

'I should say. He'll be wanting grapes and ice, and he shall have them right now if I have to carry them myself.'

But everyone was saying and doing this same thing, and soon traffic to the door had to be stopped. Neighbors took charge and put up a bulletin every two hours.

The Reverend Charles Medway, the only clergyman in the place, who had recently turned a rough shed into a church and begun to hold Sunday services, announced by placard that a prayer meeting would be held at eight o'clock, to 'intercede for a beloved fellow citizen's life.' Over one hundred and fifty people, three times the usual congregation, gathered there that night.

Next evening, when Dr. Hinton, who had been rushed from Cheyenne City in the manager's high-powered car, announced that the patient's temperature had reached 105 degrees and that there was very little hope, Mr. Medway's church was crowded to suffocation. Men were there who had not been at worship for forty years. It was long remembered how Marwin, the old copper miner whom Valentine had attended after the rock fell on his leg, — a man who had never prayed publicly in his life, — got up and said very quietly, 'O God Almighty, if someone must die, let it be me. Let it be me, old Marwin, and let Dr. Valentine live.'

Next morning the dreaded bulletin was put up, written in a shaky hand: 'The doctor died this morning at six o'clock.'

II

Mr. William Tranquil Ennersly, president of the Tin and Copper Syndicate, trained geologist and engineer, also financier and multimillionaire, arrived in Sunville the morning of the funeral. His car passed through silent streets into the wide yard of his great mining works, where not a sound was to be heard and not a living soul was to be seen, until an office door opened and the manager appeared.

'Good morning, Fenton. What on earth has happened?'

'Good morning, President. Dr. Valentine has died.'

'I know, I know, but why stop the work?'

'Stop the work! I stopped nothing. I left the gates open, as you see, but I got an intimation last night, quite polite and respectful, that not a man or boy would leave his home this day for play or for work till the doctor was laid in his grave. There's no ill will to you or me, — we have no labor troubles here of any kind, — and there's no loss or damage except this stoppage up to the dinner hour. You see, President, Valentine was no common man, and the people are fair broken-hearted. I have never seen anything like it in all my life.'

'Well, well,' said the president, 'I know, I know. I don't blame you, and I don't blame the men either. But tell me, did Valentine do the trick? Did he get the better of this epidemic or whatever it is?'

'Yes and no,' answered the manager. 'Valentine did all that any good medical practitioner could have done, and far more than most of them would have dreamed of doing. But he often said to me in this office, "Fenton, I am fighting a deadly enemy with one hand tied behind my back. I have sent these bacteria men at Chicago all the swabs and specimens they demanded, but till they have isolated and cultured the coccus that does the mischief, and made a serum that will kill the coccus without killing the patient, I can never give the knock-out." He was always in hopes that word would come from the laboratories in Chicago, but it never came.'

'Did he ever say why this microbe was so potent here and so rare in other places?' asked Ennersly.

'No,' replied the manager. 'He was certain it was not the water. He tested and analyzed the water in every possible way, and was sure there was no better drinking water in the States. But I rather think he blamed the flies and mosquitoes. We do have a plague of them.'

Both men then put on appropriate garb and went to attend the funeral. When the body was committed to its rest and the service had quite finished, Mr. Ennersly invited the company to remain for a few minutes, as he had something to say.

'I wish first of all to endorse all that has been said by Mr. Medway about our departed friend. He was an honor to a noble profession. He served this community with his whole heart. He was also a most faithful servant of the syndicate over which I have the honor to preside.

'At the proper place and time, you, the citizens of Sunville, will doubtless consider what form of memorial will best enshrine and express your gratitude for all that he was and all that he did for you. But on behalf of my fellow directors and myself I wish to announce that we have decided to commemorate our faithful servant and express *our* gratitude by building and endowing in this town a memorial hospital, to be known henceforth as the Valentine Hospital, where all sufferers from accident or disease in this

community shall receive treatment or nursing free of all expense.'

Mr. Medway uttered a few words of heartfelt thanks, and the mourners then dispersed.

That afternoon Mr. Ennersly took the opportunity of having a good look round. He procured a horse and rode out along the crest of the range of low hills that runs due south from the eastern outskirts of Sunville. Tawny Marsh extended level and ugly on his right, a quadrilateral about six miles east and west and five miles from north to south — a waste of wild grass and rushes, here and there stagnant pools, a bank of black slime near Sunville, farther out vast stretches of light brown or yellow weed, from which the great swamp took its name of Tawny Marsh.

'I am no biologist,' said Ennersly to himself, 'but I would hazard a guess that there's the big mother of the flies and all the bugs that worried poor Valentine.'

Ennersly was no biologist, but he had a good eye for country. Tawny Marsh he soon recognized as the bed of an ancient lake. Halfway down the slope from where he was riding he spied the long narrow line of the ancient lake beach, keeping its dead level round all the little sinuosities of the hill front and running far south toward Roy Gap with the precision of a Roman road.

'An ancient lake, of course, where the water was suddenly drawn off. But why was it drawn off? And where did all the water come from and why is it not there now?'

When Ennersly reached Roy Gap, a fold of the hills at the southeast corner of the Marsh, he found the answer to some of his questions. The overflow of the ancient lake had there had its outlet and, pouring over a cliff some miles to the east, had cut backward through the cliff edge — back and back through long ages to the shore of the lake, and then in a few hours the last thin barrier burst and the whole lake poured down the gorge and drained itself dry. Dry? Yes, perhaps; but what had happened to the river or rivers that fed the lake? And why this big swamp, Tawny Marsh?

It was not apparent yet what had happened to the river, but at Roy Gap, some time after the river ceased to flow, a landslip had occurred. Thousands of tons of clay, stone, and gravel had suddenly broken away from the steep mountain to the south and pitched into the hollow. The old outlet was completely blocked for more than half its total depth and for a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. Away to the east the gorge ran winding for seven miles, two hundred feet in depth, but as dry as a bone. To the west of the landslip the brooks from the hills accumulated the mud and rain of winter, but never could remake the old lake — only wide shallow pools that grew stagnant and evaporated in the heat, feeding rushes and asphodel and yellow moss, and nurturing the pests, the winged enemies of man. So came Tawny Marsh. Ennersly rapidly jotted down in his engineer's pocket-book some notes on the apparent differences of levels and returned to Sunville.

The consumption of fuel at the copper works had increased seriously, and Ennersly liked to look into things for himself. The rest of that day was occupied with investigation into costs.

The following morning saw the president again on horseback, making for the northwest up a wide valley that bounded the west end of the copper cliffs. He returned at night, tired but in high spirits.

'Fenton,' he cried, 'those cost calculations of last night are out of date. You may burn them all. In eighteen

months I will give you all the electricity you require here, and all that Sunville requires, at one third the present cost.'

'Struck oil somewhere?' asked Fenton skeptically.

'No, sir, water. You know the Yellow Fork that flows from the Eastern Rockies in this direction and then turns about twenty miles from here at a sharp angle and makes northeastward? Well, that same Yellow Fork used to flow straight on down into Tawny Marsh where the little creek now runs that you call the Trickle.'

'That was before my day,' said Fenton, still skeptical.

'Yes, about ten thousand years before you were born. It was diverted by some slight obstacle up there on that plateau where it winds and goes slow, and I am going to coax it back into its own old channel and bring it down into Tawny Marsh. Three or four miles out from here we shall lay pipe lines and bring over those cliffs, into turbines right here at your door, as much water as will make all the power we need for the next fifty years.'

'But you forget. Our town stands barely fifty feet above Tawny Marsh. You will swamp the place. You can't play tricks with a river.'

'I thought of that. I will see to it that no house is swamped. And you forget Roy Gap.'

And then the discussion turned on ways and means.

But the president in the end made out his case and took his own line.

About two years after this conversation, there came a day when all Sunville turned out to see the Yellow Fork overwhelm the little Trickle and enter Tawny Marsh. The engineers upcountry took care to increase the diverted flow only very gradually. There was no sensational rush of a mighty flood. But there was nothing disappointing in the view from Sunville next morning. Tawny Marsh was gone. In its place lay and flashed and dimpled and laughed in the sun one of the loveliest lakes that men in that part of the world had ever seen. The hills on the east and south looked smaller, but the high hills on the west, wooded halfway up and beautified just then with the tints of autumn, had a majesty and a color which the level silver of the lake now revealed for the first time, while from the foot of those hills ran out some long promontories — the land's fingers laid caressingly on a newfound treasure. Three or four islets also 'leaped to the eye' in the northwest and southwest corners, like emeralds left lying on a silver shield. For a whole day Sunville could talk of nothing else. No human eye ever saw Tawny Marsh again.

III

Six months after the coming of the lake the Reverend Charles Medway, availing himself of a lull in his pastoral work, made his way to the Valentine Hospital to call on Dr. Hinton.

'Good morning, Doctor.'

'Good morning, Minister. Want a new heart? Or a secondhand appendix? Or any little trifle like that? Town and country orders promptly attended to.'

'Yes,' cried Medway with a smile. 'I want you to conceive and deliver yourself of a fine infant in the form of a popular lecture to my St. Telemachus Literary Society.'

'And when do you think I could find time to get up a popular lecture?'

'Six months ago I would not have mentioned it. I know the load poor Valentine carried alone, and the town is a third bigger now. But I am sure it is healthier. I know I have not heard of one "poison death" or one "quick fever" in the last four months.'

'I am sure you have not. There has not been one case notified for five months anywhere about here.'

'How do you account for it? Have you any idea?' asked the minister.

'I am not going to speak positively,' said the doctor, 'but my present belief is that those diseases were wiped out with Tawny Marsh.'

'The Lord's name be praised,' said Medway. 'And about the lecture —'

Just then the telephone bell rang. The doctor took up the receiver. After the usual 'Yes — yes' came a pause of listening, then 'My heavens!' Then another pause. 'Here, of course, at once. Everything will be ready. Be careful. Good-bye.'

'Medway, there's been an accident. Ennersly is badly hurt. They're bringing him here right now. Has had a bad fall and is unconscious.' So saying, he pressed the electric bell.

'I thought he was in New York!' cried Medway.

'He returned to inspect the Roy Gap sluices yesterday.'

Soon the matron and two nurses were on the move, and in little over ten minutes the special ward was in perfect readiness for the injured man.

'Hinton, you'll be busy, but I'll remain within call,' said Medway. 'When you've done your work he may need me also, and in any case I ought to know the best or the worst.'

So Medway remained, and saw the limp figure of the president carried on a stretcher from his car into the hospital. The minister strolled about for nearly an hour in the warm evening sun. He noted the extraordinary stillness of the air, the amazing loveliness of the scene. He thought of the change this man had wrought, who now lay there helpless — perhaps dying. At last he saw Hinton come out through the wide door-window of the special ward on to the verandah and sign to him. He hurried forward. 'Well?' he asked.

'All going right for the present,' said Hinton with a grave face. 'But, my word! He's battered and bruised from head to foot. It seems he and his head engineer were watching the water roaring out of their overflow pipes in the gorge below Roy Gap and lamenting the fact that such power was going to waste, when Ennersly said, "Let us have a look at some of the rocks up there where this landslip came from. It would be better to find something at hand rather than fifty miles away."

'So they climbed up some three hundred feet of the steep slope above the southern edge of the gorge. When they reached the bare rock above, Ennersly, after some knocks of his geologist's hammer, called out, "Man alive, it's hematite!" That moment a lump of rock of no great size fell and struck him on the head. Ennersly gave a cry and suddenly tumbled backward, rolling and tumbling and sliding right away down the slope among the loose stones for about fifty yards, and then lay still against a boulder.

'He has a broken arm, which I have just set, and concussion which may or may not be serious, but the best chance for him is to lie as still as death for as long as he can.'

'Well, I hope and pray he will recover,' said Medway, 'and if he does not —' he paused, thinking a bit — 'well, we will build him a monument as big as we built for Valentine, and set it up at the other end of Hamilton Square.'

'Will you?' asked the doctor. 'He's all right in his own way, but he is not and never was and never will be a man like Valentine.'

'Hinton,' said Medway, 'you know how I honored and loved your predecessor, your heroic predecessor, but I

cannot shut my eyes to the fact that the man lying in there delivered the goods.'

'You mean?'

'I mean what you told me yourself, and what I am sure is true. Ennersly — not Valentine — wiped out the "poison death" and the "quick fever." Think of what that means to this community for years to come.'

'Yes, my dear fellow, but, granting all that, did Ennersly intend to do it, or was he simply out to get heaps of cheap electricity — and brought off our deliverance as an accidental by-product? It seems to me that intention counts, or ought to count, for a good deal in a matter of a man's deserts. Why, padre, is n't that what you yourself are always telling us on Sundays? But stop, here's Nurse. Well, Nurse, anything wrong?'

'No,' said the nurse, 'he's lying perfectly still; has never raised an eyelid — only moans a little now and then. But the air is so calm I can hear every word you say, though you speak so softly.'

'Oh, that's all right. What do *you* think? Ought he to have a monument for giving us the benefit of Ennersly Lake?'

'I think the lake is monument enough. Besides, he has made plenty of money out of it,' said the nurse, going back to her duty.

'There you are, Medway,' said the doctor. 'Hear the voice of the people.'

'She's wrong, Hinton; and if that is the people's voice the people will be wrong. Look here. Suppose that you and Ennersly one hot day were swimming in that lake, and that you saw something bright on the brown bottom below and dived for it and brought it up, finding it to be a gold watch and chain with no end of jewels and rings and lockets attached to it; but that after you secured it you found Ennersly in trouble and drowning, and you took the chain in your mouth and gripped Ennersly by the ears and brought him safely ashore — would he be excused from all expression of gratitude to you by noting that you had made a good thing out of it, that you never went into the water to rescue him, and were all that gold to the good?'

'I should think not,' admitted Hinton.

'Very well, then, gratitude must have its place and expression in our case also. And about intention,' went on Medway, 'you are right: we make a lot of it in the pulpit, because we speak there of man's deeds as viewed by God, who knows our motives through and through. But what do *we* know about Ennersly's intentions? Do we *know* he never intended to destroy the pests of Tawny Marsh? We do not. We were perfectly right in giving high honor to Valentine, the man who laid down his life trying to accomplish a great work, though he failed to accomplish it. But we cannot afford to ignore efficiency, or to ignore solid achievement because we are not sure of the intention. We must honor the man who delivers the goods, and we ought to attribute the best motives to him that the plain facts permit. I must say I think people are unfair to rich men. If rich men make money, they meant to make it; but if they confer a great benefit, they did not mean to confer it — it was an accident, an unintended by-product; or else they did it deliberately because they hoped thereby to achieve some reputation or position or ulterior gain for themselves. It's not fair. But supposing Ennersly and his like are out for themselves and what they can get, and only that all the time; even then I would praise them to their faces for their services and their benefits, because I have far more hope of changing a hard man by

treating him generously than by perpetual suspicion and ingratitude.'

'Medway, my boy, it seems to me you would build that monument now and set it up for Ennersly himself to see — if he recovers.'

'I would,' said the minister. 'I know it's not the custom, but I would.'

'Well, I would not. I hate all this flattery and slavering of the rich and powerful. I would wait till they were dead, when no one could say we were on the lookout for further favors to come.'

'Hinton, I feel the force of that. I only want to say I detest and loathe ingratitude, or what comes to the same thing — gratitude that conceals itself until it is too late. But enough of this. Think over that popular lecture you're going to give at my Literary Society, and good-bye.'

'Oh, I can safely promise to think,' rejoined Hinton with a smile. 'Good-bye, padre.' And the two friends parted.

The events which had happened in Sunville now attracted the attention of the whole state. Mr. Ennersly had scarcely recovered from his bruises and his concussion when the leaders of one of the great political parties had him nominated for the governorship. On election day many citizens voted for their own party candidate, as they had always done. But a section of thoughtful people were swayed by the same considerations which had been discussed by the minister and the doctor in the grounds of the Valentine Hospital, and the party managers on both sides have since admitted that these voters upset their calculations and made all the difference between victory and defeat.

The result of the election has now passed into history, but there are still people interested in the controversy which once raged so hotly who think they know the principle that should have governed the voting. But these people do not all agree.

MAKURASAKI

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

I

Toward one-thirty I am roused by knocks. I lightly made an offer that was accepted in earnest. At two and again at three I must go the round of the village. I am the watch. He who rouses me is the ropemaker, his the house next door, and with unction he delivers into my hands two flat boards. He has just returned; has struck the hour every twenty feet by slapping the boards, so the good villager might know the time — might be reminded, as he turned in his sleep, of the folly of resting too absorbedly, the danger of fire never being far. A round at two, another at three, then I as well shall hand on the boards, and so they will go from house to house from hour to hour. They are the clapper of the village clock.

It rained while I was asleep, and

after rain Makurasaki is decently navigable only in *geta*. But I cannot walk in those charming checks on earthly hurry, so I mush in shoes. I make for the lower village, there where rice fields lie moon-white under mist the hot night through, thence up the main street, dip into every crossroad, on every seventh stride clack my woods twice.

Overhead the sky is covered and the moon is just gone down. Makurasaki sleeps. The sultriness of yesterday still burdens the morning, and the old who find it hard to breathe squat in the unboarded slits of their houses, wait on whatever currents of air there may be, smoke those long pipes that consume night more than tobacco.

Thoughtlessly I stop at one such slit. The candle within makes no efficient combat against the darkness, yet it lays a ghastly sheen over a naked body. The body is long, thin like a cadaver, yellow, flecked with shadow, one hip high — I catch myself, push on, am not sure whether it is man or woman.

And again murky walls close in about me. I walk as under some grim stockade. The houses all are boarded, and only above remain the dim distinctions, the vague balconies, the odd angles, the oddly broken lines, the Orient of prints sitting in the dark with somewhat the unconcern with which God in an old Italian picture sits in a cloud.

Suddenly the caroling converse of two voices; and, a moment after, the owners of the voices, deformed by fog, swing with their lanterns into the street. They are two of the party of yesterday. Both smiled and smiled, and I thought they might also be villains, and now they bow and bow, and I do hold to my impression. Where they stand they sink in mud, and while they pull on one geta the other goes deeper. This annoyance makes them address me only the more vehemently. It does not stay them that I do not understand a word. Their double bass fills the air. They are heated within by sake.

Then I am back at the rice fields where I began. Far away, still the two voices. Somewhere near a geisha sings. But the romance of night and of my place in space and of my part as watch is much dissolved in weariness.

I hand on my sticks, drop straight asleep; to be awakened in the morning, curiously, by fire.

There is a frightened pounding of the temple bell, and if I did not know what that meant I should have but to look at the faces. 'Fire and plague.' The street is full; little motionless groups on the rooftops; all straining toward the east. By the telegraphy of crowds, mysterious here because there is no outcry, the news has run. A house standing alone in the open country was lit by children, is burned to the ground, and the village is safe. Yet the tidings do not quell the feeling. The groups still strain toward the east, and where there is talk, the talk makes only more express the fear. And not unfounded this fear, with the houses wood, the streets alleys, no ready water, and the roofs straw! On the last occasion two hundred houses were ash in half an hour, and Makurasaki counted itself lucky that the wind bore not from the sea.

It happens the Buddhist priest for this very morning has invited us to his *Cha no yo*, his ceremony of the tea. Nine o'clock was the hour, and it is already past noon. Nevertheless we move leisurely. The fire will explain. And if it did not, Japanese custom begins a function when the guest chooses to arrive.

The temple yard is in sabbath humor. A small boy quits his gravel, studies me with a regard so troubled that only for one moment can I think of the whimsical in him. And he continues to study

me as I take off my shoes and go up into the temple. In the temple there is the abrupt cool of a vault. A few old men are waiting on the service for old men, to begin an hour hence. One bends over his feet and rubs them rhythmically. Another guards while in a heap his family sleeps. The oldest sprawls in an aisle, his limbs gaping, his lips moving, his eyes not on the earth.

To this the bell adds one stroke. It swells like some ghoul's breath from nothing to an indefinite immensity, and comes upon me almost less a tone than a fear. But the laugh of the priest's young wife rings high. She is no kin of the solemn bell. She has a baby in her arm.

'Once upon a time I lived in Shanghai!' Those are her first words. 'And there were many foreigners in Shanghai, and I am happy with foreigners.'

She beckons us to the rear of the temple, then down a tiny stairs, then across a bridge with tea trees on either side, then up to where on a polished floor we sit at the tip of a balcony.

Unshaven, with eyes that blink and blink, the priest, I scarce know whence, is in our midst, and smoothly has led us from himself to his collections. The sheets of bamboo, thin as paper and overwritten with a Sanskrit fine as engraving, are a fragment of the eight thousand volumes of sacred writing — to move them would require seven and one half horses! The sand in the amber vial is from the Indian river; the grains are the multitude; the water of the river is so pure the healthy bathes next the leper. Do I know that wooden carving, the three monkeys back to back, one with hands over his ears, one with hands over his eyes, one with hands over his mouth? Meaning? Thou shalt not hear evil, shalt not see it, shalt not speak it.

He smiles, rises, carries off two of the walls. That is exactly what he does. A child could do it, the parts are so light. And a draft draws through the room. A draft is untimely in July, and he closes his eyes the more feelingly to enjoy it.

'Calling the wind is the first act, and perhaps the best of the ceremony.'

The boy interrupts with the steaming pot; sets it on the vermilion lacquered table. The boy is in plain blue cotton.

'An excellent casting, this pot, made by a half savage in an ancient village on the river Han in Chosen.'

The boy interrupts once more. It is with the agate box. And the priest takes the box, lifts its cover, lets its sea-green powder shimmer in the sun. He watches us. He watches the powder. His eyes laugh, and when he puts back the cover he balances on it an olive ladle of a lightness such that the drafts rotate it one way, then the other.

I begin to be fond of him. Perhaps he is fifty. Perhaps he is forty. Perhaps thirty. His eyes open fully only under strain; seem easiest, as with so many of his compatriots, when narrowest, a consequence possibly of centuries of painter-like squinting on a ghostly world. Happy the life he has led, roaming where he chose, secure against want and society and exactions of state, a nimble wife, and this baby that tries hard to smile though unsure of the attachments of its head.

He talks now of seven hundred years ago, of the days when the ceremony was height of fashion, and while he talks prepares the bowls. Bowls are used instead of cups. Mine is of clay taken from the hill where Nogi in the Japanese-Russian War paid for victory with forty thousand men. The general has written his name into the clay, and the priest is at pains to show me where.

From the iron pot with the wooden dipper he scoops the steaming water,

rolls it in the bowl, and, when the bowl is warm, empties into a copper pan. Not one move is offhand. From the agate box with the olive ladle he carries the green powder. As the hot liquid falls into the green a poisonous-looking brew leaps up. Quick he takes what appears to be a brush, and with it skips over the mix, and a foam forms. He eyes the foam intently. All eye it. And he continues to skip till, at some critical moment, swiftly, like one terminating a rite, he sweeps the utensil out of the green, leaving over it an even float of bubbles.

His smile is the smile of magic. He scans his achievement side to side. He wonders, Could I do as well?

There is a knack, no question, and the more I belabor the mix the fewer bubbles do I get. He pretends perplexity, cocks his head and pinches his eyes.

'You work too hard. This is an art. One never drudges in an art. But you could learn if you tried.'

And with that assurance he goes to the drinking, there being rules also for that. Your host advances the bowl. You bow. You lift it in your right hand, and rest it on your left, and turn it through half its circumference. You touch it to your lips. You sigh with gratification. You find for the quality of the tea what pithiest praise you can contrive, and your host bows. You drink the bowl dry, have care to leave no dregs, a trace implying that the suspension was not perfect; and, if this be true, yet must the skill of your draft disguise it.

He warns me a second helping may keep me awake. In the next sentence he speaks of the tea as thin. Actually I have never drunk thicker concoction. It adheres to the tongue, and the very texture is a satisfaction. The aromatic element comes and goes. I do not mind being kept awake.

The boy meanwhile has slid into the next room, has spread a Persian rug, and on the rug has unrolled a sheet of yellow Mino paper. By the side of the paper lie ready *suzuri* and *sumi*. These have nothing to do with tea, but with writing. The priest has said he would write. That is an honor. And when we are settled anew about him he takes the sumi, a solid ink, grinds it with water on the smooth surface of the suzuri, frowns as he grinds, grinds and grinds till a fluid forms that will evenly flow from the tip of a brush. Plainly much science of the immortal order has gone also into this.

Brush in hand he straddles the paper, the paper about four feet long and two feet broad, and hovers over it while in his mind he arranges the thought. Then, suddenly, with what seems daring, he sets down one after another of those lovely ideographs that look just ready for flight. Every stroke is a swoop. If a line were to come too heavy or too light he would leave it. The first must be perfect: that is the principle, a principle not much thought of in a world that knows so well the lazy certainty of work.

What he is writing all down the middle of the yellow is the Buddhist form of the proverb, 'The eyes of the Lord are in every place.' Along the left in smaller characters he puts his own name and the red seal of the temple. Along the right, 'For an American Gentleman, the Thirteenth Year of Taisho, One Summer Day.'

The bell moans. It is the hour of the service for old men, and the priest is gone. The dear wife follows us to the outer precincts, laughing and bowing till we are away.

II

They invite me to the bath. They are always inviting me to the bath. After the guest the master bathes, then

the males in succession of age, then the women, last the servants, and the interest of this hierarchy gains when I add that, though one soaps and scrubs in a pan, the final rinsing is in the tub, and the water of the tub is changed but once a day. In the midst of my bathing there comes an oldish woman; says she will help me. I tell her I could not give her that trouble. It is no use. Her mind is made up. I try to display an indifference that I cannot feel. I am very naked. I smile, but she will not smile with me. She only stares and stares, till she marks me even to myself as strange.

When at last she has helped me into a fresh kimono, a committee of the village waits to take me to the dinner. We start down the hill toward the beach. A troupe of boys blocks our passage. Two of them carry a drum and a third bangs it while he yells a wild high cry. A fourth brings up with the banner. They are announcing the evening's play.

We continue down the hill. My host walks near me. 'The dinner is at the house of the geisha!' He whispers the words, opens wide his eyes, as suddenly closes them again, and says no more. For my part I go along with some common masculine thoughts.

They meet us in a garden and escort us to a pavilion. Twenty kneeling figures of men bend as we approach, and together, in silence, we watch the twilight move out over the sea.

'Not by hand — by water.' My host, who is still near me, anticipates the question I have only felt.

There is a rock in the middle of the bay. It is like a finger, and it points upward to the sky. It is blacker as the light goes out of everything but the piercing west. One must indeed be told that it was not put there by hand, that it was shaped by the eddying of the sea. A slender finger exactly in the middle of a circular bay. It would seem as if Nature while she worked about these islands were swayed by Japanese principles of art.

When the lanterns are brought we find we are outside a large oval of lacquered tables. Under covers of bowls are eggplant broiled in soya sauce, ginkgo seed pierced with pine needles, toasted eel, bamboo sprouts, plums pickled in perilla. The women have worked noiselessly. They kneel in the central space, composed and smiling.

This morning I asked grandmother what happened to the geisha as her youth went by. She shook her head, and I could learn no more than 'Only if she has a beautiful heart or a beautiful face — else there is no escape.'

The geisha may take to the life for many reasons. The family property is mortgaged, and she sells herself to clear it. She is touched by the time, thinks her brother ought to have the higher, more expensive education. A great man loves her, is unhappy he cannot marry her; if she went among the geisha to live, he and she might have much of one another. I believe I have some idea how merely sham these reasons sound. But sometimes, too, the life is the life of her talent. She longs to play an instrument and sing and dance. The geisha also smokes with you and drinks with you and serves your food. If she serves you further I am sure it is by her own choice.

The return to the world, however, does not depend on herself, and there is the curse. She must be bought. Thrift will not manage it. At the best, a lover buys her; but though this is a common theme in the Japanese novel I am not convinced it is common in Japanese life. Still, geisha have married into all ranks, and tales are told that carry to the highest places.

My host, who was in America once,

has a notion how the scene should daze me, impenetrable eyes watching while I in kimono eat raw fish by lantern light. I am surprised to hear him ask. The tone has been so natural that I take as natural, too, the extraordinary facts.

Opposite each gentleman sits his geisha. There are four opposite me. Our conversation goes by smiles and bows and oglings till it occurs to one of them, comes to her clearly as a small revelation, that she might make him who was in America give her the use of speech. Henceforth there is a buzz borne continually between us, and each response is greeted by bubbles of laughter. All want to know the byways of the Western knowledge of heart.

Three of the four are fluffy and merry, and the wine glosses their faces. The life suits them. The fourth is slight and pale, drinks much, yet is no part of the felicity, looks as if cigarettes might hold the rein. She lights one, puffs twice, hands it to me, then observes me with such a skew intentness as I smoke that the three fluffy ones glance at each other and smile.

My bowl she fills with *shotsu*, then with sake, then with shotsu, then with sake; and, each time I do not drink, snatches up the bowl and drains it to the lees. Presently she quits the room; returns with a bottle of French wine. But when I still only sip she is confused and sidles over to the gentleman who is supplying speech. He laughs at what she says; the fluffy ones move in close and laugh, too; and when my pale one comes back to me she wants to know, Do I love her?

The pitch of the party rises by degrees, though the talk remains low and the wooden crack of the breakers is as loud as before. It is less and less like the West. In his cups the Oriental grows only the more heavily moody. He has the appearance of hot speech, but he does not speak. The women stay within the oval, the men without. The tête-à-tête is always across the lacquered tables, more impassioned, more as if each pair were alone; yet none touch, none kiss.

The pale one comes with wine and more wine. Her eyes show it, not unbeautifully; otherwise she kneels as she kneeled, gazes as she gazed. Her kimono is a rich purple with white birds on the wing, and in a lantern light that swoons with smoke she is such a disengagement of sex from the burden of it that I admit to a strange stunned happiness, and when she begs to be taken to America with the other of my women I am not altogether pleased that the times are out of joint.

Would she go? She is young. She is already weary. Who knows enough about the foreigner to say it would not be easy for him to buy one from this life? She may think she detests Japan, and it would not be remarkable if she detested her portion of it. America or Timbuktu. One must have had some experience with Timbuktu to know that no romance wide of one's self is like to remain happiness.

I ask my host how old she is, and whether it is probable one so young will have gone far on the primrose way. He says it is not probable, and he asks her how old, and she tells him she will soon be fifteen.

Later her head droops, and she sleeps there as she kneels. She is more daintily artificial than ever. Once she rouses, but only to rest the tip of her forehead against a beam.

A WAY OUT OF THE COURT DEADLOCK

BY ESTHER EVERETT LAPE

I

If one were collecting curbstone impressions as to the reason why the United States is still outside the Permanent Court of International Justice, the result would show wide variety. One group, anxious to fix the blame at home, cites as the heart of the difficulty that trouble-making fifth reservation concerning the right of the United States to prevent the giving of an advisory opinion. A second group, equally anxious to place the blame abroad, defends the entire reasonableness of the fifth and all the other reservations, laments the error made by the signatory states in 'rejecting' them, and points out that in view of this 'rejection' there is certainly nothing more to be done in the Court matter unless and until the signatory states come to their senses. At this point may crop forth dark hints that the real difficulty is that certain of the Great Powers (names are given!) 'do not want us' in the Court and have seized the opportunity to magnify unimportant differences in order to keep us out. A third group, too deeply puzzled by the whole matter to know where to lodge the blame, accords ready belief to the rumor that we are still outside the Court because juridical complications of the most solemn order have developed, differences far too deep for popular comprehension, but inevitable and altogether respectable.

Any one of the above is a poor description of the real obstacle. The solemn juridical difficulties, when closely scanned, take on the contours of quite familiar domestic political inconveniences. Whence it dawns on the careful observer that the dead stop in the Court matter comes about, so far as the United States is concerned, not because the differences are insoluble, but because we have not, for reasons entirely domestic, found it convenient to go on with the process of solution. The reservations themselves, whatever one thinks of them, are not the heart of the difficulty. This holds also for the second part of the fifth, which indeed is presented to the world as the *causa belli*, but which, if taken in the reasonable legal meaning which this article is written to present, would probably offer no difficulties whatever abroad. It is troublesome now because it is capable of bearing two meanings; and the real obstacle to our adherence to the Court is that we have not been able — or willing — to clear up the justifiable doubt as to which of these two meanings we mean it to bear. Obviously, since the meanings are directly opposed, it cannot bear both.

To the simple-minded it seems vastly simple for the President or the Department of State to say, at once and very clearly, that of course the fifth reservation is to be taken in the only reasonable legal meaning possible for it to have under the law and precedents of the United States. But from the ward-politics point of view the Court has

become more and more a 'loaded' subject since the Senate resolution providing for adherence to the Court was passed in January 1926. Followed a wave of reaction whereby the Court, distorted into a convenient symbol of 'foreign entanglement,' was washed through all the byways of domestic politics, and even, not many months ago, assigned the rôle of leading issue in a Chicago mayoralty campaign. Absurd, but there it is. Canny advisers of the Administration naturally cite the traditional wisdom of gently postponing loaded subjects in near-presidential years. The rest is silence. Our negotiations with the signatory states have reached a point where it is our turn to speak. But, against every tradition of international dealing, we have refrained from going on with the conversations that are to be considered a matter of course in arriving at agreement upon the Court treaty or any other treaty.

Our policy throughout, in the Court matter, has been not to negotiate but to legislate, not to hold conversations but to rest on ultimatums. But treaties cannot be legislated; they are the product of the most subtle and delicate processes of diplomacy, including the flexible exchange of views as to what is intended, what definitions are to be attached to this or that provision, and so forth. We proposed to adhere to the Court treaty with five reservations. We declined a request to explain just what meaning we intended some of these to have. The signatories, in doubt as to how much we meant to claim, accepted the reservations with reservations. In thus accepting them they hopefully proposed 'such further exchange of views as the Government of the United States may think useful.' That was many months ago. But up to the present we have not thought any further exchange of views useful. We choose to regard as a finality what they evidently considered as one step in diplomatic negotiations.

'But surely,' said an amazed European diplomat a few weeks ago, 'the reply of the United States will be coming through soon. You proposed something to us and we replied, accepting in general and suggesting further discussion of points not clear. The President cannot just put our communication in his pocket!'

When on the same day, however, this diplomat's hopes were quoted to an experienced representative of the State Department abroad, who knows well how capacious the pockets of that Department are, he said with a smile, 'The doctor does n't understand. The thing's over. A good office job will be done in Washington upon the replies. A careful memorandum will point out how reply A differs from reply B and how C in turn differs from A and B, etc. And the whole will be filed. *Voilà tout.*'

The bewildered public, finding the Court a difficult subject at best, cannot stand the strain of analyzing further difficulties and more than half acquiesces when told that the whole issue is 'dead.' Assured that we made a generous gesture toward international coöperation and that our overtures were 'rejected,' the people reason that perhaps we are well out of it. They begin to favor 'leaving it to time.' This is excellent stuff for Mr. Borah and the irreconcilables and also for those reconcilables who are 'for' the Court but not to the extent of allowing to it any disruptive force in home politics.

II

If the problem were to allocate blame, both the United States and the signatories would come in for a share. We contributed a first blunder in not troubling to find out whether the reservations as passed would be clear to

and acceptable to the signatory states. When Mr. Hughes, in 1923, announced the original Harding-Hughes-Coolidge reservations, he did so apparently only after sounding out the countries in the Court to establish that they would be acceptable. If any sounding out had been done abroad as to the final form of the fifth reservation, the question as to which of two possible meanings was to be given it would at once have been raised and answered. But the second form of the reservations was the Senate's, not the Secretary of State's; and diplomatic soundings out have no part in the business of trying to legislate treaties. In a way, this whole Court situation illustrates the Senate's tendency to obtain a share in the negotiation of treaties (an executive function) by dint of attaching reservations to its constitutional advice and consent to the ratification of treaties. Our second blunder later followed naturally from the first: we were not able — or willing — to tell the signatories exactly what the fifth reservation meant when they asked for reassurance concerning it. They invited us to send a delegate to their September Conference to explain it. Secretary Kellogg refused — altogether reasonably, for until our reservations were accepted we were not a signatory and had no status and no vote in a conference of signatories; and the Secretary of State had no authority to make an official paraphrase of a Senate reservation to a formal conference. But, while necessarily refusing this invitation, the Secretary of State could certainly have indicated that the United States would be willing to converse in the ordinary diplomatic ways as to the meaning of the fifth reservation, since there was doubt about it — doubt at home as well as abroad. He did not do so; and his letter still rankles in various foreign offices. If fifty nations state that they are in doubt as to what reservations mean, the *entente cordiale* is not improved by telling them that 'the reservations are clear and unequivocal.'

Not all the blunders have been ours. The signatory states, if they did not 'blunder' in their action at the September Conference, at least failed to seize an obvious opportunity to simplify the situation. The reply they made to the reservations was fair enough; but they might, more astutely, have made a reply that would have brought the negotiations forward, a reply that would have achieved both objects, of getting the United States into the Court and also safeguarding the functioning of Court and League. As it was, they did merely the latter. Genuinely puzzled as to how far we meant to go under the fifth reservation in claiming a right to prevent advisory opinions, and fearing the worst because of the interpretation given to this reservation in some of the Senate debates, — an interpretation that might interfere with the constitutional functions of both the League and the Court, — the signatory states, after accepting outright the first, second, third, and first part of the fourth reservation, attached to their acceptance of the second part of the fourth and the fifth the condition that, if the situation produced by the acceptance did not work out well, it could, by a two-thirds vote, be withdrawn at any time. But a conditional acceptance of conditions is not a satisfactory basis for an international engagement of the first importance to rest upon. 'What the Conference needed above all else to do was to send a *réponse simple;* what we did send was a *réponse embrouillée.*' So said recently, in informal talk, one of the keenest jurists at the Conference. He, and others there, had wanted the Conference to accept the fifth reservation outright, with the rest, attaching to the

acceptance a statement of the sense in which they understood it.

We cannot, however, dwell too fondly upon the blunder made by the signatory states when we know that if, in any way whatever, they had been given assurance that our fifth reservation was to be taken only in the reasonable legal meaning set forth here in detail a little later, they would have made the *réponse simple*, a simple acceptance. The significant present factor is that very generally over there they now feel that a little genuine discussion would lead to agreement. 'If the United States would let it be known in any way it sees fit that it attaches only a reasonable meaning to the fifth reservation, agreement could be reached in a few hours, if not a few minutes.' So spoke an official of the French Foreign Office not many weeks ago. A member of the British Foreign Office, in slightly different words, said the same thing. They know that in the case of other treaties differences measurably greater have often been resolved by a simple exchange of views.

Is the second part of the fifth reservation all that stands in the way of agreement? Substantially, yes. It is true that the September Conference attached the condition also to the second part of the fourth reservation, which provides that the statute of the Court is not to be amended without the consent of the United States. Since, however, the Conference finally decided that the consent of all the signatories is needed for amendment, as in the case of any treaty, their attaching the condition to acceptance of this reservation has met with a good deal of criticism abroad. It is one of the points that would probably be straightened out easily in the course of further negotiations.

Before going to the heart of the difficulty, the meaning of the second part of the fifth, a word is needed about the peculiar form the Conference adopted for putting the United States reservations into effect. Instead of amending the Court statute, they preferred to draft a special protocol between the United States on one side and all the other signatories on the other. Why? If statutory amendments were necessary in order to put the United States reservations into effect, why did not the signatories accept the reservations first, and then, in a later conference, with the United States present as a member, amend the statute? Leading delegates at the Conference urged such a procedure, and, as Mr. Kellogg's letter shows, it is the procedure suggested by the United States. There are reports that the Court itself favored this method.

The thing that seems to have determined the Conference to adopt the method of the special protocol rather than to amend the statute was the first part of the fourth reservation, providing that the United States might withdraw from the Court at any time. If the United States were thus poised for flight at the very moment of entrance, the Conference doubted the wisdom of amending the statute for the special purpose of making the United States reservations operable. If we withdrew, the signatories would find themselves with a statute altered in ways no longer applicable. A special protocol would have the same force as the statute, but would be detachable — if and when the United States detached itself from the Court.

This is another instance in which the American spirit of reservation, the careful provision for escape, may have induced a counter spirit of caution in the signatory states. The signatories decided that whatever statutory changes they made for our special purposes should cease to exist if we ceased to exist in the Court.

III

Now as to the main issue, the second part of the revised fifth reservation: —

> Nor shall it [the Court], without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest.

There is in the United States a good deal of genuine (as well as a good deal of manufactured) apprehension as to the advisory jurisdiction of the Court. It is shared by some jurists abroad. Much of it, however, has been broken down during the past few years by the fact that the thirteen advisory opinions thus far given have been obviously useful, and especially by the Court's method of treating advisory opinions — that is, with all the investigations, all the formality, all the pleadings and counter pleadings, all the documentation, and all the publicity that characterize the Court's procedure in giving an actual judgment.

Since, however, the advisory opinions of the Court are in a way only a League affair, — the Assembly and the Council being the only agents that can request them, though every nation is subject to the moral effect of them, — the signatory states had no objection to the United States, as a nonmember of the League, making some reservations on this score. They did not object at all to the first form of the fifth reservation, in the old Harding-Hughes-Coolidge terms, in which the United States merely observed that it 'would not be bound' by an advisory opinion upon any question it had not voluntarily submitted. The second form of the fifth is very different in wording from the first. But the tragi-comic aspect of the present situation is that the second form — in law and in reason — means little if anything more than the first.

What does it mean? The Court issue in the United States is in the near future bound to take shape as a choice between the two sharply contrasted interpretations of it.

By the first, which is the reasonable legal interpretation, the second part of the fifth reservation authorizes the United States to oppose the giving of an advisory opinion by the Court in cases in which the United States is a party, and also in cases in which the United States, while not a party, has a direct material or legal interest, the Court being the judge as to the existence of the interest.

By the second interpretation, sponsored by a few influential members of the Senate, the United States would be entitled, under this reservation, to prevent the Court from giving an advisory opinion in any case whatever by the mere unsupported assertion of a claim of interest, and this assertion would be final. In face of it, the Court would have no power to give the opinion even if both the nations that were parties to the dispute desired it.

The question as to the right of the United States to prevent the giving of an advisory opinion in cases in which it is a party can be removed from the discussion at once. That right is conceded by the signatory states, which at the September Conference freely admitted that in cases in which the United States was a party the Court would not render an advisory opinion if the United States objected. The Final Act of the Conference says: —

> As regards disputes to which the United States is a party, it seems sufficient to refer to the jurisprudence of the Court. . . . This jurisprudence, as formulated in Advisory Opinion No. 5 [Eastern Carelia], given on July 23, 1923, seems to meet the desire of the United States.

In the Eastern Carelia case, the Council of the League requested from

the Court an advisory opinion in the matter of a dispute between Finland, a member of the League of Nations, and Russia, a nonmember of the League. Russia objected to the opinion's being given, and refused to coöperate by aiding in the investigations and hearings which the Court conducts in connection with the giving of any advisory opinion. The Court, thereupon, refused to give the opinion. It is true that four of the judges dissented, believing that the Court would be justified in giving the opinion. It is also true that the Council of the League was not pleased with the Court's refusal. But the fact remains that in the Eastern Carelia case a clear majority of the Court took the line that the coöperation and consent of both parties are an essential condition of the Court's giving an advisory opinion.

This point of view is of immense importance, since it shows the disposition of the Court to treat advisory opinions as it treats judgments — that is, to consider it as an essential principle that an advisory opinion will not be given by the Court if one of the parties objects. That Russia's being a nonmember of the League was the determining consideration cannot be assumed; the ground the Court gave for its refusal was the noncoöperation of Russia in furnishing the facts necessary to the Court for arriving at an advisory opinion.

The September Conference was prepared to register its approval of permanently confirming the principle followed by the Court in the Eastern Carelia case, at least with regard to the United States, and thus to accept the fifth reservation so far as it concerned cases in which the United States was an actual party. Nor did the Conference reject the idea that the United States might be entitled to prevent the giving of an advisory opinion in some cases in which it was not an actual party. It is not hard to think of cases in which, while the United States is not a party, its interests — for instance, its commercial rights or the lives, property, or welfare of its citizens in foreign lands — would be adversely affected by an opinion given in a dispute between two other nations, or upon a point of law in a question not a dispute between nations, affected in a tangible and material way easily recognizable by a court. There should be no doubt that the United States ought to have the right to interpose a claim of interest in such cases.

In the first reasonable legal interpretation stated above, the fifth reservation, therefore, is not only justifiable but necessary. To illustrate: The United States might have refused to submit a dispute to the Court for an actual judgment. In thus refusing, it would be acting in accordance with a fundamental provision of the Court statute which requires that both parties consent to the submission of a case to the Court. But the Council of the League, of which the United States is not a member and the deliberations of which the United States does not influence, might, in an effort to settle a disturbance that threatened, refer the same dispute to the Court for an advisory opinion. The moral effect of an advisory opinion and of a judgment are much the same. Against such an event, therefore, the United States justifiably claims the right to object.

Such a right is assured to it by the fifth reservation, in the first sense stated above, with reference to an advisory opinion upon any question in which the United States is a party or has a real interest. Taken in that meaning, the fifth reservation is entirely justified, and the United States ought to be satisfied with nothing less than unconditional acceptance of it.

If the United States will say that this of course is what the fifth reservation means, and will continue normal diplomatic negotiations, the way out of the present deadlock becomes as simple as the voice of reason itself. But the voice of reason has a way of crying long in the political wilderness.

In the second meaning, the fifth reservation is highly objectionable. To illustrate: The Council of the League might ask the Court for an advisory opinion with reference to a point in dispute between France and Japan, or Japan and Brazil, bearing upon the treatment of the yellow races. The parties might be willing or even anxious to have the opinion given, the Court might be entirely prepared to consider the question, yet the United States — if it had power to veto on an unsupported claim of interest — could prevent the rendering of the opinion simply in order to avoid having available any jurisprudence that could ever furnish suggestive analogies.

Small wonder that the signatories were troubled about how far the United States would go in 'claiming' an interest in cases in which it was not a party. Who would be the judge as to whether the interest claimed was a valid one? The far-flung activities of the United States, the ramification of its interests in every country in the world, make it conceivable that we might feel ourselves to be 'interested,' in the popular sense of the word, in almost any subject upon which the Court might be asked to give an advisory opinion — except perhaps a European boundary line. By holding the power to prevent an advisory opinion on such a ground, the United States would retain a constant and arbitrary right to frustrate the pacific activities of the Council, to hamstring the functioning of the Court, and, in final effect, to obstruct the clarification and development of international law.

IV

The question as to who would decide whether or not the United States really had an interest came up during the Senate debates, but did not constitute a critical point in the discussion. At the time of the debates, for reasons outlined below, decision on this point did not seem essential. It is almost certain that most of the Senators had not deeply considered it and that they have not yet done so. Some of the anti-Court Senators made the point that the Court would be the judge, offering it as one more evidence of the foreign domination that would ensue if we adhered to the Court.

This reasoning came from the same group that opposed the Court because 'ten out of the eleven judges are foreigners,' and that pointed out the un-Americanism of adhering to a Court in which all the judges but one (Judge Moore) had unpronounceable names — at which point a pro-Court Senator raised a laugh by asking the speaker if he did not think he could pronounce the name of the English judge, Lord Finlay. A considerable number of Senators who would have been happy to adhere to the Court with no reservations at all had no great amount of interest in that stiffening up of the fifth reservation which the revised form of it was intended to achieve. The idea that a court of justice should be the judge of the validity of the claims placed before it contained no terrors for them. But unfortunately, because of a mistaken assumption later disproved, several Senators of influence sponsored an interpretation which would make the United States and not the Court the judge as to whether the United States had an interest. Senator Swanson, during the debates, explicitly made the point that any advisory opinion which the United States (whether a

party or not in the question) did not want would not be given: —

> All the United States would have to do, with the reservation adopted, would be to notify the Court that they claimed an interest and objected to an advisory opinion.

As another Senatorial protagonist of the Court cause put it recently: —

> The reservation clearly means, and that was the purpose in framing it, that it is sufficient for the United States to say, 'We claim an interest in that question and object to its being submitted.' Doing so, the Court would have no jurisdiction to render an advisory opinion.

There is, however, no juridical backing for an interpretation of the fifth reservation which would make the United States in every case the judge as to whether or not our interest is sufficient to restrain the Court from giving an advisory opinion in a case in which the parties to the dispute desire it. The signatory states will never accept such an interpretation. But they will have no fear of the second part of the fifth reservation — and no objection to accepting it outright — if they have the assurance that the phrase 'has or claims an interest' means such an interest as a court would recognize, and that, following the only pertinent judicial precedent, the Court itself would be the judge as to whether or not the interest exists.

For this latter position there is ample juridical support. 'Has or claims an interest' is an accepted phrase in the laws and legal practice of the United States, with a meaning long established by the judicial construction of United States courts. It means a material or legal interest, and the court to which the claim is made is judge of whether or not the claim is well founded.

A diligent search of the law and the statutes would probably result in finding the phrase in many places. No assumption is made here that all its origins have been unearthed; but when a few weeks ago Dean Pound of the Harvard Law School (and of invincible memory) was asked if he could put his finger on the phrase for the writer, he pointed out where the phrase occurs in the old New York State Code of Civil Procedure, Section 447: —

> Any person may be made a defendant who has or claims an interest in the controversy . . .

It may be in point to recall that Mr. John Bassett Moore, to whom the paternity of the revised form of the fifth reservation is very generally ascribed both here and abroad, is familiar with New York practice. Dean Pound also found the phrase in Rule 37 of the Federal Equity Rules: —

> . . . any person may be made a defendant who has or claims an interest . . .

While these rules were not adopted in their present form until 1912, this Rule 37 was then declared to be 'a new rule, merely declarative of settled law.'

The legal definitions of an 'interest' go back very far. Rule 37 and the Federal Equity Rules in general have their foundation in the practice of the Chancery Courts of Great Britain, on which the equity practice of both the Federal and state courts of the United States is based. The cases in point, both old and recent, show conclusively that the interest referred to must be a material interest, such as would allow the person claiming an interest to bring a suit himself or such as might make him liable to be sued. It must be an interest in the object of the suit, and not merely in the subject matter or in the principle of law involved.

Judge Mayer, of the United States District Court, in denying the application of the City of New York for leave to intervene as a party defendant (in

Consolidated Gas Co. v. *Newton*, 256 Fed. Rep. 238, affirmed C. C. A. 260 Fed. Rep. 1022, 253 U. S. 219), on the ground that the City of New York had no interest in the case, said: —

> Referring now to the last paragraph of Rule 37, it is plain that 'interest' means a legal interest. Indeed the word 'interest' is used four times in Rule 37 and must be construed *eiusdem generis*. In every instance, it is manifest that the interest must be a 'legal interest' as those words are understood in the law. There never can be a legal interest in a suit in equity unless, as the result of the litigation, the decree affects the person or corporation claiming the interest.

When a party who 'claims an interest' under Rule 37 applies to the court for leave to intervene in the suit, it is in the discretion of the court to grant or deny the application. The court to which the claim of interest is made is the judge of the validity of the claim. The United States Supreme Court has consistently upheld the power of the district courts and the circuit courts of appeal to deal with this question.

It can hardly be claimed that a phrase with an established legal meaning can be incorporated into a legislative act (which the fifth reservation is) and then be held to mean not only something quite different from, but even something violently opposed to, the meaning it has always been given in the national courts. It is an established rule of statutory construction that, where words which have acquired a technical meaning by frequent judicial interpretation are used in a statute, they are presumed to be used with that meaning. It follows that 'has or claims an interest' means in the fifth reservation exactly what it means in the practice of the courts of the United States — that is, a direct and not a consequential interest. It means a legal or material interest in the object of the specific suit, and not an interest in its subject matter or in the principle involved. It means such an interest that the claimant, the United States, would be directly, materially (and not merely sentimentally) affected by the decree. And the court to which the claim is made, in this case the Permanent Court of International Justice, is the judge of the validity of the claim.

But, it may be asked, what after all does it matter what 'has or claims an interest' means juridically if it means something else 'Senatorially'? What have reason and precedents to do with practical politics?

The Senate debates and points of view cannot change established meanings. It is an established rule of statutory construction that, while the legislative intent is controlling as to the meaning of an act, that intent must be gathered from the act itself; and that debates during the consideration of the bill may not be taken into account as an aid in ascertaining the purpose and intent of the legislative body. Mr. Justice Story once said on this point: —

> Courts of justice are not at liberty to look at considerations of this sort. We are bound to interpret the act as we find it, and to make such an interpretation as its language and its apparent objects require. We must take it to be true that the legislature intend precisely what they say, and to the extent which the provisions of the act require for the purpose of securing their just opinion and effect. Any other course would deliver over the Court to interminable doubts and difficulties; and we should be compelled to guess what was the law from the loose commentaries of different debates, instead of the precise enactments of the statute. (*Mitchell* v. *Great Works Milling, etc., Co.*, 17 Fed. Cas. No. 9962)

V

Two questions must still be lingering in the alert reader's mind: If the phrase

'has or claims an interest' has a meaning established by long judicial construction; if it clearly refers to a material and relevant interest, such an interest as a court would recognize, the court itself being the judge; if the civilized world could see only this meaning in it, and if the rights it secures are all the United States ought, in reason, to wish to claim — if these things are true, why, first, did some of the best-informed members of the Senate embrace another impossible meaning? Why, secondly, did the phrase give such difficulty to the September Conference composed so largely of jurists, legal advisers of the various foreign offices, men used to taking words in their accepted construction?

Those Senators (friends of adherence to the Court) who believed the fifth reservation should and did ensure to the United States the right to prevent any advisory opinion whatever, merely by an unsupported claim of interest, believed as they did because of their mistaken assumption that a unanimous vote is needed in the League Council for requesting advisory opinions, that therefore every member of the Council already has a right of veto, and that the fifth reservation would merely secure to the United States an equal right.

Unfortunately for the soundness of this position, it is not at all certain that a unanimous vote is needed in the Council for such requests. But, more fundamentally, why is our adherence to the Court affected by whether a majority or a unanimous vote is needed? Our fifth reservation is not concerned with the Council's asking for advisory opinions. It is concerned with the Court's giving them. The fifth reservation is addressed not to the League but to the Court.

The United States is not a member of the League, the only agency authorized to request advisory opinions, which it desires in order to aid it in settling threatening disputes. The United States, therefore, ought not to, and cannot, inject itself into the Council's pacific functions. Why should it try to get itself an equal vote, or any vote at all, in an operation in which it is not concerned and for which, as a nonmember of the League, it has no responsibility whatever? What the United States wants, in the matter of advisory opinions, is merely the right to prevent embarrassment to its interests through the moral effect of advisory opinions. As a member of the Court, therefore, the United States reserves the right to object, before the Court, to being involved against its desire in an advisory opinion upon a question in which it has a material interest.

The line of reasoning that led the Senatorial 'equality' seekers astray centred around this reading of the fifth reservation from a League instead of from a Court angle — this attempt to make the fifth reservation give the United States 'equality' with League members, when as a matter of fact what the United States was asking was the necessarily special status of a nonmember of the League vis-à-vis the rendering (not the requesting) of advisory opinions.

But why did not the Conference of signatory states, feeling as they did (and saying as they then said) that this purpose of the fifth reservation to secure 'equality' rested upon a wrong assumption, simply accept the fifth reservation outright, unconditionally, on the ground that the United States meant of course to reserve a right of veto only in cases in which it was a party or had a material interest, the Court being the judge?

It is a great pity that they did not. That was their opportunity, and they let it escape them.

One of the representatives at the

Conference, M. Negulesco of Rumania, who is also a deputy judge of the Court, very clearly tried to point out to the Conference that of course the Court would be the judge of the validity of any 'interest' claimed by the United States under the fifth reservation. He said: —

> It must be admitted that the wording of the fifth reservation might give the impression that the United States had wished to reserve the right to prevent the Court from giving an opinion whenever it was, or declared itself to be, interested.
>
> But such an interpretation could not be accepted, for the words 'if the Court so decide' were implicit in the text. It seemed difficult to believe that at such an historical moment in the annals of the Court of International Justice one of the greatest Powers of the world, which was prompted by its love of peace to adhere to the Court, should be seeking to paralyze the authority of the Court and to prevent it from functioning in the future.
>
> The Conference could accept the fifth reservation if it were interpreted to mean that the United States . . . wished the Conference to confirm in its case, in a permanent form, the rule which the Court had once exercised in the affair of Eastern Carelia.

But this reasoning of M. Negulesco's did not visibly move the mind of the Conference.

There may have been more than one reason for this. Some of the delegates to the Conference were so obsessed with the League as to inhibit their dealing understandingly with the Court, which they seemed to see almost exclusively in its relation to the League, as the source of those advisory opinions which the League has found so useful in averting critical disputes; they had real trouble in envisaging the peculiar status, vis-à-vis the advisory jurisdiction of the Court, of a state not a member of the League.

But certainly the chief reason why the Conference did not accept the fifth reservation in the secure belief that the phrase 'has or claims an interest' refers always and as a matter of course to such an interest as a court would recognize was their preoccupation with what certain Senators thought about it. Foreign statesmen have generally a mixed state of awe and puzzlement as to the Senate, which they seem to regard as something we keep on hand to neutralize the acts of Presidents if and when such acts become inconvenient. It was pointed out in the Conference that the Senate 'claimed very important powers with reference to all foreign affairs.' The debates and conclusions of the delegates were guided, naturally enough, not by what their juridical sense told them the fifth reservation meant, but rather by what certain United States Senators, who happened also to be known and highly regarded by them, had so recently said it meant. In that meaning, they found simple acceptance impossible.

They quickly pointed out, of course, the wrong assumption upon which the demand for 'equality' rested: —

> The fifth reservation appears to rest upon the presumption that the adoption of a request for an advisory opinion by the Council or Assembly requires a unanimous vote. No such presumption, however, has so far been established. It is therefore impossible to say with certainty whether in some cases, or possibly in all cases, a decision by a majority is not sufficient.

If — as the Conference was inclined to think — the vote of a majority is sufficient, the United States could not be guaranteed a right of veto on the assumption that every Council member already has the same. Yet, in order to satisfy the claim for 'equality,' the Conference made the following well-meaning but quite meaningless reply to the fifth reservation: —

. . . in any case where a State represented on the Council or in the Assembly would possess the right of preventing, by opposition in either of these bodies, the adoption of a proposal to request an advisory opinion from the Court, the United States shall enjoy an equivalent right.

The 'equivalent' of an undefined right takes us pretty well into the field of the fourth dimension. It is not the type of possession calculated to satisfy the United States.

VI

There is a good deal of support right now in this country (and very little abroad!) for the idea that the best way out of the present deadlock is not at all for us to tell what the fifth reservation really means, but to dump the problem on the doorstep of the League at Geneva, and persuade the Council that it ought to decide instanter that a unanimous vote *is* necessary for requesting an advisory opinion. With this established, the signatories, it is argued, could afford to accept our fifth reservation unconditionally, since then — no matter which of the two meanings is given it — it would secure us no privilege not already held by every member of the Council.

This proposal is politically attractive here because it puts on the other side the responsibility for initiating the next move. Nobody could reasonably object if Geneva should be moved to regularize the present difficult situation by making it now what some of the Senate debates mistakenly assumed it to be. This way out of the deadlock would be as convenient as the deus ex machina — and would have exactly as much logic.

Nor is it at all likely to come to pass. It will be remembered that at the Conference of signatory states a proposal was made to get an advisory opinion from the Court interpreting Article V of the League Covenant to show whether unanimity was or was not necessary, with the idea that if the Conference were clear on this point they could know whether or not they could safely accept the fifth reservation. But the proposal was later discarded, even by some of those who proposed it, on these grounds: first, that it would be inadvisable to ask an advisory opinion on a moot question; secondly, that rigid decisions in the life of young institutions are to be deplored; and thirdly, that an advisory opinion would be inconclusive anyway because of the provision in Article XV of the Covenant restricting the vote of interested parties in disputes laid before the Council for settlement (of very doubtful application here), and also because the Court was very likely to say that a request might be sometimes a matter of procedure and sometimes a matter of substance, in the event of which possible reply the problem of the United States and the Court would certainly not be clarified.

But the real reasons why the question will not be settled over there are, first, the very excellent one that they don't want to settle it now, for tactical reasons of their own — they see advantage in uncertainty. 'Even a suggestion of an advisory opinion,' said the Secretary for Foreign Affairs of one of the Great Powers recently in informal talk, 'is often enough to bring a recalcitrant state into line and nip a dispute in the bud.' The 'suggestion' would have less weight if the recalcitrant state knew positively that only one vote could always prevent a request for an advisory opinion. We may or may not be sympathetic with this reasoning, but the fact is, we have nothing to do with it. The second reason why an early settlement of the question is most unlikely is that there is too great a difference of opinion among

leading foreign statesmen as to whether a request for an advisory opinion is a matter of substance, requiring a unanimous vote, or a matter of procedure, requiring merely a majority vote, or sometimes one and sometimes the other.

To illustrate: Dr. van Eysinga, President of the September Conference, told the writer not many weeks ago that he considers that a request for an advisory opinion is a matter of substance, requiring unanimity; he did not, however, anticipate or favor early determination of the question. M. Rolin, who, as Chef du Cabinet of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Belgium, represented his country at the September Conference, said recently that he feels that a request might be sometimes a matter of substance, requiring a unanimous vote, and sometimes merely a matter of procedure, requiring only a majority vote, the latter in the case of opinions on questions as to which the Court's jurisdiction had been previously established, as by treaty. Sir Cecil Hurst, Legal Adviser of the British Foreign Office, thinks the request might be sometimes one and sometimes the other. With the point of view that it may be sometimes one and sometimes the other, M. Fromageot, Jurisconsult of the French Foreign Office, takes issue. He thinks a request for an advisory opinion must be always a matter of procedure or always a matter of substance. He believes personally that it is a matter of procedure, requiring only a majority, though he stresses the political desirability of having unanimity. A much more extended survey than can be summarized here has been made as to points of view entertained on this matter. Its pertinence lies simply in the clear indication it gives that, if the United States is depending on avoiding saying what the fifth reservation means by getting Geneva to take action that would enable the signatories to accept it whatever it means, the hope is vain.

It is most unfortunate that the Court discussion in the United States ever took this fallacious trend of trying to get for the United States 'equality' in the Council discussions in which it has no concern and no rightful place. This aim at equality quite overlooks the fact that the power of a nation on the Council to prevent a request for an advisory opinion is not to be measured in terms of votes. In other words, if any great nation on the Council, let us say Great Britain, did not wish to have a request for an advisory opinion made, is it likely that the matter would ever even come to a vote? Obviously not. Any great nation exercises its preventive power, in such a case, not by its vote, but by its political prestige, which discourages the issue long before it reaches the stage of being voted upon.

There is no juridical formula that will achieve political equality. There is no reservation which will give the United States, a nonmember of the League, the influence in League debates possessed by leading League members.

But the main point is not that there is no such formula. The main point is that the United States does not want such a formula, and does not want its fifth reservation to attempt to achieve it. The adherence of the United States to the Court is not and should not be dependent upon a decision to be made by the League, or upon any necessity to interpret the constitutional law of the League. To make the fifth reservation a means of securing for the United States a power of veto for the United States in the League Council debates — a veto which the sponsors of this interpretation maintain (obviously wrongly) is held by every Council member — is to inject the United States into the League of Nations. It is a direct violation of the first reservation, by which

the United States declares that its adherence to the Court shall not involve any legal relation to the League or the assumption of any obligations under the Covenant of the Treaty of Versailles. The real purpose of the fifth reservation is in a sense to expand the first reservation. The fifth, like the first, aims, not to merge us with the League members in requesting advisory opinions, or to involve us in League discussions as to whether or not these requests ought to be made, but rather to give the United States, as a nonmember of the League, the power before the Court to protect itself from the adverse effect of an advisory opinion which, while not involving the United States as a direct party, might seriously affect United States interests.

The fifth reservation has no other meaning.

Why can we not say so?

Is it beneath the dignity of the United States to say that the fifth reservation is to be taken in its accepted and traditional meaning, long sustained by the courts of the United States? For the President or the State Department to let this be known, directly or indirectly, in one of the dozens of ways possible to diplomacy, is the way out of the deadlock.

It is the way of reason. It follows also the line of least resistance. No resubmission of the fifth reservation to the Senate for modification or rephrasing is involved. There would be no recession, no 'concession.' Unless, by the curious system of suspended diplomacy we have followed in the matter of the Court, we regard it as a sign of weak compromise to say anything at all. A few weeks ago a certain Senator, when asked whether he should like to see the Court negotiations continued, gave as the apposite reply that he was not in favor of modifying anything! Any departure from the ultimatum system evidently seemed to him a 'modification' — and dangerous.

The signatory states will not be slow to follow any indication that we stand on the reasonable meaning of the fifth reservation. Reassured on this point, there are many significant indications that they might then accord unconditional acceptance to the reservations as a whole. In that case the President would be free to authorize the signature of the United States to the protocol of signature of the Court. If the signatory states insist upon retaining the special protocol they drew up in order to define the special agreement necessitated by the reservations, it would, of course, have to be submitted to the Senate for the usual ratification by two thirds of its members. But, reassured as to the meaning of the fifth reservation, and accepting it and the others, therefore, unconditionally, the signatory states would perhaps retain little interest in the special protocol. They might withdraw it, thus making it possible for the adherence of the United States to the Court to be consummated at once. Any adjustments, amendments, or special agreements necessary to make the United States reservations effective would then be left to a later conference of signatory states, with the United States, then a member, present and coöperating in formulating the proposed arrangements. That is as it should be. That is the proposal suggested by several delegates of the September Conference. It is the procedure suggested by Mr. Kellogg's letter declining the invitation to the Conference: —

> This Government does not consider that any new agreement is necessary to give effect to the conditions and reservations on which the United States is prepared to adhere to the Permanent Court. The acceptance of the reservations by all the nations signatory to the statute of the Permanent Court constitutes such an

agreement. If any machinery is necessary to give the United States an opportunity to participate through representatives for the election of judges, this should naturally be considered after the reservations have been adopted and the United States has become a party to the statute of the Permanent Court.

One of the important points to be settled at this later conference with the United States present would be, of course, the procedure by which the United States would make it known to the Court that it claims an interest. At the September Conference it was pointed out that all the steps looking toward the Court's rendering of an advisory opinion might have been taken and yet the Court might be delayed in so doing by not knowing whether or not the United States claimed an interest in the case. Who, they asked, would decide whether or not the United States considered itself interested and who would interpose the claim? The President? The Secretary of State? The American Ambassador at The Hague? The American Consul at Berne? Would the United States Senate require to be consulted as to whether or not the United States claimed an interest in the given case? If so, and if the request for the advisory opinion was made at a time when the United States Senate was not in session, let us say in June 1928, would the Court have to defer action on the request for an advisory opinion until December 1928? If the Council's whole point in asking for the opinion was to settle peaceably a critical dispute, there would be great disadvantage in not knowing when and how the United States would present its claim of interest, or its statement that it claimed an interest, to the Court. But with the real difficulty out of the way, and the fact established that it is the Court and not the Council of the League to which the United States would take its claim of interest, this other difficulty becomes much less important. It would certainly be resolvable in conference.

VII

Here and there a quiet voice is raised asking whether it really is of vast importance that the United States adhere to the Court. Is the Court, perhaps, rather a 'cause' than an imperative need, rather a fixed idea of the 'propagandists' than a necessary step in the development of the relations of the United States with other nations? It is pointed out that the United States is even now free to take a case to the Court. Should we be likely to use it more after we had adhered than we do now — recalling that for the submission of any question on the part of the United States specific action by the Senate is necessary?

It is very possible to overstate the immediate practical effect of our adherence to the Court. The main necessity for the United States to adhere is not 'practical' — it is that the United States needs to give its formal endorsement to the principle of attempting the settlement of disputes by the application of the principles of international law. Just how much we should resort to the Court is not immediately in point. But there are clear indications that we should inevitably come to use it more and more. For some classes of questions the arbitral process, with its inexactitudes and necessary compromises, recommends itself less to the American temper than the judicial process. And there are practical factors. An official with long experience in our State Department (and rather a stern critic, in many respects, of the present Permanent Court of International Justice) said recently that the importance of adherence to

the Court, in his mind, lay a good deal in the fact that it is becoming increasingly difficult for the United States to arbitrate. It is hard to get the third arbitrator; as he put it, 'Nobody wants to buck the Colossus.'

The nations in the Court do more and more trust it and depend upon it. Its record for the five years of its existence is a record of developing strength. All the nations that were in the war are now in the Court, except Russia, Turkey, Honduras, Nicaragua, and the United States. At the time this article is written ten nations are before the Court. Germany had been before the Court before she actually signed the protocol. Poland and Germany have been before the Court four times. Some of the post-war questions dealt with by the Court in its seven judgments and thirteen advisory opinions have been thorny, notably those connected with Poland. The Court's manner of handling these has deeply stimulated public confidence and hope of its greater future. 'Cela grandira!' an official of the German Foreign Office said of it a few weeks ago. He saw the Court, as the great nations came more and more to depend upon it, gaining over arbitration, replacing the often unsatisfactory processes of compromise, coming to be more and more the source par excellence of satisfactory settlement.

A few years ago we evidently looked in that same direction. In 1923 and 1924, when Mr. Hughes was renewing certain of our arbitration treaties, he included in the diplomatic note attached to the treaties the hopeful prophecy suggesting that, as soon as the United States adhered to the Court, the arbitration treaties might be modified to provide for reference of the disputes mentioned in them to the Permanent Court of Justice. In the course of time — and not a very long time — our negotiation of treaties of all kinds with other countries is bound to be affected by the fact that the Court appears more and more frequently in inter-European treaties, in which it is used either as an alternate, and very important, method of pacific settlement, or, very frequently, as a court of last resort. The Locarno treaties lean heavily on the Court. If there are to be any 'American Locarnos' they surely cannot ignore, or offer as a merely incidental alternative, what the European nations are coming to consider the most promising of all methods of pacific settlement — that is, judicial decision.

The Court is empowered to decide an infinite variety of questions coming up under various peace treaties and under the mandates. It has similar functions as the tribunal to decide disputes as to the interpretation and application of the provisions of the treaties in such engagements as the Geneva conventions for the international régime of maritime ports and of railways, the convention for the simplification of customs formalities, the air conventions between Denmark and Norway and between Sweden and Norway, the Barcelona Convention on freedom of transit, and so forth. It would be a curious circumstance if in the course of time the United States should find itself the only great nation outside a network of important treaties that look to the Court and use continually as a court of last resort an agency that had never been formally recognized by the United States and against which, indeed, we had raised reservations in themselves sufficiently just but so whimsically interpreted at home as to make their acceptance impossible.

THE TRADES-UNION WAR IN ENGLAND

BY RT. HON. C. F. G. MASTERMAN

I

THE coal strike of 1925, the so-called general strike of 1926, and the Trades-Union Bill of 1927 are linked in an unbreakable chain of cause and effect. The social philosopher of a later day will doubtless count more links in this chain of historic perspective, but he will not deny that the precipitating causes of the bill were the two strikes immediately antecedent and still so fresh in the public mind as to need no detailed repetition here.

We recall that in the summer of 1925 those employers who were united in a 'Mining Association' gave notice that the contracts with their men must be terminated, and that the men would be permitted to continue work only at a substantially lower rate of wages. At the back of the minds of many was the desire to reverse the act of the Government of 1919, following the recommendations of a committee under Justice Sankey, which had reduced the hours of work in the pits. The miners, who were then represented by the largest and most powerful trades-union in the country, with nearly fifty members in Parliament, appealed to the Trades-Union Congress, a body representing, I think, between five and six millions of organized workers, to save them from industrial disaster.

At the end of July of that year, therefore, the Council of the Trades-Union Congress went to Mr. Baldwin demanding that, as an alternative to the lockout of all miners who would not accept lower wages, a subsidy on all coal raised should be given from the national exchequer, so that wages might be maintained and at the same time coal-getting might be made to pay. If this were refused, they threatened what is now commonly known as a general strike. The Prime Minister and his Cabinet defiantly refused this effort to tax the whole community in order to maintain the miners' wages. In twenty-four hours, however, this refusal was abandoned; and during the next nine months the taxpayer paid toward mine owners' profits and miners' wages some twenty-three million pounds. The policy was approved without a protest by the overwhelming number of Government adherents in the House of Commons and, of course, by the Labor Party, whose strength depends almost entirely upon trades-union support. In the midst of this general applause the protest of the tiny Liberal Party in Parliament sounded at worst indecent and at best negligible.

From that moment it was evident to the close student of affairs that a new situation had arisen in British history. The fact that a Parliament elected by a democracy, having been obdurate to persuasion, had suddenly yielded to a threat of force by a 'Parliament' elected by organized Labor presented to all men the spectacle of two centres of authority, in which the one might always, through threats, be made to yield to the other; although the one

represented not much more than five millions at most of the population and the other represented an electorate of eighteen millions — of which latter, however, a substantial number were women, men occupied in sedentary occupations such as clerks, small shopkeepers, and *les bourgeois*, whom the leaders of the Socialist Party in England, imitating their confrères abroad, were teaching Labor to regard as a negligible rabble of rats or rabbits.

For the nine months following that surrender both sides were engaged in consolidating their forces for a conflict which both sides believed was sure to come, and for a conflict in which each side believed it was sure of victory. It must be confessed that the consolidation on both sides was revealed as incompetent and futile, as is normally revealed when nations which are supposed to be fully prepared for war plunge into active hostilities. Here the revelation has been not which side has prepared most but which side has prepared least for the inevitable. We recall the dumping of British coal into foreign markets at a price less than the cost of production, owing to the benefit of the subsidy; the Coal Commission under the chairmanship of Sir Herbert Samuel; the refusal of the miners to accept one element in the Commission's report — the reduction of wages. We recall the slogan of Mr. A. J. Cook: 'Not a minute on the day, not a penny off the pay'; the refusal of the owners to accept other elements in the report, especially state control; the refusal of the Government to put in force the recommendations of their own Commission unless both sides agreed to it. Vividly we recall the attempt of a Trades-Union Committee to bend the representatives of the country in Parliament to its will through the ten days of the 'general' strike, when not more than two millions out of some twenty millions of workers came out in sympathy with the miners.

The thing, of course, died almost before it was born. It died from a variety of diseases, each one, in itself, fatal. The leaders of the Labor Party, including Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, at one time Prime Minister of England, passionately advocated the general strike when it was threatened; and as passionately sought a method to 'call it off' and throw over the miners when it was in operation. The Trades-Union Committee was scared by the result of its own handiwork. Above all, the despised 'rats and rabbits' of the 'bourgeoisie' came in to assist a Government for which they had no particular admiration and which showed no particular efficiency in the crisis.

Three startling and hitherto unknown results emerged. The first was that every road has become a railway, and that therefore the holding up of railway communication has become a useless method of 'lightning' strike. The second was that the despised bourgeoisie can now always fight the working classes; and that the bank clerks, students at universities and hospitals, and all the new race which has been educated at the secondary schools, who for years had been held up to obloquy as 'fat' against the noble form of 'Labor,' are better men than the laborer, and in resourcefulness, intelligence, and courage can beat the laborer at his own game when an appeal to force occurs. And the third was that there is practically no difference now between skilled and unskilled labor. After two or three days' practice, students from the hospitals were driving electric trains, or, with more or less success, motor buses. For example, a couple of undergraduates — relations of a famous publicist and editor, Mr. Alfred Spender — were cheerfully conducting fish trains from one side to the

other of England without ever having seen the inside of a locomotive before. The unfortunate so-called skilled men gazed with disgust and dismay while undergraduates from Oxford or Cambridge, assumed to be 'soft,' unloaded perishable produce at the ports, or worked cranes and other mechanical implements, with the greatest good humor, for they had no bitter feeling against the workingmen, only a vague determination that they would not be ruled by a Soviet. At one port, disdaining lethal weapons offered them by the authorities, they swept away an advancing attack of the strikers by a judicious use of the fire hose and the force pump, which dispersed the invaders in dismay.

II

The surrender, when it came, was complete; as complete as the surrender of Germany and the Central Powers before the Armistice which preceded the Treaty of Versailles.

The miners, however, like the Prussians in Germany, despite the fact that all their allies were deserting them and that the fight was obviously hopeless, maintained a resistance of the kind which some call insensate and others heroic. The dreary story of that nine months of combat abides as one of the most mournful records of a conflict, not between two nations, hating and despising each other, but between members of one nation; in which, a few years ago, the victors in this dismal struggle had crowned the vanquished with flowers and proclaimed that nothing was too good for those who, in the day of decision, had forgotten all thoughts of class warfare and united in the destruction of a common enemy.

I should require space equivalent to the whole of this article to describe the tangled mess and muddle of 'negotiations' which continued month by month while the nation was reduced to bankruptcy for lack of power produced from coal, showing neither statesmanship nor sympathy between the leaders of the one party and the other. At one time Mr. Baldwin was abolishing the Seven Hours Day Act, in the face of the determined and fierce denunciation of such a step by the Royal Commission which he himself had set up. At another he was pressing through Parliament the emaciated skeleton of some of the positive proposals of the Samuel Commission, with all the flesh and blood and brains removed. At another, leaders of the churches, headed by ten among the most honored of the Bishops of the Episcopalian and Established Church, proposed a compromise which involved an arbitration, which Mr. Cook, the extremist and avowed 'humble disciple of Lenin,' had himself accepted. Mr. Baldwin at first refused to receive them, and then kicked them into the gutter. Later, last autumn, Mr. Winston Churchill endeavored to take up the work of reconciliation, and obtained the support of the coal miners for a tribunal which implied at least a negotiated and not a dictated peace. But the mine owners, ignorant of the fact that dictated peaces always carry the seeds of future war, while negotiated peaces may lead to subsequent friendship, avoided such a determination by 'melting into air, into thin air,' dissolving their association, and with some insolence declaring that, even if they would be prepared to negotiate, they had nobody to negotiate for them. Mr. Churchill, and to a lesser extent Mr. Baldwin, 'unpacked their hearts with words' in denunciation of these amazing creatures. But denunciation broke no bones and opened no single coal pit.

The end resembled the conclusion of

the Siege of Paris in 1870. All funds, whether sent from Moscow, from other trades-unions, or from individual sympathizers, such as that sent by the Prince of Wales to the Somerset coal miners, had disappeared in the struggle. The Federation was bankrupt. The individual miners were bankrupt. They shambled back to work at mean wages, with hatred and despair in their hearts, while various imbeciles among the mine owners, the newspapers, and the owners of wealth rejoiced that at last 'trades-unionism had been broken,' that 'the men had been put in their proper places,' and that their wages and hours and conditions of work should be determined, not by any collective action on their part, but by such good will and generosity as are possessed by the owner toward his slaves.

III

Such, then, was the position of Capital and Labor at the commencement of the present Parliamentary session. The trades-unions who participated in it had cut their own throats by the general strike. Some, like the railway men, had lost more than a million pounds of their reserve capital. Others, like the miners, were in an actual state of fissure, with rival unions being established against rival unions; just as national fissure occurred in Germany after it had been destroyed by the Versailles Treaty. A few negligible and desperate persons declared that they intended to renew a general strike again at an appropriate time, and much play was made with the assertions of these grotesques when the Government brought forward its legislation. The leaders of the mine owners pretty soon found that a knowledge of the elements of economics was not unuseful, even to business men. The sole result of the increase in coal raised, due to the abolition of the seven-hours day, was to produce a glut of coal in England and all over Europe which could not be sold except at a substantial loss. Pit after pit closed down. A quarter of a million miners, nearly a quarter of the total mining population of Great Britain, are now living unemployed on the 'dole' — that is, supported in idleness by the general taxpayer. And the mine owners, blinking dismally at the Samuel Commission, the action of the Government, their own beloved eight-hours day, the failure of the leaders of the churches (who, of course, are not 'business men'), see before them, with all their quaint cunning and credulity, nothing but financial disaster.

From May, when the general strike was broken, until December, when the miners were smashed to pieces, no concerted recommendation or policy came from any member of the Government — of woe to the vanquished or reprisals for what had been done by the defeated in the past. In the King's speech — which, of course, was not written by the King, but by the Prime Minister of the day — there were only the vaguest suggestions of a counterattack on the trades-unions. But the great trusts and combines, the employer class, and all who had been induced by fear to hate the working people, including the Conservative official organizations, brought pressure on Mr. Baldwin, for once supported by the quaint adventurers in his Cabinet. He gave way, and signed the document which meant a declaration of war. Mr. Baldwin is a kindly man; he is a well-meaning man; but he is a weak man. And weakness, in a condition of chaos, in so high a position is more harmful than wickedness.

Any sane observer, looking on the situation from outside, detached and unaffected by changes in British affairs, could have told him what was the

only conceivable course. The general strike had been so completely broken as to make it likely never to be heard of again, unless it carried revolution in its train. And, as has been proved by history, against revolution all legal enactments and Parliaments are in vain. The miners' strike had been so completely broken that the men were working for miserable pittances with despair and bitterness in their hearts. The great working-class organizations were inspired by a sense of impotence and a sense of humiliation, with their membership depleted and their money gone. This was a time when any man calling himself a statesman might have made a great gesture of conciliation; have set up the establishment of the means of organizing industrial peace instead of war among members of a common race; have uttered the call, 'Sirs, ye are brethren,' the refusal to extort the last admission of defeat from the vanquished, and the appeal not only for 'peace in our time' but peace for a decade or a generation. Instead of this, after three months of waiting, without a word of conciliation, without a suggestion of any better way, the Government suddenly threw on the table of the House of Commons, without explanation or discussion, the Trades-Union Bill, which, with some modification of its more indefensible clauses in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords, is passing into law on the day on which I write these words. It represents to all organized Labor in England a determination to do anything that Parliament is capable of doing to batten down, to discourage, and to destroy.

IV

The bill was made up of a series of more or less disconnected clauses. Most of these clauses, in themselves, could be defended. But the bill was devised without any attempt at consultation with the trades-unions themselves, without a single clause making for conciliation in industrial disputes, and at a time when the trades-unions were bankrupt in funds, losing hundreds of thousands of members who could not afford to pay or were in too much despair to pay their subscriptions, and when those who had hated these great working-class bodies and desired every injury short of declaring them illegal had bundled together everything they could devise to make their existence as fighting organizations impossible.

Ostensibly the adherents of the Government who had created this concoction asserted that they were merely embodying in law certain principles which no men could object to; that they were rendering illegal any 'general strike' which designed to set up a sovereign authority against the sovereign authority of Parliament. Who could challenge such an idea? They were protecting men who did not wish to withhold labor during an ordinary strike from 'intimidation.' Who could be so mad or so blind as to defend intimidation? They were ensuring that contributions of members of trades-unions should not be extorted in the interests of one political party in the state from those who did not own allegiance to that political party. Again, what person who believed in liberty could deny so elementary a proposition? They were ensuring that government servants, postmen, dockyard workers, humble clerks, and the like, should be so cut off from the general trades-union movement outside as to guarantee that in a time of crisis they would support the Government and not, through refusing work, aid those who wished to disorganize society by a gigantic passive-resistance movement.

And, once again, who could deny that the first duty of government servants is to the Government? These aphorisms were declared on every platform and proclaimed in every leaflet, of which millions were issued by the Conservative Party.

Only when the bill came to be examined in Parliament was it found that its clauses and its threatenings of fines and imprisonment — for fines and imprisonment are the note of all of the dismal proposals — were altogether divorced from these universally accepted propositions. The Labor Party immediately declared war on it, although the majority of that party in Parliament, being ignorant of the technicalities of legal phrasing, were unable to attack it in articulate utterance. What was more important, the Liberal Party, under the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George, also declared war on it, and with the exception of Sir John Simon, a lawyer whose whole life has committed him to the narrowest points of legal interpretation, assailed it both in the House and in the country. And as the Liberals, however diminished in numbers, stand for liberty, the cry that this bill was making for liberty in trades-unions seems to sound a little false and a little thin.

The first clause proposed to make a general strike impossible without a definition as to what a general strike was. It was quite obvious that, had the Government been content with merely rendering illegal a conspiracy organized by trades-unions and their leaders against the State, the thing could have been done by enlargement of the Acts concerning conspiracy. Instead of adopting this method, the Government offered forms of words continually changing under criticism, in which obviously the intention was not merely to render a trades-unions conspiracy against the State illegal, but to render all strikes illegal except those confined to one particular trade. It clung to words asserting the illegality of strikes in which more than one trade was engaged which were designed or calculated to put coercion upon the Government by causing hardship to the majority of the people. Had it maintained merely the word 'designed,' the bulk of the critics would probably have realized that there was some force in its contention. But it defined as 'calculated' a strike in more than one trade which, although the individuals themselves had no desire of coercing the Government through inflicting hardship there, might as a matter of fact cause a Government, or a weak Government, to be coerced by the inconvenience caused to the community as a whole.

This of course had two results: first, it rendered everything normally known as a sympathetic strike impossible; second, it provided a situation unknown in common law, and only in operation during a panic of the Napoleonic Wars, under a statute law speedily repealed, by which it was made a crime for an individual, after having fulfilled his contract, to give notice to his employer that he no longer intended to work for him, and to retire into any other or no other business or occupation, the crime being caused not because the individual retired, but because he retired in company with a large number of other individuals and thereby caused hardship to the people, and through causing hardship to the people created coercion of the Government. Under the influence of a tormenting criticism the government advocate, Sir Douglas Hogg, a rather crude specimen of lawyer who knows little if anything about life, realized that this operation might cause persecution, fines, imprisonment of hundreds of thousands of people if a strike arose.

He therefore attempted to meet his critics by exempting those not directly concerned in promoting or continuing the strike.

Never could the Government escape from this dilemma. If, for example, all the coal miners struck against reduced wages, this would cause infinite hardship to the people and would probably come under the definition of a method calculated though not designed to coerce the Government into interference in a trade dispute between coal owners and the coal workers. This would not be, under the definition, illegal strike. But if a small trade like the tinplaters or the pottery workers struck in sympathy with the coal miners, although they themselves would cause no hardship or inconvenience to the community, the fact that the strike of the coal miners caused hardship and inconvenience to the community, and that another trade had come out in support of them, would not only make the pottery workers' or tinplate workers' strike illegal, but would make the miners' strike illegal and would therefore render any of these million miners liable, at the verdict of a magistrate, to be subjected to severe fines or to imprisonment up to two years.

The actual interpretation is that the Government intended that the weapon of the strike should be taken away from the working class; while, of course, trades-unions and their leaders are all against a strike, which is generally urged by the rank and file against their advice on such occasion as a reduction of wages. A strike is like war, and even soldiers and sailors are against war. On the other hand, if you are unable to threaten or negotiate by the weapon of a strike, you have abandoned the measure which has caused all the improvement of the condition of life of the individual through collective bargaining for the last hundred years. 'When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace,' and nine out of ten of the advantages which have been gained in various forms by the working people have been gained in the knowledge that in the last resort the workers will be able to withdraw their labor, and therefore negotiations have settled the questions at issue. Now it is quite evident that the Government and its supporters intend to make such a menace or weapon impossible in the future.

V

Another clause deals with intimidation. This has nothing whatever to do with the general strike, but applies even to a dispute in which the men come out in a few hundreds against some particular firm that employs but a few hundred workmen. In the Trades-Unions Acts of 1875 passed by Disraeli, and of 1906 passed by the Liberal Government, the law contained definite statements as to what intimidation should be, and all could know that if they broke the law they were liable to fine or imprisonment. The Government has now given a definition as to intimidation, which is indefinite, uncertain in character, and which every bench of magistrates or judge can interpret as they or he pleases; by which the man who is impeached for having indulged in any particular conduct cannot possibly tell beforehand whether he is breaking the law or no. The old definition was confined to various forms of material or physical damage. The new definition started with a statement that it was illegal to cause apprehension in any man's mind of ridicule, hatred, or contempt. Who is to define what will cause the apprehension in any man's mind of ridicule, hatred, or contempt?

Mr. J. H. Thomas gave an example

of a case where his wife might refuse to invite to tea a man who would not conform to the request of the railway unions to come out on strike when wages or hours were challenged, and subsequently, under this law, might be clapped into jail for such refusal. Others gave examples of how men might be imprisoned for two years if they said their children should not play with the children of so-called Blacklegs. Others asked desperately what intimidation was which was suggestive of neither physical nor material injury, and what the law was doing in trying to examine whether a man was in apprehension of some future injury which was not physical or material. The thing was laughed out of court in the House of Commons, but words were substituted in the House of Lords, and, although Lord Reading tore the government proposals to pieces, the words finally adopted give opportunity for uncertain law to be administered by any prejudiced bench of magistrates in a case in which the prisoner himself has no kind of conception that he has done any illegal wrong at all.

The third great onslaught on the trades-unions was the attempt to diminish their funds for political purposes definitely and deliberately, that they might not have enough money to put up candidates for the elections and to carry on political enterprises. Until 1911 everyone had assumed that trades-unions had as much right as companies, breweries, and organizations of employers to spend part of their ordinary funds, if they voted in that direction, to put up trades-union candidates for Parliament. That condition was challenged at law by a railway man called Osborn, who was financed by opponents of the Labor Party, for the Labor Party had obtained no substantial importance; and the courts decided that no such right existed. The Liberal Government of the day introduced a compromise. The ordinary funds of the unions were not to be used for political purposes. The unions were to be allowed to take a ballot on the subject of whether they should levy a special contribution from their members for political objects. But so meticulous were the men of that time concerning the liberty of the individual that they also inserted the provision that if a union had decided that this special fund, not amounting to more than a few pence a week, should be levied any man who desired not to contribute should be allowed, without having to give any reason at all, to contract out and not pay his pennies to this levy. When the Labor Party arose it was found that practically all the trades-unions that had balloted for a political levy used that levy for the interests of members of the Labor Party, although there is no reason in the Act why the levy should not be used for the Conservatives or the Liberals.

From the commencement of the control by the Parliament of the enormous Conservative majority elected in 1924, a substantial proportion of the back benches of the Conservative members and the organizations in the country have been trying to force the Prime Minister into a change in this system. Mr. Baldwin resisted with considerable courage. He asserted: 'How did we get here? It was not by promising to bring this bill in. It was because, rightly or wrongly, we succeeded in creating the impression throughout the country that we stood for stable government and for peace in the country between all classes of the community.' Although no case could be presented in Parliament of the misuse of this power, there was a general impression that large numbers of trades-unionists were so idle or indifferent or anxious to avoid trouble as to refuse to use the

conscience clause. The resistance, however, has now been abandoned. All that is given to trades-unions is the right to collect funds for their own representatives in Parliament from those who are willing to sign a document that such collection can be obtained, which, after all, is no more than any other political party can do.

The hope of the Conservatives is that the great mass of trades-unionists, who, like the great mass of electors, care little or nothing about politics, will not take the trouble to sign documents definitely offering weekly subscriptions for members of Parliament, and that therefore the trades-unions will be unable to put up trades-union candidates against the wealthy Conservative landlords and profiteers. Whether such a result will be attained remains conjectural, but the weighting of the thousands of the wealthier classes against the diminished contribution of the poor is interpreted as a direct declaration of a class war, by which the workingman shall be battened under hatches and the Labor Party substantially diminished, not through lack of enthusiasm, but through definite poverty of organization in the House of Commons. And that is how it is interpreted by both parties alike in the country.

VI

The wretched bill which excited weariness and lack of enthusiasm both on the one side and on the other passed through under what is called the closure — that is, the official limitation of debate, day by day, in the House of Commons. Curiously enough, in the House of Lords criticism became most vocal, not so much among the eight or ten Lords of the upper chamber who, in membership of over seven hundred, alone represent the Labor Party, which polled six millions at the last election, but in the scanty representatives of the Liberals and especially in the person of Lord Reading. This man, with his great distinction, once head of the English Bar, Lord Chief Justice of England, Ambassador to America, and for many years Viceroy of India, was found to offer criticism of a bill which the workingmen and members of the Labor Party were unable to exhibit, and quite astonished the not very brilliant minds of the hereditary peerage by the vehemence of his attack.

He deplored the stimulus of a class war after the working people had been crushed and would have responded to any note of conciliation. He asserted that the bill made a man a criminal against his intention and took no note of his intention. He declared that it offered 'not one single ray of light for the workingmen' of this country. And, speaking with all the authority of a great lawyer, great judge, great ambassador, and great administrator, he asserted: 'When I take the bill as a whole and look through it as I have done with great care, consider it clause by clause, I say without hesitation that it is a bill which in the language it uses is more vague, more indefinite, more lacking in precision in respect of the crimes which it indicates and the penalties which follow upon them, than any bill I have ever seen or any Act of Parliament I have had to construe either as a law officer or as a judge.' He drove, by the sheer force of his criticism, the Lord Chancellor and the Government to an amendment of the section regarding intimidation; but he could not produce either any substantial modification or withdrawal, and the bill passes into law with his word standing out above all others on account of the distinguished character of his impartiality and the great experience of his career. 'I can find no reason for modifying or changing the views I

have before expressed on this bill. . . . The necessity for clear language is that the bill constitutes new crimes. . . . I desire merely to add that throughout the discussions on this bill the reflection has been constantly in my mind how lamentable it is that at this period, when we stood so much in need of industrial peace, when everything should be done to promote greater good will between employer and employed, the time of Parliament should have been taken up during almost the whole of this session in trying to pass a measure which can only embitter relations, and which will certainly not mollify the attitude which has been taken up by all the principal Labor leaders.'

With such a benediction the bill becomes an Act of Parliament. There has been exultation among those who have been promoting it and driving the Government forward, owing to the fact that, as they think, any universal trades-union agitation against this attack on trades-unions has failed to 'cut any ice,' and that there has been no general strike, no violence, no threat of revolution among the working people of this country. They may perhaps be somewhat subdued by a succession of elections to Parliament. The Liberal and Labor parties have both declared against this measure. It has been opposed in every by-election, and the majority for it has sunk down to negligible dimensions.

I don't think there will be open resistance or rebellion. I don't think there will be fighting in the streets. I don't think there will be a general strike of the kind which this bill makes illegal. But I am entirely sure that it has cut a deep cleavage between the Conservative Party and the workingmen of this country; that it has forwarded a class war scarcely expected except among men of unbalanced minds, in a real belief that there is a declaration of conflict, not by the poor against the rich, but by the rich against the poor; that the trades-unions and their sympathizers will turn this bill into political and not social or economic advantage, and that more than any other measure which has been passed by the Conservative Party, steadily decreasing in prestige and popularity, this bill will be found an instrument of the next general election to drive them completely out of all the industrial districts in such a manner that they will probably not in a generation recover the position which they attained three years ago.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HONEYMOON BOOKS

IT was in that period of mingled depression and delight which generally precedes a man's first marriage (for all I know, his second and third, too), or, to be more precise, it was on a late afternoon in May that Priscilla and I sat in her father's library planning our honeymoon. If the copybooks ('Happiness is three-fourths Anticipation') and the advice of our friends were to be trusted, the programme of our idyllic fortnight was likely to prove illusory. Said our married friends, — remembering, I suspect, their own disappointments, — 'For heaven's sake, keep traveling; if you stop you'll wish you were home!' or 'Whatever you do, don't motor! It means packing and unpacking your trousseau every day.' And Aunt Anna, who has more charm than most, quietly remarked that she had been on three honeymoons and had been properly bored by them all.

Since I remember Uncle Oliver, — Aunt Anna's last, — I had a partial clue to this disillusion. A less companionable man may I never meet! And I dare say that if ever one needs to be entertaining it is on a honeymoon. For, though most of us are best when least in company, I for one know no more critical audience than a modern bride — which is to say, Priscilla. So —

'Pris,' I said, 'what books'll we take with us?'

'You choose,' she answered. 'You seem to think you'll need them.'

'Well, first, Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, and second, Katherine Mansfield's *Bliss*.'

'They sound appropriate.'

'And,' I continued, 'Swinburne's early Songs and Ballads and Rupert Brooke.'

'Why not Keats?'

'Good! The edition with his letters.'

'And how about a little salt with your poets?' said Priscilla. 'How about Falstaff, how about *Alice in Wonderland?*'

'Cheers for both. Anything else?'

'Oh, yes,' she added sweetly, '*The Taming of the Shrew.*'

I chose to ignore the issue.

But, seriously, you may protest, with Priscilla, 'Why so many?' Because reading is most enjoyable when you have a wide choice. And for such an occasion where will you find a wittier traveler than Sterne, a greater lover than Rupert Brooke, — present company excepted, — unless it be Swinburne, or a more delightful correspondent — no pun intended — than Keats? I am modest enough to know how one may shine by reflected glory.

Something of this I was endeavoring to explain when in came Priscilla's parents.

'Well, if there's any cooking to be done,' observed her mother, 'Priscilla'd better take a cookbook.'

Priscilla did n't think that was very funny.

'Since you're going South,' remarked my father-in-law, soothing the situation, 'take it from me, you'll need a road book. And why not something on the battlefields — say that new book on Lee?'

'Enough's enough,' I cried. 'There's no five-foot shelf in the Ford.'

Enough to say that, when we set off, Sterne, Keats, Alice, Falstaff, Swinburne, and the others (and eleven pieces of baggage!) were in the back seat.

We drove and we drove until we came to stone walls covered with honeysuckle and locust trees in flower. And the June days grew hotter and hotter until with Falstaff we 'larded the lean earth' when we walked. Gettysburg was the first objective, and at the rocky spring not far from Little Round Top we made a picnic and afterward read aloud from *Lee*. But just beyond the shade of our tree the fields danced and shimmered in the sunlight — and at such a time and place *Lee* was undeniably a heavy book — and Priscilla's shoulder was soft — so we slept. And in the confusion of our sunset departure I regret to say that *Lee* was left behind.

Thereafter we followed our noses and asked the natives the way to the nearest battlefield. So we came to Harpers Ferry. Now on that torrid afternoon reading epitaphs — 'HERE JOHN BROWN, etc. etc.' — was a thirsty business, and our eyes wandered easily from the tablets to twinkling Potomac ever within sight. As we meandered out of town we kept a lookout for refreshment. Not a mile had passed before we came to a little bridge and just beyond it a green track leading off the highway and along the bank of a ravine. Lurching and rattling, we pushed our way into a tunnel of greenery until the track ended in a little clearing at the lip of the stream. The motor died away and the water sang invitingly.

When Priscilla was in her pool and I in mine I reached Rupert Brooke down from the sunny rock above me and, keeping my hands clear of the cool spray that tumbled over my left shoulder, I began to read: —

> 'In a cool curving world he lies
> And ripples with dark ecstasies.
> . . . . . .
> His bliss is older than the sun.
> Silent and straight the waters run.
> The lights, the cries, the willows dim,
> And the dark tide are one with him.'

At this point a series of prehistoric snorts shook our universe. They were followed by the increasing and all too unmistakable rumblings of a passenger train that swept into view on the opposite bank above us! We caught a glimpse of amazed countenances at the windows before in consternation we turned our backs. 'Give me that book!' hissed Priscilla.

When the beast had passed we fled to the thickets, our illusion shattered beyond repair. We dressed undisturbed until, as we brushed our hair before the windshield, Priscilla suddenly wailed, 'Oh, where's the book gone?' We ran to the bank: it was not on the table-rock. But downstream and twenty yards or more out of reach a black-and-white cover showed where Rupert Brooke bobbed and scraped his way over the rills toward the sea.

At Berryville for a day or two thereafter the heat was unbearable and travel out of the question. We opened ourselves to what cool there was and then gave thanks for Falstaff and Katherine Mansfield. Singly, but still better in concert, they can transpose a perfunctory hotel room into something resembling a dear memory.

Then came a west wind and we were off again. Winchester, dozing like a sleepy white cat in the sun, held us too long, and by sundown we were scurrying supperless for Charlottesville. Along a nameless stretch of road I detected that symptom dear to repair shops — the death rattle of burnt bearings. With terrifying din we labored on and at last into the yard of a lone farmhouse.

I think it was the headquarters of Southern hospitality. The farmer, a gaunt man with a black beard, listened in silence to our tale of woe.

'That's bad, with you-all jest married,' he exclaimed (we had n't told him). 'But come right in. I reckon we c'n fix you up.'

That it was long past bedtime and we were Yankees made no difference. Ma, as her husband called her, and ten-year-old Hester in pigtail and flying nightgown, soon set before us a sugared ham and spiced apples, a cottage cheese with little rolls, and preserved plums and glasses of warm sweet milk. Between bites we told of our journey, until food and friendliness had their way. Dimly I remember hearing the Ford go rattling into the barn, and then, after some thumping from above, Mrs. Picketts calling, 'Come up now. Your bed is ready.'. . . And behold, it was the morning of the next day.

'They gave us their only bed!' Priscilla whispered after breakfast. 'They slept on the floor. Hester told me.'

We lingered through the morning while a mechanic from the nearest village tinkered with the car and growled at my assistance. In the shade of the porch Hester and Priscilla were poring over *Alice in Wonderland*. At length the job was done, tested, and paid for. It was time for our leave-taking. But despite even Priscilla's persuasion the Picketts would hear of no payment. 'We don't often have brides down this way,' grinned our host, 'and when they come we aim to give 'em a time.'

As I wrung their hands and sought for the right thanks, Priscilla slipped behind me and fumbled in our baggage. She reappeared with our little red volume of *Wonderland*. 'It's for Hester,' she explained. So we all wrote down our names and the date on the flyleaf — 'for a keepsake,' said Mrs. Picketts.

We reached Charlottesville to discover, I am sorry to say, that Priscilla's face lotion had leaked all over Katherine Mansfield and that, as a consequence, a light green tint had been imparted to the surrounding 'pretties.' Unreasonably[1] — for I did n't pack the bag — Pris insisted that it was my fault. As the postcards say, the spot, or rather spots, mark our first disagreement.

After rambling about the University and Monticello, we began to think of turning homeward. Our time was more than half spent, and our money — good heavens, our money was all spent! It was wry to discover that tens had so swiftly depreciated to ones — and but few of them — and that we had not a single check between us. '"My face is my fortune, sir," she said,' quoth Priscilla. 'They'll trust us.' But I was n't so sure. So we framed a discreet telegram and, since we really needed an immediate return, sent it to Priscilla's father. You may believe I was embarrassed: it was not a propitious example of the style to which I was accustomed.

His reply we still have, folded away in one of our books. It read: —

AM WIRING ONE HUNDRED NEXT TIME LEAVE KEATS AT HOME AND TAKE YOUR CHECK BOOK — FATHER

OLD NICEY

'No'm, I ain't so well, but I'm here,' she said, in her deep tone of voice. 'Ain't gittin' ole. Done got ole.'

Nicey was very dark, and her brown skin was wrinkled like crêpe. Her eyebrows seemed to have worn off, and her eyeballs looked as if they were stained with tobacco juice. The iris was bluish and bleached.

Though she always smelled strongly

[1] It is not unreasonable! Why should I pack his books in my bag! — Priscilla

of tobacco, she was very neat, and she wore now — as it was Sunday — her best dress of dark red outing flannel, with a white plaid in it. Over this a blue homespun apron reached to the tops of her heavy men's shoes. Tightly bound around her head was a bandanna of purple, green, and blue stripes. There were rings in her ears, and pinned at her neck was her one valuable, a large solid-gold brooch.

'Mis' Antonia gimme my age, but I done forgot it.'

She folded her arms. The skin of her fingers was tight and shiny between the wrinkled joints, and a wide dark crescent showed at the root of each large yellow nail.

'Got ketch pains in dis hip,' she explained. 'Ain't able to wuk like I uster was. But I 'bleeged to knock erbout. I wuk to Mis' Fultz's offen an' on, to git me my sumpen to eat.

'Raise chickens? No'm. Can't do much here wid chickens. Snakes come fum de woods an' quirl up in de nes' wid 'em.'

I glanced at the dark rifts in the floor.

'Yes'm, dee comes in yere,' she said. 'I wake up one night. It look like a big dog pile' up by me in de dark. Lyin' right yere. Col' as ice.' She touched her side. 'Smelt like watermilyon. Stayed twixt midnight an' day. All night I pray, "Jesus, you clinch dat snake's jaws, like you clinched de lions' jaws w'en Daniel was casted in de den." At daybreak it slip away.'

'Did it come back?'

'De nex' night. I was ready fer it — wid a pail er bilin' water.' Her laugh was a sudden harsh cackle.

Most of Nicey's long life had been spent on Palmyra Island, in the Mississippi River, twenty miles below Vicksburg. There were nine plantations on the island, and she had never been to Hurricane on the other side.

'Is I ever been off de place? Yes, *mam*. We all ruffugee to Alibam' endurin' de war. De Yanks tuk de islan' to mek it a Freedman's Home.' Her tone was scornful. 'Gawd knows I wa'n't glad w'en I was sot free. Call dis freedom! I calls hit bondage.'

She gloomed.

'Tell me I ain't seed hard times sence my ole Marster been daid!'

At my suggestion she lighted her pipe.

'We had good owners,' she said, as she pulled on it. 'Marse Henry shoe-ed you good an' clo'esed you good. 'Lowed you chanct to mek money for yo'se'f. I was a fiel' han'. I was jes' same ez a mule w'en I was young. I could pick my two hundered poun' a day — an' den some. Marster rid by de fiel' onct. Seed me pickin'. Say, "Dat gal's a dandy." Dat wot he say.'

Old Nicey seldom smiled, but she could not now suppress a smile of pride.

'No'm, I did n't had no eddication. — Pity? Eddication don't tek you no furder 'n de grave.'

She returned to the subject that absorbed her.

'Girls did n't wuk like dee have to now,' she said. 'Eighty head er plough han's, an' sixty head er hoe han's on de place. Folks wuk harder now 'an dee did in de ole times. Dee uster be ten or twelve ole people done wukked dere time out, an' lived w'ere dee always did. Dee jes' walk about on de place. Unk Big Harry, Unk Friday, African Jinny — she de seamster on de plantation. W'en dee constitution was broke, Marse Henry treated 'em jes' de same. Dee was well tooken keer of.'

Her bleared eyes were wistful.

'Do you remember young Mr. Fielding Turner, Nicey?' I asked, having heard romantic stories of this gay youth.

''Member Marse Fielding? Why, he gimme my name. Berenicey.'

'He took cold, you know, at Napoleon's funeral, and died in Paris.'

'Yes'm. Nuvver come back to his nated lan'. I seed him after he ceasted. He was standin' in de back do' of de Big House, with rays like a peafowl roun' him. Marse Fielding sho' was a purty man,' she ended dreamily.

I called her back to earth. 'Were you ever overflowed, Nicey?'

'Is I ever been in overfloor? In '97 de skiff come in my house. I livin' in de Lower Quarters den. — No'm, I wa'n't scared. I thought dis side de islan' safe. I wa'n't insured 'bout nothin' 'bout *dat* part de worl'!' She indicated Hurricane contemptuously, with a wave of her pipe. 'Unk Wesley, he come to my house. Ax is I afeard. I say I don' fear de waters, bein' 's de Big Man's spared me to come dis far. He say dee ain't gwine be no high water. W'ile we was talkin' we heard de levee bust on de Harricanes. Lawd Gawd, hit sounded like de tromp o' Jedgment! All de people wot livin' out in de fiel's put out fer de quarters. W'en dee started de water was behin' 'em, an' de waters got to de quarters *wid* 'em. I nuvver is seen such a distrus. We could hear de cows hollerin' comin' fum de swamp, an' makin' for de levee. De rats an' de rabbits was crossin' de fiel's same ez horses. Befo' night de water comin' plum over de top de levee, white ez cotton. Nuvver did see de water bile so. Hit bile jes' like a pot.

'Dat w'en Kizzy' son Ezra drownded. He try to fin' his stock. "Dee mus' be on high groun' somewhar," he say. He rid his mule, an' de mule hoof got hung in a wire fence under water. We could see de mule splungin'. Hit th'owed him, an' tromped him to deaf befo' our eyes.

'Lawd, hit were de turblest time! Water comin' in de do'. I could n't git out to save my killin' hawg, an' de hencoop sailin' by. Aunt Kizzy' house turnt bottom up'ard, an' look like we all gwine be los' befo' night. We fix a flatform on de rafters, an' pile up on one erner. Den w'en Scald-haid Bawb come in de house in his skiff. He say Mr. Young Lovelly done sont a flat for we-all, an' de men folks pole' us up to de Cut-Off. Dat de highes' groun' on de islan'. All de folks fum de Upper Place was 'sembled dere, wid dee stock an' plunder, an' de levee gwine jes' dish-erway.' She rocked back and forth. 'Lawd, hit was a flussful time! De young boss he row out in de river an' 'res' de Providence, an' she come in de lake, smack thu de willows. Willows jes' hangin' wid snakes.

'Dee tuk us off, an' taken us down to Natchez, an' dere we stayed ontel de waters 'suaged.

'Unk Wesley an' some de men folks stay on de islan'. Us did n't see how dee gwine mek out. Had to go to bed befo' sundown, to save 'em fum de snakes. Dee do say a blue runner come in George Washington's do'.

'Unk Wesley sont us word de rats sho' is done folks bad, cuttin' dee clo'es an' plunder. He say dee been fishin' fer daid folks up dere, an' Ezra' body been foun'. W'en we git back, de levee kivvered wid carkis.'

'You've had a hard life, Nicey,' I said.

'Ise toughed it out. An' I got one thing to be thankful for. I bin had no ill name in my life. Grudgful an' low-down as some folks *is*.

'Yes'm. I had chillen. I bin had seven chillen. De Lawd made me a breedin' ooman. But I thankful none er my chillen had trash for dee fathers.

'No'm. None of 'em livin'. I did n't want my chillen to live. I was workin' too hard after Freedom, an' did n't want 'em to die an' be los'. Only one of 'em live to grow up.'

She brooded gloomily.

'Of all colors I ever is lived with,

Mr. Nigger done me de mos' dirt. *My chile was cunjured!*

'B'lieve hit? I bin cunjured myse'f. I got it in milk on a Sunday evenin'. I went out de do' to heave. Marster come an' say, "Wot you think ail dat ooman?" Dee say, "She done been cunjured. It's down at de do', an' some uv it in her bedtick." It was Ole Dan. He some kin' er hoodoo man. He do so much devil wuk. De whole family was cunjurers. Dee come fum ole Ferginny. Dirty devils! Dee picked it out of him dat night, an' ef dee'd tol' Marster, he'd 'a' made him stan' up, an' de overseer shoot him, as long as powder would burn.

'B'lieve hit? Gawd knows I know dat wot ailin' my laig to dis day.' She rubbed it slowly. 'I don' know how dee does hit, but dee *does* hit. Ole devils! Mos' on 'em daid out now. Dee uster hunt groun' puppies an' snakes, an' beat 'em up, but dee buys pretty much wot dee uses now. Cain's seed.'

Her voice was deep and resentful.

'My own chile was tricked.'

The old woman looked into the past despairingly. 'I thought my heart-strings would bust,' she said. 'Yes'm. She's daid. She was death-stricken w'en she was fust taken.'

She shook out her pipe, tapping it with a stiffened forefinger.

'I reckoned Gawd indained it,' she said.

'I had a dream onct,' she added slowly. 'I don't know whether 't wuz Heaven I seed or not, 't wuz such a 'remenjous place. Gawd tole me in my sleep, "Dere's many lookin' to see you go, an' you'll live to see many go." He sez, "I nuvver is took my eyes off you sence you been in de worl'. W'en I return, I gwine marry you, an' tek you home to live. Many snares shall hang your feet, but none shan't hol' you fas'."'

I saw old Nicey last seated on the levee in the sun. I was taking the river boat that landed in front of the store.

I had pressed something on her palm as I shook hands with her, and I saw her, as she glanced at the shining dollar, quickly close her hand and look away, with a smile of delight on her dark face.

As the stern wheel churned the yellow water to foam, the steamer turned, and we floated out into the Lake. And I thought of her last words: 'De worl' belong to Gawd an' de white folks. *We under dem.*'

THE ANCIENT VIRTUE OF GRATITUDE

THIS letter was written, more than seventy-five years ago, by a schoolmaster to a wealthy and benevolent clergyman of the Church of England, in acknowledgment of a present of old clothing.

Reverend and worthy, indulgent and compassionate, bounteous and ever valuable sir!

The present you have sent has laid me under an obligation to write rather sooner than I intended, and if I were not to seize the very first opportunity that offered, to return thanks for so very valuable a present, I should be guilty of such a piece of insensibility as that the very stones (to allude to the dialect of Heaven) would become vocal and rise to upbraid me, especially as a few grateful expressions may be easily uttered, without any expense obtained, and the best that can be rendered to any person, by whom such kindness is bestowed. No one is more ready to acknowledge a benefit, nor perhaps less able to make a retaliation than myself. I have it in my heart to do as much and in my power to do as little, in return

for favors, as any man living. However, as far as the value and efficacy of thankful and affectionate expressions extend, am free to do the utmost, and if it were possible for a sheet of paper to contain on the one hand, and if it were not altogether unnecessary on the other, I would give you as many thanks as the clothes contain threads. I thank you, my dear sir, for the handsome and very valuable black coat, I thank you for the genteel blue coat. I thank you for the neat cloth trousers, and I thank you for the pieces you sent to repair them with. I thank you for the beautiful wig. I thank you for paying the carriage of the whole. Shall I further tell you that I fervently and constantly pray for you, that I have the highest esteem for you, and I am daily forming a thousand wishes for your present and future welfare. Dear sir, I will and need only say that you have my heart for your favors. I bless you for what you have done for me, and am ready to conclude from this instance of your bounty that you will be a great friend to me and my family. I thank you and again I thank you. On Saturday last I received your parcel — immediately had my hair cut off, that I might have the honor of appearing on the Sabbath in your wig, and being desirous to wear the black coat at once, for your sake, went to meeting in it. My body was never so elegantly arrayed since it came out of the hands of its Creator. The clothes fitted me well and sat gracefully upon me. Dear sir, I thank you and again I thank you. Was proud to tell Mr. A. what a favor you had sent me. Mr. A. seemed quite pleased. Indeed, if any person who had seen me in my dirty, ragged apparel two years ago, had beheld me last Sabbath, so differently dressed in yours, they would have been apt to think that I was the reality of one of Ovid's Metamorphoses, there being so striking a difference between my former and my present situation. Dear sir, I thank you and again I thank you and again I thank you.

To conclude, dear sir, you say in your letter, 'I have sent you some clothes, if you will not refuse them.' Refuse them! Refuse them! Refuse them! Dear sir, what do you mean? Am surprised at your expressions. If you had sent me an old pair of shoes and stockings, should have been thankful for them. Much more for a present so large and rich as yours, the value of which I so well know. I am persuaded they never were yours for ten pounds.

Dear sir, if at any time you have any old garment to spare, I shall thankfully receive it, and my family enjoy the benefit of it. What follows I am ashamed to tell, yet must own that your present would have been rather more complete if you had obliged me with a waistcoat along with it. Have not one proper to wear with the clothes you have sent me, and these being so valuable and fitting me so well, it will be a pity to break them for that. I have nothing to add but an expression of the sincerest and most prevailing concern for your real happiness, and am, dear sir, what shall always be proud to call myself and my wife and family along with me,

Your highly benefitted and obliged humble servant

N.B. The handwriting and spelling and composition, am sensible is wretched; time short, matter great, tackle bad, and obliged to write in haste. Would do rather better had I more time.

As I have cut off my hair, am at a loss for a cap. If you have one to spare of silk or velvet, would be glad of it.

JALNA: A NOVEL[1]

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XX

FINCH had given Wakefield his Boy Scout bugle. Finch had got over being a Boy Scout very quickly. The only thing about it that had suited him was the fact of his being a bugler. Now he had given his instrument to Wake for his birthday. Having once decided to do this, he did not hold it till the day itself. The little boy had been in possession of it for a fortnight. And every morning he wakened with his nerves tingling with delicious excitement. For there at the head of the bed was the bugle, and he must not get up until he had sounded the reveille.

It was thrilling to sit up in bed and send forth from swelling chest and distended cheeks those glorious brazen notes. Feeble, croaking they might sound to the listener, but to Wake they were round with a noble roundness, and stirring to the soul.

Luckily he was usually the last of the family to awake. But this morning was his birthday and he had been the very first. All, all had been roused by that sleep-shattering reveille. Renny, stretched on his back, his arms flung above his head, had been dreaming of galloping on a great wild horse along a steep precipice. Suddenly, with a neigh that shook the universe, the horse had leaped over the precipice, and plunged with him into the sunlit sea.

With a convulsive twitch of the body Renny awoke into the sunlight of the early morning, his face so comic in its astonishment that Wakefield laughed aloud, lost his wind, and sputtered helplessly into the instrument.

Then Renny laughed, too, for the sight of his little brother sitting up in bed, so alert, so important, with hair on end, and one dark eye cocked roguishly at him above one bulging cheek, was so ridiculous. He was ridiculous, and he was pathetic, too. Poor little beggar, thought Renny — a human being like myself, who will have a man's feelings, a man's queer thoughts one day.

'It's my birthday,' quoth Wakefield, wiping his chin.

'Many happy returns,' said Renny, trying not to look as though he had a delightful present for him.

'I shall probably not live to be as old as Gran. But I may reach ninety if I have good care.'

'Oh, you'll get good care, all right. Cuddle down here a bit. It's early yet.'

Wake laid the bugle on the table at the head of the bed and flung himself down into the bedclothes. He burrowed against Renny, putting his arms about his neck.

'Oh! I'm so happy,' he breathed. 'A picnic to-day if you please! The first of the season. It's June! The first of June! My birthday.' His eyes were two narrow slits. 'Renny, have you a — you know what?'

Renny yawned prodigiously. 'Well, I guess I'll get up.'

'Renny, Renny — ' He bumped and struggled against his elder's chest. 'Oh, Renny, I could kill you!'

'Why?'

''Cause you won't tell me — '

'Tell you what?' Renny held him as in a vise.

'You *know* what.'

'How can I know if you won't tell me?'

'Oh, you beast, Renny, it's you who won't tell me!'

'Tell you *what?*'

'Whether you have a — you know what — for me.'

[1] A synopsis of the preceding chapters will be found in the Contributors' Column. — THE EDITORS

Renny closed his eyes. 'You sound half-witted this morning,' he said, coldly. 'It seems a pity when you've reached such an age.'

Wakefield examined his brother's hard, weather-bitten visage with its relentless-looking nose. Certainly it was a forbidding face — a face that belonged to a man who was his adored brother and who had no birthday present for him. He too closed his eyes, murmuring to himself, 'Oh, this is terrible!' A tear trickled down his cheek and fell on Renny's wrist.

The older Whiteoak gave the younger a little shake. 'Cut that out,' he said.

They looked into each other's eyes.

'It nearly broke me.'

'What did, Renny?'

'Why, the present.'

'The *present?*'

'Rather. The birthday present.'

'Oh, Renny, for God's sake —'

'Stop your swearing.'

'But *what* is it?'

'It's a —' he plunged the word into Wake's ear — 'a *pony* — a beautiful Welsh pony.'

After the first ecstatic questions Wake lay silent, floating in a golden haze of happiness. He did not want to miss the savor of one lovely moment of this day of days. First a pony — then a picnic, and, in between, an orgy of other presents. A birthday cake with ten tall candles. At last he whispered, 'Is it a he or a she?'

'A little mare.'

A mare! He could hardly believe it. There would be colts — tiny, shaggy colts. His very own. It was almost too much. He wriggled against Renny, adoring him.

'When will she — oh, I say, Renny, what's her name?'

'She has no name. You may name her.'

A nameless gift from the gods! Oh, responsibility overpowering, to name her!

'When will she come?'

'She is here, in the stable.'

With a squeal of joy Wake leaped up in the bed; then, espying the bugle, he had an inspiration.

'Renny, would n't it be splendid if I'd sound the reveille and then we'd both instantly get up? I'd like terribly to sound the reveille for you, Renny.'

'Fire away, then.'

Solemnly the little boy placed the bugle against his lips, took a prodigious breath. Renny lay looking at him, amused and compassionate. Poor little devil — a man some day, like himself.

Loudly, triumphantly, the notes of the reveille were sounded. Simultaneously they sprang out on to the floor. June sunshine blazed into the room.

Downstairs Wakefield said to Finch: 'What do you suppose? Renny has given me a pony. We've just been out to the stable to see her. A little pony mare, mind you, Finch. There'll be colts one day. And thanks again for the bugle. Renny and I both got up by it in the morning. And there's to be a picnic on the shore, and an absolutely 'normous birthday cake.'

'Humph,' grunted Finch. 'I never remember such a fuss on any of *my* birthdays.'

'You have always had a cake, dear,' said Meggie, reproachfully. 'And don't forget that nice little engine thing, and your bicycle, and your wrist watch.'

'You don't expect the family to rejoice because you were born, do you?' asked Piers, grinning.

'No, I don't expect anything,' bawled Finch, 'but to be badgered.'

'Poor little boy, he's jealous.' Piers passed a sunburnt hand over Finch's head, stroking downward over his long nose, and ending with a playful jolt under the chin.

Finch's nerves were raw that morning. He was in the midst of the end-of-the-term examinations, and his increasing preoccupation with music seemed to render him less than ever able to cope with mathematics. He knew with dreadful certainty that he was not going to pass into the next form. The fact that his music teacher was not only pleased with him, but deeply interested in him, would not make up for that. Combined with a skulking sense of helpless inferiority he felt the exalted arrogance of one whose spirit moves on occasion in the free and boundless spaces of art.

With a kind of bellow he turned on Piers and struck him in the chest. Piers caught his wrists and held them, smiling lazily into his wild, distorted face.

'See here, Eden,' he called. 'This little lamb is baaing because we celebrate Wake's

birthday with more pep than we do his. Is n't it a crime?'

Eden lounged over, his lips drawn in a faint smile from his teeth, which held a cigarette, and joined in the baiting.

All morning Finch's heart raged within him.

At dinner Meggie and her grandmother both chose to correct him, to nag at him. He slouched, they said. He stuck his elbows out. He bolted his food so that he might be ready for the last helping of cherry tart before poor dear Gran.

Furious, he muttered something to himself to the effect that she might have it for all he cared, and that if it choked her —

She heard. 'Renny! Renny!' she shouted, turning purple. 'He says he hopes it chokes me! Chokes me — at my age! Flog him, Renny! I won't stand it. I'll choke. I know I will.' She glared wildly at the head of the house, her eyes blazing under her shaggy red brows.

'Mama, Mama,' said Ernest.

'It's true,' growled Nicholas. 'I heard him say it.'

Renny had been talking to Alayne, trying not to notice the disturbance. Now, in sudden anger, he got up and in a stride stood over Finch.

'Apologize to Gran,' he ordered.

'Sorry,' muttered Finch, turning white.

'No mumbling! Properly.'

'I'm very sorry, Grandmother.'

The sight of his hunched shoulders and unprepossessing sheepish face suddenly threw his elder into one of his quick passions. He gave him a sound and ringing cuff.

Perhaps it was because Finch was not properly balanced that day. In any case it always seemed easy to send him sprawling. The next second he was in a sobbing heap on the floor, and his heavy chair had fallen with a crash.

Alayne smothered a cry, and stared at her plate. Her heart was thudding, but she thought: 'I must hang on to myself. I must. He did n't mean to do it. He will be sorry. They drove him to it.'

Renny sat down. He avoided looking at her. He was humiliated at having been drawn into violence before her. However, if she thought him a brute, so much the better.

Finch gathered up himself and his chair, and resumed his place at the table with a look of utter dejection.

'Now will you give back chat?' asked Grandmother, and she added, after another mouthful of tart, 'Somebody kiss me.'

She kept asking what time the picnic was to be, for she was even more excited about it than Wake. She had her bonnet and cape on long before the hour when the phaëton was to convey her to the shore. She had the picnic hampers ranged beside her chair, and passed the period of waiting by a prolonged and bitter discussion with Boney as to whether or not he should forage among the edibles.

The picnic party was separated into the same parts as the church party, with the difference that Finch rode his bicycle, instead of walking, and Piers arrived late on horseback, for it was a busy season with him.

As Piers tethered his mare to an iron stake which had been driven into that field before any of them could remember, he glanced toward the picnickers to see where Pheasant was. He had not had as much of her company of late as he would have liked. To the regular spring work of his men and himself had been added the setting out of a new cherry orchard and the clearing of a piece of woodland for cultivation. Piers was as strong and wholesome as a vigorous young tree. He was ambitious and he was not afraid of work, but it did seem rather hard sometimes that he had so little time to spare in these lovely days of early summer for happy and indolent hours with Pheasant. She seldom came out into the fields or orchards with him now, as she used to do. She looked pale, too, and was often petulant, even depressed. He wondered if she were possibly going to have a child. He must take good care of her, give her a little change of some kind. Perhaps he could arrange a little motor trip over the week-end. The poor girl was quite probably envious of Alayne, who had Eden always at her side.

He saw Pheasant standing on a bluff, her slender figure outlined against the sky. Her short green dress was fluttering about her knees. She looked like a flower poised there above the breezy blueness of the lake.

The phaëton had been drawn down the narrow stony road that led to the water's

edge between two bluffs. Hodge had loosed the horses, and had led them out into the lake to drink. A fire had been lighted on the beach and around it the family, with the exception of Pheasant and old Mrs. Whiteoak, were enjoying themselves in their own fashions. Wake, with upturned knickers, was paddling along the water's rim. Renny was throwing sticks for his spaniels. Nicholas and Ernest were skipping stones. Meg, in a disreputable old sweater, was bent over the fire cherishing the teakettle. Alayne was carrying driftwood. Lady Buckley, very upright on a rug spread on the beach, was knitting at something of a bright red color.

Before Piers joined the others on the beach he went to speak to his grandmother, who sat regarding the scene from the safety of her seat in the phaëton.

'Well, Gran, are you having a good time?'

'Put your head in so I can kiss you. Ah, there's the boy! Yes, I'm having a very good time. I used to bring the children to picnics here more than sixty years ago. I remember sitting on this very spot and watching your grandfather teach the boys to swim. Nick was a little water dog, but Ernest was always screaming that he was going down. Oh, we had the times!'

'I suppose so, Gran.'

'Go and see when tea will be ready. I want my tea. And Philip, — I mean Piers, — keep your eye on Pheasant. She's young, ay, she's young — and her mother was bad, and her father a rip. She's worth watching.'

'Look here, Gran, I don't like your saying such things about Pheasant. She's all right.'

'I dare say she is — but she's worth watching. All women are — if they've any looks. I want my tea.'

Piers was smiling at the old lady's advice as he strode along the beach. He was tolerantly amused by her, and yet he thought: There's a grain of truth in what she says. Girls are worth watching. Still, there's no one about but Tom Fennel that she could — Eden, there's Eden. He has nothing to do . . . might amuse himself . . . poets . . . immoral fellows. I'll spend more time with her. I might take her to the Falls for the week-end. There's that new inn there. She'd like that, poor little young'un.

Piers went up to Renny, whose eyes were fixed on Flossie swimming after a stick, while Merlin, having retrieved his, barked himself off his feet in agonized demand for another opportunity to exhibit his powers. As Piers approached, the spaniel shook himself vigorously, sending a drenching shower over the brothers' legs.

'Damn Merlin,' said Piers. 'He's soaked my trouser legs!'

'All in white, eh?' observed Renny, looking him over.

'You did n't expect me to come in overalls, did you? Have we time for a swim before tea?'

Renny bent and put his hand in the water. 'It's not very cold. Suppose we do. Tea can wait.'

'Where is Eden?' asked Piers, casting his eyes over the party.

'He was up on the bluff with Pheasant a bit ago.' Looking up, they saw his fair head rising just above the grass where he lay stretched at Pheasant's feet.

'I won't have him hanging about her,' burst out Piers.

'Tell him so, then,' said Renny, curtly.

'By the Lord I will! I'll tell him so he'll not forget.' His mind suddenly was a seething sea of suspicions. 'Why, even Gran thinks there's something wrong. She was warning me just now.'

'No need to get in a stew,' said Renny, throwing the stick for Merlin, who leaped to the water with a bark of joy, while his place was immediately taken by a dripping, importunate Flossie. 'Eden and Alayne will be leaving before the first of July. Evans has a job for him then.'

'What a loafer he is!'

'You did n't expect him to work with a broken leg, did you? Don't grouse about anything now. This is Wake's birthday party. Come on and have our swim.' He shouted to Wakefield: 'Wake, should you like to go in for a swim?'

Wakefield came galloping through the wavelets. 'Should I? Oh, splendid! What if I had the pony here? She'd swim out with me, I'll bet.'

'Eden!' called Renny. 'We're going in swimming. Better come.'

They stared up at him as he scrambled to his feet and began to descend the steep path

down the side of the bluff. He still limped from the effects of his fall.

'Where's Finch?' asked Renny. 'Finch will want to come.'

Wakefield answered: 'He's in the little cove already, lying on the sand.'

When the four brothers reached the little willow-fringed cove they found Finch lying face downward, his head propped on his arms.

'Still sulking?' asked Piers. 'Did you know, Renny, that the poor youth is obsessed by the idea that we make more of Wake's birthday than his? Is n't it heart-rending, Wake?'

Wakefield, smiling and self-conscious, stared down at Finch's prostrate form.

'If I get this leg chilled,' observed Eden, 'I might have rheumatism.'

'You won't get chilled if I am with you,' said Piers, pulling off his coat.

When the others had plunged into the lake, and Wake was already screaming with delight and terror at Piers's hands, Renny returned to Finch and said with a fatherly air: 'Better come in, Finch. It'll do you good. You've been studying too much.'

'No. I d' want to,' mumbled the boy against his arm.

'Don't be a duffer,' said Renny, poking him with his bare foot. 'The more Piers sees he can rattle you, the more he'll do it.'

''T is n't only that.'

'Well, look here. It was too bad I gave you that cuff before the others. But you were too damned cheeky. Come along and forget it.'

Finch rolled over, disclosing a distorted red face. 'Is there no place I can be let alone?' he bawled. 'Have I got to go to the end of the world to be let alone? All I ask is to be let alone, in peace here, and you all come prodding me up!'

'Stay alone, then, you little idiot!'

Renny tossed away the cigarette he was smoking and strode to the water's edge.

All very well, Finch thought, for a lordly being like Renny, safe, always sure of himself, unmenaced by dreadful thoughts and bewitchment, of whom even Piers stood in some awe.

With his head propped on his hand he watched his brothers, swimming, splashing, diving, the sunshine glistening on their white shoulders. As a creature apart he watched them, with the idea in his mind that there was a conspiracy against him, that each member of the family played a different part against him, talking him over among themselves, sneering and laughing at him.

But in spite of himself a slow smile of pleasure in their glistening grace, their agility, crept over his features. Their robust shouts were not unmusical. And the shine of their sleek heads, blond and russet and black, pleased his eyes.

He saw that Piers was rough with Eden, and he was glad. He wished they would fight, half kill each other, while he reclined on the sand looking on.

Eden came limping out of the water. 'Are there any towels?' he asked. 'Run and ask Meg for towels, like a good fellow, Finch.'

Oh, yes! He was a good fellow when there was an errand to be run. But he hurried across the shingle to his sister.

'Towels? Yes, here they are. This big red and white one for Renny, mind! And the two smaller ones for Eden and Piers. And send Wake to me. I must give him a good rubbing so he shan't take a chill.'

A sudden mood of savage playfulness came over Finch. Snatching the towels, he went, with a wild fling of his body, back toward the cove. There he hurled the twisted bundle at his brothers.

'There are your old towels!' he yelled; and as he crashed among the bushwood beyond the willows he called back, 'You're to go to Meggie, young Wake, and get walloped!'

Alayne had joined Pheasant on the bluff, and presently Renny too mounted the path, his damp russet head appearing first above the brink, like the ruffled crest of some bird of prey. He threw himself on the short thick clover that carpeted the bluff and lighted his pipe.

'It seems rather hard,' said Pheasant in her childish voice, 'that Alayne and I could not have bathed. By the noise you made we could imagine the fun you were having.'

'It was too cold for girls,' he returned.

'It is a scientific fact,' she said, sententiously, 'that our sex can endure more cold than yours.'

'We had no bathing suits.'

'We should have all brought bathing suits and made a proper party of it. You have no idea how stupid it is to sit twiddling one's thumbs while you males are enjoying yourselves.'

Renny continued to stare out across the moving brilliance of the water, puffing at his pipe. With a sort of taciturn tyranny he overrode the younger girl's desire for chatter and chaff. She too fell silent, plucking at the grass, and then, after a sidelong glance at the other two, she rose and began slowly to descend the path.

'Why are you going, Pheasant?' called Alayne sharply.

'I think someone should help Meggie to lay the cloth.'

'Very well. If I can be of use please call me.'

Now a shudder of excitement ran through her. It was the first time in weeks that she had been alone with Renny. She almost wished that she had followed Pheasant.

For some time he had avoided her. Their rides, which had been interrupted by the heavy snowfalls of January and the illness of Eden, had not been resumed. Although they lived in the house together, they were separated by a wall — a relentless wall of ice, through which each was visible to the other, though distorted by its glacial diffusions. Now on the cliff, in the sunshine, the wall seemed likely to melt, and with it the barrier of her intellectual self-control. If she could only know what he was feeling! His very silence was to her a tentative embrace.

Like incense the sweetness of the wood smoke rose from the beach. Wake's little naked figure was darting here and there like a sandpiper.

She studied Renny's profile, the carved nose, the lips gripping the pipe, the damp hair plastered against the temple. It was so immobile that a heavy depression began to drown her mood of passionate excitement. Looking at him, remembering Eden, she began to feel that she had had enough of Whiteoaks. She had bruised her soul against their wanton egotism.

This Renny whom she loved was as remote, as self-sufficient as that rock out yonder. His look of passionate immobility might be the mask of nothing more than a brooding desire to acquire some mettlesome piece of horseflesh for his stalls.

Yet, how could that be, and she have that feeling that his very silence was an embrace! Two shadowy arms seemed to spring from his shoulders toward her, crushing her to him, and he was kissing her with the passion of his kisses in the orchard, with, added to them, all the hunger of these months of self-restraint.

His fleshly arms had not moved. One lay across his thigh, the other slanted toward his pipe, the bowl of which lay in his palm. He took the pipe from his lips, and spoke in a low, husky voice. His words overwhelmed her. She was like a mariner who, fearing certain shoals, watching with both dread and desire for the light that warned of their nearness, is suddenly blinded by that light full in the eyes. Excitement, resentment, depression, left her. She was conscious only of his love.

He said, 'I love you — and I am in hell because I love you — and there is no way out.'

The magical experience of sitting on the cliff with Renny and hearing these words from his mouth, in his restrained voice, filled Alayne with a sense of reckless surrender rather than tragic renunciation. Like a crop from virgin soil, this profound love gushed upward from her being to embrace the hot sun of his passion.

With Renny it was very different. A man who had loved women both casually and licentiously, who could not speak their language, who had thought to have and craved to have no other sort of feelings toward them, he felt himself betrayed by this new and subtle passion that went deeper than mere possession, that could not be gratified and forgotten.

In his eyes was something of the bewilderment of the animal that finds itself wounded, unable to exercise the faculties which had been its chief delight. Love, which had hitherto been to him as a drink of fresh water, now tasted of the bitter salt of renunciation. He muttered again, 'There is no way out.'

She said, almost in a whisper, 'No, I suppose there is nothing to be done.'

It was as though a traveler, pointing to

the rising moon, had said to another, 'There is no moon.'

He caught that strange denial of her words in her tone. Looking into her face, he perceived the warmth and pathos there. He exclaimed, with a groan: 'I would cut everything — take you away — if only — he were not my brother!'

In an odd, choking voice that seemed to come from a long way off she reminded him, 'Your half brother.'

'I never think of that,' he said, coldly. His attachment to his brothers was so tenacious that it always had annoyed him to hear them spoken of as half brothers.

After a moment of silence that seemed made manifest by a veil of wood smoke that rose and hung over them for a space, she said, with a tremor in her voice: 'I will do whatever you tell me to.'

'I believe you would,' he answered. With sudden realization he knew that her life was to her as important as his to himself, and yet she was putting it into his hands, with heroic selflessness.

They became aware that those on the beach were calling to them, and, looking down, they saw that they were beckoning. The cloth was laid, and already Nicholas, with the help of Piers, was letting himself down heavily into the unaccustomed posture of sitting on the ground.

'Tea is ready. Come down! Come!' echoed the voices.

The two rose mechanically, like two untroubled puppets, under the blue immensity of heaven, and turned toward the path.

'Your heels are too high for such a rough place. Let me take your hand.'

She placed her hand in his, and he held it in his thin, muscular grasp till they reached the shingle.

XXI

Two members of the picnic party did not return with the others to Jalna. Piers went through the ravine to Vaughanlands, and with Maurice Vaughan drove to Steed to a meeting of fruit growers. Finch too went to Vaughanlands, but he cycled along the country road and entered by the front door into the house. He knew Maurice was going out with Piers, and, since the housekeeper was almost totally deaf, he might therefore make music with all the wild fervor that he chose.

All day he had been straining toward the hour. Yet he knew that he should at this moment be in his room at home 'swatting' for the physics examination to-morrow. He should not have gone to the picnic at all, though he had compromised by taking a textbook to study at odd moments. In reality he had not read one word of it. The book had been nothing more than a mask behind which he had hidden for a while his angry, sullen face. When he had fastened it in its strap to the handlebar of his bicycle, he had muttered something about going to study with George Fennel. He had lied, and he did not care. This evening he must be free. His soul must stretch its wings in the spaces of the night. Music would set him free.

This new freedom which music had the power to cast over him like a bright armor was most of all freedom from his own menacing thoughts, and, better still, freedom from God. God no longer frightened him, no longer pursued him in his loneliness, following him even to his bed with face that changed from thunderous darkness to fiery whiteness, from old to young. On evenings when music had made him brave and free he marched home through the ravine, singing as he marched, and no more afraid of God than of the whippoorwills that called to their loves among the trees or of the quivering stars.

Sometimes the thought of being loved by God rather than pursued by Him filled him with ecstasy, blinded him with tears. Often, and more often as the months flew on, he did not believe in God at all. God was nothing but a dragon of childhood, — Fear personified, — of which a Scotch nurse he had in tiny boyhood had sown the seed.

Yet he did not want to lose this fear of God entirely, for he had in it the power of submerging the more terrible fear of himself. Once in a strange flash of inwardness he had thought that perhaps God and he were both afraid, each afraid of his own reflection as seen in the other's eyes. Perhaps, even, God and he were one.

In the forsaken house he sat very upright

on the piano stool, only his hands moving firmly, and with spirit, over the keys. The piece he played was no more pretentious than that which any boy of talent might execute after an equal number of lessons. Nevertheless there was something special in Finch's playing, in the way his sheepish air gave place to confidence when he sat before the piano, in the firm dexterity of his beautiful hands, in such contrast to his unprepossessing face, which kept him in his teacher's mind long after the lesson was over. More than once the teacher had said to a colleague: 'I have one pupil — a boy named Whiteoak — who is n't like any of the others. He has genius of some kind, I am sure, but whether music is its natural expression, or whether it is just a temporary outlet for something else, I can't yet make out. He's a queer, shy boy.'

He sat playing now, neither shy nor queer. The room was dark except for the moonlight that serenely fell across his hands on the keys. Through the open window the rich, sweet scents of this June night poured in a changeful stream, now the odor of the cool fresh earth, now the heavy scent of certain yellow lilies that grew beneath the window, now the mixed aroma of wild flowers, last year's leaves, and rich mould that poured up from the ravine.

All these scents and warmths and coolnesses Finch wove into his music. He had a strange sensation that night that many years had fled by with averted faces since the hour of the picnic. He felt the wondrous elation of creating, and at the same time a great sadness, for he knew that the world he was creating could not last, that it was no more than the shadow of a shadow, that the dancing streams, the flying petals, the swift winds that were born beneath his fingers, would dry and wither and fall as the music sank to silence.

A clock on the chimney piece struck ten in a thin, far-away tone. Finch remembered to-morrow's examination. He must go home and study for a couple of hours, try to get something into that brain of his besides music. But at any rate his brain felt clearer for the music. He felt wonderfully clear-headed to-night. All sights and sounds seemed to him magnified, intensified. With luck he might in the next two hours absorb the very problems upon which the questions of the examination would be based. The worst was that, as he had told Meggie he was going to study with George Fennel, he must go a long piece out of his way in order that he might arrive from the direction of the rectory. The night was so mild that some of the family were almost certain to be about, and if he appeared out of the ravine it would at once be suspected that he had been at Vaughanlands.

Just one piece more! He could not tear himself away yet. He played on, losing himself in the delight of that growing sympathy between his hands and the keyboard. Then he gently closed the piano and went out on to the verandah, shutting the door behind him.

He mounted his wheel and rode across the lawn. He flew along the road, faster and faster, through the little hamlet, past the rectory. There was a light up in George's attic room, and poor George swatting away. What if he went in and spent the night with George? He could telephone to Jalna.

No, he wanted to be by himself. George was too solid, too prosaic for him to-night. He could see his slow smile, hear his 'Whatever puts such fool ideas into your head, Finch?'

Down the lane into the old woods of Jalna. The black pine trees blacker than the blackest night. How did they manage it? No darkness could obliterate them.

How lovely the little birch wood must look in the moonlight! All the silver birches in their own fair communion in the midst of the black pines. If he left his wheel here he might go to the birch wood and see it in this first silvery night of June, take a picture of it back to his room in his mind's eye.

His mind's eye. What a singular phrase! He thought of his mind's eye — round, glowing; rapturous and frightened by turns.

> The mind has a thousand eyes,
> And the heart but one;
> Yet the light of a whole life dies
> When love is done.

It must have been the eye of his heart which he had been imagining — that flaming, rapturous, terrified eye. 'When love is done —' Love had not begun for him. He

thought it never would. Not that kind of love. He was not at all sure he wanted it.

He was running lightly along the woodland path that wound among the pines. There were before him five slender young birches sprung from the trunk of a fallen and decayed pine, like five fabled virgins from the torso of a slain giant. Beyond them the birch wood lay in the mystery of moonlight, the delicate, drooping boughs seeming to float above the immaculate boles.

This was the spot where one morning he had seen Renny standing with a strange woman in his arms. The place had ever since been haunted by that vision. He was therefore scarcely surprised when he heard low voices as he reached the outer fringe of trees. Was Renny up to his love games again? He halted among the young ferns and listened. He peered through the strange misty radiance that seemed to be distilled from the trunks and foliage of the birches themselves rather than to fall from above, and tried to see who were the two that had sought this hidden spot. Every nerve in his body was quivering, taut as the string of a musical instrument.

At first he could make out nothing but the dew-wet mistiness of light and shade, the strange lustre that hung above a patch of greensward. All about him the air was full of mysterious rustlings and sighings, as though every leaf and blade and fern frond were sentient to what was happening in the enchanted glade. Then the murmur of voices, the sound of long, passionate kisses, drew his gaze toward a particular spot sheltered by some hazel bushes. Scarcely breathing, he crept closer. He heard a low laugh, and then the voice that laughed said, 'Pheasant, Pheasant, Pheasant,' over and over again.

It was Eden's voice.

Then rushing, breathless words from Pheasant, and then a deep sigh, and again the sound of kisses!

Oh, they were wicked! He could have rushed in on them in his rage and slain them. It would have been right and just. They had betrayed Piers, his beloved brother, his hero! In his imagination he crashed in on them through the hazel bushes, tramping the ferns, and struck them again and again till they screamed for pity. But he had no pity; he beat them down as they clung about his knees till their blood soaked the greensward and the glade reverberated with their cries.

He was dazed. He drew his hand across his eyes. Then he moved closer toward them through the hazels, not seeing where he was going, dizzy. Her voice gasped, 'What was that?'

He stopped.

There was silence, except that the beating of his heart filled the universe.

'What was that?'

'Nothing but a rabbit or a squirrel.'

Finch dropped to his knees. With great caution he turned and began to creep away from them. He crept till he reached the path into the pine wood, then he got to his feet and began to run. He sped along the needle-strewn path with great strides like a hunted deer. His mouth was open, his breath coming in sobbing gasps.

When he reached the place where he had left his wheel he did not stop. Nothing mechanical could move with the speed of his swift, avenging feet. He ran down the lane, waving his arms; he flew across the pasture, past a group of sleeping cattle, and, missing the bridge, waded across the stream through the thick, clinging watercress; slipped, and sprawled on the bank into a great golden splash of kingcups; and pressed on toward the stables.

Piers had just driven into the yard when he arrived. He ran up in front of the car, his wild white face and disheveled hair startling in the glare of the lamps. His hand was on his side, where a pain like a knife was stabbing him.

'What's the matter?' cried Piers, springing out of the car.

Finch pointed in the direction from whence he had come.

'They're there!' he said, thickly. 'Back there — in the woods!'

'What the devil is the matter with you?' asked Piers, coming around to him. 'Have you had a fright?'

Finch caught his brother by the arm and repeated, 'In the wood — making love — both of them — kissing — making love —'

'Who? Tell me whom you mean. I don't know what you're talking about.' Piers was impatient, yet in spite of himself

he was excited by the boy's wild words.

'Eden, the traitor!' cried Finch, his voice breaking into a scream. 'He's got Pheasant in the wood there — Pheasant! They're wicked, I tell you — false as hell!'

Piers's hand was as a vise on his arm.

'What did you see?'

'Nothing — nothing! But behind the hazel bushes — I heard them whispering — kissing — oh, I know — I was n't born yesterday! Why did they go so far away? She would n't have let him kiss her like that unless —'

Piers gave him a shake. 'Shut up! No more of that! Now listen to me! You are to go straight to your room, Finch. You are to say nothing of this to anyone. I am going to find them.' His full, healthy face was ghastly, his eyes blazed. 'I'll kill them both — if what you say is so, Finch! Now, go to the house!'

He asked then, in a tone almost matter-of-fact, just where Finch had seen them, why he had gone there himself. Finch incoherently repeated everything. Something of their excitement must have been transmitted to the animals, for the dogs began to bark and a loud whinny came from the stables. The moon was sinking, and a deathlike pallor lay across the scene.

Piers turned away, cursing as he stumbled over the tongue of a cart. A mist was rising above the paddock, and he ran into this obscurity, disappearing from Finch's eyes as though swallowed up by some sinister force of nature.

Finch stared after him till he was lost to view, then stumbled toward the house. He felt suddenly tired and weak, and yet he could not go to the house as he had been bid. He saw a light in Alayne's room. Poor Alayne! He shuddered as he thought of what Piers would do to Eden, and yet he had done right to tell this terrible thing. He could not have hidden such evildoing in his heart, connived at their further sin. Still it was possible that his own evil imagination had magnified their act into heinousness. Perhaps, even, they were no worse than others. He had heard something about the loose morals of the younger generation. Well, Pheasant was only eighteen, Eden twenty-four; they were young, and perhaps no worse than others. What about Alayne herself? Was she good? Those long rides with Renny — her moving into a room by herself, away from Eden. Finch had heard a whispered reference to that between Meg and Aunt Augusta. Would he ever know right from wrong? Would he ever know peace? All he knew was that he was alone, very lonely, afraid — afraid now for Eden and Pheasant, while a few minutes ago he had thought only of crushing them in the midst of their wickedness.

He crossed the lawn and followed the path into the ravine. The stream, narrower here than where he had waded through it crossing the meadows, ran swiftly, still brimming from heavy spring rains. Luxuriant bushes, covered by starry white flowers, filled the night with their fragrance.

Renny was sitting on the strong wooden handrail of the little bridge, smoking and staring dreamily down into the water.

Finch would have turned away, but Renny had heard his step on the bridge. 'That you, Piers?' he asked.

'No, it's me — Finch.'

'Have you just come back from the rectory?'

'No, Renny, I've been — practising.'

He expected a rebuke, but none came. Renny scarcely seemed to hear him, seemed scarcely aware of his presence. Finch moved closer to him, with some dim idea of absorbing some of his strength by mere proximity. In the shadow of that unique magnificence he did not feel quite so frightened. He wished that he might touch him, hold on to his fingers, even his tweed sleeve, as he had when he was a little fellow.

Down there in the dark brightness of the water he saw a picture: Eden lying dead, with Alayne wringing her hands above his body; and as the wavelets obliterated it another took its place — Piers, purple-faced, struggling, kicking on a gallows. Icy sweat poured down Finch's face. He put out a hand, gropingly, and staggered from the bridge and up the path. On the ridge above the ravine he hesitated. Should he go back and pour out the whole terrible tale to Renny? Perhaps it was not too late, if they ran all the way, to prevent a disaster.

He stood, gnawing at his knuckle distractedly, the clinging wetness of his

trouser legs making him shiver from head to foot. He seemed incapable of movement or even thought now, but suddenly he was stirred to both by the sound of Eden's laugh, near at hand, on the lawn. Then Pheasant's voice came, speaking in a natural, unhurried tone. Piers had somehow missed them, and while he was crashing through the woods in pursuit they were strolling about the lawn, as though they had been there all the while.

He moved out from the darkness and stood before them. Eden had just struck a match and was holding it to a cigarette. The flame danced in his eyes, which looked very large and bright, and gave an ironical twist to the faint smile that so often hovered about his lips. Pheasant uttered an exclamation that was almost a cry.

'Don't go in the house,' said Finch, heavily. 'I mean — go away. I've told Piers about you. I heard you in the birch wood, and I ran back and told Piers —'

Eden held the still flaring match near Finch's face, as though it were some supernatural ray by which he could look into his very soul. 'Yes?' he said, steadily. 'Go on.'

'He's after you. He — he looked terrible. You'd better go away.'

Pheasant made a little moaning sound like a rabbit caught in a trap.

Eden dropped the match. 'What a worm you are, brother Finch,' he said. 'I don't know where we Whiteoaks ever got you.' He turned to Pheasant. 'Don't be frightened, darling. I will take care of you.'

'Oh, oh,' she cried, 'what shall we do?'

'Hush.'

'He'll be back any minute,' said Finch, and turned away.

He could not go into that house with its peacefully shining lights, where the others were still talking perhaps of the picnic, all unwitting of the thunderbolt that hung over them. He skulked around the house, through the kitchen garden, through the orchard, and out on the road that led to the churchyard.

The church steeple, rising from among the tapering cedars, pointed more sharply than they toward the sky. The church had gathered to itself the darkest shadows of tree and tomb and drawn them like a cloak about its walls. The dead, lying beneath the dewy young grass, seemed to Finch to be watching him, as he climbed the steep steps from the road, out of hollow eye sockets in which no longer was boldness, or terror, or lust, but only resigned decay. They no longer were afraid of God. All was over. They had nothing to do but lie there till their bones were light as the pollen of a flower.

Ah, but he was afraid of God! Fear was his flesh, his marrow, his very essence. Why had the moon sunk and left him in this blackness alone? What had he done? He had ruined the lives of Piers and Eden, and Pheasant and Alayne. Were Eden and Pheasant sinful? Sin — what a mad word! Could there be sin? All the mouldering bones under this grass — their sins were no more than the odors of spring growth — warm earth, sticky leaf bud, blessed rain — sweetness. But there was that saying: 'unto the third and fourth generation.' Perhaps he was suffering to-night for the heady sin of some far-off Whiteoak. Perhaps that baby sister, over whose grave he stood, had given up her little ghost because of some shadowy bygone sin. He pictured her lying there, not horrible, not decayed, but fair and tender as the bud of an April flower, with little hands held out to him.

Hands held out to him. Oh, beautiful thought! That was what his lonely spirit yearned for — the comfort of outstretched hands. A sob of self-pity shook him, tears rushed to his eyes and poured down his cheeks. He cast himself on the ground among the graves and lay there, his face against the grass. All the accumulated experience of the dead beneath him, passing into his body, became one with him. He lay there inert, exhausted, drinking in at every pore the bitter sweetness of the past. Hands stretched out to him — the hands of soldiers, gardeners, young mothers, infants, and One far different from the others. Hands from which emanated a strange white glow; not open-palmed, but holding something toward him — 'the living Bread.' Christ's hands!

He knelt among the mounds and held up his own hands, curved like petals, to receive. His thin boy's body was torn by sobs as a sapling in a hailstorm. He put his

hands to his mouth — he had received the Bread. He felt the sacred fire of it burn through his veins — scorch his soul — Christ in him.

Overcome, he sank beside his mother's grave and threw his arm about it. Little white daisies shone out of the dark grass like tender, beaming eyes. He pressed closer, closer, drawing up his knees, curling his body like a little child's, thrusting his breast against the grave, and cried: 'Mother, oh, Mother — speak to me! I am Finch, your boy.'

XXII

Maurice Vaughan was sitting alone in his dining room. When he and Piers had returned from Steed, he had brought the young fellow into the house for a drink and some cold viands which he had got himself from the pantry. If he had had his way, Piers would still be there, smoking, drinking, and talking with ever less clarity about fertilizers and spraying and the breeding of horses. But Piers had refused to stay for long. He had to rise early, and for some reason he could not get Pheasant out of his head. His thoughts kept flying back to her, to her little white face, her brown cropped hair. Her thin, eager hands seemed to tug at his sleeve, drawing him home. He had been abstracted all the evening.

However, Maurice had scarcely noticed this. All he craved was company, the warmth of a human presence to pierce the chill loneliness of the house. When Piers was gone he sat on and on; slowly, heavily drinking without enjoyment; slowly, heavily thinking in the same numbing circle which his mind, like the glassy-eyed steed of a roundabout, had traversed for twenty years.

He thought of Meg, tender and sedate, a noble young girl, as she was when they had become engaged. He thought of his old parents, their fond joy in him, their ambition — with which he was in accord — that he should become one of the most brilliant and influential men in the country. He pictured his marriage with Meggie, their life together, their family of lovely girls and boys. There were six of these children of his fancy. He had named them all — the boys with family names, the girls with romantic names from the poets he had once admired. For them he had a love he had never given to Pheasant.

He thought of that affair with her mother, of their meetings in the twilight, of her clutching his knees and begging him to marry her when she found she was with child, of his tearing himself away. Then the basket with the baby. And so on through the whole gloomy business of his life.

As he completed the circle, the room reeled a little with him, his chin sank on his breast, and the electric light brought out the increasing whiteness of the patches on his temples. He did not sleep, but consciousness was suspended. The sound of someone softly entering the room did not rouse him. With his heavy underlip dropped, his eyes staring into space, he sat motionless, as a sullen rock buried in the heaviness of the sea.

Pheasant felt a pang of pity as she saw him sitting alone in the cold unshaded electric light. 'He looks frightfully blue,' she thought, 'and he's getting round-shouldered.' Then her mind flew back to her own tragic situation, and she went to him and touched him on the arm.

'Maurice.'

He started, and then, seeing who it was, he said in a surly tone, 'Well, what do you want?'

'Oh, Maurice,' she breathed, 'be kind to me! Don't let Piers into the house. I'm afraid he'll kill me.'

He stared stupidly at her, and then growled, 'Well, it's what you deserve, is n't it?'

'Maurice, you're drunk! Oh, whatever shall I do?' She threw herself on his knees, clasping his neck. 'Try to understand! Say that you'll not let Piers kill me!' She broke into pitiful wails. 'Oh, Maurice, I've had to run away from Piers, and I love him so!'

'He was here a bit ago,' said Vaughan, staring around, as though he expected to find him in a corner. Then, noticing her head against his shoulder, he laid his hand on it in a rough caress, as a man might stroke a dog. 'Don't cry, youngster. I'll take care of you. Glad to have you back. Damned lonely.'

She caught his hand and pressed a dozen wild kisses on it.

'Oh, Maurice, how good you are! How good to me! And how good Piers was to me — and I did n't deserve it. Hanging is too good for me!' And she added, melodramatically, ''T were better I had never been born!'

She rose then and wiped her eyes. She was a pitiful little figure. Her clothes were torn from running distractedly through a blackberry plantation. Her hands and even her pale face were bleeding from scratches. She had lost a shoe, and the stockinged foot was wet with mud.

'Yes, 't were,' he repeated, agreeably.

With a certain pathetic dignity she turned toward the door. 'Will it be all the same to you, Maurice, if I go to my room?'

'Same to me — wherever you go — absolutely.'

How different this hall, she thought, as she dragged herself up the bare stairs, from the luxurious hall at Jalna, with its thickly carpeted stairs, its dark red rugs, its stained-glass window.

She felt dazed. She scarcely suffered, except for the aching in her legs, as she threw herself across her old bed. With half-shut eyes she lay staring at the two little pictures on the wall opposite, 'Wide Awake' and 'Fast Asleep,' which had once hung in Maurice's nursery. Darling little baby pictures, how she had always loved them! She wished she had the strength of mind to kill herself — tear the sheets into strips and wind them tighter and tighter around her throat; or, better still, hang herself from one of the rafters in that back room in the attic. She saw herself dangling there, purple-faced — saw horrified Maurice discovering her — saw herself buried at the crossroad with a stake in her inside. She did not know whether that was still done, but it was possible that the custom would be revived for her.

She fell into a kind of nightmare doze, in which the bed rocked beneath her like a cradle. It rocked faster and faster, rolling her from side to side. She was not a real, a wholesome infant, but a grotesque changeling leering up at the distraught mother who now peered in at her, shrieking, tearing her hair. Again the scream rent the silence, and Pheasant, with sweat starting on her face, sprang up in bed.

She was alone. The electric light shone brightly. Again came the loud peal — not a scream, but the ringing of the doorbell.

She leaped to the floor. The lock of the door had been broken many years. She began to drag at the washstand to barricade it.

Downstairs the sound had also penetrated Vaughan's stupor. He lurched to the door, which Pheasant had locked behind her, and threw it open. Renny and Piers Whiteoak stood there, their faces like two pale discs against the blackness. Renny at once stepped inside, but Piers remained in the porch.

'Is Pheasant here?' asked Renny.

'Yes.' He eyed them with solemnity.

Renny turned to his brother. 'Come in, Piers.'

Vaughan led the way toward the dining room, but Piers stopped at the foot of the stairs. 'Is she upstairs?' he asked in a thick voice, placing one hand on the newel post as though to steady himself.

Vaughan, somewhat sobered by the strangeness of the brothers' aspect, remembered something. 'Yes, but you're not going up to her. You'll let her alone.'

'He won't hurt her,' said Renny.

'He's not to go up! I promised her.'

He took the youth's arm, but Piers wrenched himself away.

'I order you!' shouted Vaughan. 'Whose house is this? Whose daughter is she? She's left you. Very well — let her stay. I want her.'

'She is my wife. I'm going to her.'

'What the hell's the matter anyway? I don't know what it's all about. She comes here, done in, frightened out of her wits — I remember now. Then you come like a pair of murderers.'

'I must see her.'

'You shall not see her.' Again he clutched Piers's arm.

In a moment Piers had freed himself and was springing up the stairs. Renny said, 'Come into the dining room, Maurice, and I'll tell you what is wrong. Did she tell you nothing?'

'I don't remember what she said.' He picked up the decanter. 'Have a drink.'

'No, nor you either.' He took the decanter from his friend and put it in the sideboard, decisively locking the door.

Vaughan regarded the action with dismal whimsicality. 'What a to-do,' he said, 'because the kids have had a row!'

Renny turned on him savagely. 'Good God, Maurice, you don't call this a row, do you?'

'Well, what's the trouble anyway?'

'The trouble is this — that brat of yours has wrecked poor young Piers's life!'

'The hell she has! Who is the man?'

'His own brother — Eden.'

Vaughan groaned, calling Pheasant a hard name. 'Where is he?'

'He made off in the car.'

'Why did n't she go with him? Why did she come to me?'

'How can I tell? He probably did n't ask her. Oh, the whole rotten business harks back to me! It's my fault. I'd no right to let Eden loaf about all winter writing poetry. It's made a scoundrel of him!'

A wry smile flitted across Vaughan's face at the unconscious humor of the remark.

'I should n't blame myself too much if I were you. If writing poetry has made Eden into a scoundrel, he was probably well on the way beforehand. Possibly that's why he turned to it.'

There was a deep understanding between these two. They had confided in each other as they had in no one else. Renny, stirred by the dark disclosures of the night, burst out, 'Maurice, in thought I am no better than Eden! I love his wife. She's never out of my mind.'

Vaughan looked into the tormented eyes of his friend with commiseration.

'Do you, Renny? I had never thought of such a thing. She does n't seem to me your sort of girl at all.'

'That is the trouble. She is n't. If she were, it would be easier to put the thought of her aside. She's intellectual, she's — '

'I should say she is cold.'

'You're wrong. It is I — all my life — who have had a sort of cold sensuality. No tenderness went with my love for a woman. I don't think I had any compassion. No, I'm sure I had n't,' — he knit his brows as though recalling past affairs, — 'but I'm full of compassion for Alayne.'

'Does she love you?'

'Yes.'

'What about Eden?'

'She had a romantic devotion to him, but it's over.'

'Does she know about this?' He lifted his head in the direction of the room above.

'Yes. I had only a glimpse of her in the hall — the house was in an uproar. She looked very strange. She had a peculiar, exalted look as though nothing mattered now.'

'I see. What is Piers going to do?'

'Piers is a splendid fellow — tough as an oak. He said to me, "She's mine — nothing can change that. I'm going to fetch her home." But I should pity Eden if he got his hands on him.'

'They are coming down. Heavens, they were quiet enough! Must I speak to them?'

'No, let the poor young beggars alone.'

The two came slowly down the stairs. Like people leaving the scene of a catastrophe, they carried in their eyes the terror of what they had beheld. Their faces were rigid. Piers's mouth was drawn to one side in an expression of disgust. It was like a mask of tragedy.

They stood in the wide doorway of the dining room as in a picture framed.

Maurice and Renny smiled at them awkwardly, trying to put a decent face on the affair. Maurice said, 'Going, eh? Have something first, Piers.' He made a movement toward the sideboard.

'Thanks,' returned Piers in a lifeless voice. He entered the room. 'Where's that key, Renny?'

Renny produced the key. A tantalus was brought forth and a drink poured for Piers. Maurice, with Renny's eye on him, did not take one himself.

Piers gulped down the spirits, the glass rattling grotesquely against his teeth. Under the ashen tan of his face, color crept back.

No one spoke, but the three men stared with gloomy intensity at Pheasant, still framed in the doorway. Putting up her hands, as though to push their peering faces back from her, she exclaimed, 'Don't

stand staring at me like that! One would think you'd never seen me before.'

'You look awfully done,' said Maurice. 'I think you ought to have a mouthful of something to brace you. A little Scotch and water, eh?'

'I might if I were asked,' she returned, with a pathetic attempt at bravado.

She took in a steady little hand the glass which Maurice brought, and drank.

'I shall come along later,' said Renny to Piers. 'I'm going to stop awhile with Maurice.' But he continued to stare at Pheasant.

She said, in a voice as steady as her hand, 'I know I'm a scarlet woman, but I think you're very cruel. Your eyes are like a brand, Renny Whiteoak.'

'Pheasant, I was not even thinking of you. My — my mind was quite somewhere else.'

Piers turned on Maurice in a sudden rage. 'It's all your fault!' he broke out, vehemently. 'You never gave the poor child a chance! She was as ignorant as any little immigrant when I married her.'

'She does n't seem to have learned any good from you,' retorted Vaughan.

'You are talking like fools,' said Renny.

'Gentlemen, please do not quarrel about me,' put in Pheasant. 'I think I'm going to faint, or something.'

'Better take her out in the air,' said Renny. 'The liquor was too strong for her.'

'Come along,' said Piers, and took her arm.

The touch of his hand had an instant effect on Pheasant. A deep blush suffused her face and neck; she swayed toward him, raising her eyes to his with a look of tragic humility.

Outside, the coolness of the dawn refreshed her. He released her arm, and preceded her through the grove and down into the ravine. They walked in silence, she seeming no more than his shadow, following him through every divergence of the path, hesitating when he hesitated. On the bridge above the stream he stopped. Below lay the pool where they had first seen their love reflected as an opening flower. They looked down into it now, no longer able to share the feelings its mirrored loveliness excited in them. A primrose light suffused the sky, and in a deeper tone lay cupped in the pool, around the brink of which things tender and green strove with gentle urgency to catch the sun's first rays.

An English pheasant, one of some imported by Renny, moved sedately among the young rushes, its plumage shining like a coat of mail. Careless, irresponsible bird, thought Piers, and for one wild instant wished that Pheasant were one with the bird, that no man might recognize a woman in her but himself, that he might keep her hidden and love her secretly, untortured by the fear and loathing he now felt toward her.

Pheasant saw, drowned in that pool, all the careless irresponsibility of the past, the weakness, the indolence that had made her a victim of Eden's dalliance. If Piers loathed her, how much more she loathed the image of Eden's face which faintly smiled at her from the changeful mirror of the pool! Just to live, to make up to Piers by her devotion for what he had suffered — to win from his eyes love again instead of that look of fear which he had turned on her when he entered the bedroom! She had expected rage — fury — and he had looked at her in an agony of fear! But he had taken her back! They were going home to Jalna. She longed for the thick walls of the house as a broken-winged bird for its nest.

'Come,' he said, as though awakening from a dream, and moved on up the path that led from the ravine to the lawn.

The turkeys were crossing the lawn, led by the cock, whose blazing wattles swung arrogantly in the first sun rays. His wives, with burnished breasts and beaming eyes, followed close behind, craning their necks, alternately lifting and dragging their slender feet, echoing his bold gobble with plaintive pipings.

Inside, the house lay in silence except for the heavy snoring of Grandmother in her bedroom off the lower hall. It was as if some strange beast had his lair beneath the stairs and was growling his challenge to the sun.

They passed the closed doors of the hall above and went into their own room. Pheasant dropped into a chair by the window, but Piers, with a businesslike air,

began collecting various articles — his brushes, his shaving things, the clothes he wore about the farm. She watched his movements with the unquestioning submissiveness of a child. One thought sustained her: 'How glad I am that I am here with Piers, and not flying with Eden, as he wanted me to!'

When he had got together what he wanted, he took the key from the door and inserted it on the outside. He said, without looking at her, 'Here you stay, till I can stand the sight of your face again.'

He went out, locking the door behind him. He climbed the long stairs to the attic, and, throwing his things on a bed in an unused room, began to change his clothes for the day's work. In the passage he had met Alayne, looking like a ghost. They had passed without speaking.

XXIII

Three weeks later Mr. Wragge was an object of great interest one morning to a group of Jersey calves as he crossed their pasture. He was in his shirt sleeves, his coat being thrown over one arm, for the day was hot; his hat was tilted over his eyes, and he carried, balanced on one hand, a tray covered with a white cloth. When he reached a stile at the far end of the paddock he set the tray on the top, climbed over, then, balancing the tray at a still more dangerous angle, proceeded on his way. It now lay through an old uncared-for apple orchard, the great trees of which were green with moss, and half-smothered in wild grapevines and Virginia creeper. Following a winding path, he passed a spring where long ago a primitive well had been made by the simple process of sinking a wooden box. The lid of this was now gone, the wood decayed, and it was used by birds as a drinking fountain and bath.

Embowered in vines, and almost hidden by flowering dogwood, stood the hut where Fiddler Jock, by the consent of Captain Philip Whiteoak, had lived in solitude. Here Meg Whiteoak had been living for three weeks.

Before approaching the threshold Mr. Wragge again set down the tray, put on his coat, straightened his hat, threw away his cigarette, and intensified his expression of concern.

'Miss W'iteoak, it's me, ma'am,' he said loudly then, as though to reassure her, immediately after knocking.

The door opened and Meg Whiteoak appeared, with an expression sweetly calm, but a face paler than formerly.

'Thank you, Rags,' she said, taking the tray. 'Thank you very much.'

'I'd be gratified, ma'am,' he said anxiously, 'if you was to lift the napkin and tike a look at wot I've brought you. I'd be better pleased if I knew you found it tempting.'

Miss Whiteoak accordingly peeped under the napkin and discovered a plate of fresh scones, a bowl of ripe strawberries, and a jug of thick clotted cream such as she liked with them. A sweet smile curved her lips. She took the tray and set it on the table in the middle of the low, scantily furnished room.

'It looks very tempting, Rags. These are the first strawberries I've seen.'

'They are the very first,' he announced eagerly. 'I picked them myself, ma'am. There's going to be a wonderful crop, they s'y, but it don't seem to matter, the w'y things are going on with us these days.'

'That's very true,' she said, sighing. 'How is my grandmother to-day, Rags?'

'Flourishing, amazing, ma'am. My wife says she talked of nothink but her birthday the 'ole time she was doing up 'er room. She had a queer little spell on Thursday, but Mr. Ernest, 'e thought it was just that she'd eat too much of the goose grivy.'

'That is good.' She bit her full underlip, and then asked, with an attempt at nonchalance, 'Have you heard anything about Mrs. Eden's leaving?'

'I believe she's to go as soon as the birthd'y celebrations are over. The old lidy would n't 'ear of it before. Ow, Miss W'iteoak, she's only a shadder of 'er former self, Mrs. Eden is! And Mr. Piers is not much better. Of course, I've never seen Mrs. Piers. She ain't never shown up in the family circle yet, but my wife saw her looking out of the window and she says she looks just the sime. Dear me, some people can stand anythink. As for me, I'm

not the man I was at all. My nerves 'ave all gone back on me.'

He took out a clean folded handkerchief and wiped his brow. 'It is n't as though my own family relations was wot they were, ma'am. Mrs. Wragge and me, we 'ad our little altercations, as you know, but, tike it as a 'ole, our life together was amiable; but now' — he dolefully shook his head — 'it's nothink more nor less than terrific. Me being on your side and she all for Mr. Renny, there's never a moment's peace. W'y, yesterd'y — Sunday and all as it was — she up and shied the stove lifter at my 'ead. And as for 'er language! Well, Mr. Renny, he 'eard the goings on and he came rattling down the bisement stairs in a fine rage, and said if he 'eard any more of it we should go. The worst was 'e seemed to blime me for the 'ole affair. I never thought I'd live to see the d'y he'd glare at me the w'y he did!'

'That's because you are on my side, Rags,' she said sadly.

'I know, and that makes it all the worse. It's a house divided against itself. I've seen deadlocks in my time, but I've never seen a deadlock like this. Well, I'll be tiking aw'y wot little appetite you 'ave with my talk. I must be off. I've a thousand things to do, and of course Mrs. Wragge puts all the 'ard work on to me as usual. And if you'll believe me, ma'am, she's so evilly disposed that I 'ad to steal those little scones I brought you.'

He turned away, and when he had gone a few yards he put on his hat, removed his coat, and lighted a cigarette. Just as he reached the stile he met Renny Whiteoak.

Renny said sarcastically, 'I see you have a path worn to the hut, Rags. Been carrying trays to Miss Whiteoak, I suppose.'

Rags straightened himself with an air of self-righteous humility, and said, 'And if I did n't carry tr'ys to 'er, wot do you suppose would 'appen, sir? W'y, she'd starve — that's wot she'd do!'

This remark was thrown after the retreating figure of his master, who strode angrily away.

When Renny reached the hut he found the door open, and inside he could see his sister sitting by the table, pouring herself a cup of tea.

She looked up as she heard his step, and then, with an expression of remote calm, dropped her eyes to the stream of amber liquid issuing from the spout of the teapot. She sat with one rounded elbow on the table, her head supported on her hand. She looked so familiar and yet so strange, sitting in these poverty-stricken surroundings, that he scarcely knew what to say to her. However, he went in, and stood looking down at the tray.

'What particular meal is this?' he asked.

'I have no idea,' she answered, buttering a scone. 'I keep no count of meals now.'

He looked about him, at the low rain-stained ceiling, the rusty stove, the uneven worm-eaten floor, the inner room, with its narrow cot bed.

'This is an awful hole you've chosen to sulk in,' he commented.

She did not answer, but ate her scone with composure, and after it two strawberries smothered in cream.

'You'll make a charming old lady, after you've spent ten years or so here,' he jibed.

He saw a sparkle of temper in her eyes then.

'You will have the satisfaction of knowing that you drove me to it.'

'That is utter nonsense. I did everything I could to prevent you.'

'You did not send that girl away. You allowed Piers to bring her into the house with me, after her behavior.'

'Meggie, can't you see anyone's side of this question but your own? Can't you see that poor young Piers was doing a rather heroic thing in bringing her home?'

'I will not live under the same roof with that girl. I told you that three weeks ago, and you still try to force me.'

'But I can't allow you to go on like this!' he cried. 'We shall be the talk of the countryside.'

She regarded him steadfastly. 'Have you ever cared what the countryside thought of you?'

'No, but I can't have people saying that my sister is living in a tumbledown hut.'

'You can turn me out, of course.'

He ignored this and continued, 'People will simply say that you have become demented.'

'It will not surprise me if I do.'

He stared at her, positively frightened. 'Meggie, how can you say such things? By God, I have enough to bear without your turning against me!'

She said, with calculated cruelty, 'You have Alayne. Why should you need me?'

'I have not got Alayne,' he retorted furiously. 'She is going away the day after Gran's birthday.'

'I do not think she will go away.'

'What do you mean?' he asked, suspiciously.

'Oh, I think you have a pretty little game of progressive marriage going on at Jalna. No, Alayne will not go away.'

His highly colored face took on a deeper hue. Its lines became harsh. 'You'll drive me to do something desperate,' he said, and flung to the door.

She pushed the tray from her and rose to her feet. 'Will you please go? You are mistaken if you think you can abuse me into putting up with loose women in my house. As to being the talk of the countryside, there must be strange stories about the married couples of our family already.'

'Rot! It's all within the family.'

'All within the family! Just think those words over. They've got a sinister sound, like the goings on in families in the Middle Ages. We should have been born two hundred years ago at the very least. No woman who respects herself could stay at Jalna.'

He broke into a tirade against her, and all hard, narrow-minded women.

She followed him to the door, laying her hand on the latch. 'You can never argue, Renny, without using such dreadful language. I can't stand any more of it.'

He had stepped outside, and his spaniels, having traced him to the hut, ran to meet him with joyous barks, jumping up to paw him and lick his hands. For an instant Meg almost relented, seeing him there with his dogs, looking so entirely her beloved Renny. But the instant passed, and she closed the door firmly and returned to her chair, where she sat plunged in thought, not bitterly reviewing the past, as Maurice did, nor creating an imaginary and happy present, but with all her mind concentrated on those two hated alien women in her house.

Renny, returning to his stables, found Maurice there, waiting to talk over some proposed exchange. He was in the stall with Wakefield's pony, feeding her sugar from his pocket. He turned as Renny entered. 'Well,' he said, 'how are things going now?'

'Like the devil,' he returned, slapping the pony sharply, for she had bitten at him, not liking the interruption of her feast. 'Piers still keeps Pheasant locked in her room and goes about with an expression like the wrath of God. Uncle Nicholas and Aunt Augusta quarrel all day long. He's trying to worry her out of the house and back to England, and she won't go. He and Uncle Ernest are n't speaking at all. Alayne is looking ill, and Grandmother talks ceaselessly about her birthday. She's so afraid that something will happen to her before she achieves it that she refuses to leave her room.'

'When is it?'

'A week from to-day. Alayne is stopping here till it's over, then she goes back to New York, to her old position with a publisher's firm.'

'Look here, why does n't she divorce Eden? Then you and she could marry.'

'The proceedings would be too beastly unsavory. No, there's no hope there.'

As they left the loose box Maurice asked, 'How is Meg, Renny?'

'I've just been to see her. She's still stuck in that awful hut sulking. Nothing will budge her. It looks as though she will spend the rest of her days there. I don't know what I'm to do. If you could only see her! It would be pathetic if it were n't ridiculous. She has a few sticks of furniture she took from the attic. The floor is bare. They say that all she eats is the little that Rags carries over to her. I met him with a tray. The fellow is nothing but a spy and a talebearer. He keeps her thoroughly posted as to all that goes on in the house. Aunt Augusta was for starving her out, forbidding Rags to take food to her, but I could n't do that. She shut the door in my face just now.'

They walked in silence for a space, along the passage between stalls, among the sounds and smells they both loved — deep, quiet drinking, peaceful crunching, soft whinnying; straw, harness oil, liniment.

Vaughan said, 'I've been wondering — in fact, I lay awake half the night wondering — if there is a chance that Meg might take me now. Pheasant's being gone, and Jalna in such an upset, and things having reached a sort of deadlock, it would be a way of solving the problem for her. Do you think I'd have a show?'

Renny looked at his friend with amazement. 'Maurice, do you really mean it? Are you still in love with her?'

'You know perfectly well I've never cared for any other woman,' he answered, with some irritation. 'It's not easy for you Whiteoaks to understand that.'

'I quite understand, only — twenty years is a long time between proposals.'

'If things had not turned out as they have, I should never have asked her again.'

'I hope to God she'll have you!' And then, fearing that his tone had been too fervent, he added, 'I hate to see you living such a lonely life, old man.'

Meg had come out of the cottage and was bending over a spray of sweetbrier that had thrust its thorny way up through a mass of dogwood. She loved its wild sweetness, and yet it made her sadder than before. Maurice noticed, as she raised a startled face to his, that her white cheeks were dappled by tears. One of them fell, and hung, like a bright dewdrop, on the brier.

'I'm sorry if I frightened you.'

His voice, unheard for twenty years, came to her with the sombre cadence of a bell sounding through the dark. She had forgotten what a deep voice he had. As a youth it had seemed too deep for his slenderness, but now, from this heavy frame, she found it strangely, thrillingly moving.

'I had no right to intrude on you,' he went on, and stopped, his eyes resting on the spray of brier, for he would not embarrass her by looking into her tearstained face. Why did she not wipe her cheeks? He reflected with a shade of annoyance that it was just like Meggie to leave those glittering evidences of her anguish in full view. It gave her a strange advantage, set her on a plane of suffering above those around her.

Unable to speak, he rolled a cigarette deftly in one hand, for the other had been crippled in the War. He could not have found a more poignant way of pleading his case. She had passed him often on the road and seen that he was going gray. She had heard that one of his hands was useless, but it was not until she saw the wrist in its leather bandage, above the helpless hand, that she realized how alone he was, how pathetic, how he needed to be taken care of. Renny was hard, careless, unhurt. He was arrogant, immovable. Eden was gone. Piers clung to his wretched young wife. Finch was unsatisfactory, moody; Wake a self-sufficient little rogue. But here was Maurice, her unhappy lover, seeking her out with a strange, hungry expression in his eyes.

The droop of his mouth stirred something in her that she had forgotten, something buried for years and years. It did not stir weakly, feebly, like a half-dead thing, but boundingly, richly, like the sap that thrilled the growing things in this June day. She swayed beneath the sudden rush of its coming, and put out a hand to steady herself. Color flooded her face and neck.

He dropped the cigarette and caught her hand.

'Meggie, Meggie,' he burst out. 'Have me — marry me! Meggie, oh, my darling girl!'

She did not answer in words, but put her arms about his neck and raised her lips to his. All the stubbornness was gone from their pretty curves, and only the sweetness was left.

XXIV

The darkness had just fallen on Grandmother's birthday. The sky was a royal purple, and quite a hundred stars twinkled, with all the mystic glamour of birthday candles.

Grandmother had not slept a wink since dawn. Not for worlds would she have missed the savor of one moment of this day toward which she had been straining for many years. She could sleep all she wanted to after the celebration was over. There would be little else to do. Nothing to look forward to.

With her breakfast had come all the household to congratulate her, to wish her joy and other birthdays to follow. She had put her strong old arms about each body that in succession had leaned over her bed,

and, after a hearty kiss, had mumbled, 'Thank you. Thank you, my dear.' Wakefield, on behalf of the tribe, had presented her with a huge bouquet of red, yellow, and white roses, an even hundred of them, tied with red streamers.

The day had been a succession of heart-touching surprises. Her old eyes had become red-rimmed from tears of joy. The farmers and villagers of the neighborhood, to whom she had been a generous friend in her day, besieged her with calls and gifts of fruit and flowers. Mr. Fennel had had the church bell ring one hundred merry peals for her, the clamor of which, sounding through the valley, had transported her to her childhood in Ireland. She did not know just why, but there it was — she was in County Meath again!

Mrs. Wragge had baked a three-tiered birthday cake which had been decorated in the city. On the top, surrounded by waves of icing, was a white and silver model of a sailing vessel such as she had crossed the ocean in, from India; on the side, in silver comfits, the date of her birth. This stood on a rosewood table in the middle of the drawing-room, beside it a silver-framed photograph of Captain Philip Whiteoak. How Grandmother wished he could have seen the cake! She imagined herself, strong and springy of step, leading him up to the table to view it. She pictured his start of surprise, his blue eyes bulging with amazement, and his 'Ha, Adeline, there's a cake worth living a hundred years for!'

Now night had fallen and the guests were arriving for the evening party. The Fennels, the admiral's daughters, Miss Pink, and even old friends from a long distance. Her chair had been moved to the terrace, where she could see the bonfire all ready to be lighted. It had taken her an unconscionably long time to make the journey there, for she was weak from excitement and lack of sleep.

In the summerhouse two violins and a flute discoursed the insouciant, trilling airs of sixty years ago, filling the air with memories and the darkness with plaintive ghosts. Grandmother's sons and eldest grandson had spared no trouble or expense to make the party memorable.

On her right hand sat Ernest and Nicholas, and on her left Augusta and Alayne. Augusta remarked to Alayne, 'What a blessing that Meg is off on her honeymoon, and not sulking in Fiddler's hut! It would have spoiled the party completely if she had been there, and even more so if she had come.'

'She wasted no time when she finally made up her mind, did she?'

'No, indeed. I think she was simply shamed into it. She might have gone on living there forever. Renny would never have given in.'

Lady Buckley regarded her nephew's tall figure, silhouetted against the flare of the musicians' torches, with complacency.

'I am afraid,' said Alayne, 'that Meg hated me very much after our quarrel about Pheasant. I know that she thought my attitude toward her positively indecent.'

'My dear, Meg is a narrow-minded Victorian. So are my brothers, though Ernest's gentleness gives him the appearance of broad-mindedness. You and I are moderns. You by birth, and I by the progression of an open mind. I shall be very sorry to see you go to-morrow. I have grown very fond of you.'

'Thank you — and I have of you — of most of you. There are so many things I shall miss.'

'I know, I know, my dear! You must come back to visit us. I shall not leave Jalna while Mama lives, though Nicholas would certainly like to see me depart. Yes, you must visit us!'

'I'm afraid not. You must come to see me in New York. My aunts would be delighted to meet you.'

Augusta whispered, 'What do they know about Eden and you?'

'Only that we have separated, and I am going back to my old work.'

'Sensible — very. The less one's relatives know of one's life the better. Dear me, Renny's lighting the bonfire! I hope it's quite safe. I wonder if you would mind, Alayne, going down and asking him to be very careful. A spark from it smouldering on the roof, and we might be burned in our beds to-night.'

As Alayne moved slowly down the lawn the first sparkle curled about the base of the

pyramid of hardwood sticks that had as their foundation a great chunk of resinous pine. A column of smoke arose, steady and dense, and then was dispersed by the sudden and furious blossoming of flowers of flame. In an instant the entire scene was changed. The ravine lay a cavernous gulf of blackness, while the branches of the near-by trees were flung out in fierce, metallic grandeur. The torches in the summerhouse became mere flickering sparks; the stars were blown out like birthday candles. The figures of the young men moving about the bonfire became heroic; their monstrous shadows strove together upon the rich tapestry of the evergreens. The air was full of music, of voices, of the crackling of flames.

Out of the shadow thrown by a chestnut tree in bloom Pheasant ran across the grass to Alayne's side. She seemed to have grown during those weeks of her imprisonment. Her dress looked too short for her. Her movements had the wistful energy of those of a growing child. Her hair, uncut for some time, curved in a quaint little tail at her nape.

'This freedom is wonderful,' she breathed. 'And all that pretty firelight — and the fiddles! Try as I will, Alayne, I can't help feeling happy to-night.'

'Why should you try not to be happy? You must be as happy as a bird, Pheasant. I'm so glad we had that hour together this morning.'

'You've been beautiful to me, Alayne. No one in the world has ever been so good to me. Those little notes you slipped under my door!'

Alayne took her hand. 'Come. I am to go and tell Renny to be careful. Aunt Augusta is afraid we shall be burned in our beds.'

The three youngest of the Whiteoaks were in a group together. As the girls approached, Finch turned his back on them and skulked into the shadow, but Wakefield ran to meet them and put an arm about the waist of each.

'Come, my girls,' he said airily, 'join the merry circle. Let's take hands and dance around the bonfire! If only we could get Granny to dance, too! Please let's dance!' He tugged at their hands. 'Piers, take Pheasant's other hand! Renny, take Alayne's hand! We're going to dance.'

Alayne felt her hand being taken into Renny's. Wakefield's exuberance was not transmittable, but he ran hither and thither, exhorting the guests to dance, till at last he did get a circle together on the lawn for Sir Roger de Coverley. But it was the elders who were moved to disport themselves, after a glass or two of punch from the silver bowl on the porch. The younger ones hung back in the shelter of the blazing pile, entangled in the web of emotions which they had woven about themselves.

Eden was not among them, but the vision of his fair face, with its smiling lips, mocked each in turn. To Renny it said: 'I have shown you a girl at last whom you can continue to love without possessing, with no hope of possessing, who will haunt you all your days.' To Alayne: 'I have made you experience, in a few months, love, passion, despair, shame, enough for a lifetime. Now go back to your sterile work and see if you can forget!' To Piers: 'You sneered at me for a poet. Do you acknowledge that I am a better lover than you?' To Pheasant: 'I have poisoned your life.' To Finch, hiding in the darkness: 'I have flung you, headfirst, into the horrors of awakening.'

Renny and Alayne, their fingers still locked, stood looking upward at the flame-colored smoke that rose toward the sky in billows endlessly pursuing each other, while after the crashing of a log a shower of sparks sprang upward like a swarm of fireflies.

In the glare their faces were transfigured to a strange beauty, yet this beauty was lost, not registered on any consciousness, for they dared not look at each other.

'I have been watching two of those sparks,' she said, 'that flew up, and then together, and then apart again, till out of sight — like us.'

'I won't have it so. Not till out of sight. Extinguished — if you mean that. No, I am not hopeless. There's something for us besides separation. You could n't believe that we'll never meet again, could you?'

'Oh, we may meet again! That is, if you ever come to New York. By that time your feelings may have changed.'

'Changed! Alayne, why should you want to spoil our last moments together by suggesting that?'

'I suppose — being a woman — I just wanted to hear you deny it. You've no idea what it is to be a woman. I used to think in my old life that we were equal — men and women. Since I've lived at Jalna it seems to me that women are only slaves.'

Someone had thrown an armful of brushwood on the fire. For a space it died down to a subdued but threatening crackle. In the dimness they turned to each other.

'Slaves!' he repeated. 'Not to us!'

'Well — to the life you create, and — to the passions you arouse in us. Oh, you don't know what it is to be a woman! I tell you it's nothing less than horrible. Look at Meg, and Pheasant, and me!'

She caught the glint of a smile.

'Look at Maurice, and Piers, and me!'

'It's not the same. It's not the same. You have your land, your horses, your interests that absorb almost all your waking hours.'

'What about our dreams?'

'Dreams are nothing. It's reality that tortures women. Think of Meg, hiding in that awful cabin. Pheasant, locked in her room. Me — grinding away in an office!'

'I can't,' he answered, hesitatingly. 'I can't put myself in your place. I suppose it's awful. But never think we don't know a hell more torturing.'

'You do, you do! But when you are tired of being tortured you leave your hell — go out and shut the door behind you, while we — only heap on more fuel.'

'My darling!' His arms were about her. 'Don't talk like that!' He kissed her, quickly, hotly. 'There, I said I would n't kiss you again, but I have — just for good-bye.'

She felt that she was sinking, fainting in his arms. A swirl of smoke, perfumed by pine boughs, enveloped them. A rushing, panting sound came from the heart of the fire. The violins sang together.

'Again,' she breathed, clinging to him, 'again.'

'No,' he said, through his teeth. 'Not again.' He put her from him and went to the other side of the bonfire, which now blazed forth anew. He stood among his brothers, taller than they, his hair red in the firelight, his face set and pale.

Recovering herself, she looked across at him, thinking that she would like to remember him so.

In a pool of serene radiance Grandmother sat. A black velvet cloak, lined with crimson silk, had been thrown about her; her hands, glittering with rings, rested on the top of her gold-headed ebony stick. Boney, chained to his perch, had been brought out to the terrace at her command, that he might bask in the light of the birthday conflagration. But his head was under his wing. He slept, and paid no heed to lights or music.

She was very tired. The figures moving about the lawn looked like gyrating, gesticulating puppets. The jigging of the fiddles, the moaning of the flute, beat down upon her, dazed her. She was sinking lower and lower in her chair. Nobody looked at her. One hundred years old! She was frightened suddenly by the stupendousness of her achievement. The plumes of the bonfire were drooping. The sky loomed black above. Beneath her the solid earth, which had borne her up so long, swayed with her, as though it would like to throw her off into space. She blinked. She fumbled for something, she knew not what. She was frightened.

She made a gurgling sound. She heard Ernest's voice say, 'Mama, must you do that?'

She gathered her wits about her. 'Somebody,' she said, thickly, 'somebody kiss me — quick!'

They looked at her kindly — hesitated to determine which should deliver the required caress; then from their midst Pheasant darted forth, flung herself before the old lady, and lifted up her child's face.

Grandmother peered, grinning, to see which of them it was; then, recognizing Pheasant, she clasped her to her breast. From that hug she gathered new vitality. Her arms grew strong. She pressed the young body to her and planted warm kisses on her face. 'Ha,' she murmured, 'that's good!' And again, 'Ha!'

(*The End*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A STUDENT of contemporary as well as early American history, **James Truslow Adams** spends a portion of each year in foreign residence. Last August his fresh and salty impressions on returning 'Home' caused many a more habituated *Atlantic* reader to examine as though for the first time our contemporary surroundings. This year while living in England he had a mind to reverse the picture, and in so doing brought to light a comparison not wholly favorable to our United States. Mr. Adams is the author of a standard history of New England in three volumes. **Edward Weeks** is a young Harvard graduate and, so he claims, an average motorist. Like most drivers he has had some 'close shaves' whose 'might-have-beens' have given him pause to think things over. ¶As A. Edward Newton will readily agree, **Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach** is the most tantalizing, most omnivorous collector of rare books on four continents. This paper is a representative chapter of his new volume which, under the title of 'Books and Bidders,' will soon be published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. ¶In preparing her material, **Mrs. Anne Miller Downes** was fortunate in having the advice and guidance of several eminent doctors. That the subject cries for attention may be judged from the action of a recent Washington conference in organizing a committee of physicians, economists, and sanitarians to undertake a five-year study of conditions. Meantime we struggle to pay our bills. ¶Returned to London after thirteen years in Persia, **A. Cecil Edwards,** an Englishman, brought with him the materials for genuine native miniatures.

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Laurence Binyon, keeper of prints in the British Museum, is an English poet whose quality has been abundantly recognized on both shores of the Atlantic. ¶Equally versed in prose, parties, and party politics, **Mary Agnes Hamilton** is a London novelist, original talker, and an active member of the Labor Party. ¶For seven years and over, **Henry Williamson** has been living in a tiny hermitage on the Devon moors, the better to study the oldest inhabitants of the British Isles. **A. E. Douglass** is professor of astronomy and Director of the Steward Observatory at the University of Arizona. ¶A resident of Boston, **Daniel Sargent** makes his first appearance in our pages. ¶With his wide experience in the teaching profession, **Dean Henry W. Holmes** of the Harvard Graduate School of Education gives in this paper the fundamental conclusions drawn from the study of education through almost a quarter century. ¶In reading the story of the **Reverend J. M. Witherow,** it is well to remember that he is an Edinburgh minister of the Kirk and author of 'The Test,' a contemporary parable published in the *Atlantic* a year ago and still discussed. ¶At home **Dr. Gustav Eckstein** is an associate of the Cincinnati College of Medicine. Abroad his associations seem quite otherwise. When touched on the point by the editor, Dr. Eckstein wrote: —

> I find no 'explanation.' And I've thought, too. I must simply admit it — I slipped. But yet I wonder about those 'moralistic friends' once they were 130 degrees to the other side of Greenwich. At least nothing is easier than to imagine them eating raw fish, drinking shotsu and, when evening fell, going with the doctor and the mayor and the Buddhist priest to hear the nightly dithyrambs. Why, the very Japanese constitution was written in the house — some say in the lap of a geisha. And a decent document, you may believe.

* * *

Esther Everett Lape is the very competent executive of the American Peace Foundation. Senators know her well and approach her gingerly. ¶The **Right Honorable C. F. G. Masterman** is a scholar, publicist, author, M.P., a former member of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet in 1914–15, and in everything a Liberal.

This number contains the last installment of 'Jalna,' by **Mazo de la Roche,** the Atlantic Prize Novel. Those who have enjoyed their intimacy with the Whiteoaks may feel with us that they have come to the end of a visit but not of their acquaintance with this galvanic group. A family of such vigor must live on, and while Miss de la Roche busies herself with her writing board it is amusing to speculate on the future of Wake, Renny, Finch, Pheasant — and old Gran. For the benefit of those readers who may have missed an installment we print below a synopsis of the preceding chapters.

When Captain Philip Whiteoak and Adeline Court were married in India in 1848, they were the most brilliant couple in their military station. But the inheritance of property in Canada prompted Philip to sell his commission and bring his wife and infant daughter Augusta to Ontario. A great stone manor house was built and a thousand acres of wilderness transformed into the semblance of an English park. 'Jalna' the estate is called, after the military station where the couple first met.

The story is of the present time. Adeline, her husband long since dead, is an indomitable old woman, eagerly on the verge of completing a full century of life. She has two surviving sons, themselves old men: Nicholas, whose wife left him for a young army officer, and Ernest, a bachelor. Her daughter Augusta, by marrying a young Englishman who later inherited a title, has become Lady Buckley. A third son, Philip, is dead. His two marriages embarrassed the declining estate with six children. From the first marriage came Meg, the only girl, and Renny, now master of the cohesive little Whiteoak clan. From the second came Eden and Piers, now in the twenties, Finch, sixteen, and Wakefield, nine.

The relations of this pungent family are complicated and intensified by two further marriages contracted by members of its youngest generation. Piers arouses unbridled resentment and abuse by bringing home as his bride a girl of illegitimate birth. She is Pheasant, whose father, Maurice Vaughan, is a friend of Renny, and had been engaged to Meg until she learned of his fault. Eden in the meantime has upset Whiteoak tradition by writing a volume of poems. During a visit to his New York publisher, he meets Alayne Archer, a girl of sheltered and cultivated life, who, on the death of her parents, has become a publisher's reader. On the news of their engagement, the family at Jalna naïvely conclude that the girl is rich, and the pair, arriving after their marriage, are extended a welcome in sharp contrast to the hostility shown to Piers and Pheasant. Alayne finds adjustment to the members of Eden's family peculiarly difficult. But, as her residence at Jalna continues, one figure presses into her consciousness with disturbing force. It is Renny, master of the clan. To this Eden is heedless. He is occupied with versifying, and with the unsophisticated Pheasant, whom he has succeeded in fascinating.

* * *

The publication of Agnes Miller's adventures at Ellis Island has brought on a hailstorm of letters — congratulation, criticism, denials reasoned and unreasoned. Many of the most important officials concerned with the administration of the law have written us of their good practices and better intentions. And there is truth in what they say. There is no question that, since the adoption of the selective immigration law, great improvement has been made in Ellis Island. The officials are trying honestly and hard to administer the law. But behind the law are the trades-unions, fearful lest its administration may not be sufficiently rigid to scare away prospective immigrants, and wound about in and out is the familiar red tape of bureaucracy, which in Miss Miller's case tied her hand and foot and held her, through no fault of her own, for four days a prisoner, rigorously segregated from her friends, and, in spite of repeated questionings, kept in ignorance (unfairly, we believe, and very stupidly) as to the cause of her detention. The law is no respecter of persons. The rough and ignorant peasant from Transylvania and the educated English school-teacher are to be treated in the same way, while officials express their amazement that one should be so submissive and the other so recalcitrant! To be quite fair in this discussion, let us quote from the long arraignment of Mr. Wixon, Chief Supervisor of the Immigration Service, castigating Miss Miller: —

In another section of the article under discussion, Miss Miller refers to the failure of the officer to acquaint her with the reason for being held. This may or may not be true, but at all events, if she was not so told, there are practical reasons why applicants are not given such

information. Oftentimes officers in examining applicants on primary examination develop sufficient evidence to justify denial of admission, but the primary officers themselves cannot under the law exclude.

To acquaint the applicant with the reason which has prompted the officer in holding him for further examination by a Board of Special Inquiry might fortify the applicant in a manner which would prevent developing the true facts by the Board, and as the Board record must stand by itself, applicants who should have been refused admission under the law would gain admission, particularly if the case were to go before the court on habeas corpus proceedings, as the courts will take cognizance of only such matters as appear in the Board minutes.

In that spirit seems to us the very nub of the difficulty.

Various officials write us that Miss Miller was highly nervous. It would have been a miracle if she had not been, but nerves are likely to play queer tricks when overwrought, and there is evidence on this point in her suspicion of the telegraph boy who did not deliver her message. We are very glad to exonerate the company and to congratulate the boy.

NEW YORK CITY

EDITOR, ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR: —

Miss Agnes Miller's article, 'Welcome, Stranger!' in your August number contains a rather unwarranted reflection on the trustworthiness of Western Union messengers. It may be recalled that Miss Miller in her story says that, while she was detained on the Cedric, she was anxious to send a message to her sister in Cleveland; that by good fortune she encountered a Western Union boy, who came along the deck of the ship with telegraph blanks in his hand, and that she gave the boy a telegram and paid for it generously, but that her sister never received the message. She quotes a youth in the purser's window as saying of the messenger: 'I would n't trust him if I were you,' and adds her own comment: 'Whether the Western Union boy was dishonest, or whether the message was stopped by your system of espionage, I do not know.'

Here was something that we had to look into, and these are the facts as they turned out to be: —

Miss Miller actually intended to address her message to her brother-in-law, Mr. Harold Worthington, care of Price, Waterhouse & Company, Cleveland, Ohio, but this is the way she wrote the address: 'Worthington Price Water Cleveland, O.'

The telegram was duly sent to Cleveland, but no Worthington Price Water could be found there, and the Cleveland office promptly reported this to New York and asked for a more specific address. Miss Miller had signed her telegram simply 'Agnes.' There was no indication of her surname. Our New York office, therefore, wanting to do the best it could, sent a message as follows: —

'Agnes, S. S. Cedric (Sender of message to-day to Cleveland, Ohio): Your telegram to-day to Worthington Price Water Cleveland Ohio undelivered Unknown Give some address.'

If the steamship people did not succeed in finding the Agnes for whom the message was intended, perhaps this is not to be wondered at, but in the circumstances it was all that could be done.

These details are perhaps not of burning interest to your readers, but it is important that the wrong impression which Miss Miller's article no doubt created in the minds of many of them concerning the reliability of our messengers should be corrected, if possible. The boys will appreciate it if you will find room for this little account somewhere in your magazine where at least some of those who read Miss Miller's article may have an opportunity to see it.

Yours very truly,

J. C. WILLEVER

Vice President, Western Union Telegraph Co.

* * *

Mr. Summerfield Baldwin writes us: —

In the article, 'The Crucifixion of the Catholic Mind,' in the August *Atlantic*, the author has misrepresented the teaching of the Catholic Church as to the sacrament of marriage. Marriage does not imprint an irremovable character upon the soul as do the sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Orders. This misrepresentation was made without malice, but the author none the less deeply regrets it, and humbly apologizes to all who have done him the honor to read his paper. He wishes also to thank those correspondents who have called his attention to it.

* * *

Why Pershing took the offensive.

ITHACA, NEW YORK

EDITOR, ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR: —

You will of course receive a great many letters commenting upon the article, 'Pershing: 100 Per Cent American,' in the August *Atlantic*.

It strikes me as a good estimate of our Commander in Chief, whose abilities are very fairly evaluated.

But may I, a former subaltern in the A. E. F., present a criticism of Captain Hart's principal criticism of General Pershing's training of the army in France? Captain Hart rather insists that the Americans placed too great an emphasis upon the offensive when in action, due to the fact that General Pershing closed his eyes to the obvious lessons of three years of actual warfare. He goes on to say that the German machine-gun defense in the Argonne took a disproportionate toll in casualties before being pushed back, which may be conceded. But I think that Captain Hart is wrong in his implications.

If he was ever among American troops in 1918, he would have been struck, as were other British as well as French officers, by the youth, the superior physique, and the superior intelligence of those troops. Those qualities were always apparent when comparison with men of the Allied or enemy armies was possible. Moreover, the Americans were painfully ignorant of things military, except perhaps in the regular divisions.

The last point is the important one, for we all had to be trained somehow, and quickly, and we could not possibly learn everything in the time allotted by the Allies. Since we were restricted to a few aspects of the military art, what better ones could have been chosen than those understood in the words 'open warfare' and 'the offensive'? If we had tried to learn all in the brief time at our disposal, we should have learned nothing.

Captain Hart implies that General Pershing made a deliberate choice of an outworn mode of tactics, and only beginner's luck prevented his being found out. It seems to me that a more correct attitude would be shown in saying that General Pershing, considering the average American temperament combined with the state of hopeless unpreparedness this country found itself in in 1917, and also considering the low state of morale in both the British and French armies in 1918, made the only possible choice of tactics for the American Expeditionary Forces.

In closing, I cannot resist quoting the justly famous remark made by one British general to another: 'By God, sir, I hope that if we ever have another war, it will be conducted without any damned allies!'

I was in the A. E. F. for fifteen months, and I had unusual opportunities to talk with members of all the principal armies. I was in a division with the British; I speak French and German well enough to converse. And finally, I had the extreme good fortune later to serve in what Captain Hart calls 'one of the blooded divisions.' In three major attacks I never lost a man killed — and we were in the Second Division, that takes pride in the fact that it always took its objective hours ahead of schedule.

Most cordially yours,

HERBERT SNYDER

* * *

No Cinders Allowed.

HARRISON, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just turned the August *Atlantic* face down at 'Something in the Eye.' I am laughing. Let me tell you *my* story. Crossing by ferry from New Jersey to New York City, I took into my left eye an atom — a cinder — a boulder! By the time we docked I had tried all the simple methods known to me and to my very near and kind neighbors. I covered the bad eye, rushed for a cross-town train, and was soon in front of the Eye and Ear Infirmary. I darted in past the doorman and met in the office the office force and some others — three women, not yet distributed, and a doctor. There was no need to explain. By that time both eyes were dropping mad tears.

I was not listed, card-catalogued, or directed. The women looked at the doctor; the doctor looked at the clock. I was early. Oh! that unkind and hasty boulder! 'I *can* wait,' I said. He could not let that pass. 'I can do nothing for you. This is a charitable institution.' Where was his charity? It peeped for a moment. 'You'd better go to one of the practising physicians around here.' 'I won't pay you,' I said. 'I could n't take your money if you offered it; it's against our rules.' Rules against a cinder in one's eye! 'Who is nearest?' I asked. 'You know I can't see.' 'That I can't tell you; it's against our rules to recommend —' I left quickly. I was mad, mad as a hornet. Rules, indeed!

On the sidewalk I stopped. Which way to turn? I wanted to cry. Close to me, stepping along briskly, came a young man and woman. She stopped. She spoke: 'If you'll trust me, I'll take it out.' 'Trust,' I said, and then I did cry. 'Charley, give me your pencil.' It came out. 'Now — I'll try not to hurt.' The red lid slid up over the blessed pencil, her own handkerchief followed it (with no apologies), and all was over in a minute. The doctor could probably have done it in half a minute, but — his mind evidently worked slowly — perhaps not. Why could he not have thought of the cinder first and the rules last?

E. H. MORRISON

That Presidential virtue.

AUGUST 17, 1927

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1926, Agnes Repplier leads the brotherhood of readers to deplore 'The Urbane Intolerance of Americans.' For us, there is in the village graveyard at Pittsfield, Vermont, this reassuring inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF JACK YORK
WHO DIED AT PITTSFIELD, VERMONT,
AUGUST 29, 1874
AE ABOUT 85 YEARS

HE WAS BORN A SLAVE IN SALEM, NEW YORK. HE CAME TO PITTSFIELD, VERMONT, IN 1820, WHERE HE WAS ALWAYS READY TO SHAKE HANDS WITH ALL.

It is evident that Jack, the freedman, wandered into this Vermont town. He was without a family name, and no native Vermonter refers to the Empire State except as York State. Accordingly the newcomer became Jack York.

With satisfaction we note the evidences of humility. York was a notable personage, the only man of color in many towns. He might well have taken advantage of his position to reject the attentions of the common villagers, to move with hauteur among his neighbors, and to assume a lordly attitude in the presence of the Morrills, the Proctors, and the Coolidges. Fortunately there was nothing 'high hat' about York. He complacently shook hands with all who sought this privilege.

Very truly yours,
E. W. BUTTERFIELD

* * *

Cape Cod-erisms.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A recent article by one of the Contributors, concerning her confusion over the indeterminate manner of speech among New Englanders, reminded me of one or two amusing experiences at the beginning of my residence at the root of Cape Cod.

One summer day, as a dark cloud began to lower, a neighbor asked me, 'Are you afraid in a tempest?'

Now to my mind that word implied a storm in which a high wind was the distinguishing feature — such a storm as one reads of in stories of the tropics. So I answered, honestly enough, 'I don't believe I ever was in one.'

'Why, where have you lived all your life, if you ain't never seen a tempest?'

'I've lived most of my life near Boston.'

'Why, they do too have tempests in Boston! There, it's beginning to lighten now; do you mean to say you never saw no lightnin'?'

'Oh, do you mean a thunderstorm? Of course I've seen them, but I never heard them called tempests.'

A few weeks later another neighbor was describing the trouble her husband had had as a result of scratching his hand with a rusty nail. She told me how many incisions had to be made as the poison spread, and how often the doctor came one day. The account ended dramatically, 'Well, he'd like to have lost his arm!'

'He would!' I exclaimed, marveling at the man's strange taste. The good lady took my surprise as evidence that I was impressed by her husband's narrow escape.

This use of 'would like to have' must be a perversion of the obsolete form, 'was like to,' but, being generally used in connection with some unpleasant possibility, has a very bizarre effect upon the unaccustomed ear. One housekeeper, using a fuel new to her, 'would like to have burnt her pies up,' and another, driving a horse which ran away, 'would like to have got thrown out and killed.'

'Common,' to my mind synonymous with 'vulgar,' is used hereabouts to express a desirable quality. 'Yes, they 've got plenty of money, but you'll like her — she's just as common!'

But alas, these local idioms are dying with the older generation. We shall soon be all so cosmopolitan that there will be left no more isolated communities with any smack of originality in their speech.

MRS. WENDELL B. PHILLIPS

* * *

The temper of the times.

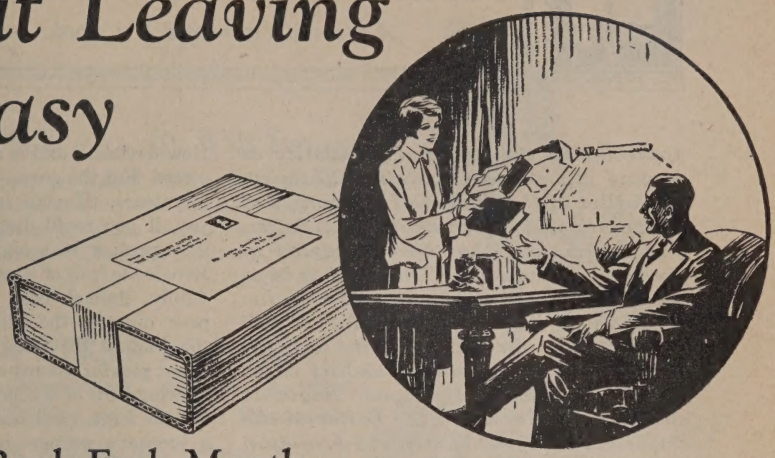
RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Have been reading over your magazine of lately and am very fond of Poems and thought that I would write to you and see if you had an opening for same. I write Poems and I am very much enterested in getting them where they can be seen. Most of mine is on crime and would come in handy at this time. Kindly write me if you can place them and what you offer.

Very Truly Yours
I remain
WILLIAM F. BROWN

Without Leaving Your Easy Chair



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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

A Blessed Companion Is a Book

Appreciating the national popularity of reading clubs and circulating libraries, the Editor of the Bookshelf has compiled a list of the most prominent books, fiction and non-fiction, that have appeared in the last twelvemonth. This list has been selected from the suggestions of the nine librarian advisers of the Atlantic; *it will be sent with our compliments to committees and members of reading clubs and other interested persons. Requests should be addressed to the Editor of the Bookshelf, Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.*

Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927. 12mo. viii+345 pp. $2.00. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.)

This amazing book, of a masterly convincingness, is a section cut from the manorial life of the Whiteoaks at Jalna, on the southern shores of Ontario, the family estate founded by Captain Whiteoak, who, after a brief service in India, migrated to Canada, with his wife and one child. He has long since died, and his wife, their two sons, and six grandchildren reign at Jalna in his stead. The Whiteoaks are a tribe, a clan, with all the clan's hidebound indifference to every restriction outside clan customs, its imperviousness to change. These people, eating hugely, drinking cheerfully, swigging strong tea in rivers, fighting, loving, making their own morals and sailing off grandly to their true and only church, — theirs because 'Grandfather built it,' — are robust company we are privileged to keep, even with a rueful glance over the shoulder at tremulous conventions. They are portraits in the large style of a bygone realism: Gran, predatory old bird whose breast has been for a hundred years the roosting place of primal passions; sleek, jealous Meggie; and the brothers, young barbarians innocent of interest in existing codes. This is the tribe, the brooding ground of passions fitted to Greek tragedy or Mr. Hardy's Wessex. Children of untrammeled nature, they are a throwback to the days of three-bottle men. They could step into a Sheridan play with scant rehearsal and no make-up. Picturesquely diverse, they are yet one in conforming to the same inherited traditions. Even little Wake, aged nine, has his own triumphing formulæ for raking in the indulgences he loves, though, being little, his weapons are the lifted glance of pathos, the flooding tears. 'He could always cry when he wanted to. He had only to shut his eyes tightly a moment and repeat to himself, "Oh, how terrible! How terrible!" and in a moment the tears would come.' But the grown-ups are far from conciliatory tears. Human appetites, they would tell you, if you could drag them before the bar of introspective reasoning, exist but to be fed. Here is the fruit of the tree of life. Pluck and eat. Renny, staunch head of the tribe, does, by a pace, outstrip the tribal code. He too covets the fruit of the tree, but the restricted tribal honor goes far toward saving him. A small, deep-growing herb of tenderness within him breathes out the faint, medicinal odor which is ruth over a brother's wrongs: for these Whiteoaks love one another with a savage love. This tenderness of Renny is real and operative. The poignant chapter on the little dying colt betrays him to us beautifully.

If we regard this book from an academic standpoint only, we have to deprecate the twofold motive of sexual treachery. One only we could accept with the acquiescence imposed on us by great fiction, but over two cases in the family circle we open our eyes a little. The 'nothing-too-much' of art is invaded. The just balance is threatened, if not destroyed. Yet Miss de la Roche has written with such tumultuous conviction that she may even succeed in allaying the scruples of the academic mind. We can imagine her flouting us, from the safe eyrie of her magic, with the reminder that she is depicting a backwater 'where no outside contacts modified the pungent vitality' of human relations. She might even suggest that this is n't conscious art, but life; and so it is — life so abundantly that we can allow ourselves to be carried gayly on its swelling waves. We are almost as deeply under its spell as the little Yankee bride who, seeing, in her turn, the reddening of the forbidden fruit from the too fecund soil of Jalna, instead of taking refuge in her own stern, inherited traditions, stays to covet it as wildly as any Whiteoak of them all.

A big book, my masters! A full canvas, the size of life.

Alice Brown

The Grandmothers, by Glenway Wescott. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. 12mo. xiii+388 pp. $2.50.

About Mr. Glenway Wescott's book, *The Grandmothers*, to which Harper has awarded its prize for 1927, there is a leisureliness at once reassuring and captivating. Too few novelists of these latter days, especially among those of our own soil, give evidence of thoughtful leisure, or suggest in their work that they, like Pater, conceive of

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A childhood passed in the South and in territory of mixed allegiance could not fail to give the Rector Emeritus of St. Bartholomew's a many-sided and unusual understanding of the Civil War in all its implications. The feeling of the war, throughout its entire course, is here vividly sensed, as by a contemporary. $3.00

Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Avenue, New York

life as 'a kind of listening.' Hence, when a novel like Miss Roberts's *The Time of Man* and this new story of Mr. Wescott's come among us, we are reassured and delighted. Perhaps, we say, there may be something after all besides a desire to entertain or to startle, to convince or to shock, in this making of many books.

The Grandmothers, in its slow, careful workmanship, which proceeds with little motivation other than the author's vision of his finished and completed product, is a book for the slow and the perceptive reader. Here is minute attention to concrete detail — a couch in the Wisconsin house, 'upholstered in rows of yellow tapestry biscuits,' pictures of Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Whittier, 'equally complacent and almost equally muffled by untidy beards,' 'sunshine flashing on the tines of pitchforks,' 'cattle of all colors under the hickories.' Here is a wealth of portraiture combined with a wealth of method — grandmothers, aunts, uncles, cousins, presented enduringly by epithet, anecdote, incident, contrast, comment. Here is a rare sensitiveness to adjectives, a beautiful, even tender, use of them. Who can soon forget the 'little, agitated ghosts' which the sheets of old paper enfold, the 'fragrant, restless atmosphere of a new marriage,' the 'mean amenities, the lack of mystery, the vast, somewhat emasculate, primitive power' of Western Protestantism? Here are obviously favorite words — 'mystery' with its derivatives is one of them — which, like bright, recurring colors in a tapestry, add atmosphere and unity to the whole. And here, above all else, are figures — unusual, startling, lovely figures — which perform their mysterious and beneficent work. For as the mind thus compares and relates, traveling in an illumined, never-ending line, horizons become illimitable. The horizons of Mr. Wescott's book are illimitable; it has no beginning and no end; and it would be unjust and careless, indeed, to disregard or to fail to perceive this effect which his similes do so much to secure.

One is distressed with what must be the distress of the author himself over the inadequacy of the jacket advertising — always short of truth, too often merely silly. We read on gilt paper that *The Grandmothers* is a 'segment of American life, a span of human experience stretching from the pioneers and the Civil War down to the present time.' One needs but to read one third of the story, catching on every page the undercurrent of wistful, eternal questioning, to know that it is Egyptian and Trojan as well as American and that it may antedate by thousands of years the pioneers and the Civil War. Its time, place, and circumstances are mere conveniences. The fever of inquisitiveness which the boy Alwyn cannot escape; the nagging pride of his grandfather, Henry Tower; the restless yearning of his great-aunt, Mary Harris; the tight and tenacious hold of his uncle Leander, the sufferings of whose heart, broken in youth, encircle the book with great, sad chords; the futile, pathetic, thwarted desires of them all — these are of all time and of every place. More than all else, to one reader at least, the story recalls the 'Sunt lacrimæ rerum' of Virgil — 'There are tears over fortune'; or as Pater, of whom the book is constantly reminiscent, so beautifully expresses it in *Marius:* 'There is a certain grief in things as they are . . . over and above those griefs of circumstance which are in a measure removable.'

This review is not a panegyric. Mr. Wescott is at times tedious and vague, especially in his Conclusion; there are now and then overstrained figures, some of them almost absurd; there is an occasional sentence annoying in its obscure construction. One could wish they had been avoided in so large and beautiful a work. And yet in spite of them *The Grandmothers* stands out as a book which has been conceived in deep and quiet perceptions and born in pride, care, and patience.

MARY ELLEN CHASE

Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy, by G. P. Gooch. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1927. 8vo. viii+214 pp. $3.00.

DR. GOOCH'S profound knowledge and impartiality of judgment are well known. He has for many years made a special study of the World War, and, jointly with Professor Temperley, has been chosen by the British Government to edit all documents in the British Foreign Office, from 1898 onward, which throw light on the conditions leading up to hostilities. I happen to know that he declined to consider the task unless given an absolutely free hand, unhampered by censorship, to publish whatever he deemed of historic importance.

In the volume under review he has tried to help 'students of the World War and its causes to keep pace with the almost bewildering accumulation of material.' Although the book is only about two hundred pages, and is 'a *causerie*, not a bibliography,' he notes and discusses approximately five hundred volumes dealing with the subject, which have appeared since 1914 in the chief European countries and our own. The material has now, indeed, become 'bewildering' and the literature extends into tens of thousands of titles, to say nothing of the publication by governments of their archives, though France and Italy have been notably backward in publishing their official secrets. That they cannot continue their policy much longer without incurring marked suspicion has for some time been obvious.

Gooch's volume is in reality the résumé of some five hundred others (though I have not counted titles), and in a review of that same number of words it is impossible to discuss the innumerable questions raised by so many witnesses. In the revision of opinion as to leading characters in the drama perhaps one of the most interesting and unexpected has been the collapse

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of the Venizelos myth, with the now lowered valuation of that statesman's ability and character. Of the Americans, Colonel House still seems to maintain his reputation abroad. But this review must be limited to generalities.

In considering the accounts and memoirs by actors in the events, one is struck by the fact that they all consider only individuals as responsible for this, that, and the other. There is a plethora of devils, but none of the 'social forces' so beloved of the 'scientific' historian. In this I think the men of affairs are more nearly right than the Ph.D.'s. I recall a Ph.D. himself saying to me at the Crillon one day during the Peace Conference, just out from a meeting, 'Don't ever tell me again individuals don't count in history. I am through with "determinism" forever.' Gooch's own conclusions are general. He clears the international pasture of the old sheep and goats of propaganda days. 'It was natural,' he says, 'that Serbia should aspire to unite under her sceptre the discontented Jugoslav subjects of her neighbour . . . and look to Russia for assistance. . . . It was equally natural that Austria should resolve to defend herself . . . Austria was the only Power, large or small, on whom Germany could rely. . . . If Austria ceased to be a Great Power . . . Germany would stand alone in Europe, wedged in between a hostile Russia and a France bent on revenge.' And so with the other nations, each intent on its own welfare.

There are many suggestions for the thoughtful reader, some unintended. One is the utter impossibility that the busy citizen of a democracy should ever sift the facts about international relations for himself.

The volume is a survey of the literature of the war for the student, not of the causes for the layman. As for the first, it is indispensable, and, for the second, of deep interest.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Sir Francis Drake, by E. F. Benson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. 8vo. xvi+305 pp. $4.00.

DRAKE'S drum beats bravely through the biography of Sir Francis Drake by E. F. Benson. He took with him, says his biographer, 'on his voyage round the world, in 1577, a smart new drum. When he returned from that voyage three years later, and was knighted by Elizabeth, he had his new coat-of-arms painted on that drum which had been round the world with him: perhaps it was to him what we now call a "mascot." But before the drum took material shape it was beating in his brain. It sounded there as he navigated homeward the solitary little Judith,' — returning from the early adventure in which he acquired a lasting personal enmity toward Spain, — 'and the drum-taps were the music to which he marched henceforth in his lifelong war against the chiefest and most damnable of all Christian countries. It beat death to Spain, but to Drake an invincible gayety of resourcefulness.' He took it with him, no doubt, on his last voyage, in 1595; but the drum had lost its customary rhythm. King Philip's beard for once escaped being singed — but that, after all, was a small matter, since earlier singeings had left so little of it.

One may reasonably wonder what would have become of Britain without Drake — not because of any aggrandizement by his biographer, but because Mr. Benson's presentation of the historic background shows Britain in a precarious situation from which the singeing of Philip's beard by Elizabeth's 'little pirate' seems to have been about the only way out. The tight little island was rather a terrified little island, excommunicated by the Pope, who had pretty well divided the rest of the known world, and what might yet be discovered, between Spain and Portugal, and menaced by a sea power which, as soon as it got a little bigger, Elizabeth's 'brother' Philip meant to use in taking her realm away from her. Nominally there was peace, but practically the policy of Spain and Portugal outlawed England from foreign trade, and the policy of England unofficially encouraged piracy against Spain and Portugal. 'Her only principle,' says Mr. Benson of Elizabeth, 'was to pilfer and pillage as much as she could without provoking Philip to war.' For pursuit of this principle Drake was highly important; and when Philip was at last ready, and put to sea his Invincible Armada, it seems highly probable, with anybody but Drake in command of the English fleet, that the Armada would have justified its title.

However that may be, Mr. Benson has written an admirable book, with an impressive bibliography at the end and a good index. One gets to know the Drake in the book, and may well believe that he is a good deal like the Drake who, in 1577, bought a smart new drum as part of his equipment for sailing round the world, emptying Spanish treasure ships and otherwise singeing King Philip's beard as he went. And now his drum inspires his biographer. The book is illustrated with old prints, among them a portrait of Drake in what looks like a very stylish and uncomfortable suit of clothes; and the reader may follow him round the world on a map of 1595, when cartographers enriched their toil with ships and sea monsters.

RALPH BERGENGREN

The 'Canary' Murder Case: A Philo Vance Story, by S. S. Van Dine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. viii+343 pp. $2.00.

DETECTIVE stories are usually classified as an inferior branch of fiction; they do not often present characters of individuality or charm, seldom are written with distinction, and depend for their interest mainly on a situation devised to mystify the reader. Ordinarily the solution of the mystery is disappointing: when the characters

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are wooden or shadowy the disclosure of their ultimate responsibility and fate serves no more significant end than that of setting at rest whatever uncertainty has been flickering in the reader's mind.

But Mr. Van Dine's new detective story has not only an ingenious plot but also background and atmosphere and literary distinction. He transfigures drab material and gives it color, sketches character vividly and with deftness, interprets subtleties of thought, and writes with gayety and humor. The incident on which the story is based is squalid enough: the murder of a Broadway courtesan. But the processes of the investigation which follows, and in which Philo Vance, the District Attorney's friend, is the directing spirit, are fascinating. Vance himself engages the reader's interest — a young social aristocrat, an art collector, an amateur musician, a student of æsthetics and psychology. Reluctantly the veteran sleuths of the Homicide Bureau defer to the uncanny acuteness of this apparently foppish dilettante. His methods do not faintly resemble those of Sherlock Holmes; he finds the significant clues in psychological indications, not in material facts. By observing the manner in which the persons who are under suspicion conduct themselves in a poker game, he arrives at a conclusion which conflicts with the material evidence. The circumstances which finally establish the correctness of his inference form an extraordinarily effective climax.

There is an air of actuality, of truth to fact, in all the scenes; the various experts who figure in the investigation have the manner and vocabulary of experts; the story is well buttressed in every detail, firmly grounded on an accurate knowledge of the essential matters. The ordinary simple-minded reader of detective stories may wish that the author had n't felt it necessary to swallow the dictionary before sitting down to write; and he will probably be bewildered by the passages that more sophisticated readers will find delightful for their flavor — such passages as the following: —

'"You're always in such haste," Vance lamented. "Why leap and run? The wisdom of the world's philosophers is against it. *Festina lente*, says Cæsar; or, as Rufus has it, *Festinato tarda est*. And the Koran says quite frankly that haste is of the Devil. Shakespeare was constantly belittling speed: 'He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes'; and 'Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.' Then there was Molière — remember *Sganarelle?* 'Le trop de promptitude à l'erreur nous expose.' Chaucer also held similar views. 'He hasteth well,' said he, 'that wysely can abyd.' Even God's common people have embalmed the idea in numberless proverbs: 'God and quickly seldom meet'; and 'Hasty men never want woe —'"

'Markham rose with a gesture of impatience. "Hell! I'm going home before you start a bedtime story."'

If a good bedtime story is one that frees the reader from the cares and preoccupations of the day, *The 'Canary' Murder Case* certainly meets the requirements.

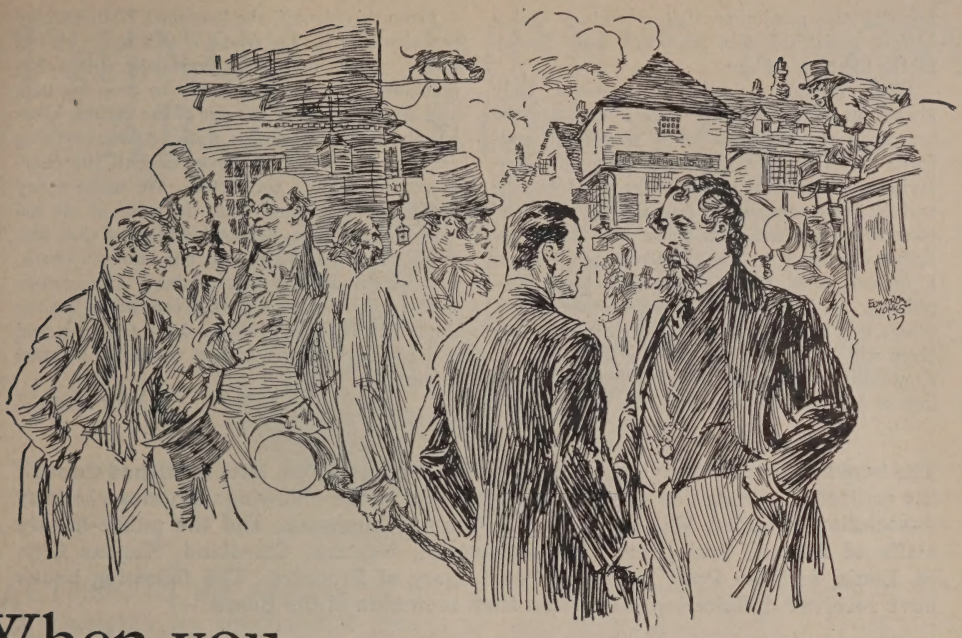
ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

Meanwhile: The Picture of a Lady, by H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1927. 12mo. xii+308 pp. $2.50.

THE first third of Mr. Wells's new book is as brilliant as anything he has written — the rest is another story. We begin with a garrulous Italian house party given by rich young Philip Rylands and his beautiful young wife Cynthia, who has the cutest way of referring to bores as 'Stupids' and who spends a good deal of time wondering how she can make life 'clean and noble' in a luxurious palace on the Riviera. In deference to her, the book has been subtitled 'The Picture of a Lady,' but it might more appropriately have been called 'A Study in Utopias.' For Mr. Wells, disguised as Mr. Sempack, soon turns up and puts the Stupids to rout with his talk, talk, talk. A fiery British Tory forgets his egg-ladened moustache in his eagerness to argue with the visiting sage, whom the beautiful Lady Catherine, content to live in the present, prefers to vamp in her quiet way. Rylands suffers a similar fate at the slender hands of Miss 'Puppy' Clargues.

Discovered behind a bathhouse, — for in such places, it seems, the aristocrats of Mr. Wells pursue their amours, — the sinning husband writes his wife a priceless letter of apology in which he promises never to misbehave again — 'if I can possibly help it.' The exquisite Cynthia resents this piece of Anglo-Saxon chivalry, and all Mr. Sempack's pamphleteering skill barely suffices to persuade her ever to speak to the brute again. Why poor Sempack should feel it necessary to write his stirring appeal is a mystery; but, though the hand is the hand of Sempack, the voice is the voice of Wells, and it is a voice that will not be stilled or even confine itself to speaking through a single larynx.

No sooner is Philip pardoned than the general strike breaks out in England and the house party breaks up in Italy. The inarticulate host, who owns extensive mining interests, goes home only to assume the elastic mantle of Mr. Wells and to write a brilliant and abusive series of letters describing the trouble. These letters, like Sempack's more modest effort, amount merely to a very skillful piece of pamphleteering and they probably give as sensible an interpretation of the strike as has yet been written. Two points, however, should be kept in mind. In the first place, England cannot expect as much as Mr. Wells seems to of nice young fellows like Rylands, who see all the flaws of all existing organizations and therefore refuse to have anything to do with any of them. In the second place, Mr. Wells makes the usual bow to the docile common sense of the British laborer,



When you and Dickens visit London together

TO VISIT London with Dickens, to breathe the same air and walk the streets and nameless alleys he loved so well—that would be a thrilling adventure! He would introduce you to the sly Fagin, Pickwick the lovable, Copperfield, Little Dorrit, Nicholas Nickelby, and Oliver who, like all small boys, wanted "some more". These and countless other friendly and interesting personalities are waiting to greet you and entertain you when you and Dickens visit London together.

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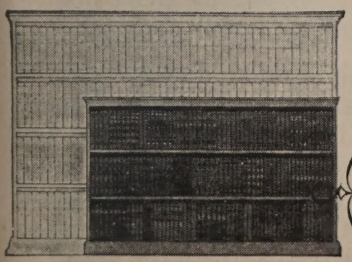

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ignoring the possibility that a century and a half of social injustice may well have beaten all the fight out of him.

While England is ruled by maniacs, Italy always has her Fascisti — which explains the uncalled-for appearance of a persecuted professor in Cynthia's garden. Although Mrs. Rylands is expecting a visit from the stork, she and the nurse smuggle the poor scholar out of the country. And then, for those who prefer religious discussion to straight adventure, there is a pleasant interlude of Roman Catholic philosophizing. At length Mr. Rylands returns, baby comes, and we look forward to a rosy future when there will be no more Mussolinis and Winston Churchills — nothing but the dulcet prophesyings of Mr. Wells to disturb the Utopian air.

From this résumé, the hardened Wellsian may perceive that his old friend is still up to his old tricks. Once more this versatile writer has launched a capital novel only to drop his task and disappear in hot pursuit of the various hares his plot or his characters raise. And everything suffers. The hares are never caught, the characters are seldom completed. We make many promising beginnings; but, in spite of all the variety, some of us cannot help feeling that Mr. Wells does n't quite give us our money's worth. Perhaps this attitude is too finicky. In any case, most readers will find that *Meanwhile* is among the fifteen or twenty best books of the year, and real admirers of the author would n't be paid to miss it.

QUINCY HOWE

The books selected for review in the *Atlantic* are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board: —

Non-Fiction

Men of Destiny, by Walter Lippmann — MACMILLAN CO. Illus. $2.50
American prophets and politicians of to-day — and what they stand for

The Classical Tradition in Poetry, by Gilbert Murray — HARVARD UNIV. PRESS $2.50
The principles underlying all great poetry as illustrated by the classics

Adventures in Arabia, by W. B. Seabrook — HARCOURT, BRACE & CO. Illus. $3.00
A young American tells how he lived among the tribes and townsfolk of Arabia

More Contemporary Americans, by Percy H. Boynton — UNIV. OF CHICAGO PRESS $2.50
In this second appraisal the distinguished professor defines the forces at work in recent American literature

Fiction

Death Comes for the Archbishop, by Willa Cather — ALFRED A. KNOPF $2.50
A rich narrative of a Catholic bishop's mission to New Mexico in 1848

The Promised Land, by Ladislas Reymont, trans. from the Polish — ALFRED A. KNOPF 2 vols. $5.00
The tragedy of the peasant who is transplanted and destroyed in industry

Now East, Now West, by Susan Ertz — D. APPLETON & CO. $2.00
A novel of married life among pleasant people

Gallions Reach, by H. M. Tomlinson — HARPER & BROS. Illus. $2.50
A glamorous story of the sea and its influence on one man

Transplanted, by Brand Whitlock — D. APPLETON & CO. $2.50
An American girl marries a French nobleman — the situation affording a dramatic story of Continental society

Black Stream, by Nathalie Colby — HARCOURT, BRACE & CO. $2.50
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Requiem, by Humbert Wolfe — GEORGE H. DORAN CO. $1.50
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THINGS I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT ELEVATORS

By DONALD WILHELM

Author of
"The Story of Steel"
"The Story of Rubber"
"The Wizardry of the Wheel"
etc.

Demonstrating the first safe elevator

ALTHOUGH the principle of lifting weights by mechanical means is very old (it was used by Archimedes, the father of mechanics, in the third century, B.C.), the elevator as we know it to-day did not celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary until 1927.

To lift weights the ancients applied the principles of leverage. They contrived pulleys, made hoists, energized them with muscular power. And with the aid of such hoists they achieved the Pyramids, the Parthenon, the Great Wall of China, as memorials of their prowess.

During the last seventy-five years we have applied the same ancient principles of leverage, along with some principles that are new, and energized our lifting devices with power not of muscle, but of steam, hydraulics and electricity. And so we in our turn have built impressive structures, to be memorials of our time. Moreover, by the use of elevators, we have populated those structures, even to the fifty-ninth floor; have made them pay, pay surprisingly well. And thereby we have achieved the finest union of architecture and industry, of beauty and utility, that we have.

So the modern city came to be.

The genesis and evolution of the modern skyscraper is, in a sense, identical with the genesis and evolution of the elevator. Every new height that skyscrapers have achieved has been preceded by new refinements in the elevator construction—the elevator engineer is the Titan whose fulcrum lifts buildings higher and higher. It has not been the tall building that called the elevator into existence—the elevator, instead, called the tall building into existence.

Excepting cathedrals whose ponderous walls were designed merely to support a roof, to keep out the weather, there were very few buildings rising above five stories or the equivalent seventy-five years ago. Tall buildings were not economic—did not pay—because their space *decreased* in desirability and rental value floor-by-floor as one climbed stairways above the second or third floor. The second or third floor was the point of diminishing returns; because land was cheap it was more economic to build two three-story buildings, say, than one six-story building. To-day the most efficient, most economic, most profitable city structure is the modern skyscraper when it is properly located and is efficiently

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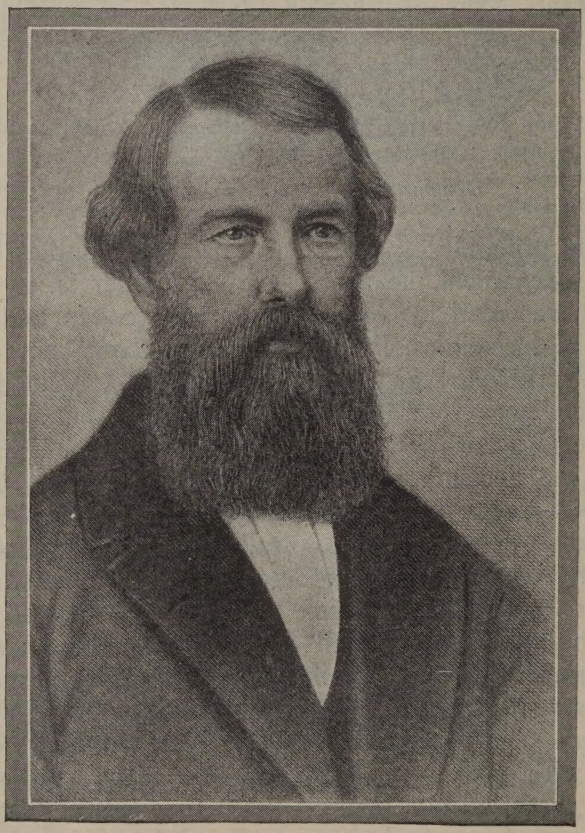
served by elevators. In other words, the elevator has reversed the oldtime ratio between the height of buildings and their rental value, and has, therefore, multiplied land values accordingly.

Oddly enough, we Americans (the millions of us, for instance, who use elevators every working day in New York City) have become so accustomed to mechanical miracles that we take the modern elevator for granted.

Of course it was not always like this.

There was a time, only seventy-five years ago, when land in our cities was cheap, buildings were small, and people looked with eyes of fear upon any device designed to get them off the ground. Since time immemorial they had been accustomed to traveling horizontally — not vertically; their instinct and inclination was to travel, to expand, laterally, as indeed they had been doing for thousands of years. Nor was there much incentive then—since America had more land than she knew what to do with—to encroach upon and to have habitation in the space *above* this land. There had, of course, been experiments with elevators, as distinguished from hoists; and there had been accidents. There was mention in current periodicals of "elevator perils," and no one gave elevator transportation more than a passing thought.



Elisha Graves Otis

Then came a change. The year 1852 brought the first *safe* elevator. In what was then a little town, Yonkers, resting on the Hudson not far from New York City, Elisha Graves Otis, a Vermonter, designed the first hoisting mechanism in which the main hazard of accident was eliminated. In the following year, after President Pierce had officially opened the Crystal Palace Industrial Exposition on the site where Bryant Park now adjoins the New York Public Library, Mr. Otis exhibited a model of this hoist with the safety device he had invented. It was a hoist, and there had been hoists for ages, steam hoists for many years. But this hoist, plus the safety device, comprised the first *safe* elevator.

In view of what we know today, this turned the corner; made the elevator, as distinguished from the hoist, a practicality. It was the first milestone in the progressive improvement of elevators extending through all of three quarters of a century. This first elevator consisted of a platform, moving between guides, which would come to rest if the hoisting ropes should break. It was the first of all

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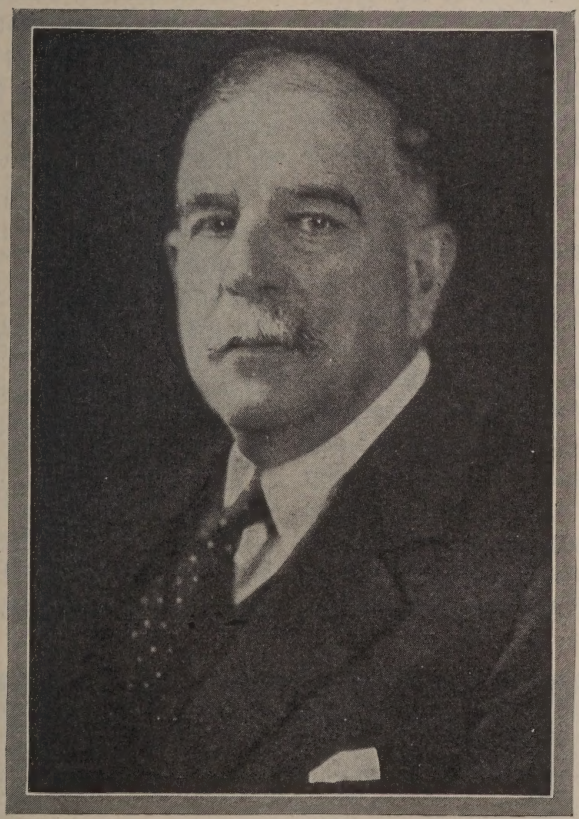
mechanical safety devices designed to function *automatically* to safeguard human life—Mr. Otis may therefore be deemed the father of the Safety First Movement as well as the father of the elevator. Moreover, his safety device was the first brake ever contrived to operate automatically in time of emergency only when activated by difference in potential; therefore it may be considered the predecessor of the airbrake, which came fourteen years later.

To interested groups, Mr. Otis — obviously a salesman as well as an inventor— gave practical demonstrations of the safety of his elevator in his shops. He stood on the platform, had it run up; finally, at a signal, had an assistant cut the rope supporting him. But the elevator did not fall. To the contrary, an old print shows him waving his hand triumphantly, exclaiming, "All safe!"



William Delavan Baldwin

Thus the first chapter of elevator history came to a successful close.

II

THE second chapter of this history was largely concerned with the early development of the new invention. And during this time the business thus started grew into the Otis Brothers & Company, a partnership formed by Mr. Otis' two sons, after their father died in 1861. In those early days there were many questions to be solved. At first, the power used was steam; and then, later, hydraulic. However, steam proving rather unsatisfactory, in the late 'sixties, various experiments were tried with different types of hydraulic elevators but it was not until the late 'seventies that the vertical type of geared hydraulic elevator was put on the market by Otis Brothers & Company. The old Stevens Hotel at Eleventh Street, New York City, has the honor of being the first building to be thus equipped.

This new vertical type was immediately recognized by engineers and architects as a solution of high-speed elevators operated by hydraulic power (this was, of course, in the days before electricity). It consisted of a cylinder of moderate length, with piston, placed vertically in, or adjacent to, the hatchway; and attached to this piston were sheaves over which the cables passed and thus moved the car. The system proved so satisfactory that owners immediately began to erect taller buildings because they found that they could safely and easily transport people and goods to much higher levels than

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formerly, and that it paid. Water pressures were also rapidly increased (usually by means of pumps in the buildings) and many improvements were made in the controling system of the car. In this way, higher speeds, with safety, were made available.

This introduction of the geared hydraulic elevator caused a considerable increase in the elevator business and warranted extensions to the Otis plant. Just prior to this time, the first building of the present Otis factory in Yonkers was erected. This was in 1864, and it is interesting to know that this building still forms a small unit of the present plant.

In 1887 Otis Brothers & Company installed the first successful electric elevator in America, and, by the way, it remained in continuous service for thirty-five years. This type was provided with drums on which the hoisting cables were wound. But it had inherent limitations. It was not a high-rise elevator, for one thing, and its speed was limited to 400 feet a minute. For a time, therefore, the old hydraulic elevator went on performing its mission in the highest buildings until 1904 when the Otis organization, which has originated or developed or at any rate sponsored every important innovation of the long history of the elevator, produced the first gearless traction elevator, installed it in the Majestic Theatre Building in Chicago and again turned a corner in the history of the industry.

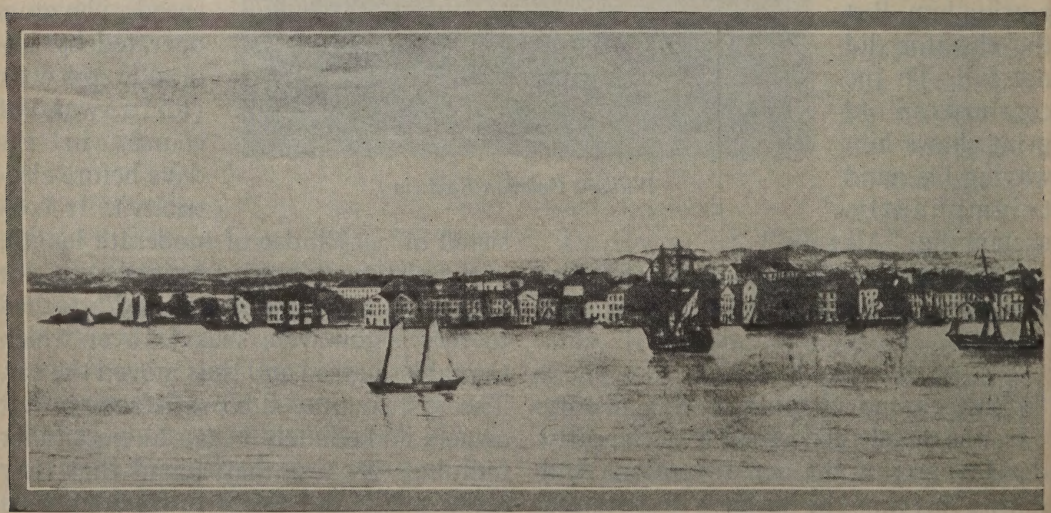
This new type was possible only because the Otis organization had taken over, developed and sponsored the first low-speed electric motor.

Meanwhile, toward the end of the century, steel produced in quantity at low cost, thanks in the main to the invention of the Bessemer converter, came to be.

Architecture new in kind came to be. Horizontal transportation — railroads, steamboats, electric trolleys, even the automobile—increased the numbers in our great centers. New York, surrounded by a band of tidal water, and Chicago, where nearly everyone wanted to be in The Loop surrounded by its bands of steel, along with many other cities, mounted resolutely upward.

So the skyscraper—not of ten stories but of many more—came to be.

So the modern city came to be.



New York City in 1798, before the elevator

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III

DECIDEDLY the greatest era of the elevator, and of city development too, has been the last quarter century.

All that preceded this era was, in a sense, only by way of preparation. The skyscraper, economically and in other ways inevitable, had been demonstrated as both necessary and practical. It had vastly increased property values. It had provided a new concept of what city offices and city homes might be, incidentally saved a vast deal of shoe leather, and beyond question established the elevator, the highway of the high building as the primary factor in city change and growth.

Naturally, this series of developments all had the effect of giving much impetus to the business, and there gradually appeared many competitors in the field. Several of them had designs and patents covering important features, and all claimed advantages for their particular design. As this situation developed, it became apparent that much benefit would accrue to both the manufacturer and the public if some of these various elevator organizations could be brought together and be unified under one head, thus giving the group sufficient capital to carry on the much needed work of research, invention and experiment.

In 1898, through the initiative and pioneer spirit of Mr. William Delavan Baldwin, then an officer of Otis Brothers & Company, a number of these independent concerns were brought together, using the Otis Company as a nucleus. Thus was formed the present Otis Elevator Company. This new corporation, with its added power and resources, assumed from the start, under the leadership of Mr. Baldwin as President, an unique position toward the industry and toward the public.

This amalgamation gave Mr. Baldwin and his associates the vehicle whereby a great and unique organization was built up and devoted to the gathering together of many patents and improvements in the elevator art. Thus gradually was evolved that miracle of American invention and practical mechanics, known to-day as the modern elevator, a thing full of meaning to the whole world.

In the long run this amalgamation accomplished two great results:

"called the tall buildings into existence"

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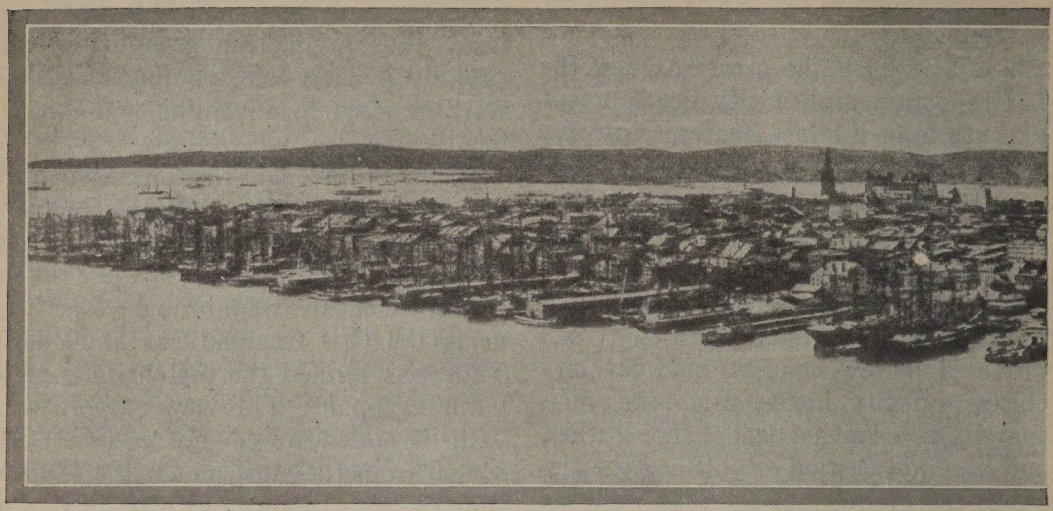
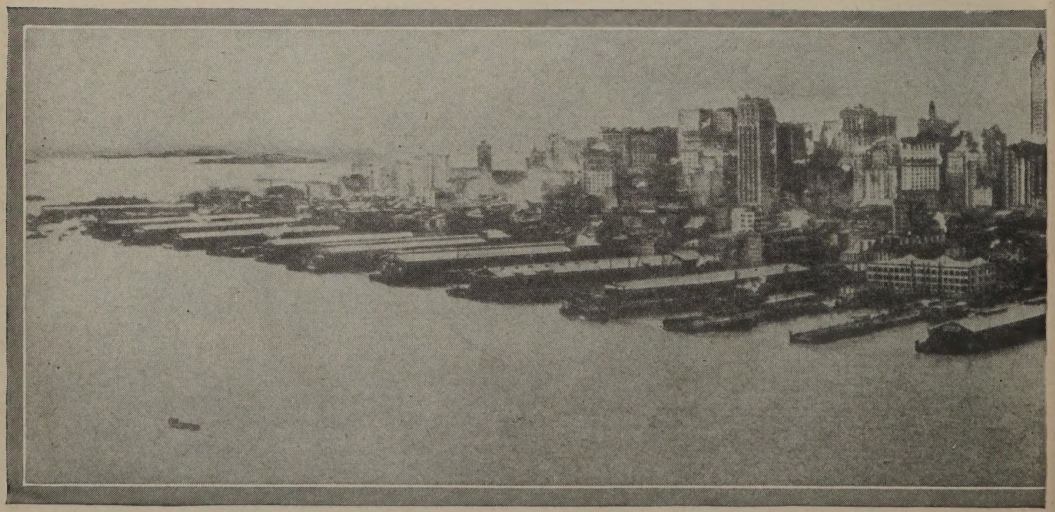


A generation after Elisha Graves Otis invented

(1) It made the Otis Elevator Company what it has ever since been—a central gathering point at which the best engineering and managerial brains could be assembled. It provided funds and authority for one of the first of our great industrial laboratories, made of this company a kind of scientific institution, a kind of Bureau of Standards. And if we had an endowed scientific institution with a public-service record comparable to the Otis record, every writer would proudly take his turn in discovering new meaning therein. One would have long before this stressed the sense of responsibility for elevator safety that prevails in Otis laboratories, offices, and shops. Another would have demonstrated that scientific superiority accounts largely for Otis success. And it would mean much to others that in the emergency of a war we had to win, our Government turned to this Company for help and that the Otis micro-drive or self-leveling



The same skyline in 1908, *ten years after Wm. D. Baldwin and his associates*

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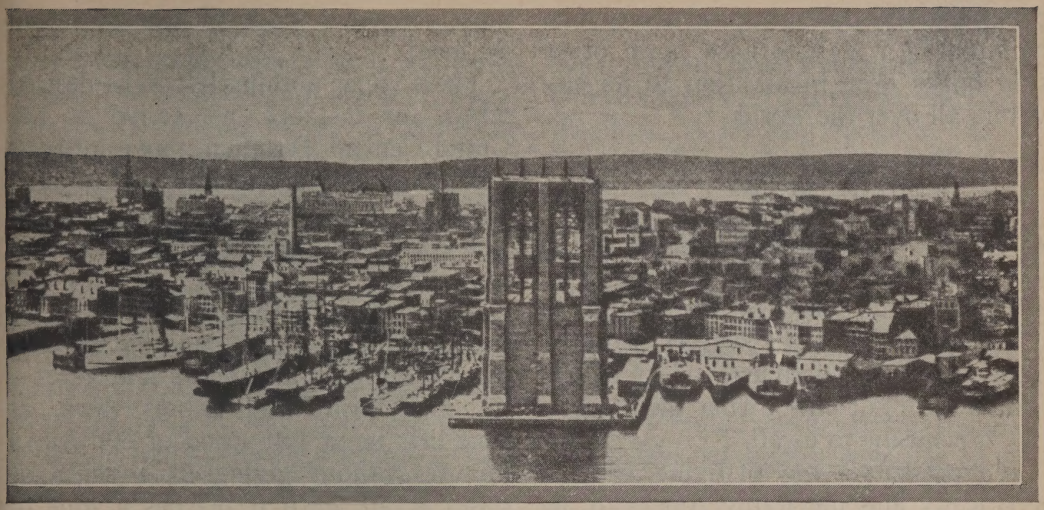

the first safe elevator. New York City in 1876

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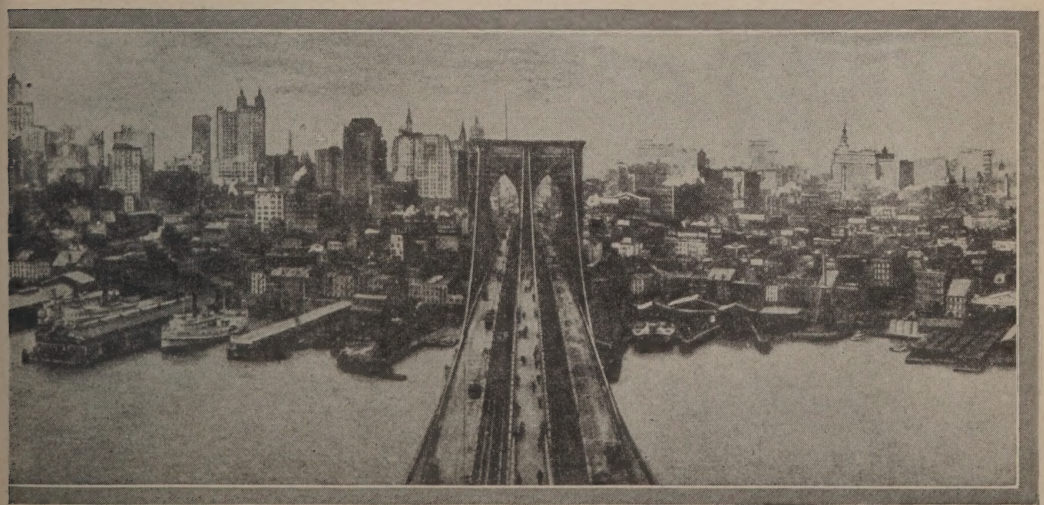
elevator is the outgrowth of machines designed for use on minelaying ships and for freight service in the large Army and Navy base warehouses at New York, Boston, and elsewhere.

(2) It made what had been a one-man business, then a partnership, then a corporation, into a world business. Mr. Baldwin, the first president and still chairman and directing head, personified the larger vision of the type of administrative genius that has made our greatest industries what they are. In America alone there are now more than 130,000 Otis elevators in use and every city skyline we have is an Otis skyline. Our escalators, or moving stairways, first exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1900 and now of wide use and value in department stores, theatres, subways, factories and wherever large numbers of people are to be carried short distances, are exclusively Otis in design and production. The company also produces a



set out to make the elevator "full of meaning to the whole world"

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comprehensive line of spiral conveyors, ammunition, blast-furnace and other skip hoists used in addition to its elevators all over the world.

IV

SHORT of a popular-science book which this scientific institution is altogether "too scientific" to indulge, it is impossible even to suggest, save in terms of a few consequences such as the evolution of our cities, what the modern elevator means to us all.

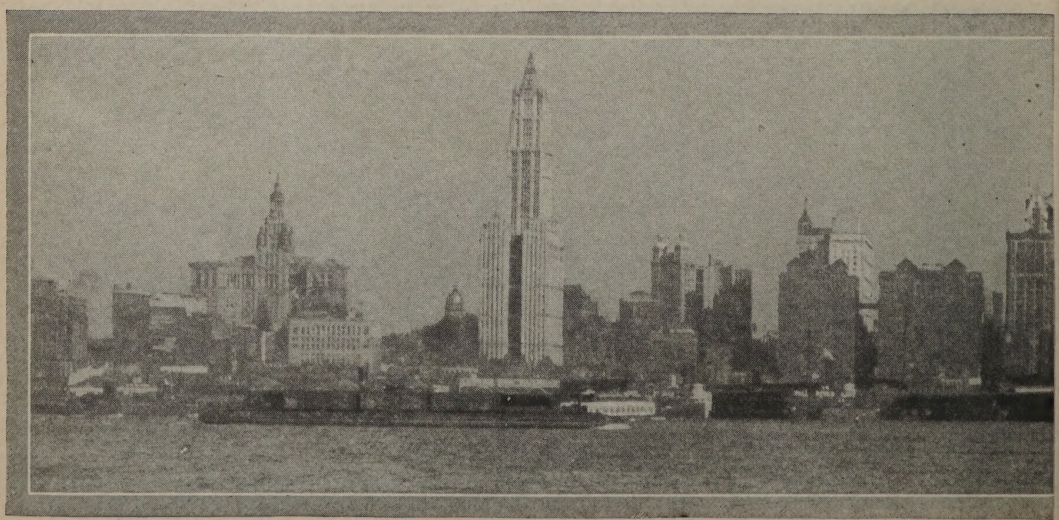
It represents a way of living, characteristically and inevitably American, in which contacts between people (and they are the life of trade) are facilitated and the city is for its millions made more endurable and certainly more healthful.

It reflects the challenge of horizontal transportation and has saved us from the dreary, footsore spectacle of interminable city areas on which somehow we would have to travel farther, accomplish less and see less than anywhere on earth except on a prairie. Personally, I cannot follow the argument of those who prefer subways, the elevated, and trolleys to the safest, most economical and most congenial mode of transportation we have.

There seems nothing left to be desired when, for instance, we arrive at the Grand Central Terminal, move into the adjoining foyer of the Graybar Building, find one of many cars waiting for us. The guard says, "Floor, please." We answer, "Thirty."

He touches a button marked "30." By the mere pressure of a finger he initiates the closing of safety doors and gates—the mechanism itself closes them, at once lifts us at full speed of 800 feet a minute without giving us a sense of speed at all, until it reaches a zone of from twelve to twenty-four inches above or below any landing signified by a passenger on board or by someone else touching a button in a hall. And there, at a landing approached at high but comfortable speed, this Otis elevator, this "Almost Human Elevator" with Otis signal control and the micro or self-leveling device, slows itself, makes its own stop, holds itself exactly level with the landing, while its cargo is unloaded or increased, its doors and gates are closed and it is again on its way.

Signal control, by which we give this



The "Otis Skyline" of 1927, "the finest union of architecture

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marvelous mechanism a mandate to stop, and it can do not otherwise, is a story in itself. The self-leveler is another. Here, though, it remains for us to remember when we ride on such an elevator, see a self-leveler used for freight or see the department-store type with its guard free to assist and direct women and children, that these improvements have turned another corner in elevator history. Before Otis engineers perfected them there was no gain in time in having elevators rated over 700 feet a minute; there was a loss, rather, in terms of unpleasantness to passenger. They have changed the skyscraper equation once more—that equation governing the practical height of buildings in specified locations, which architects present, for safe and paying solution, to Otis engineers.

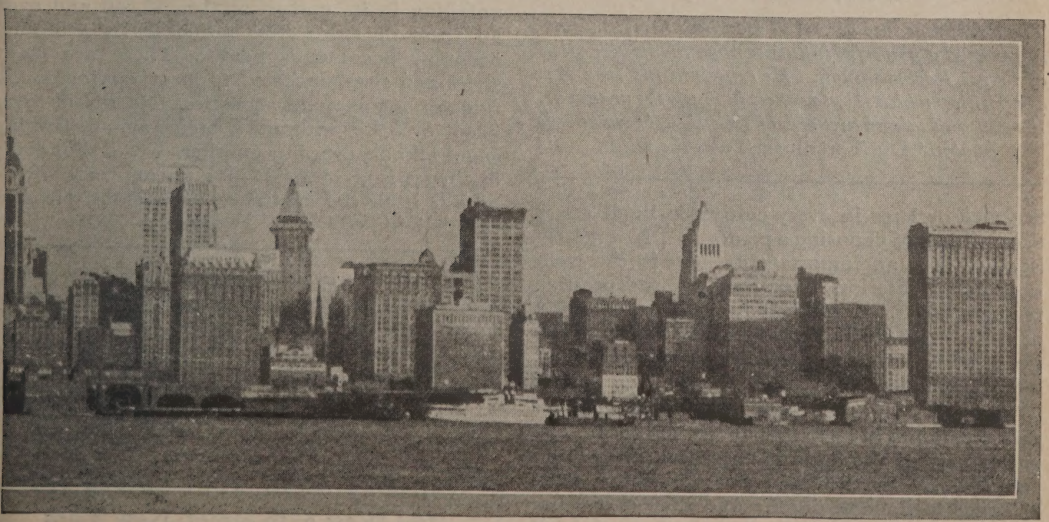
So the race by vertical transportation to meet the challenge of horizontal transportation goes on, with collective automatic control for elevators in modern apartment buildings and other solutions of every elevator need and problem.

Safety has been the ideal of this company through three fourths of a century. Safety implies structural dependability; therefore, in its own factories the Otis Elevator Company makes practically all of its own materials. In chemical and physical laboratories it scrupulously tests them. Its shops display a veritable passion for precision. And in its own experimental towers it tests its own designs. Then, in addition, since the modern elevator is probably the most intricate and refined mechanism in existence, it provides, at almost nominal cost, in virtually every large city of the world, service, even maintenance, of its products.

Now strengthen the situation by an accumulation of seventy-five years of continuous experience.

Sustain that by the highest available order of technical and managerial skill.

Then you can understand, even if you are not at the moment in the market for an elevator, why all city skylines all over the world are Otis skylines.



and industry, of beauty and utility that we have"

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STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

ISLE OF THE DEAD *by* ARNOLD BÖCKLIN

Reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

The dark, macabre beauty of Böcklin's famous painting exerted a powerful influence upon the imagination of Sergei Rachmaninoff. He conceived the idea of a composition which should reflect in music the grandeur, the still and solemn mystery, of Death. His symphonic poem, "Die Toteninsel," *was the result.*

SOONER or later in every cultivated home arises the problem of choosing a piano. . . . Not merely because it is an important element in the well-considered interior. Not only for the prestige which it gives. But chiefly for that joy of actual creation—that thrill of personal relationship with good music—which one feels at the keyboard of a fine instrument.

There is only one piano capable of yielding this experience in its richest and fullest form. The superiority of the Steinway has been recognized for 70 years by the great ones of music, from Wagner to Rachmaninoff. And their choice has been reflected from generation to generation, all over the world, in many thousands of homes. When it is considered that a Steinway will be unfailing in its perfect service 30, 40 and even 50 years or more after purchase, its profound economy becomes apparent. There are many styles and sizes, designed to meet varying conditions of income and acoustics. No music-lover need ever be without a Steinway—or having acquired one, ever buy another. . . . For every Steinway is a musical investment; each holds within itself the assurance of lifelong pleasure and delight.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

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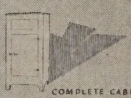

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FRIGIDAIRE
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FINANCIAL ADVERTISING

ONE of the distinctive features of this magazine is its financial advertisements—announcements of banks and investment houses.

Certain daily newspapers are distinguished in their field as leaders in financial advertising, but this magazine holds a quite individual position, for while a local newspaper's advertisements are mainly of its own city's banks and bond houses and represents usually only one financial market, this magazine contains advertisements of commercial and investment bankers in a number of cities, and thus represents a national financial market. Our readers find enterprising banks in New York, Cleveland, New Orleans, Baltimore, and Boston offering their various services; also members of the Investment Bankers Association of America in a dozen cities making suggestions along the line of seasoned investments; members of the New York Stock Exchange offering their services in the buying and selling of high-grade listed stocks and bonds; also, leading specialists in several cities in the field of real estate mortgage bonds; and some of the largest public utility organizations, whose securities occupy such a prominent place among investments; as well as certain statistical concerns, whose technical advice and information are of great value.

This shows how broad is the opportunity today for the selection of one's investments and suggests how limited it was only a few years ago. Then, United States Government and railroad bonds and local mortgages were the mainstays of investment. Interest rates were low. The need for money in other fields of endeavor, speeded up by the World War, brought other securities to the market-place competing for money. Interest rates rose and there came a condition of real competition among bankers and their securities for the funds of the people.

Today, we have the embarrassment of riches. It is now a matter of searching around for particular investments. No doubt about the quantity or variety. Investors seek diversification among United States and foreign government bonds; railroad bonds and stocks; municipal bonds; industrial securities; among public utilities in leading companies and in holding and operating organizations; in real estate mortgage bonds and notes; and in the newest element, investment trusts. Investors surely cannot say that there is not enough to choose from. Even each particular field in itself offers opportunity for diversification of holdings. In "governments" one can scatter one's investments throughout North America, South America, Europe, Asia, and even out to Australia. In municipals, one can buy bonds representing every section of the United States. In public utilities, there is even a wider opportunity for dividing one's risks; and in real estate bonds, offerings in a dozen States await one's examination. Thus, one can take one's choice in diversification and do well whether among various fields or in a single field of investment.

There is also this difference in today's investment and banking business as compared with a generation ago: It is much easier to secure reliable information and advice. There is a literature on the subject, including ably-written and easily-read books, and in the very largest banks and bond houses, as well as in smaller ones, there are always competent men ready and willing to consult with visitors, just as their correspondence departments are prepared to advise with and to handle the investment problems of investors who may live near or far, but who do not have the opportunity of going to the offices.

Banks and investment houses which are accepted as advertisers in this magazine are recommended to our readers.

No. 2 in this series will be "How To Buy Investments"

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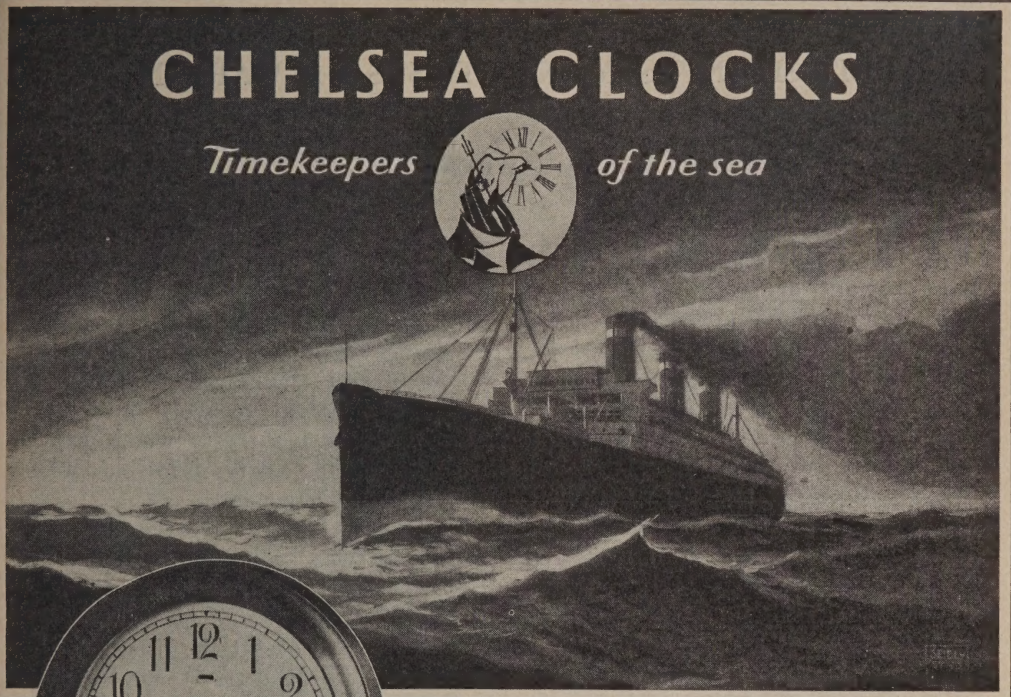
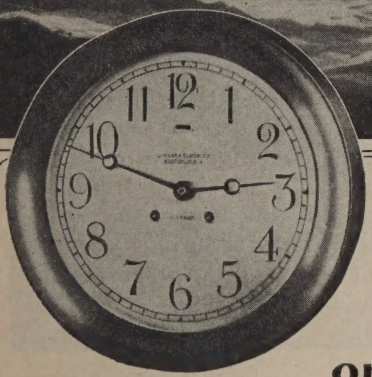
Timekeepers *of the sea*





We make ships clocks of all types for all classes of boats from small pleasure craft to men-of-war.

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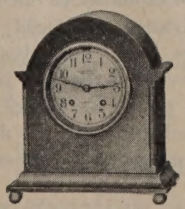
Choose a Chelsea Clock for a gift. Select the design suited to the room where it will be Time's faithful servant.

Chelsea Clocks are sold by leading jewelers or write us for descriptive folders. Chelsea Clock Company, Boston, Massachusetts, Makers of House and Marine Clocks.

A Sheraton design in a statuary bronze finished mantel clock may be had with either ships bells or regular strike.



An Adam design mantel clock finished in statuary bronze may be had with ships bells or regular strike.

BRITISH INVESTMENT TRUSTS — A WARNING

BY EDGAR LAWRENCE SMITH

THE investment trust, conservatively managed and definitely committed to a sound investment purpose, offers the investor an opportunity to diversify his holdings and to secure the benefit of constant, informed supervision of his resources. But there is nothing magic in the words 'investment trust' which will protect him; and, with new trusts coming on the market every day, it may be worth while to review a period when British investment trusts underwent trial by fire.

In the years 1888 and 1889, a situation arose in England somewhat parallel to that which is developing in America. It was a time when the British Government was converting a part of its public debt, as our Government is now doing, and when security prices had displayed a sustained upward movement similar to that which we have been experiencing. Because of this interesting parallel, and further because, in nearly every prospectus describing a new investment trust, reference is made to the success of British and Scottish investment trusts as a reason for subscribing to the new offering, it seems appropriate to quote briefly from comments made at intervals in the London *Economist* during the years from 1889 to 1896.

These quotations can do no more than call the reader's attention to a situation which deserves the closer study of bankers contemplating the formation of investment trusts and of investors who wish to discriminate between trusts in which they can have confidence and those which are more likely to suffer the unfavorable consequences that befell some of the less conservative of the British trusts.

The articles quoted were written during three phases of an investment trust 'craze': first, a period of enthusiasm; second, a period of disillusionment and trouble; and third, a period of gradual recovery for the more conservative trusts which had held closer to sound principles of investment management.

Enthusiasm for the creation of investment trusts broke out in London in 1888, and in 1889 it became epidemic. The *Economist* of April 6, 1889, referred to the 'boom' in trust companies, as investment trusts are called in England, tabulating 19 companies, with a capital of £25,075,000, organized in the first three months of that year, compared with 15 companies, with a capital of £9,500,000, organized in the whole year of 1888. The article continues: —

> Of the above companies nearly all have met with a large amount of public support. . . . But although successful with the public, the companies have not, in some cases, been able to make a very favorable start in business, for they have followed so fast upon each other's heels that they have experienced great difficulty in purchasing proper investments. The supply of really sound securities is in many directions so very limited that any decided increase in the demand at once causes a considerable advance in prices. . . . Indeed, so rapid has been the advance that it is stated several of the new trusts have been unable to effect purchases, and are now rather doubtful as to the direction in which their money shall be invested.

In the issue of January 31, 1891, some apprehension is expressed, with particular reference to underwriting trusts: —

—for broader markets

Investors from every walk of life in every part of the country buy bonds from The National City Company. These investors provide a broad resale market when any one of them wishes to dispose of any part of his holdings.

Offices in fifty investment centers—a nation-wide clientele whose buying power is tremendous—these help to explain why bonds sponsored by this Company usually give such a good account of themselves marketwise. Our office in your section puts you in touch with this broad market.

The National City Company

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OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES · INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES · INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS

Where a trust company announces 5 per cent, 6 per cent, or 7 per cent, — as some of them are doing on their deferred shares, — there may be reasonable grounds for anticipating that such rates may be continuous, especially if the capital is for the greater part placed in moderately well-selected securities. But if the bulk of that capital is kept for underwriting new companies the time must come when the trust will be saddled with securities it cannot sell, and then its profits must come down to the prosaic level, or, worse still, losses may be incurred by holding depreciated investments. We have nothing to say against the principle of a well-conducted trust. If the investments be well-selected, sufficiently distributed, the working charges be kept down within moderate limits, and the leech-like founders are not allowed to suck the lifeblood out of the concern, there is a good field for trusts which shall average dividends and enable small shareholders to obtain a good security and fair interest. But underwriting companies, however powerful they may be, offer an investment, or risk, of a totally different character.

As yet, investment trusts in America have not to any great extent taken the form of underwriting companies such as are here referred to, though trusts closely affiliated with banks or houses of original issue, and operating under charters or indentures containing no restrictions against the acquisition of securities sponsored by their organizers, stand in some danger of being used as repositories for securities which might otherwise abide overlong upon the shelves of the parent concern.

But even the less speculative British trusts fared ill in these earlier years, for they appear not to have kept any part of their resources liquid during a protracted period of high security prices. Says the *Economist* for May 2, 1891:

> It has now been made very evident that the trust companies would, as a whole, have fared much better if, instead of buying in 1889 at the top of the wave, they had simply let their funds lie idle until the present time, and gone in for their securities when the inevitable drop had followed. Instead of that, they operated when securities were sustained by the glamour cast over them by a previous long-continued rise, and combined together so as to carry that rise still further. Even when the investors began to hold back, they still went on, and the result is that, when they were so full up that they could absorb no more, prices came down with a run, and they must now hold on in the hope of a recovery at some future time. . . . Whereas even twelve months back practically the whole of these companies stood at a premium in the market, many at a high premium, as we write the majority are at a discount, and only those which were early in the field and began buying before the rise had taken full effect are at a premium.

By February 4, 1893, the commentator in the *Economist* had evidently reached the point of despair. He writes:

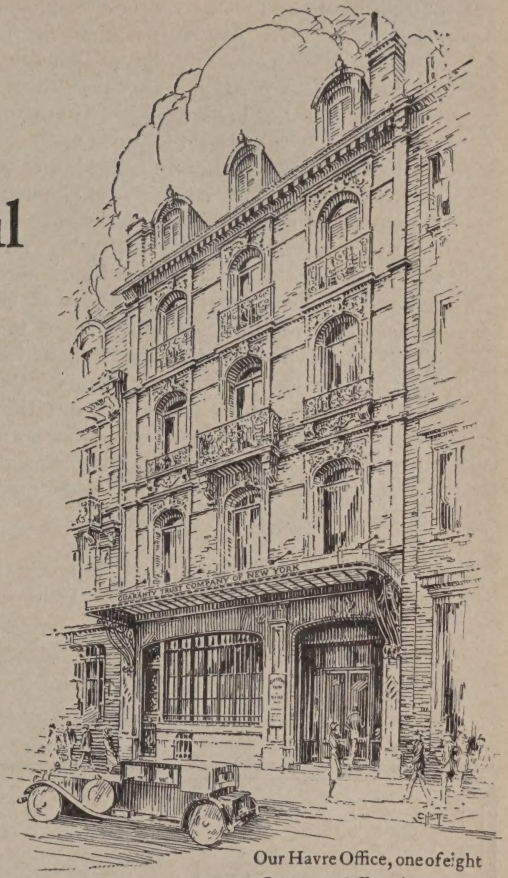
> Of many of the trust companies which were formed in such rapid succession a few years ago, when the mania for this form of joint-stock enterprise was rampant, it may be said with truth that, having sown the wind, they are now reaping the whirlwind. Week after week evidence accumulates, proving only too forcibly that those responsible for the management of these trusts have based no inconsiderable part of their operations upon false principles, with the inevitable result that, after a more or less brief period of apparent prosperity, losses and difficulties have arisen, and unless greater foresight and ability is displayed in the future than has been shown in the past, it is highly probable that collapses of a disastrous kind will take place.

It may be recorded that a number of serious collapses did take place, principally, however, among the underwriting trusts and those whose managers were compensated by sharing disproportionately in profits over and above a normal return to their investors.

Thus closed the second act of the somewhat melodramatic performance of British investment trusts in the years 1888 to 1893. Three years elapse before the happier ending of the third act is recorded in the *Economist* of May 23, 1896: —

> It is satisfactory to observe that the upward movement in prices of trust securities generally, which went on more or

When Resourceful Service Meant Saving Money



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ONE of our customers recently had proved to him the value of a banking connection that affords resourceful service in the unusual situations that are inevitable from time to time.

A firm in Europe had accepted only part of a cotton consignment shipped by our client, who was then faced with the serious problem of disposing of the remainder.

Through one of our European branches we negotiated a sale to another firm on terms satisfactory to our customer, and attended to the collection of proceeds for him.

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Guaranty Trust Company of New York

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less intermittently during the second half of 1894 and the first half of last year, has since made more regular progress, for it shows that the companies have, as a rule, improved their positions, and that investors are exhibiting more confidence in them. Only a few years ago the very name of trust had come to be a byword and a reproach. . . . There were, of course, honorable exceptions; but the stocks of even the soundest and most ably administered of the trust undertakings were more or less depreciated. . . . Many of the companies are still suffering from the effects of the ill-judged policy with which they commenced operations; but in the majority of instances the evil reputation which clung to them for a while has been successfully lived down; the investment part of the business has been consolidated and cultivated.

The final outcome for those trusts which survived the storm of 1893 in Great Britain has been a long career of valuable service to thousands of investors. Let us hope that the organizers of the ever-increasing number of investment trusts which are being presented to the American public will read deeply into the record of this period of British trust-company history, and will take pains to insert in their trust indentures restrictions against their own and their successors' activities, so framed as to make impossible a repetition of the unfortunate experiences which befell the directors and investors in some of the British trusts organized under the spell of enthusiasm.

But restrictions alone will not provide sound management. There must be sincerity and a conscientious aim on the part of directors to protect the values entrusted to their care, rather than any ambition to reap large and quick profits through the control and manipulation of capital belonging to others. A clear-sighted investor examining the descriptive circulars of newly formed trusts will be able to identify those in which he may safely invest.

The Reserve Income

BUSINESS men and women should have a second or reserve income distinct from that of their earnings—to offset business reverses or declining earning ability, and to purchase comfort when they retire.

The income from a reserve fund of sound investment securities is the *best* bulwark against these ever-present possibilities. *Start now to build your reserve income.*

Our monthly list of Investment Suggestions will help you . . . . Ask for folder, A-10

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Largest manufacturers of high grade radio in the world—$100 to $2500

Western United States prices slightly higher

Licensed only for radio amateur, experimental and broadcast reception

MUSIC AND RADIO

A Few Comments On The Approaching Season

THE closer and improved relation between the radio and good music in practically all its forms inclines music lovers everywhere to regard with much interest the opening of the Fall and Winter radio season.

In the comparatively short period of time since broadcasting has been developed sufficiently to reach multitudes of listeners, the general appreciation of good music in this country has become much more pronounced.

The educational possibilities of radio in the music field are rapidly pushing themselves forward in the consciousness of the public. One pertinent indication of this is the ever increasing demand for better music. The population as a whole is being educated to appreciate good music and, with all due allowance to other and strong contributing factors, this can be credited to a large extent to the radio.

This growing appreciation of good music is being reflected in various ways. For instance, in the very greatly increased demand all over the country for phonograph records of the finest music recorded, both vocal and instrumental. True, the recent great improvements in the phonograph itself as well as in methods of recording are largely responsible for this, but evidence is not lacking that a fair share of credit is also due the radio.

So far as radio music is concerned, there is an increasing demand for classical music, and much of the so-called lighter music that is being broadcast is of the light opera and light classical type.

There is, too, every indication that the radio programs to be broadcast throughout the coming season are to reach higher levels of worth while entertainment than ever before. Millions will listen to great symphony orchestras throughout the country, grand opera stars, and hundreds of other highly gifted singers and musicians interpreting the finest compositions of the greatest composers, past and present.

Assured of such fine programs and of the greatly improved reception that has been brought about by federal regulation of broadcasting stations, interest centers more and more upon the latest and most improved receiving equipment now available.

Hundreds and thousands who will attend the great radio shows in New York and elsewhere this fall cannot fail to realize the great improvements and refinements that have been achieved within a few short years in radio receivers and their accessories. Today it is possible to choose from receivers that insure very high quality of reception, the minimum of care and attention in operation, compactly and durably built and attractively designed. Indeed, the beautiful containing cabinets that have been specially fashioned for them leave little to be desired by those who wish to make their radio an ornamental as well as highly enjoyable addition to their home.

Attractive appearance is, of course, an important point. But the first essential in buying a radio, as in buying a phonograph, a piano or any other musical instrument, is to be sure first of all of its fine tonal qualities. And this is especially important to all who would enjoy to the utmost the wealth of fine musical entertainment that will so strongly feature the coming season.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER 1927

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1927

THE QUESTION OF THE WOMEN'S COLLEGES

BY

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I

STEP by step with the recognition of the place of woman in the community has grown the need for educating her for that place. During the last two generations her right to the opportunities of higher education has been admitted, and institutions have sprung up to provide them. These institutions have now reached a crisis in their history which challenges the attention of anyone interested in the progress of our national culture.

There are seven such colleges alike enough in history, in development, and in present interests to be pondered on and discussed by their friends as a unit, and a composite picture of them may be used to illustrate the general situation in which many others share. They are not far from one another, four in Massachusetts, the other three within a radius of a hundred miles of New York, all in the northeastern corner of the country. Their nearness in age corresponds with their geographical nearness. Though Mount Holyoke's history as a seminary begins just short of a hundred years ago, as colleges they are none of them far from fifty: Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley have passed the half-century line; Radcliffe, Bryn Mawr, and Barnard will cross it shortly. And as they all of them represented the same period of American educational history in their founding, they arose from not dissimilar conditions and dealt with the same difficulties.

For the early years at least they made bricks with little straw. They had first to create their clientele, for communities on the whole looked on at the initial processes of this new education with little sympathy and no imagination, and discreet parents hesitated to trust their daughters to so untried a venture. The girls' schools and seminaries of the day had devised their own courses of study to prepare their pupils for careers as wives or maiden aunts with perhaps a year's fling at teaching; and it was a slow process either to persuade the older schools to change their ways or to encourage new schools which should lay the foundation for a further defined and difficult course and leave the fewest possible chinks of

preparation unfilled. The problem of the choice of teachers in the new colleges was perplexing, and as a matter of fact variously met, for in some cases it was thought unwise, and it was often difficult, to secure men as teachers, and yet the number of women who could themselves direct the work of college students was limited. With time a kind of equilibrium was reached in all the colleges, and faculties of both men and women with substantial scholastic training were built up.[1] The early colleges had small endowments and could charge only small fees, with the result that teachers worked long and late for low salaries, and it was a slow and painful business to push up the original endowments so that there were more teachers more adequately paid. From the first no one of the colleges fought shy of the question of residence. All except the two city colleges, Radcliffe and Barnard, where a large fraction of the students lived in their own homes, built dormitories and brought their young women together; and this policy was of great advantage in adding to the formal training of the curriculum the wide education given by a common intellectual life outside the classroom or laboratory hour. In face of every difficulty of space or money the principle of the residence hall persisted.

With the original likenesses far outnumbering their differences, these seven women's colleges — and with them many others — have traveled on their fifty-year road. There has been no marked divergence on the way, and naturally enough they find themselves still at one in their situation and interests. There has been a fairly general conversion of the community. Many parents have concluded to educate their daughters at the same length and with the same thoroughness as their sons, and excellent schools, public and private, lay the foundations for college work. The original small endowments have been added to, and libraries and laboratories, as well as salaries, have been enlarged. Everywhere professional schools have been opened to properly trained women students. The hearts of communities have softened, bodies of alumnæ have grown up around each college, and each has made for itself friendships full of lively and generous interest. There is without question a glamour of temporal well-being around them all.

In reality, to the closer-seeing eye, beneath the glamour lie grave and immediate perplexities. The thoughtful friends of the colleges for women, who believe in their usefulness to the American community, and who see that this usefulness is ominously threatened, are themselves, as will be apparent, almost helpless in the matter. But they can at least set the situation as they see it before that community, concerned, as they believe it is, in the education of its women as well as its men.

II

In the seven colleges which are being used as roughly typical of all colleges for women, six hundred graduate students [2] and eight thousand undergraduates are studying. The latter, living in college halls as they do, form more or less compactly woven communities. Against this arrangement can be advanced the reproach of an artificially contrived life, but at least two great advantages can be set down in its favor. First, it provides an atmosphere in which hard and continuous mental work is possible. In each instance the college has established its own campus,

[1] Radcliffe drew and draws all its teaching staff from the Harvard faculty.

[2] Women graduate students in Columbia University register in the Graduate School, not in Barnard.

large or small, set its buildings together under the vines and fig trees it has planted, and thus ensured for the working days of the week a greater freedom from outside demands and from flickering momentary interests than can be possible in most homes. This advantage is not merely negative. In the hours rescued from interruption, hours which never appear on college schedules, it is possible for the student who wishes it to have many and rich contacts with the older scholars on the faculties as well as to plunge into discussion and feel the sharp goad of her contemporaries. Second, it brings the girl perforce into touch with a variety of human beings. The women's college is in every case the landlord of its shifting tenants. In not one has the sorority system with the sorority-controlled houses sprung up, bringing in its train — whatever its advantages may be — the disadvantages of the small intimate group with its limited responsibility in contrast to the wider interests and the democratic rubbing of elbows of the larger college community. The sex and age of the individuals in the community may be monotonous, but little else about them is. The students who live in these halls and come and go together from the classrooms and libraries and playing fields are drawn from a wide range. Mount Holyoke, Smith, and Wellesley, for example, all in a single New England state, draw respectively sixty, sixty-six, and seventy per cent of their students from states outside New England.[3] And wherever there is a graduate school the range is wider still.

Again, the students come into residence together from very varying conditions. Though the great mass are of that scripturally blessed class which has neither poverty nor riches, in the student body is represented every kind of American home. The girls have been variously prepared. Forty-seven per cent are products of the public schools all over the country, thirty-one and one-half per cent of private schools of an equally wide range, and twenty-one and one-half per cent of a combination of the two. A few have prepared themselves. In the last few years more students have presented themselves than could be properly housed, fed, or taught by a conscientious administration, and, from the waiting list of girls ready to enter, it has consequently become possible to make some kind of selection. The method of this selection varies. A majority of the women's colleges have set the entrance examination as an important factor in the choice, and all of them study the testimony available in the minutiæ of school reports, in the careful estimate of school faculties and principals, in personal interviews where possible, and in some form of mental test. No one of the colleges is entirely satisfied with its way of choosing, and every college tries incessantly to devise more accurate and satisfactory ways of choice.

With the students once admitted, and their own more direct responsibility begun, the women's colleges have tried to see that the work was well directed. With blood and sweat, presidents or faculty committees have tried to select for their faculties proved or potential scholars, and an effort has been made to make sure at the same time that these men and women are good teachers — that they have both the dream and the interpretation thereof. On the whole the struggle has availed. The teaching staff holds a dignified and important part in the government of the college, in the devising of the curriculum, and in establishing the experiments in learning and teaching

[3] About forty-five per cent of the undergraduate students at Harvard and about sixty per cent at Yale come from states outside New England.

by which the college is to grow in wisdom. Curricula are of late years forever in the melting pot. From the time of the great original experiment which was to prove that a woman could actually take a man's education, the women's colleges have never been afraid to experiment, though they have often had to look to their scanty resources and turn away from some tempting venture. The graduate schools of Radcliffe and Bryn Mawr, boldly established simultaneously with their undergraduate schools, at once made it possible for women to go beyond the limits of the first degree, and both colleges have made a generous number of fellowships and scholarships available. For ten years Wellesley has had a two-year course in physical education for young women already college graduates, which has set a standard for the teaching and practice of hygiene and physical training in schools for girls and colleges. Vassar's Department of Euthenics plans a completely new venture in the education of women to a particular end. Barnard's curriculum represents a bold step away from the old and rigid requirements of the academic college — none bolder, and an honors system is in operation at Smith which is far to the fore among the many plans of similarly experimenting colleges. Several of them have made noteworthy experiments in wider fields during the summer holidays of the college proper. Smith has a Graduate School for Social Work, begun as a part of its war service, but now holding an established position among institutions of its class; Mount Holyoke a school for the study of German, which is on the way to repeat for students and teachers what has already been done elsewhere for their confrères in French and Spanish. Vassar has established a summer Institute of Euthenics with a nursery school as its handmaid. Bryn Mawr has for six years given over its buildings to a summer school for a hundred women workers in industry, an eight weeks' session, which has proved one of the most interesting experiments in adult education in the country; and Barnard has opened a similar school for workers in New York City, young women who cannot leave their homes but can study in a nonresident school.

The libraries and laboratories of the women's colleges are equal to those of many colleges for men, and in some cases superior in their resources. The work of the students is not seasonal; the steady routine of the year is not broken in on by feverish periods of intercollegiate athletics. But beyond and above all in importance, both to the individual college and to the whole group of women's colleges in the country, is the fact that, with all individual exceptions allowed for, there is in general an understanding between the women's college and the student that she has come to work seriously at a long and arduous task which is important for her as an individual, but also important because she is to be later a member of a community to which she must make a serious contribution. Not only the casual comment of the male members of her family in the president's office, but the more deliberate judgment of members of the faculty or staff who exchange the coeducational university or the men's college for a chair in a women's college, testifies generously to this. The undergraduates now at work in the women's colleges are a good gamble educationally.

That is known best, perhaps, by those who see them most. The community knows more directly through its experience of their mothers or sisters, of the many thousands of alumnæ who have been trained where the few thousands of undergraduates are studying now, that the new generations are in

their turn to be an important group for the country at large. The day of these alumnæ, even in the oldest women's colleges, has not been a long one, and graduates of the first classes at Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith are still in evidence. But, in spite of its brevity, the record of the graduate has proved her intelligence, persistence, and public spirit. Of the professional women among the number the great majority have gone into teaching. Sixteen per cent of all Vassar and Bryn Mawr graduates are teaching this year;[4] twenty-five per cent of Barnard, Radcliffe, Smith, and Wellesley graduates, and from Mount Holyoke fifty per cent. Very many of these teachers, probably the greater number of them, are in public schools, but they make up in large measure the teaching staffs of the private schools in the East, and the headships of the private schools are largely in their holding. The progressive schools especially have attracted them, and in that scouting group they have contributed noteworthy experiments. They have from the beginning also taught in the college as well as the school. Naturally enough the teaching positions carrying the largest responsibilities of scholarship and the highest salaries are in the women's colleges themselves. Unfortunately for women and unfortunately, we make bold to think, for the institutions, but a small fraction of the places on the faculties of coeducational colleges and universities are filled by women; especially in the upper reaches few women are given appointments. And though the women's colleges have recognized that their students should be taught by men as well as women, the colleges for men have not yet ventured on this liberal attitude and there are no women on their faculties.

[4] Forty per cent of the holders of the Master of Arts or Doctor of Philosophy degree.

But the women's colleges have done much more than supply each other reciprocally with teachers or positions; they have not lived by taking in each other's washing. Scholars whose foundations were laid in the colleges for women have gone far afield in college teaching and administration. To illustrate from the seven colleges whose graduates are here particularly studied. It is not perhaps surprising that in other colleges, in many cases daughters of the older institutions, a president or dean or faculty member should have received her training at Mount Holyoke or Wellesley. Florida State College, Goucher, Hood, Knox, Lake Erie, Lake Forest, Mills, Milwaukee-Downer, the Pennsylvania College for Women, Russell Sage, Sweet Briar, the Western College for Women, Wheaton, all have president or dean trained in one of the seven colleges so often named. In the women's colleges directly connected with colleges for men, at Brown, at Rutgers, and at Tufts, the three deans have had this same training. The adviser of women in the School of Education at Harvard and in the Graduate School at Yale, at the Universities of Pennsylvania and Virginia, the deans at Swarthmore, Oberlin, Leland Stanford, Pomona, the Universities of California, Colorado, and Vermont, are alumnæ of the seven women's colleges. Three such alumnæ broke the ice to become the first deans of women at Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Cornell. But they have also gone outside the purely academic administration to which their own education more directly led. They have attacked other educational problems. The Dean of the Woman's Medical School in Philadelphia, of Simmons College, of the Margaret Morrison School of the Carnegie Institute, of the new Curtis Institute of Music, the Director of the Resident School for Women Workers in Industry,

of the Simmons School of Public Health Nursing, have all had the education of the academic college for women as their own foundation. Of the two newest experiments in colleges for women, Scripps in California and Sarah Lawrence in New York, Scripps is calling its new faculty largely from the women trained in women's colleges and Sarah Lawrence College has named a graduate of Vassar as its first president. The much talked-of Bennington experiment includes a curriculum drawn up by a member of the Wellesley faculty, now the head of a college preparatory school.

On all alumnæ lists of professional occupations the doctor follows the teacher, and the women in the great Eastern medical schools are largely recruited from these alumnæ. At the Cornell Medical School in 1926 twenty-one out of the thirty-eight women students were graduates of colleges for women, at Johns Hopkins twenty-three out of thirty-three, at the Physicians and Surgeons in New York forty-six out of fifty-four. At the School of Nursing at Yale University, which lays stress on the importance of a college degree, out of twenty-one students with degrees twenty came from women's colleges. In medicine, scientific research, journalism, social work, the arts, such names as Dr. Florence Sabin, Miss Annie J. Cannon, Mrs. Ogden Reid of the *Herald Tribune*, Miss Julia Lathrop, and Miss Theresa Helburn, Director of the Theatre Guild, represent a large number of college graduates of less fame but great usefulness.

III

The services of the alumnæ to their communities, whether formal or informal, whether through raising a profession or a family, are constant. There is no longer a cleavage between the married who have gone into the home and the unmarried who have gone into the professions, for the lines of separation no longer coincide. Among the women doing active and useful professional work are many who marry and have children, and an increasing number are still carrying on part- or whole-time jobs outside their own homes. One may say in passing that the proportion of married graduates of the colleges for women steadily if slowly increases. It has passed fifty per cent in almost all of the women's colleges and its trend is still upward.[5] Whether she is married or not, whether she is closely tied to a profession or not, the interest of the college graduate in the community is a keen and a generous one. Many names in such an organization as the League of Women Voters, from its president down, are to be found in the college alumnæ catalogues, and it is so with such boards as the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., the Foreign Policy Association, and so forth. The retiring chairman of the American Council of Education is a graduate and the present dean of Barnard; the chairman of the College Entrance Examination Board is a graduate of the Women's College of Brown and the president of Mount Holyoke College. The present president and a majority of the former presidents of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ and its successor, the American Association of University Women, have been graduates of the women's colleges. Through the country the alumnæ of women's colleges are serving on school boards and boards of health. They are somewhat cautiously making their way into politics and

[5] It is probably about the same among the sisters and cousins of college graduates who have themselves not spent the years between eighteen and twenty-two in college — that is, it is fairly representative of *all* the daughters of the families on college lists.

serving in legislatures and on state and national committees. They are good and responsible citizens. The only conspicuous group of committees from which not only the alumnæ of the women's colleges but women in general are absent is the boards of the great national foundations.

To those who have been closely concerned with the education of women it is natural that these colleges, which for fifty years have sent out such intelligent and socially minded graduates, should yield in importance to no other institutions or group of institutions. If women, the mothers and teachers of the next generation, are to have as good an education as their brothers, as solid, as intelligent, and as farseeing, then that education must be established so that it cannot slip backward. Further than that, it must be given every chance to advance without rigidity or restriction. The women's colleges must parallel the education offered, not by the mediocre colleges for men, but by the colleges which train men most efficiently, for, unless women are to be less seriously trained than men, the first rank must be the same for each.

It is precisely at this point that we meet the crux of the question confronting the women's colleges to-day. Are we in America prepared to admit the right of women to the same quality of educational opportunity as men? If we are, it follows that the institutions for women should receive financial support in proportion to the tasks laid upon them. Such support has not so far been given.

It would not, of course, be just to compare the endowments of colleges whose work is mainly undergraduate with those of universities which give graduate and professional training and undertake research on a large scale. But a comparison of the women's with the men's undergraduate college shows a large disproportion in invested funds. The largest of the women's colleges, for example, has endowments yielding annually less than one hundred and twenty dollars per student, compared with five hundred dollars enjoyed by its nearest neighbor among the men's colleges. The difference is made up by charging higher fees and by greater economy of operation. The fees have already been raised to the point where the number of students from the less well-to-do families is showing a serious decline. A substantial part of the income from increased fees has to be used for scholarships to retain our clientele even among the daughters of teachers, ministers, doctors, and other professional men on moderate salaries. It is from these classes that in our experience come the largest proportion of good minds. We need them to maintain the intellectual quality of the colleges, and it would be a great loss to the country if these girls could not be given the educational opportunities of which they make so excellent a use. We need them and their still poorer sisters to maintain the democracy which has always been a valuable element in our academic life. In spite of all our efforts the proportion of students from public high schools is steadily declining; and a relaxing of these efforts would speedily bring us to a situation in which ninety per cent of our students would come from expensive private schools. Such a result would be a calamity for all concerned.

The difference in per capita yield does not tell the whole story. In most of the men's colleges the housing problem is largely solved by fraternities and clubs, and there are no corresponding institutions in the group of women's colleges under discussion. Dormitories have to be built out of contributed funds, and their management increases the cost of administration. The present

cost of building is such that the return from rents makes them a poor investment. The money given for fraternity houses by alumni does not appear in the assets of the men's colleges, but it is in effect an additional endowment.

'Greater economy of operation' may not sound like pure loss, but it is necessary to see what it involves. Among the minor implications are restrictions on library and laboratory equipment, less opportunity for legitimate athletics, poorer apparatus, and less leisure for research on the part of the faculty. But the major implication is a smaller salary budget, involving a lower scale of salaries or fewer teachers or both. For the last ten years salaries in the men's colleges have been steadily rising, and, the supply of able teachers being strictly limited, this means more and more severe competition. The women's colleges have also increased salaries, partly by means of funds raised by alumnæ and a few generous outside friends and foundations, partly by means, as has been said, of higher fees. But the alumnæ are exhausted by their efforts, and the limit of higher fees has been reached for present economic conditions. We must, therefore, expect more and more to have our best men drawn away from us by our wealthier brothers.

What we are most concerned about is the quality of the intellectual life of our institutions. To maintain the present level, and still more to raise it, there must be money enough to retain our good scholars, to give them reasonable working schedules, to afford them time and resources for research and writing. Positions in the women's colleges must be made positively as well as comparatively attractive, and this to first-rate women as well as to men.

It is easy enough to see how the situation has come about. Most of the money in the country is in the hands of men, and those disposed to give or bequeath large sums to education naturally think first of their own colleges. Even when their fortunes are at the disposal of their widows, the alma mater of a husband or son is much more likely to benefit than a college for women. To thousands of families in which both husband and wife are college-bred, simultaneous appeals have come during these last seven years for contributions to a campaign. In how many cases has the wife's college fared as well as the husband's?

The question which we wish to raise is one of fair play. We have sketched the history and achievements of the colleges for women. They invite scrutiny and they can stand comparison. They are eager to go on, to develop, to experiment. The material which is being sent them in great numbers consists of the daughters of men who hold them as their dearest possessions. For their physical welfare and for their pleasures they lavish their means. For the training of their minds and the development of their personalities the provision they make, in comparison with that made for their brothers, is meagre and grudging. Do Americans believe in educating women or do they not? If they do, the question is one of justice rather than of chivalry.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

As it happens, within a span of not many months I have stood beside the graves of three Unknown Soldiers: one buried on the green slope of Arlington at Washington, one who rests beneath the stone flags of Westminster Abbey, and one buried in the middle of the swirling street traffic of the Place de l'Étoile in Paris. Italy also has her *milite ignoto*, and doubtless others lie in other lands whose troops took part in the Great War. Even making all allowance for the laws of imitation and the herd spirit which govern so much of our life to-day, this widespread honoring of the unknown dead is a phenomenon worth considering.

Man has always delighted to honor the great and those who have performed conspicuous service according to the ideas of their age and place. But now for the first time whole nations, and those the most enlightened, have come to honor the man of whom we know nothing, the Unknown Soldier. As a matter of unfortunate fact, the particular body may be that of one who fought the draft to the last ditch and was a slacker in service. That, however, is of course wholly irrelevant; for it is not really the Unknown Soldier who thus receives the almost religious adoration of his people, but the Common Man, for that is what he is intended to typify — the ordinary man who, willingly or unwillingly, served his country and, either because of the lack of a fortuitously happy combination of circumstances, or perhaps because of the lack of inherent ability, failed to make a known and notable record.

Of course, it may be claimed that what mankind is worshiping at this tomb is in reality 'the soul of the nation' or 'the totality of suffering and struggle and failure and death and victory.' But even if this is true, which I doubt, so far as the generality of the long line of worshipers is concerned, — ordinary folk who are not given to rising to abstruse reflections on patriotism, life, and death, — nevertheless the choice of the symbol remains unaltered. Heretofore throughout all history it has been the great leader who has symbolized a cause or a movement or an aspiration. *La Patrie* in France used to be worshiped in the pure and girlish figure of the Maid of Orleans. For that 'totality' of ideas and emotions and hopes for which Christianity has stood, it was Christ who was worshiped, not some 'Unknown Christian.' No, sublimate the idealism of that tomb as one will, the fact still remains that mankind has taken the unknown man, the common man, to symbolize to-day whatever lofty emotions may be aroused by that silent body; and the more lofty the idealists proclaim them, the more striking is the contrast between them and their symbol. In the century that has elapsed between the placing of the corpse of Napoleon beneath the dome of the Invalides and the burying of the unknown *poilu* beneath the Triumphal Arch, there has occurred the most mighty revolution in man's thought that he has ever known.

It has come, this honoring of the

symbolic unknown dead, to be a cult. The first thing that a distinguished foreigner must do on visiting the countries of these canonized Unknown is to go and place a wreath on the tomb, though the visitor himself may never have had anything to do with the war, already ten years past; nor need his visit have the remotest connection with anything military. It is about this unknown common man that the real religion of the present day is crystallizing. No one cares a rap whether the distinguished visitor honor the God of the country he is visiting by attending worship in any of its churches, but he *must* worship, wreath in hand and with bowed head and silent prayer, its Unknown Soldier, its common man.

In literature also the common man has become the hero. Rarely now does the serious drama depict a protagonist who by any stretch of the imagination can be considered a great character. We are more apt to find ourselves watching the insane rage of a ship's stoker or the marital complications of an utterly uninteresting and inconspicuous commuter in a New Jersey suburb. The men and women sung in our poetry mostly deserve just such epitaphs as they get in *Spoon River Anthology*. In fiction we have abandoned *Vanity Fair* to mingle with the drab and narrow inhabitants of *Main Street*.

This admiration for the undistinguished is a comparatively recent development. Of course the common man has for long been coming into his own — and some of ours — economically and politically, though perhaps he has not in reality got so far politically as he flatters himself that he has, save to muddy the waters. He has been steadily forcing himself on the world, but perhaps his most astounding achievement has been to force himself into the leading place in our arts and, at least our publicly avowed, admirations. It is a mistake to think that the Fathers of this Republic had any great regard for the common man as such. The tradition in that respect which his flatterers have tried to foist on the rest of us will not hold water. Here and there, indeed, were leaders ahead of their time, like Thomas Hooker, Roger Williams, or Thomas Jefferson, who believed in the common man and told him so. But for the most part the leaders in the 'great migrations' and the Revolutionary period, although they may have told him so, did not believe in him. In the colonizing days John Cotton and John Winthrop had about as much faith in democracy and the ability of the common people to govern themselves as had George the Third or Louis the Fourteenth later. Cotton Mather, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, in a fit of spleen spoke of his plebeian fellow townsmen as 'insignificant lice.' Alexander Hamilton's testy remark is well known: 'The People — your People, Sir, is a great beast.' Washington, so Jefferson reports, although believing that the people should exercise as much power as they were capable of using wisely, did not have nearly as much faith in their ability and honesty as Jefferson himself did. As for the opinions held of the common man by most of the lesser Federalist leaders who ran America for nearly the whole of the first two decades after the Revolution, they are almost unprintable.

Then along in the 1840's came Bancroft and others who began to write the heroic legend of the country's past, and the common man began his enchanted ascent in public estimation. In Lincoln it was thought that the common man had at last blazed forth in a trail of glory, people forgetting, of course, that although Lincoln was born in poverty he was not a common, but a most uncommon, man. If he had not been,

he would have probably remained in obscurity with the rest of the herd of poverty-stricken pioneers and rail-splitters who *were* common men and who never emerged. As for his alleged remark that 'God must have loved the common people, He made so many of them,' I frankly doubt if he ever said it, at any rate with serious intent. It is too silly. One might just as well say that God must have loved fleas or cock-roaches or the yellow-fever mosquito, He made so many of them.

But little by little the common man has got where he is and now receives the homage of poets and novelists, and his bones rest at Arlington and in the Abbey and under the Arc de Triomphe. The trades-unions key their work down to the capacities or inclinations of the lowest of his type in ability. Our public schools and, to an alarming extent, our colleges are standardized on the mental level of his progeny, so that a college degree has ceased to have the slightest cultural meaning. The mystic letters A. B. have come to have less significance as 'Bachelor of Arts' than as 'Able-bodied Seaman.' If a man desires to be president of these United States he must make himself in public as near the common man as he can — indulge in the theatricalism of Roosevelt, be photographed wearing a Shriner's turban like Harding, or with a pitchfork or in chaps like Coolidge, however remote such antics may be from his nature. The cultivated gentleman, no matter how strong his character, how great his ability, how profound his knowledge of the complex problems of the modern State, is no longer a possible leader unless he is also 'folks,' unless he can camouflage his superiority and make the common man believe that after all he is as common as himself at bottom. America pretends to worship education, but I cannot recall a single photograph of any president with a book in his hand, though I have seen innumerable ones of presidents carrying a milk pail, handling an axe, pitching hay, or trundling a wheelbarrow.

It does not make so much difference, perhaps, how all this has happened as what it means and what it is going to lead to. What does it signify that the world to-day worships the private and not the general? Of course in time we may get some high staff officers into the Abbey also. They seldom die in battle and the supply of bodies has been scant as yet. But, even if we do, they will never again rank above the Unknown Soldier in death, however they outranked, and in qualities of leadership surpassed, him in life. That epoch of history appears to be closed.

That the common man has many admirable traits is undoubtedly true, and I would be the last to deny them. That he often deserves more praise and recognition than he gets I have also observed often enough in a life which has taken me to many places, among many kinds of people, on many different pursuits. But his qualities are for the most part the same fundamental ones of courage, kindliness, generosity, faithfulness, and so on, which are common to all decent men of all grades. On the other hand, the common man lacks qualities which the great man possesses. It is needless to say that by 'common man' I intend no snobbish reference to wealth or social position or early opportunities. I mean by the 'common man' merely the ordinary man who has never in his life done anything distinguished, who is incapable of high emotion, who has never raised himself, mentally or spiritually, above the herd, who has never conferred any benefit on the race, or who at death, except for the sorrow of those near who loved him, leaves no more behind him for the rest of us than a pet dog. I know plenty of common men among the

rich and heralded, whose possessions and chance position have nothing to do with their qualities. But, on the other hand, I doubt if there are many great or even talented men among the people who do not somehow make themselves known or felt in time by their services or achievements. I doubt if there are many unknown hands buried in Stoke Poges or other 'country churchyards'

> . . . that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

At any rate, leaving aside that dubious and unanswerable question, we come to the main point of my inquiry. Is it a symptom of health or disease to worship the sailor rather than the captain, the private rather than the leader, the common rather than the great man? Or have we suffered a transvaluation of values and is the common man now the great man rather than the sort we used to call great? If this is so, is it not evidence of that intellectual and spiritual leveling down that has been feared by so many who have, not unsympathetically, studied the possibilities of political and social democracy? Is the unknown X. Y. who worked hard to earn a scanty living, who was good to his wife and dozen children, back in Lincoln's time and country, but who never 'got anywhere' beyond exercising the homely virtues, really going to be a better hero to hold before a boy's imagination than Lincoln himself? Is the career of an ordinary sailor more of an incentive to ambition and the hope of doing glorious deeds than that of Nelson? Or perhaps we should ask, as the navy has not yet gone in for 'Unknown Sailors,' is some private at Valley Forge to be worshiped rather than Washington? In literature are we going to obtain the same mental and spiritual illumination by watching crises in the third-rate emotional life of petty people, who live on Main Street because they belong there, that we do by watching the struggle between circumstance and really great character? In drama the confronting of great character by great crises does give us that 'purge of the emotions' which was claimed for it in ancient Greece. Is not the purge the theatre gives us now of a very different sort?

If instead of the great man we worship the little one, if instead of occupying our thoughts with the rare and the fine and the great we devote all our time and admiration to the petty, the commonplace, and the plain common, are we not likely ourselves to become more and more like the objects we worship? Why spend laborious nights in study to train our minds, why attempt to mould our characters to something higher than the mob, why strive for high thought and action, why dream of high endeavor, why strive to fit ourselves to lead, if, after all, we are still no better than the led, and the world's leaders and benefactors are really outranked by Sal the sandwich slinger and Bill the stoker? And if they are not really outranked, if the leaders are really more worthy of admiration and imitation than the led, if the great and the noble are really finer than the common man, then why all this hypocritical pother? Is it that the common people now in truth have the power, that man always worships what controls him, and that the qualities of Demos are those which from now on must more and more command the world's homage? If that is so, then Democracy has indeed failed and the upward progress of civilization has come to an end, and in worshiping the Unknown Soldier we are worshiping at the grave of a far greater dead, the corpse of man's aspiration for something finer and higher and nobler than himself, the corpse of man's aspiring soul.

SILENCE

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

SHE came in at dusk, when the April twilight was slanting gray-green in the room where Ann Eversole waited. Outside, a small detached wind went through the trees, touching them almost leaf by leaf, turning them over, looking, as it seemed, for some lost treasure. The bell in St. Andrew's tower was ringing, long pensive strokes, shadows of sound, as remote and absent as the wind. 'So the church bells in a tapestry might ring,' Ann thought. 'As though they did not belong here, but came down out of the past.'

Mrs. Newmarch's entrance seemed a part of the wistful evening; the gray-green twilight opened to let her through, the bells wafted her in on one of their far-away strokes.

The minute Ann looked at the older woman a pain tightened in her heart. 'But I won't speak — if I speak I'll make it true,' she thought, warding off the impending fate.

Mrs. Newmarch did not speak at once either. Crossing over to the window, she began pulling off her gloves very slowly, finger by finger. Then she put up her lovely slender hands and removed her hat, her hair showing silver against the green effulgence without.

'They tricked me, Ann,' she said. 'The appropriation for the crippled children has gone into their own pockets — that is, it has gone for paving streets that need no paving, the contracts for which will be let to their friends on a fifty-fifty basis.'

'I knew it,' Ann thought. 'I knew it as soon as the bells began to ring from far away. Things are not of this world for people like her — their fulfillment is somewhere else — but she minds horribly.'

'I'm *so* sorry,' she said out loud, a little catch in her voice.

'It was Wilbur Boggs's doing. He put the committee up to it, of course. But all the rest were ready enough; they only needed to be shown the way. They were all laughing. I saw that at once, in spite of their trying to cover it up — so futile of them, like mean little boys! They tried to be very polite, too — I mean as polite as they know how to be.' She drew the purple scarf she wore from around her neck. It fell away, Ann thought, with just the lingering regret of the church bells. 'It did not matter in the least that they laughed at me,' she explained. 'It did not even matter so very much that all my hopes for the crippled children had failed. But there was something else that mattered terribly. It was what they were doing to themselves.'

Ann crossed the room, quickly dropping down on her knees beside the older woman. 'You've worked for this town all your life. You've set your spirit against all the mean duplicity. There is n't a good thing or a beautiful one that has been done here for forty years that you have n't had a hand in. I think you wanted this appropriation for the children's hospital more than

you have wanted anything for a long time, and now these dirty blackguards with their feet in the trough have tricked you! It hurts me — it hurts me so that — if you wanted the lining of my heart to make a garment — or shoes for your feet — you could have it.'

Mrs. Newmarch put her hands down over the young eager ones Ann laid in her lap, smiling in the old way; but something jumped in Ann, startling her. 'She does n't hear me — does n't even know I've spoken! She's somewhere else — not here at all!' she thought with a little gust of fear.

'It was n't that I minded their laughing, you understand, Ann,' the remote voice picked its way through the twilight. 'That was nothing. To be laughed at by people who have tricked you is nothing at all — that I got used to long ago —'

'All my love is right here beside you!' Ann cried.

'I *must* get through to her! I must — I must!' she thought.

'It was n't the laughing that mattered, nor even what they had done to the children. What mattered — what was the awful thing was what they were doing to themselves, and not knowing it. Somehow that frightened me. I tried to make them understand — I felt I must. I made them a speech. That was very foolish of me — so useless! I could see them winking when they thought I did n't see. But I felt I must try. "Gentlemen," I said, "I congratulate you on your finesse." That was very foolish too, Ann. I ought not to have let myself be sarcastic; I should have been very straight and direct. Besides, some of them were not quite sure what "finesse" meant. They thought I was trying to show off with big words. "Aw, cut out the highbrow stuff!" I could hear them thinking. I saw my mistake and tried again. "Gentlemen," I said — I don't know why I kept calling them gentlemen, except it seemed to me if I could just get through to their other selves I could make them understand. "Gentlemen," I said, "I realize that you have tricked me and are filling your own pockets with money that was promised for the children's hospital, but I beg you will not think I speak from personal chagrin." "Chagrin" seemed too ornate a word, so I changed it to "personal grievance." "That you have tricked me is of no consequence," I said; "nor is it even a supreme matter that you have defrauded these invalid children. The terrible thing is that you do not grasp the nobility of life, and therefore have no conception of what you have done to yourselves." I saw them laughing inside at that, Ann. "What we've done to ourselves! Say, that's pretty rich!" I could hear them thinking, and I saw Boggs slide his eye around and wink very secretly at Jud Handley. "Oh, I know quite well what is in your mind," I said. "You are thinking that what you have done for yourselves is not so bad; that one of you will get a new car out of this, another a trip, perhaps, and a third make the first payment on that house out at Crescent Park he has so long desired. But what you do not realize is that the man who plays politics with crippled children cripples his own soul so that forever after he goes halt and blind through the great adventure of life." But it was all useless, Ann. They did n't know what I meant; I just made them angry, and then of course I could n't reach them. I kept thinking, "If I can only find the right word I can surely make them understand." But I could n't find it, and now they were angry. I knew they were defending themselves with the same old phrases: "Well, of course politics ain't a Sunday-school picnic. If the ladies are goin' to play it with us they got to take what's

comin' — an' anyhow the old woman can't lecture us like a lot o' kids." They were right about that, Ann. I was talking down to them, but could n't seem to help it. Of course it made them angry — my mistake,' she said vaguely.

She began folding up her scarf very carefully, as though it were of the utmost importance that its edges should exactly meet.

'The nobility of life,' she repeated slowly. 'The great adventure — I saw it all in a flash. I wanted to make them see. It terrified me that I could n't. You must n't think it was altogether their fault, Ann — it was really mine. If I could have found the right word! But you see I bungled things and made them angry.'

'Your hands — they're so hot! Are you ill?' Ann cried.

With difficulty Mrs. Newmarch got to her feet. 'But I doubt if words would have helped — not even the tongues of men and of angels. Only silence — that might have made them understand. Not their fault — mine.' Her gloves and scarf slipped out of her hands to the floor. 'After all, I am not a young woman any more, and things seem — heavy,' she said.

Ann flashed the light on, and now she saw that the other's face was flushed, and her eyes curiously bright and expressionless. 'You are ill!' she cried. 'I must telephone to the girls, and Dr. Fletcher.'

Mrs. Newmarch put her hands up to her head. 'I remember now — I waked with a cold this morning. I'm feverish, I think — things seem so far away — queer. I don't think I should have heard them thinking if I had n't been feverish — nor have made them angry.' She was staring very fixedly at a large upholstered chair, explaining matters to it. 'But there is no right word — only silence,' she repeated, with a nod of finality.

Ann got her upstairs and, turning her over to her maid, rushed down again and telephoned to the married children and the doctor. The children came and were frightened. The doctor came and was reassuring in the sick room, but grave outside. 'Pneumonia, and with her heart — Temperature very high — slightly delirious, of course. But we'll put up a good fight.'

II

The fight was lost. 'It was lost before it began,' Ann thought. 'It was all over when the wind went through the trees from far away, and St. Andrew's bells began to ring like church bells in a tapestry.'

Ann did not see her friend again in life. Mrs. Newmarch's children and the nurses were with her. She was delirious at first; then a long coma set in. She died early in the morning, just a week after the evening when she came home and Ann was waiting for her in the April twilight. 'And the evening and the morning were the seventh day,' Ann thought, staring at the cluster of white roses and purple tulle hanging from the bell, as she waited on the doorstep.

Miss Evie White, Mrs. Newmarch's elderly cousin, opened the door for Ann and whispered to her: 'Yes, just at four this morning. Never regained consciousness — just slipped away. Yes, from St. Andrew's, of course, to-morrow at eleven, but they want her especial friends to come to the house a few minutes before. My dear, she is perfectly beautiful! More beautiful than anyone I ever saw. You must take in your own flowers. Lilies of the valley? Ah, she loved them so! I remember as a girl —'

The disjointed whispers trailed into silence as Ann followed her down the hall through the library and to the

door of the front drawing-room. 'May I go in alone, please?' Ann asked. Miss Evie nodded and, opening the door, withdrew. Ann was alone. She was conscious of the cool room, and the fragrance of many flowers: the intimate sweetness of roses, clusters and clusters of them; the spicy freshness of carnations; the fragrance from the lilies in her own hand and from Madonna lilies somewhere, too, and something else? Oh, yes! Irises, a great purple sheaf of them. That was nice. Someone must have rushed out into a garden in the cool morning and cut all its bloom for her.

Ann let her eyes rest first on the flowers — they were stepping-stones of approach to the sanctuary. Then at last she turned and looked. For a long time she stood completely motionless, hardly breathing, awe-struck by the overwhelming Presence before her. There were no words that could in any way express the beauty, the nobility, the aloof majesty of the face before her, the great dignity of the brow, the finality of the folded hands. 'It is finished,' Ann whispered as she looked and looked. 'But there is nothing to say — only silence. I knew she was a great personality, but I only brushed the hem of her garment. There is n't anything to say — nothing any of us can say any more. I will go softly all my days — something tremendous, overwhelming, is here. It — it frightens me.' Her spirit seemed poured out through her eyes as she looked and looked. 'Her body is here,' she thought, 'right here in this room. I might touch her hands, but she is away, away, owning herself forever. Nothing for any of us to say any more.' Her whole being shifted into deeper levels of awe. She knew herself on the very edge of something overwhelming, terrifying almost, because of its solemn beauty and complete finality. 'The dignity of life — the majesty of death —' Her mind groped, but could find no satisfying interpretation.

Tip, tip, Miss Evie came into the room. 'Ann, you have a black dress, have n't you? Could you lend it to one of the girls? You and Julia are about of a size.'

'Yes, of course. I'll bring it around. Let me stay a little longer, please.'

Again Ann was alone in the room where for a moment the awful mysteries of life and death were met. Once more she could only approach the Presence gradually by way of the flowers — lilies, carnations, roses, irises, more roses, more roses — at last the hands folded in that ultimate repose, the face, the overwhelming mystery of the brow. 'She knows the secret,' Ann thought, 'but cannot tell us. Each of us must find out for himself. No words, nothing big enough to say about it — but I *feel* a rushing mighty wind. It's awful to have the spirit come so close. I'm too small a person, too inadequate, to be on the edge of anything so tremendous, so complete. It makes me gasp. I feel breathless — not in my body — in my soul. I could n't stand it; I'd have to go away — only the beauty — that is a gift, a revelation. It makes you understand how marvelous life is — how mysterious and wonderful all human beings are — all of us part of a tremendous whole. The adventure of life — amazing! We have no idea of the wonder of it right here before us. We can't grasp it — too big for us to lay hold of — and so we go on dragging it all down to small ends. The nobility of life — that is it! That was what she tried to make those men see, Wilbur Boggs and his crew; but of course they could n't understand. Yes, they could, though, if they could see just for a moment how much bigger they are than they guess. I must n't stay too long. She saw it all plainly.

I know now what she meant — the nobility of life. She thought it was her fault that she could n't make them see it, too. Do all great people feel this responsibility to the small ones? She saw life for that flash just as she looks now — of course she tried to make them understand. I must n't stay too long. I wish there were some great music being played — something in me needs it. But there are no words — nothing big enough in me for it — only silence. My thoughts even don't touch the heart of this emotion. No, not big enough — a rushing mighty wind —'

Again she was conscious of Miss Evie wavering on the threshold. Ann joined her.

'Ann, could you be at the front door this afternoon from about five to six? I have all the other hours arranged for.'

'Of course — thank you for asking me.'

'Then I'll count on you. My dear, you look very white. You must n't take it so hard. We have to lose our friends in this world. I've lost almost everyone; but what can you expect? It's life.'

'Oh, no! That is n't life! Life is n't loss — it's something else — something marvelous. We don't understand at all. I almost understood — *in there!*' Ann cried.

'But she has n't seen at all,' she thought. 'She does n't understand. If you almost meet the Holy Ghost face to face, of course you take it — hard.'

III

'The nobility of life' — the words returned again and again to Ann's mind as she took her place that afternoon at the front door. She could see through the curtained panel out into the street where people went by under the budding trees. 'But they don't seem to know in the least how marvelous the whole adventure of life and death is. They pass like sleepwalkers,' she thought.

Many people came up the steps to leave cards, to whisper messages of sympathy or offers of service, and to bring flowers — more and more flowers. Ann opened the door a little way, received the messages and flowers, made careful lists of the callers, answered questions, whispered when the funeral would be, and asked Mrs. Newmarch's intimate friends to assemble at the house beforehand; made notes of people who offered to take others in their cars; received more flowers, more cards.

Many organizations and committees with which Mrs. Newmarch had been associated sent elaborate floral pieces — anchors, crosses, sheaves of wheat. 'Yes,' Ann thought, 'the public conscience of this community has died — of course these others rejoice to send wreaths.'

But she repented the thought at once, for its cynicism broke the serenity in which for the present her spirit dwelt. She had caught the grave beauty which death had stamped upon her friend's brow, and, though she found no words with which to interpret its meaning, she had received it into herself like a clear effulgence. Standing there at the door, giving messages and receiving them, she felt herself in an interlude between two worlds. A veil was drawn between herself and everyday existence. The veil of death? Of life? She could not say what it was; only in the house was complete stillness, in the room near by the presence of death, while there in the street before her people moved in and out of the sunshine and green April shadows like people passing remotely in a mirror. She could hear

the traffic sliding by, the brisk or loitering steps of pedestrians, and the laughter of children. Now a man was calling, 'Strawberries! Strawberries!' Presently he came into view, nearer and nearer: 'Strawberries! Strawberries!' He was passing now, a negro in blue shirt and overalls, his tray of red berries balanced on his head, in which manner he moved with the grace of a hidden rhythm. 'Strawberries! Straw — ber — ries!' He faded from sight under the green trees, his cry passing into the distance. A fat yellow bus came rolling down the street, and more and more automobiles, their sleek sides winking in the sun. Across the way two newsboys were romping, their bundles of papers under their arms. A little lame boy hopped by on a crutch. He paused a moment to watch the runs and dashes of the other boys, then, with a defiant waggle of his crutch to make them think it was fun to be lame, hopped away out of the picture.

Now a car was stopping by the curb. A man got out of it and, turning back, received a huge wreath from another man within. Ann thought she saw a smile slide between the two. They waved their hands in farewell as the car moved on. The man who was left looked up at the house, shook down his clothes a little, adjusting himself to the atmosphere of death, then came up the steps, bearing his pompous wreath. It was Wilbur Boggs, Chairman of the Appropriation Committee. 'I wish someone else were at the door,' Ann thought. 'But after all, it does n't matter — none of the little meannesses matter now.'

She opened the door a little way, but Mr. Boggs's mission was too important to be transacted from without. He thrust himself forward, and to admit his huge wreath Ann had to throw the door wide, so that for a moment the warmth and noise of the street eddied into the still hall.

She surveyed the wreath. 'What is it?' her thoughts jibed. 'The largest make of automobile tire, I suppose.'

Mr. Boggs carefully removed some tissue paper which still covered the flowers, handing it bit by bit to Ann, the servant for his importance. When the wreath was all disclosed, he directed her eyes with a gesture — evidently he could not speak in the house of death — to a card affixed to the purple tulle bow. 'From the Appropriation Committee' the card read, and underneath was a list of names. He placed his thumb nail, not scrupulously clean, beneath the top name, holding her attention to the words 'Wilbur J. Boggs, Chairman,' then, tipping the thumb back, he transferred it to his own chest. It was all-important that she should realize that the Chairman himself had come in person.

Ann nodded. 'I understand — I understand perfectly. It's the largest — er — appreciation of them all,' she whispered, and held out her hand for it. But now words were wrung from him. 'No, if you please, the Committee instructed me — their Chairman — to place the wreath in person — a token of our respect, you understand.'

'Oh — but do you think you'd better?'

He tipped his ear toward her, raising a surprised eyebrow.

'I've just seen a crippled child go up the street,' she said suddenly.

She thought something within him gave a startled jump, almost breaking through his smooth exterior. But he was master of his voice and eyes. 'Is that so?' he interrogated impersonally, keeping his eyes full upon her.

'The trickiest people I know always look you straight in the eye,' Ann thought. 'But he's forgotten his mouth!' That feature was out of the

picture; caught unawares, it was ashamed, angry. The color also stirred faintly in his face. Nevertheless he clutched his wreath firmly. 'I'll thank you to direct me,' he said.

Well, if he must, he must. Ann led the way down the hall. Self-important, bearing his monstrous tribute, he followed. He tiptoed out of respect to the presence of death, but his shoes cried out, calling attention to themselves all the way. 'He can't get the whole of himself into the picture,' Ann thought. All at once he seemed pathetic, human, pitifully futile in his pompous trickery, his complete confidence in the immense wreath. 'Poor fellow!' she thought. 'Even his shoes cry out, "Cheap! Cheap!"' For a flash she saw the pathos of human duplicity so vividly that it hurt.

At the door she stood aside, pushing it open for him to enter. With his squeaking shoes, his wreath, and his smug complacency, he tiptoed into the fragrance, the stillness, and the presence of death.

Suddenly Ann perceived that the key was on the outside of the door. Very softly she swung the door to, very quietly she turned the key in the lock. She glanced at her wrist watch. 'A quarter to six. Five minutes will be all he can stand,' she thought. 'All any of us can stand all uncovered, face to face with — silence.'

She went back to her post by the door, leaning her head against the frame and staring out through the curtain. The passing world still seemed remote, reflections in a mirror. The newsboys continued to romp across the way, and now an old negro woman had taken up her stand on the corner with a great basket of jonquils. The flowers made a pool of gold in the gray street. The lame boy came back down the street. The old colored woman gave him a handful of jonquils with their green spears. He accepted them happily and hopped away out of the mirror. 'I am very tired of florists' flowers. I wish I had some jonquils for her,' Ann thought. She looked at her watch. A minute and a half gone. How long even a minute seemed if you watched it! 'All you would have to do to make time stand still would be to watch it second by second. He's very inadequate to be there all alone. I wonder if he has anything to — to cover himself up with. How could I ever have done such a thing! I could n't on any other day. To-day I'm between two worlds — not in either one. Besides, I wanted her to have another chance to explain —'

More people were coming up the steps. She opened the door, took in the cards and a box of flowers, closed it again, and added some names to her list. Three minutes gone. Only two minutes more for him now. What was he doing there with his meagre self, his cheap complacency, his wreath, faced by that complete finality? The awful beauty of that presence must burn through to his soul. But it might burn too deep — she glanced nervously at her watch. Did he have any zones of safety within himself? Any depth or reverence where he might hide? The words of the negro spiritual passed through her mind: —

> I went to the rocks to hide my shame —
> The rocks cried out, 'No hiding place!
> There is no hiding place down here!'

'I ought not to have done it,' she thought. Was he frightened? Would he rattle the door, try to get out? Oh, no, not even Wilbur J. Boggs, Chairman, could make a disturbance in that Presence. Only half a minute more now —

But here was someone else at the door. She had to take a message upstairs, and then, returning, exchange

further whispers. 'Yes, a terrible loss to the community! From St. Andrew's at eleven to-morrow; but they want you to come to the house a few minutes before, please. Yes, I'll be sure to tell them — thank you. Yes, if you would take somebody in your car — thank you very much.' Ann closed the door, wrote 'Two seats in Mrs. Henry Armstrong's car,' and looked quickly at her watch. Ten minutes — twice as long as she had meant him to stay!

She went hastily down the hall and, unlocking the door, pushed it open. There was a slight scuffle in the room — had he been on his knees? He shot past her, coming out backward so that he almost knocked her down.

'Aw — oh! Excuse me — excuse me, lady! I did n't go to knock into you! I — I — someway I never liked to turn my back on — you know — turn your back on — *them*. I never could — must be funny that way, I reckon.' He cleared his throat, trying to collect himself. 'The door — someway it got locked. I could n't git out —'

He was limp, disheveled, collapsed like a pricked balloon.

'But your wreath — you have n't left it,' Ann pointed out.

He stared at it like a child with a broken toy. He had had such confidence in it, but it had completely failed him. Its perfect round was spoiled, the flowers broken. At some time in there he must have clutched it to him, perhaps for safety. He was still clutching it. He relaxed his grasp, staring at it.

'It cost a lot o' money,' he said.

'Yes, I can see it did.'

'But I could n't leave it — someway. I'll tell the Committee. They got to send somebody else — not me.' He followed her down the hall. 'I got locked in that room. The door must 'a' got locked someway. I — I could n't git out — could n't git away no place.' In spite of himself his hands shook on the wreath so that the flowers shook with them. 'Dead people,' he got out, 'they make me feel — sorter funny — always did. I —' he broke off. 'I got locked in there, I tell you — all alone. I could n't git the door open — could n't git out —' His voice was getting high.

'I am sorry,' Ann said.

'I don't know what happened to that door! It was awful! I could n't git it open 'thout busting the lock. I could n't git away. And all the time — all the time *she* was there — just sort of waiting. God, it was awful! I was all alone —' He was hunting desperately through his pockets. 'Why n't the other fellers come along too?' he burst out wildly. 'Why 'd they go putting it all off on me? They 'd oughter been there too!' He looked at Ann accusingly. 'Why 'd they pick on me?' he demanded.

She shook her head.

'Politics is a rough game!' he cried violently, forgetting and raising his voice. 'If you ladies is going to play it you got to expect — you got to —' Suddenly he turned his head aside. 'My — *mother*,' he blurted out with a great, uncouth gulp.

'Of course,' Ann told herself. 'The thought of his mother is the deepest thing in him — that would be the only real word he could find to say.'

He had found his handkerchief now and was trying to hide his emotion, keeping his face turned from her and looking about desperately for some escape. But there was no escape. He could not go upstairs — the family were there. He could not go out into the street, all undressed in his emotion as he was. And now more people were ascending the steps.

Ann touched his arm. 'There is a chair under the steps by the telephone stand — if you want to collect yourself —'

'I thank you, ma'am.' He went gratefully, his shoes apologizing and humble, his broken wreath, which he still clutched, trailing forlornly behind him. Halfway down the hall he turned and came back. 'I ain't as hard-boiled as you might think,' he said with difficulty. 'Things get to me — it's the Irish in me, I reckon.'

Ann nodded. 'I know — I understand.'

He came back again some time later. 'I was meaner 'n the rest — it was me showed 'em how,' he said.

'Yes, she knew it was you.'

'I reckon she did. She tried to tell us something, but — someway — she could n't git it across — '

'She was sorry. She felt it was her fault. She wanted to make you understand, and instead she only made you angry. You see, she was a little delirious already. She blamed herself. I think she would want you to know she was sorry.'

He turned his face aside, biting his lips. 'There was some of us laughing at her all the time.'

'Yes, she knew that, too.'

'I know what she meant now. I got it — in *there*,' he tipped his head toward the room. 'I saw it all — just how ornery and mean I was. But I got something else — that we were all up against something bigger than we realized. Life is a sight bigger proposition than we figure on. I got aholt of the idea, all right — in there — but — someway — I have n't got the words for it.'

'I have n't either. She called it "the nobility of life." '

He considered this for a moment. 'Yes, I guess that's about it,' he nodded. 'Well — I reckon I'll go now.'

She opened the door for him. He passed out and down the steps absently. 'Does he know he's still dragging that wreath — like the Ancient Mariner and his dead albatross?' Ann wondered.

Out in the street he appeared to hesitate, then with sudden decision crossed to the flower woman on the corner. An unexpected flash of tears came into Ann's eyes. He returned presently, bearing a simple bunch of jonquils from the old negress's basket. Even from outside Ann could hear the squeak, squeak, of his humble shoes as he came up the steps.

He hesitated for a moment when she opened the door. 'I'd like mightily for her to know I got what she was trying to say,' he said.

'It's too late for that — she's a million worlds away. All you can do is to tell yourself.'

'Yes, ma'am — that's what I am doing.' He paused a moment. 'That appropriation for paving, now — someway it kinder got away from us. I'm goin' to head it on back to the Children's Hospital — that's where it belongs, I reckon.'

Ann smiled at him. 'Don't you want me to take that wreath now? You can't go on dragging it through the streets like that.'

He handed it over gratefully. 'I thank you, ma'am.' Then he held out the jonquils. 'These is from me — just me — if she'll have 'em, please,' he said.

SUBSTITUTES

BY WILLIAMS HAYNES

APROPOS of the artificial flowers which grace the window boxes of the Chemists' Club — a symbolism worthy of Swift — we were discussing substitutes.

Said the gloomy chemist: 'Have you observed at all critically another row of blooming artificials — our "women who work," bound, via subway, for shop and office?

'Every mother's daughter of them,' he continued, 'wears on her head a Fourteenth Street imitation of a Fifth Avenue imitation of a Paris hat, and on her feet pumps that imitate snake or lizard skin. The styles each affects are copies of expensive models designed for fine ladies in limousines, and as appropriate for her day's work as overalls on the golf course. Her furs are cat, rat, and rabbit dyed and manipulated to masquerade as seal, fox, or beaver. Her silks are rayon; her linen, cotton; her wool is chiefly shoddy — all of them improperly used to simulate the more expensive materials. Every single girl wears a neckband of synthetic pearls, a brass-plated slave bracelet, an imitation platinum wrist watch. Each has an imitation complexion and imitation curly hair. Each is reading an imitation newspaper with an imitation brain. And I submit to you, the whole outfit — clothes, jewelry, and girl — is worth, biologically and economically speaking, just $39.98.'

'Your own borrowed plumes,' protested the cheerful chemist, 'are worth even less. You deck out a sound scientific training and hard-won industrial experience with a lot of ragtags from Aldous Huxley, Mencken, and Havelock Ellis and parade about as one of our young intellectuals, which is quite as ridiculous as, and much more pernicious than, a shopgirl's masquerade as a débutante. Imitation ideas are a more serious matter than five-and-ten-cent-store jewelry.

'What difference can it make if these misguided girls so flagrantly display their poor taste? Their very excesses will but speed the counter-revolution of modesty and simplicity. Even their bad judgment in buying tinsel and tawdry at least puts money into circulation. Uneconomic, doubtless; but their foolish demands have built up vast industries which are the most direct and profitable stimulators of chemistry. Where would our rayon manufacturers be without their "undies" and stockings? Think of the tons of celluloid they consume as tortoise shell, lapis, ivory, coral, turquoise, amber, and what not. Coal-tar chemistry contains nothing prettier than the synthesis of aromatics to supply the market they create for cheap perfumery. Use your own brains, instead of peddling secondhand ideas; and you would be singing the praises of the flapper as the patroness of modern chemical industrialism.'

I

Some irrepressible statistician has calculated that each of us consumes seven times as much of the world's raw materials as did the Englishman of

Queen Elizabeth's time. Anyone may question such figures, but nobody can prove them false — which is, I take it, the cardinal virtue of statistics. They are, however, quite correct in that they represent vividly the tremendous lift in the scale of our daily living.

According to all reports the subjects of good Queen Bess were plucky trenchermen who doubtless 'polished off' as many foot pounds of foodstuff energy as the best of us in these concentrated and dyspeptic days; but their beef and mutton, beans and turnips, were homegrown, and even that curious and adventurous sponsor of tobacco and potatoes, Sir Walter himself, might not have grapefruit for breakfast. In annihilating time and space, by replacing the stagecoach and sailing vessel, we have increased almost pro rata our drafts upon the world's raw materials. There is an obvious, basic economic difference between power generated by the wind, which is free, or from horse fodder, which can be grown in a twelvemonth, and that generated from coal or petroleum, the supplies of which are fixed and irreplaceable. By bringing bananas from Central America and pineapples from Hawaii — to say nothing of strawberries in January and fresh peas the year round — we have o'erleaped, in an economic sense, the very rigid physical limits to that quantity of food one person may eat in three hundred and sixty-five days.

No such limit restricts other human wants. For all his gaudy doublets and elaborate ruffs, Sir Philip Sidney actually owned fewer clothes than a successful merchant of Atlanta or Des Moines. An installment bungalow in a suburban development contains more plumbing than did the palace at Greenwich where the royal daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn was born. There are greater tonnage and length, and vastly more elaborate equipment, in a score of pleasure yachts that cruise Long Island Sound than in the flagship of Sir Francis Drake, destroyer of the great Armada and Admiral of the Indies. All those worthy booksellers, printers of the first editions of Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, and of their brilliant, prolific contemporaries who made the golden Elizabethan Age of English literature, consumed less paper in a year than a week's issues of any one of fourscore of our larger newspapers. The paper in one Sunday's edition of the *Chicago Tribune* strips bare twenty acres of virgin spruce forest — a horrid thought that we cannot quite banish by boasting cheerfully that, for all their achievements in literature, architecture, and exploration, the Elizabethans had nothing to place in comparison with our 21,264,752 motor cars, our 74,131,085 miles of telephone and telegraph wires, our 755,418 miles of railway lines. It is to the point to add that they had no corresponding stupendous consumption of metals, rubber, fabrics, coal, gasoline, and lubricants.

From such figures a thoughtful man with a tincture of pessimism can calculate himself into a panic over the fate of the human race. Malthus did so a century and a half ago. Already our world population of close to two billions approaches the mark he set for poverty and starvation, deterioration and death. Nevertheless, we are better fed, better housed, better clothed, than Malthus's own contemporaries, and we enjoy hundreds of conveniences and luxuries of which even his brilliant mind had not dreamed.

In the United States our per capita wealth has mounted ($624 in 1870 to $2919 in 1922) so that, had we been content to jog along behind grandfather's old gray mare instead of rushing ahead in next year's model of a motor car we shall pay for the year

following, we should have never heard even of 'the high cost of living.' If we were but a bit more contented, we might to-day create an Elysium in which four hours a day of honest toil would provide a comfortable competency for all. The socialist jingo has a good deal of justification for pointing out that

> We have the men,
> We have the ships,
> And we have the money, too.

But we are never satisfied. How quickly we come to consider as mere comfortable decencies the rare luxuries of yesterday! Our children will demand them as necessities; and, once they fall into that rapidly expanding class, invention has always produced them in abundant stocks.

It is upon these premises that our scientists, the most tolerant and optimistic thinkers among us, can quote these identical statistics in praise of this greedy, selfish materialism of ours. They ignore Malthus and they despise Marx. Their argument runs: If necessity is the mother of invention, ambition is its father; and with such fecund parents mankind will never lack an army of willing servants to provide all material wants. At some distant day it may even come to pass that, having satiated our material desires, we shall come to demand mental, even spiritual, satisfactions.

II

In the meantime we are passing, almost imperceptibly but swiftly, from the age of power to that of chemicals. Since the Industrial Revolution, a century and a half ago, the application of power to those complicated tools we call machines has been the dominant, the universal characteristic of the economic era. Power turned handicraft into 'factoricraft' and drove division of labor into specialization. Power gave us trains and automobiles for stagecoaches; telephones and telegraphs for the post chaise and the pony express; the linotype for the printer's apprentice; the incandescent bulb for the tallow wick. Mass production, corporations, trade-unions, cities, all result from the use of power. Our laws, finances, the entire social structure, were changed by the Industrial Revolution, and now, before we have been able to perfect the radical readjustments it forced upon us, we stand face to face with a Chemical Revolution.

Throughout all the long centuries that man was inventing new tools and slowly improving them, he was blindly discovering curious ways of making chemicals work for him. Ages ago some cave-man genius discovered, quite by chance, that the greasy hide of a sabre-toothed tiger could be more quickly and easily cleaned by rubbing it in wood ashes. By some lucky accident another found that soaking it with the bark or leaves of certain trees made the leather more durable and more water-resistant. Neither knew they were using alkalies and tannic acid. The Abnaki Indians of the New England coast made offering to the gods of bountiful harvest by planting in every corn hill a dried fish. They were actually using a highly concentrated nitrogenous fertilizer. To-day, in modern tanneries, the green hides are degreased and dehaired, cured, tanned, softened, and dyed by sloshing them about in great vats filled with different chemicals, accomplishing, in as many hours, work that cost the primitive tanner so many long days of hard physical labor. Our nitrogen we extract from the air, a cheaper, more convenient, and much more efficient fertilizer. Thus in two ways do we increase our food supply: by growing larger corn crops and by saving the cod-fish for Sunday morning breakfast.

A hundred and fifty years ago, before the Industrial Revolution, chemicals, as such, were but little used by man. Acetic acid in the form of vinegar was the most abundant, cheapest acid, and a very weak and unsatisfactory acidulating tool it was. The common alkalies were saltpetre, dug from caves; potash, which was then literally pot ashes; and alum, made by a simple chemical process brought from Arabia during the thirteenth century and long a monopoly of the Popes. Abroad the trade name of 'Roman alum' still clings to this chemical, as 'brimstone' recalls the days when sulphur was stone that burned.

Nor was there, before the mass production of power-driven factories, any great demand for chemicals in industry. Natural dyewoods, natural tanstuffs, mineral pigments, natural acids and alkalies, were sufficient for the limited output of handicraft. When flax was spun and woven by hand in a thousand cottages, it was all very well to bleach the linen by spreading it in the sunlight on the grass. When a week's output of a mill with power looms exceeded the year's work of a hundred hand-weavers, the bleachers were put to it to find space for bleach fields. In 1788 the use of chlorine was introduced by the French chemist Berthollet, and it has been estimated that to-day in England alone, during every twenty-four hours, sufficient cloth is bleached to cover all the open fields of Great Britain. The bleaching problem was solved by the use of a chemical which does its work effectively whether the sun shines or the clouds lower, in summer or winter; and it does this work better, producing whiter goods at a saving of something like sixty hours of bleaching time.

In this way chemicals have been called upon to solve hundreds of similar problems arising out of industrial development. It was perhaps not entirely a happy coincidence that the science of chemistry was born at the time of the Industrial Revolution. Chemists had just learned to tear apart the simpler chemicals, to study their composition, to isolate the elements; and in time they learned to build up new and complex chemical compounds. To the saving of human labor, as in modern tanning; to the saving of foodstuffs, as in the fertilizer industry; to the saving of time, as in the bleaching process, chemists now add the saving of raw materials through their creative work in making chemical substitutes.

III

'Substitute' — especially 'chemical substitute' — has some nasty connotations. Yet no such stigma attaches itself to glass, although glass is a chemical product (sand, limestone, and soda ash fused together) which long ago replaced natural products — so long ago, in fact, that we do not know who discovered it, though we are certain it was manufactured in Egypt before 1500 B.C. We have forgotten that the tumbler we drink from substituted for the brass bowl of the East and the horn flagon of the North. Even our window-panes are a quite recent chemical substitute for a piece of thin-scraped parchment. Ordinarily we think of glass as neither a chemical nor a substitute. Nevertheless it is both, and it possesses those characteristics which in the future will make synthetic products invaluable to mankind.

In the first place, a chemical substitute replaces natural products, freeing them for other uses. When indigo was first made from coal tar, its introduction ruined many a prosperous indigo plantation in India. To-day those acres, once devoted to growing the dye plant, are sown to rice and millet. Every head of cattle in the United States would be slaughtered for its hide

to supply the automobile industry's demand for seat upholstery and tops if it were not for artificial leather. In such an event sirloin steak might be selling at two cents a pound, as a by-product of our tanneries; but on the other hand a pair of shoes might be costing a hundred dollars. This is fanciful economics; but it is a plain fact that artificial leather is a more suitable and lasting material for automobile use than the natural product.

In the second place, glass and the other chemical substitutes are manufactured from abundant, available raw materials, and accordingly can be produced cheaply in unlimited quantities. Varnish is a natural gum (several varieties come from Australia, India, China, and Africa) dissolved in boiled linseed oil and turpentine, both natural products. Lacquer is cellulose, the fibrous material of any plant, treated chemically and dissolved in chemicals. For twenty-five years the supply of varnish gums has been dwindling and the price advancing, while the greater the output of cellulose lacquers, the lower the price will drop.

Within a century the world's population will double. Who dares prophesy what further drafts we shall be making upon the earth's limited stock of raw materials a hundred years hence, or how high the standards of living in China, or India, or Russia will have been raised? Plainly, we can ill afford to ignore chemical substitutes. Already we regard them in quite a different spirit from the open suspicion with which our grandfathers first greeted celluloid, vegetable lard, and aniline dyes. Our own grandchildren will doubtless accept rayon and lacquers, as we do glass and paper, without conscious appreciation that they are chemical products.

Even these very new chemical goods, so long as they do not masquerade as something richer or rarer than themselves, and make no attempt to trick our palates or our pocketbooks, are given at least a fair test. They cannot compete with luxuries, since their very economic purpose is to become cheap and plentiful; and glass mounted as a diamond, or paper in the sole of a shoe, deserves contemptuous exposure. For there is a misuse of chemical substitutes just as there has been sophistication of natural materials. But, properly used to save human effort, to save time, and especially to conserve our dwindling stocks of natural goods, these chemical products are, and increasingly will be, one of the best material blessings of our chemical age in industry.

THE LIMITS OF AVIATION

BY LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BRUCE G. LEIGHTON

I

Out of all the mass of conflicting testimony that has appeared in the acres of newsprint that have been devoted to discussion of the significance of recent transoceanic flights, one fact stands clear and beyond dispute: the airplane has become an important element in the transportation systems of the world and in the armed forces of nations. It is undeniably destined to take a place of even greater importance in the future.

But how? And to what extent? Are we on the verge of regular transoceanic passenger and mail service by airplane? May we expect in a 'next war' to be subjected to bomb raids by enemy planes flying across the ocean?

Notwithstanding the exploits of Lindbergh and those who have followed him across the sea, consideration of the inescapable physical laws governing mechanical flight leads inevitably to a negative answer to the latter questions. The future of the airplane, both in peace and in war, lies in pursuits other than transoceanic transportation or other independent long-range operations.

Here are the reasons: —

The possible performance of an airplane is written almost entirely in the three words: pounds per horsepower. Everyone knows that an airplane depends for its support entirely upon the continuing output of power from the engine; when the engine stops the airplane must descend. It is clearly evident to everyone that a big airplane requires more power to keep it going than does a little one; that there must be some limit to the total weight which can be supported and propelled by the power of a given engine. Certainly we cannot hope to carry an infinite weight with zero power — stones don't float in air.

The airplane, to justify its existence, must have high speed. The airplane builder and operator has learned as the result of a quarter century of experience that in practical service one horsepower will support and propel at reasonably high speed a maximum gross weight of about twenty-five pounds. One horsepower, twenty-five pounds; one hundred horsepower, twenty-five hundred pounds; and so on. This total weight must include the weight of the airplane structure, the engine and propeller which drive it, the fuel, freight, passengers — everything. Greater loads can be and have been carried, but always at prohibitive cost in respect of speed, controllability, and safety. A practical airplane, to use a common technical term, will not fly safely if the 'power loading' exceeds twenty-five pounds.

With this limitation in mind, it will be apparent that an attempt to build an airplane around an engine whose weight is twenty-five pounds for each horsepower that it develops is foredoomed to failure, because the whole weight allowance must be allotted to the engine, and nothing would remain

for wings or for fuel to run the engine. No wings, no flight. The only possible way to provide wings and fuel, and still remain within the limiting total weight, is to reduce the weight of the engine. Every pound that is taken from the engine is a pound that may be allotted first to the construction of wings and to enough fuel for a short flight, and later to useful carrying capacity as development progresses.

Someone has truly said, 'An airplane is merely a light engine with wings on it; the lighter the engine, the better the airplane.' Mechanical flight as an idea is as old as man; stories of attempts to accomplish it date back into ancient mythology. The basic principles involved have been well understood for centuries; Leonardo da Vinci, who died in 1519, left behind him not only the famous Mona Lisa but also a number of crude mechanical sketches which showed a remarkably clear understanding of the principles of mechanical flight. Many other investigators studied the problem for centuries before the first flight was actually made, but all came to the same inevitable conclusion — that realization of mechanical flight must wait until engineering development had produced a light power plant.

The development of light internal combustion engines is the foundation on which has been built the entire structure of the modern airplane. The first internal combustion engine ever built — some seventy-five years ago — weighed more than five hundred pounds per horsepower. It took fifty years, and the tremendous impetus given by the appearance of the automobile, to reduce this weight, until in 1900 the lightest engines weighed about twenty-five pounds per horsepower. This weight was still too great to permit of successful mechanical flight.

In 1903 the Wright brothers were able to construct an engine of their own design which weighed about thirteen pounds per horsepower. At this point the age-old bar to mechanical flight was let down; the Wright brothers were able to build an airplane which would just barely fly. It is no disparagement of the splendid work they did to say that, had they conducted their gliding experiments five years earlier than they did, they would at that time have been scarcely more successful in their attempts at mechanical flight than were the many earlier investigators who preceded them. Mechanical flight required a light power plant. It was destined inevitably to come when — it could not come before — light power plants appeared.

Engine development has been by no means the only factor in airplane development, — wing and body construction has kept pace, — but the engine has been undeniably the *controlling* factor. Every outstanding advance in airplane performance, since and including the first flight, has followed upon advance in light engine construction.

Starting with an airplane which will just barely fly, — with such an airplane as the Wright brothers used in their first flights in 1903, — if we reduce the engine weight we can add an equal weight to the 'useful' load — passengers, freight, additional fuel for the engine, whatever we will. If we would add weight in one place we must first take out an equal weight somewhere else. The more freight or passengers we carry, the less fuel; the more fuel, the less freight. If we are looking for extreme distance flights (New York to Paris, for example) we must provide the maximum amount of fuel possible, and therefore eliminate passengers, freight, and nonessential equipment. We may skimp structural weight and thereby add to the useful carrying capacity, but if we go too far in that

direction there is danger that the structure will fail. We may elect, as we save weight in engine and structure, to keep the power loading low and to use the reserve power to provide greater speed, quicker take-off, better manœuvrability, faster climb.

It is all a compromise. If we stress one characteristic we must subordinate others. We can have extreme high speed in one airplane, long range in another, great freight-carrying capacity in another, slow landing speed and quick take-off in another. But we cannot have all these characteristics in one airplane. Power loading — pounds per horsepower — is the criterion in all.

The size of the airplane makes no difference in respect of possible power loading. Big planes, little planes, middle-sized planes — all are subject to the same limitation; all must keep within the same limiting figure of about twenty-five pounds per horsepower. Within that limitation we may proportion the weights as we see fit; if we exceed it, the probabilities are that the airplane cannot lift itself from the ground; or, if it does, its flying characteristics are so poor that there is great difficulty in retaining control, and grave danger to the passengers. Lindbergh's plane weighed 23.6 pounds per horsepower; Chamberlin's 24.5; Byrd's (which was three times as large and had three times the power) 22.5. They were all dangerously close to the limit; all had great difficulty in taking off. The tragic end of Lieutenant Commander Davis's preparations for transatlantic flight came in a plane which was loaded to just under twenty-five pounds per horsepower. Safety demands lighter power loading. Our modern commercial weight carriers and military bombers all have a power loading of well under twenty pounds. Higher speed demands still lighter power loading: our fast military combat planes weigh about seven pounds per horsepower; world-record racers, five pounds or less.

No clearer or more concise explanation of the developments of the past, or of the probabilities of the future, can be given than by an engineering comparison between the power-plant weights of the first airplane to fly, in 1903, and the airplane in which Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic in 1927. Each machine carried one man. Each was loaded to its maximum total capacity. Neither carried any disposable load other than fuel and oil for the engine. The Wrights' machine had a range of a few hundred yards; Lindbergh's, a range of nearly four thousand miles. In the Wrights' the fuel carried was necessarily, due to the engine weight, a negligible part of the total weight of the airplane; in Lindbergh's the fuel comprised more than half the total weight.

Now compare the distribution of the total power-plant weights (including engine, fuel, and oil) in the two machines.

	Wright Brothers' 1903	Lindbergh's 1927
Total weight of power plant, including fuel and oil	175	3400
Total horsepower	12	225
Pounds per horsepower of total power plant	14.6	15
Pounds per horsepower for bare engine	13	2.5
Pounds per horsepower for fuel and oil — 'useful load'	1.6	12.5

The pounds per horsepower of the total power plant, including fuel and oil, are practically the same for both machines, but the *distribution* of that weight, as between bare engine and fuel, is changed enormously. It is that difference in distribution — the conversion of eleven pounds dead engine

weight into eleven pounds of useful carrying capacity — that is primarily responsible for Lindbergh's success.

For all the advance in knowledge of aeronautical engineering, *there has been no increase in total weight carried per unit of power.* The Wrights' first machine had a power loading in the neighborhood of fifty pounds, but it was not in the modern sense a practicable airplane; its maximum speed was less than thirty miles per hour; it required special launching devices to put it in flight; its possible climb was less than the height of a modern office building, its structure far from rugged, its manœuvrability near the vanishing point. The trend has been definitely downward in respect of power loading, rather than upward. This is natural, because improvement in speed, rate of climb, manœuvrability, safety, — in everything but extreme carrying capacity, — comes with decrease in power loading.

The explanation of the development in airplane performance and utility is not difficult to understand. Engineers have been taking dead weights out of engines and making available thereby an equal weight for 'useful' carrying capacity — available for fuel if one would break endurance records, for freight or mail or passengers if one is willing to dispense with a part of the fuel and accept a shorter cruising range. The saving of about eleven pounds per horsepower in engine weights, coupled with corresponding improvement in structures to take advantage of it, has been translated into increase in cruising range, increase in speed, increase in climbing ability, increase in utility, increase in safety.

Reduction in engine weights has been the predominating influence in improvement in airplane performance. We may expect no startling advance in performance in the future because we are now approaching the ultimate limit in respect of weight reduction. Engines now operating in service types of planes, both military and commercial, weigh in some instances less than one and one half pounds per horsepower. Certainly they can never be reduced to zero weight. But even if they could be reduced to zero, the gain in possible performance would not be startling. Lindbergh carried twenty-seven hundred pounds of fuel; his engine weighed five hundred pounds. A weightless engine would have permitted him to add five hundred pounds — about eighty-three gallons — to his fuel weight, and would have increased his cruising range by something less than twenty per cent.

We may expect some further reduction in engine weights, some improvement in fuel economy, refinements in wing and body construction which will enable us to use the engine power more efficiently. But these advances will come so slowly as to be scarcely perceptible to the casual observer, except perhaps as some new long-distance record is established. We shall never reach the ultimate limit, of course, but we are approaching it; and as we approach it the rate of progress becomes ever less rapid.

The Pacific Ocean will be spanned, as the Atlantic has been. The airline distance between Honolulu and Tokyo is almost exactly equal to the distance from New York to Berlin. Chamberlin has flown within a few miles of that distance; a handbag full of additional gasoline would have taken him all the way. Lindbergh had enough fuel left on arrival at Paris to take him on to Berlin without landing.

There are no halfway measures in transoceanic flights. They are either completely successful or complete failures. The difference between glorious success and tragic failure is very small indeed; measured in terms of airplane

performance it may be almost negligible. When the barrier is finally broken down success comes with such startling suddenness that one is very likely to conclude that some new invention or some revolutionary advance in the art of airplane building has suddenly come to light. We are prone to forget, if indeed we ever knew, that Lindbergh's plane was an adaptation of a similar type which has been in continuous operation for a long time in regular passenger-carrying service in California; to forget that Chamberlin's plane was actually built some three years ago, and has been in intermittent flight service since that time; to forget that the Wright Whirlwind engine used in all the transoceanic flights was designed seven years ago, and has for at least four years, in substantially its present form, been in continuous operation in naval planes which have operated from Iceland to the South Sea Islands; to forget that Kelly and Macready made a nonstop flight cross-continent in 1924, covering a distance greater than from San Francisco to Honolulu; to forget that a German airplane in 1914 remained in the air without refueling for twenty-four hours.

There have been great strides in reliability and safety, and in adaptation to utilitarian purposes. But there has been no startling increase in possible performance during the past few years; there is no likelihood that there will be in the years to come.

II

But what of the 'giant' airplane? We have read much in the daily newspapers of huge air liners of the future. Big steamers can handle ocean freight and passengers far more efficiently than can little ones; the experience of centuries has taught us to accept as a matter of course, in practically all forms of transportation, that efficiency goes with large size. What more natural than that we should look forward to the development of larger and still larger airplanes, with ever-increasing efficiency as a result?

Unfortunately the old rule fails us when it comes to airplanes, because the method of support is entirely different from that of any other known vehicle. All other forms of vehicles, including the dirigible, are supported by static forces. They are supported equally well whether they are at rest or in motion. Their propelling plants are entirely independent of the support, and the fuel carried is *all* available for driving them forward. Ships ranged the seas before ever an engine was heard of; but the airplane immediately ceases to be an airplane when its engine stops.

Our grammar-school physics tells us that every floating body is buoyed up by a force equal to the weight of the liquid which it displaces. The volume of any body increases as the cube of the dimensions. If we double the dimensions of a cubical box the volume becomes eight times as great, and therefore it will float eight times as much weight; but the weight of the box does not increase anywhere near so fast as does its contained volume. It is the story of the dry-goods box; less lumber is needed to enclose material in one big box than to enclose the same material in a lot of little boxes. In floating vessels, therefore, we can carry proportionately far more useful weight in large vessels than in small ones. And so with the surface ship, the submarine, the balloon, the dirigible airship, or the dry-goods box: when we want to increase the proportion of the total weight that can be allotted to useful pay load, or, if ships are self-propelled, to increase the distance they can go without refueling, all we have to do is to build the vessels larger. That is why

we have enormous passenger ships like the Leviathan. That is why we can carry sixteen-inch armor on big battleships when we must be content with thin side plating in destroyers. That is why rigid airships increase in effectiveness as the size is increased. 'Bigger and better' is a fine slogan for displacement ships.

We have an entirely different story with the airplane. It does n't float in the air, any more than the skipping stone which you shy along the surface of the water floats on the water. The airplane is an *air*plane; the stone is (so long as it keeps moving) a *hydro*plane. Both depend entirely for their support upon their continued *movement* — with relation to the air in the one case; with relation to the water in the other case. In both cases it is the *area* of the *surface* in contact that counts. The *volume* has nothing to do with the supporting force or with the total carrying capacity. If we double the area we double the total supporting force and the total carrying capacity; but at the same time we double the weight of the structure, double the resistance to forward motion, and hence double the effort required to keep it moving; and when, as in the airplane, the driving effort is supplied by an engine, there is required twice as powerful an engine, and twice as much fuel to go a given distance. The weight of structure, carrying capacity, and power and fuel required, all increase in exactly the same proportion as the size increases.

Generally speaking, then, and contrary to the rule which applies to *floating* vessels, small airplanes are just as efficient as are large ones. There is no advantage in great size. A small airplane can fly as far as a large one; two small airplanes can carry as much useful load as can one large one of double the size. It is not just an accident that the world's records to-day for the longest sustained flight, the greatest nonstop distance, and the highest sustained speed for all distances from one mile to nearly four thousand miles, stand to the credit of airplanes of moderate or small size.

Byrd had three engines of exactly the same model as Chamberlin's one, exactly three times the total power, and approximately three times the wing area. His plane weighed just a little less than three times as much as Chamberlin's. He had no longer cruising range, he carried proportionately no greater useful load. Chamberlin's one engine carried two men across the ocean; Byrd's three engines carried four. Both were loaded to the very limit of safety.

There is one advantage which larger machines have over smaller ones — that within reasonable limits no larger flying crew is necessary for large machines than for small ones. For example, Lindbergh flew the Spirit of St. Louis alone. Conceivably Byrd might have flown alone, and have translated his 'crew' into 'passengers.' It is rather doubtful, however, if any pilot would care to make a regular practice of flying under such conditions.

But there is a limit even to this advantage. It is a demonstrated fact that, as size is increased, a point is reached, somewhere in the neighborhood of eighteen thousand pounds (Byrd's plane weighed a little more than fourteen thousand pounds), beyond which it becomes necessary to allot a proportionately greater part of the gross weight to wing and body structure, and a correspondingly smaller part to useful load, than is necessary in the smaller types. The explanation of this involves a somewhat complicated technical discussion of the principles of structural design somewhat analogous to those involved in cantilever bridge construction — a discussion which has no place

here. Suffice it to say that attempts to build airplanes considerably in excess of about eighteen thousand pounds necessarily result in decrease in efficiency.

There is no advantage in great size. This is the dictum of the engineer, this the evidence of actual performance, this invariably the lesson which has been learned in the many attempts that have been made in all countries in the world to construct giant airplanes. Byrd's plane is often spoken of as a giant plane. In reality it is not a giant at all. The NC–4 which made the transatlantic flight via the Azores eight years ago was more than twice the size of Byrd's plane. The army's Barling bomber was three times the size of Byrd's plane. None of these huge types has persisted.

The trend of development in recent years has been downward in size rather than upward. There is no reason to believe that the airplane of the future will be of great size. The 'bigger and better' complex is so strong that efforts to build giant airplanes will doubtless persist for years to come, but we have probably seen about as large airplanes as we shall ever see in commonplace operation.

The trend of airplane development, then, is toward greater reliability, dependability, safety; toward more general application to useful commonplace service, greater production, and marked decrease in cost of construction, operation, and maintenance. There will be slow and steady improvement in possible range, in maximum speed, in possible time of sustained flight, to be sure; but we need look forward to no very startling gain in any of these. Because of the great proportion of the total carrying capacity required for fuel in long flights, the airplane, as applied to practical carrying purposes, is to-day, and must inevitably remain, essentially a short-range vehicle. Its forte is high speed and unprecedented freedom of movement; its weakness, relatively limited range of independent operation.

Transatlantic flight by airplane is undoubtedly practicable in favorable conditions, just as nonstop transcontinental passage by motor bus is practicable. But that does not indicate that either is likely to become a commonplace commercial venture or military operation. A motor bus in a transcontinental passage will consume nearly two tons — or six hundred gallons — of fuel. No one can deny that a motor bus can successfully make a nonstop passage across the continent without refueling along the way; but can anyone picture as a paying commercial venture a bus line which must sacrifice enough passenger space to accommodate twelve fifty-gallon gasoline drums, or one hundred and twenty five-gallon gasoline tins, or eliminate the weight of some twenty passengers and their baggage? Would you invest your money in such a project?

The airplane must have frequent refueling and service stations along its route, just as automobiles must have them. These do not exist at sea; they cannot be provided or maintained except at prohibitive cost, if at all.

One does not say that regular transoceanic airplane service will never come, — it is a rash man who says that *any* thing will *never* come, — but it cannot and will not come until there is far more advance in the field of aeronautics than now exists or is remotely in view to-day.

III

What, then, have the recent transoceanic flights proved? They have probably done more to advance the cause of aeronautics, both commercial and military, in this country, than any other one series of events could possibly

have done. Aeronautics has been developing rapidly under the surface. It has long since reached a point where it is ready to take the people of the country on its back with safety and assurance from one end of the country to the other at tremendous speed.

Our lack of commercial passenger lines in this country is not due to lack of excellence in flying equipment. Our airplanes are just as efficient, just as safe, as any in the world. Our engineers and pilots are just as good. No foreign airplane or pilot has surpassed the feats of Lindbergh, Byrd, Chamberlin, or Maitland. A very fair share of world-record performances stands to the credit of American airplanes. We have excellent airplanes, peerless flyers, lighted airways, frequent landing fields, well-equipped service stations throughout the country. All the groundwork in its necessary elements is laid for air transportation from anywhere to anywhere in the land. All that we have needed is the passengers to ride; the income from their fares to pay running expenses, to perfect existing facilities, to provide new facilities where they do not now exist. And all that is necessary to get passengers is to convince them that air transport is safe and dependable. It needed men with daring and unbounded confidence to perform some startling exploit which would arouse popular enthusiasm, focus the attention of the whole country on the things which have been under our very noses for years if we would but use them. These men who have faced the perils of the Atlantic and Pacific are the kind of men who are flying your mails across the country every day and every night of the year; the kind of men who are ready at your service to carry you wherever and whenever you wish to go. They will take you in planes which are conservatively loaded, which need no special runways to take off, over well-lighted and regularly established airways, with accurate weather information for the path ahead always at hand, with marked and lighted landing fields every few miles, and competent service men distributed all along the route. They are propelled by engines which have plugged on unfaltering for dozens of hours over the Atlantic and Pacific, through fog, rain, and sleet, day and night, good weather and bad. Need you have any fear to fly with such pilots and such equipment? Many are ready to serve you now. Many more will spring to your service when you indicate your desire to ride, your willingness to pay a reasonable fare.

When you have come, as you doubtless will — and soon — to taking passage by air with as little thought of the consequences as you now have when taking the regular express train, you may look back and thank these men for bringing this service to your attention. Theirs has been the 'punch' which has been necessary to bring to the public consciousness the fact that the airplane in the field of public utilities has come to stay.

ROUGHING IT IN THE TROPICS

BY MARK BARR

I

One day in my youth I stood on the six-hundredth rung of a twelve-hundred-foot ladder. And looking up from the deep shaft I could see the stars at noon. I was to climb this ladder many times, clad in a sort of Burberry (against the dripping hæmatite water), stringing great lengths of electric cable by candlelight. But that was in the temperate zone of upper Michigan, and, had it not been for the fact that several other undergraduates were on the same job, I might have felt the full dramatic quality of my experience. Pride, and the will to feel as well as to exhibit coolness, eclipsed our fears.

Some years later in London — still in my youth — I discovered that my adventure in the red Gogebic Range could never appear heroic. Not that I wished it so, but I was struck by a remark of Stephen Crane's when he said that, unless one feels in the actual moment of one's action a dramatic quality, the incident will forever remain commonplace. Now, when I look back through my present dislike of height, I imagine that it was indeed horrifying to have climbed that ladder. For I transform the youthful, slightly sick feeling of caution into the white fear I should know to-day. And yet at the time it was not a stirring experience.

But what of adventure in the Tropical Zone? If your own life north of the equator has been as normal as mine, you will agree that the tropic forests loom up full of terrors: a hundred stinging insects darting through the jungle for every one of our New York gnats; tarantulas springing upon one; outlandish plants with razor-leaf edges; serpents; miasmic threats of disease.

So, when I set sail for the West Indies with Will Beebe, his smiling disapproval of my excited outlook did not allay my sense of heroics. I felt like the one undergraduate who had not climbed the red ladder — though we had laughed at him and said it was nothing. I was to see tarantulas at home and walk in a jungle choked with orchids.

At Christmas time we left New York, bumping through blocks of ice in the river and shivering all night in worse and worse winter although we were headed south. But three days later we were counting the flying fish and admiring the gold sargasso weed in the bluest water of all the seas. As yet there were no tarantulas, and I was grateful for a gentle induction into jeopardous adventure.

We had a sight, far off, of San Salvador, but we saw little land as we made for the Windward Passage through the Greater Antilles. And when we sailed into the bay of Haiti I was disappointed to see so little of the tropic flora. My absurd anticipations had outrun all reasonable limits of vision.

But the colors of the sky and distant crumpled hills! Concept serves us

very ill when we imagine that mere degree will give us a clue to new appearances. The water and the sky were not simply bluer than the hues I had known — they were novel with an effect beyond that of clarity and heightened tone. The sea, of *Salvia patens* blue, moved in rounded wavelets with no cusps; and from the curved facets oddly colored high-lights shone — lavender, rose, and white.

The moment we landed we were shown into the General's private launch for a streak down the rim of the bay, and into his motor car for the run up to his beautiful place in the hills. Along the lanes I saw scarlet Poinsettia and red Hibiscus growing wild; two kinds of Hibiscus later, red and peachblow; two kinds of Bougainvillæa; the lavender Petrea, deep-hued morning-glories, and rose-colored Liane d'Amour embracing the stony-hearted cactus; royal palms of great height, and the trees called Flamboyant.

The General and his wife received us on a terrace which might have been one of the colonial verandahs of Virginia or Lady Varley's house on Camden Hill in London — except for the flower garden and the magical breeze and the view below of Gonaïves Gulf, now in turquoise, alkanet, mother-of-pearl. I can think of nothing more certain to overwhelm one with delight than a dinner party at the General's, where one gets everything both ways — all the kindness and wit and humor of Northern culture set in the best of tropical heavens. I was told about the sights to see; the strange natives and voodoo and the jungle. The answers to all my questions brought surprise. 'That is a breadfruit tree. This is native mahogany; and by the way, you will have mahogany honey for breakfast. And you will enjoy our walk to-morrow along a native trail in the jungle.'

No mention yet of tarantulas.

True, I slept under a mosquito net tucked around by kindly Enrico. True, I was told that the big cool brook-water *bazin* would be ready for me at seven; that breakfast (with mahogany honey) would be served at eight — the General pouring our coffee. But, temporarily safe in bed, when I faintly heard the voodoo songs and tom-tom beats far over the jungle glades, and near by the thump of mangoes ripening in the very night, I was thrilled with ominous thoughts: how I should have to sidestep, on the morrow's excursion, velvety tarantulas, not to say malarial mosquitoes, voodoo charms, and razor-blade plants.

But the modern high-powered automobile, chauffeured to a turn, and the modern facilities, electric ice, thermos flasks, cigarette lighters worked by the metal lanthanum instead of flint — these comforts, as we rode to the edge of the forest, knocked out my sense of roughing it. I do say, though, that when we trailed through the jungle glade with Will Beebe leading, — hawk-eyed, seeing all twenty seconds ahead of us in time and twenty yards ahead in space, — I do say it was hard going for me. But the General's wife took the uneven paths like a gazelle. She made us laugh; she made us go on; and incidentally she made us think that the Hibiscus and Liane d'Amour were, not exactly dull flowers (*she* called them divine), but certainly mere side decorations as she serenely, on the jungle trail, entertained us.

There was nothing she did not know about the Haitian woods, and I observed more than my unguided eyes would have taken in. The overwhelming sensation was to see trees and vines green and flowered, as I guessed, twelve months in the year and showing so little sign of their relation to the trees I know.

It was not the orchid season, but I saw many. I had thought that orchids were too much like animals: there had been something weird and almost suggestive of a satanic trap when I saw them in England — so out of place. But here the trees seemed pleased to have them clinging; they were as welcome as the perching birds. And thus the delicate orchids won my heart for the first time, now set out in their own way. The scene was pleasing, not sinister.

II

The sense of the forest, the spirit of it, is known to many of us — the spirit of the Northern wood. What is the spirit of a tropical forest? I remember one night at a country-house party in England when we were analyzing our feelings in regard to the surrounding wood. I said the forest near by was not alive, and the hostess exclaimed, 'Trees not alive? How can you say that?' and Algernon Blackwood shouted, 'Thank you, Moro; I have been contending that this wood is dead. There are no hamadryads here.' We were accused of mystification!

There is in the Northern wood, when it is right, the sense of a hushed temple — I can put it no more clearly. But in the jungle forest this is not so. There come into my mind all sorts of far-fetched analogies when I try to convey the idea. I think of the visit of an Athenian poet, a little later than the Golden Age, to the palace of Crœsus across the Ægean; and I wonder at the scene when the quiet, philosophic Athenian entered the room and was greeted by the mighty Lydians! And the entertainment, the rich-colored setting, and the pleased and flattered but somewhat disturbed, cool-tempered visitor.

Here in Haiti was a forest silent enough, but it was not the silence of a temple. Here was beauty, but the beholder was too much stirred; and as I looked I seemed to understand, all at once, why men had so often devised religions based on asceticism: as if beauty, full tilt, at its height, were dangerous! I am not able to believe that the moral judgment has had any success when it has touched upon the perception of beauty. And yet . . .

In the forest clearings we came upon natives in their hovels set in groves of cultivated banana trees, and plantations of exotic vegetables never served at the Savoy or at Childs'. The natives are gentle, pleasant people and we were told to say, 'Bonjour, madame' (we are told in England to say 'ma'am' to the Queen) and the black wives smilingly replied, 'Prends courage, cousin.'

My ideas of negroes were put awry by the clear articulation in French patois, so different from one's idea of what African lips must do. Along the roads outside we met these black women riding burros on a day's journey to the market in Port-au-Prince. Here they were dressed for Sunday with bright bandannas covered by broad straw hats. And on their feet heelless slippers hanging perilously on the big toes but never falling. Haitian *chic!* I offered to buy the sixty-five cents' worth of merchandise, but was told that two dollars would not be accepted so far from the market. Tomorrow's gossip and bickering at Port-au-Prince give the maximum profit. The black wives are independent and occupy no inferior position; and one might possibly see them ruling chalk lines for their lazy husbands.

Sounds of a violent domestic quarrel in the deep glade below reached us while we lunched on the ridge, and the one epithet was 'Ou-mim!' — which is patois for 'Vous-mêmes.' But in a few minutes all was silent and peaceful. The strange trees made a cool

shade from which no tarantula dropped upon us.

The natives are the descendants of African slaves imported in the eighteenth century to relieve the cruelty to the Caribs, whose serfdom shocked the conscience of a tender-hearted priest. But more than a hundred years of freedom won when Napoleon was not at his best — and he was ever vague upon questions of overseas control — has given little to the Haitian. 'T is a sad country. The calm negroes move in the scene knowing nothing of snow or white reason. They strive ever toward yesterdays, and it is well not to probe too deeply into their manners. Though they have a great palace for their President (by the way, he is a very learned and exceptional man) and a Palace of Finance with the Haitian flag flying blue and red, — the French white torn out, — a half-dozen laborers lapped from the gutter a bottle of yellow chartreuse which slipped from my arm the other day.

III

Until the expeditionary schooner came in we stopped at the General's house, and the soothing run of my introduction to life at 18° N. continued to make philosophy redundant. Our conversation on the terrace ranged over all tropical countries, and my interest in hot lands increased as the General told me of many colored peoples and their customs and governments. The horror of voodoo human sacrifice is no more — an improvement on the year 1864, when a mother, on being asked how she could bring herself to kill her own child for voodoo cannibalistic sacrifice, replied brightly, 'Who has a better right?'

From the General's terrace we watched the horizon of Gonaïves Gulf for the coming of Will Beebe's floating laboratory. This was the four-masted schooner Lieutenant, sailing from New York on December 31, 1926. The strange cargo of scientific apparatus and khaki tents, in which we were to work and live on deck, made a burden far below the normal nine hundred tons, and we knew that the beautiful vessel would ride high in the water.

The schooner carried no auxiliary engine, and her arrival was a question of fitful winds even before she was off San Salvador. She was compelled to make Easting; and at last, after twenty-one days out of New York, she came into view rimming westerward the coast of San Domingo. We had a sweepstake for the date of arrival, and Dr. Jamieson won it when the Lieutenant sailed down the bay with John Tee-Van at the wheel. I marveled at John's sea-dog verve, for I had thought that an ichthyologist would know nothing of navigation. But the vessel had been brought down by Will Beebe's group of clever assistants, under the command of her skipper.

We were all tanned and acclimated. Will and Jamieson and I had not spent our entire month on the General's shaded terrace, and certainly the ichthyological crew had known exposure. We began at once to fit up our laboratory, rejoicing in the heavy toil. The skipper, I think, looked on with disapproving eye, amused and cynical, as we put up the khaki tents on deck: the big library and work tent, with its microscopes and forceps and trays, its tables and seal jars and slide rules; the big mess tent, with its dining table made by Merriam then and there, with long benches at the sides; and our sleeping tents, our carpenter bench, and the pet monkey's ample cage — dearest Cheery, the darling spawn of Satan. Serge, our Russian refugee *Préparateur* (of whom a poignant and arresting and then a delightful history can be told),

remarked: 'Oh, much work; plenty carpenter; no *glace*.' Ice! That is what Merriam and I were expected to produce. And we did, eventually, when the dynamo was fitted and the methyl chloride gas began to run its expanding and contracting cycle in the great refrigerator. *That* job was done. And from that day we had a great supply of two-inch cubes of ice. Over all tents and the ice box we stretched great canvas flies, and around the refrigerator we packed five inches of kapok fibre. Tables and benches, aquarium stands and shelves on deck and below in the hold — these went up fast under our army-ant efforts.

The work was chiefly sea work and at sea we were anchored. We had no mosquitoes, no land pests of any kind; and twice a day a cool sea breeze. At ten that first night we slept, each on his own cot in his own tent. A good job done. The régime, never broken during four months, was as follows: —

Up at 6.30. Into the sea.
Work (of which, details presently).
11.40. Into the sea. Lunch at 12.
Work.
4.20. Into the sea.
4.50. The first and only drink: iced rum punch.
At 5, dinner and perhaps a half hour's recreation.
Work, and to bed at 10.

Recreation is a stupid word in many contexts. If it merely suggests idle fun it has little meaning in laboratory work; for when I look back over thirty-five years, and think of the breathless joy of research, golf is nothing at all. And there is no quickening change of occupation quite so thrilling as the next and the next moment in analytic observation. We labored joyously, we had one drink of rum, and we rested in black velvet slumber.

We were anxious to repeat Will Beebe's use of a bright light in the sea, and very soon after sundown we lowered into the water our powerful electric projector. The jellyfish bothered us, being plankton, a name which hints that they have no will of their own. In the spread of the beam, which made a celadon-green fan of jeweled light, hundreds of jellyfish phototropically moved to make a sort of glass log-jam and clogged our field. But it was not always so, and many fish and other quick-swimming creatures came from their beds to see the lamp. Dozens were collected and studied.

There are some species which cannot be caught by any hook or net or trap. These are fish not seen near the surface, and it is necessary to study their habits by going down in a diving helmet.

IV

A walk on the sea floor is an experience never forgotten. You see many a gem in the caves of the ocean, and if the poet Gray had left Stoke Poges for the Greater Antilles, to know these beauties first hand, he would, like Bates, have tarried long out of England.

You wear a heavy-windowed helmet, fitted at the end of a long hose pipe, and you go down a ladder off the stern of the boat while a trusty friend pumps the air. All of a sudden you are weightless and the dearest dreams of dance and grace come true. You are in the enchanted garden of Rasselas. You move as a Nijinsky, remembering his *Spectre de la Rose*, for to step over a three-foot piece of coral is no effort. Oddly enough, under the hypnosis of your outlandish adventure, the magic world becomes strangely, faintly normal. That is to say, you begin to remember the scene, to imagine you have been there before. For you have known it all in your dreams.

The atmosphere (so it seems, for there

is no sense of water; one is not wet) is of a transparent faint celadon green, and distances appear abnormal. Valleys stretch out and tempt one to wander.

On some of the reef floors it is impossible to walk on account of closely massed jagged coral, which stands up still and gaunt like frozen plants. But we found one reef with alleyways of snow-white sand. And here was a long-fringed moss of Chinese camellia-leaf powder-green, above which waved red-purple fronds of miracle lace.

Sponges are colored! I had thought they were all of light gray-yellow, but in the sea garden where they grow they show the hues of *famille verte*. But alas, the color washes out above, in the fresh-water world. One cannot rob the gems of ocean with profit. And surely we know this, for what have we ever brought back from the land of dreams?

Rock gardens at home show broken stones, but on the sea floor rocks are unsplit spheroids of coral with labyrinthine designs upon them. I saw three lilies growing on one of these boulders, their silken corollas crimped and scalloped to show captivating changes in color. One was scarlet, one was like a yellow picotee, and one was pale sky blue. I wished to pick one, but zip! it vanished — as things do in dreams.

These might be *Hemerocallis euleipióeis* — a dog-Greek name I have invented for them, the botany game being played in this way, I believe. But Will Beebe has the right official name, which does not do them justice, though I know now that they are benthic animals.

Fish swim about you unafraid, and the one most often seen was half pure blue and half lemon yellow. The colors and designs are uninventable, and I have seen feats of camouflage that put the chameleon in the shade. We all know that black is not black in usual environment, and that a dark-lined cavern like the pupil of the eye is blacker than any surface pigment. Yet there is one fish (his eye is all pupil, of course) which has a black pigmentary band across him and across his eye equal exactly in width to the eye diameter; and the pigment is of such velvet blackness that the eye is not seen. Is this enough in the way of disguise? No! Far from his head there is an imitation of a bright eye like those on butterfly wings!

And there was a rare fish, never seen near the surface, which Beebe captured only after two weeks' study of its habits *in situ*. It had a mantle of Tyrian purple so bright that we could find no paint to match it. And so it goes; I won't attempt further to convey the detailed wonders.

I do not speak loosely when I mention dreams and refer to the sense of haunting memory. I have not forgotten Plato's charming suggestion that our perception of beauty is a primordial recollection. And he said that wisdom (or was it knowledge?) is a memory! William James, also, has had much to say on the incidence of a memory sense in very odd mental experiences. The first green of spring always stirs in me the exquisite wraith of age-old memory, and in the sea garden I felt again that strange inexpressible emotion.

I have discussed this with my friend Alfred Whitehead, who has some illuminating philosophic things to say about it. I agree with him that the physiologist's definition of memory will not bear analysis and that an apparent sense of recollection, when the facts of memory are nonexistent, is something to conjure with. Who knows the truth wrapped in this great mystery? Who can contemplate space-time, with its infinite miracle of past and present?

Conscience-stricken at last, on giving a stray thought to your pumping

friend, you go up the ladder and the impatient gods above lift off the helmet. You are again in the white air and you notice on all light objects a pinkish hue. This is because you have tired out the Nankin parts of your retina.

At night, incredibly soon after the quick sunset, the sea is black, but if the water is torn — if the slightest disturbance is made in the sea — it shines out in a liquid silver luminescence. White flames, much brighter than moonlight, flash and ripple away; and a stone dropped will show the silver trail down and down as it sinks, while on the surface widening rings, fainter and fainter, spread away. We dropped a pin from the rail and saw a tiny flick of light on the sea twenty feet below.

V

Beebe studied certain of the inland fresh-water creatures in the brackish lakes at Matalas and Thomazeau. And one day when we had waded through the sulphur swamps at Source Matalas we had a thrilling experience. We found no sign of life in the strong-smelling waters and were on our way home when we saw the bright flash of a leaping fish. To my eye 't was merely a flash, but Beebe shouted, 'Tarpon!' I think this wonderful, for how could anyone give a name to a flick of light? I had read somewhere that up to this time only one breeding ground of tarpon was known in the world, far away from Haiti; and how could any creatures live in such sulphur water?

We went for our fifteen-foot net and began a sweep of the small sulphur-green lagoon. And all of a sudden, without warning, we had fifty-six baby tarpon leaping like mad to escape our seine! And here was another breeding place for the great sporting fish. The little tarpon is, to my eye, exactly like the grown monster in every detail but size. What his father leaps in feet, he leaps in inches, with every fin and tooth the same. And the bright wild eye is there.

It would be a pleasure to devote the whole of my article to Beebe. His fame — which in science is even greater abroad than at home; and I should like to quote Sir Ray Lankester and Professor d'Arcy Thomson — his fame as an observer is a splendid thing. And I smiled in lessening wonder when everyone in Haiti seemed to be in competition to serve him. One day an aeroplane came from far inland at one hundred and ten miles an hour to bring Beebe a brook fish just caught. It was packed in ice and the colors were still fresh.

The thought jumped to my mind that I should like to see the island of Haiti from above as well as below, and Major Geiger of the Marines took me on a flight. I was trussed up according to standard and belted into the observer's seat in easily slipped buckles, a parachute on my hind quarters.

'*If things go wrong, dive headfirst over the side; straight down, mind you. Then count three and pull this ring. That's all.*' These were grim words to a tenderfoot, but all thought of danger was gone in a moment when we soared over the sea. And as I rose up to zenith I saw more of nadir. Looking downward, I could see the very fish I had so nearly caught in my hands when I had walked among them.

We made for the mountains and rose more than a mile to clear the furled air off the peaks. But we had a few airhole drops which are rather terrifying to the beginner, and yet I found myself unaccountably thinking of equations of the *n*th degree and of the loss of La Gioconda from the Louvre! This would n't do; it was the sign of turbulent emotion.

We passed so high over the Artibonite River that I could see its whole sinuous extent — a silver cord, in and out, almost tangled; and I thought of the string we used to pitch over our shoulders, at Halloween, to read a cryptic message on the floor. The great river meandered over a large part of the visible land, a green disc two hundred miles from rim to rim.

When one is a mile and a quarter above the earth, the horizon is still level with one's eyes, not sensibly below one. I pointed outward, level with my eyes, with outstretched arm, and the horizon of the sea was less than three quarters of an inch below the tip of my forefinger.

It is to be remembered that one's view of the earth from an aeroplane is that of a microscopist. When we look through a microscope at the green velvet mould on a lemon, for example, we see fronds and trees in a great tropical forest. And if, as in Fitz-James O'Brien's charming story of 'The Diamond Lens,' little humans moved in the scene, we should have the very view that I had of tropical Haiti.

Now the man in the forest has a *high-power view* of his earth. He sees the life line on his infinitesimal hand, while we, high above, get a low-power view. The homunculus sees fine detail, but there is another type of detail not appreciated from his close-up view: the elements of large masses with color showing only a faint difference from outlying parts. And thus from the aeroplane we could distinguish the sites of ancient farms long since vanished from the close-up view. In England airmen have identified ancient Roman land divisions by taking photographs from a height of half a mile, and in Haiti Captain Boyden has discovered the sites of old fortifications and roads not recorded in the vaguely written histories.

We live in one situation and think we grasp the whole relation between our place and that of distant cities. But as I passed high over Haiti, and saw two or three or four towns simultaneously, I had a sense of human habitation strangely new. Great tropical trees were now fuzzy buttons on crumpled velvet cushions, and men were slowly moving dots. Pigs, with their solid stumpy shadows, are more easily seen than men, whose shadows are like needles; and the thought occurred to me that the gods, looking down, might well neglect to record man as the most important creature on earth.

At one hundred and ten miles an hour we soon reached Cape Haitien in the north. And after viewing the beautiful bay, on which ships looked like wisps of straw, we turned back and made for the terrible Citadel, built by Christophe, the black Emperor of Haiti, on the highest peak. We banked steeply and skimmed past the windows of the great fortress, and I had many stirring thoughts as I remembered the story.

Christophe, when the blacks had massacred the French and had torn the white from the tricolor, enslaved his own people more horribly than the foreigner had done; and he built this fortress solid and sheer on the precipitous mountain to defy all comers. I saw the great bronze cannon which never fired a shot.

The black Emperor killed his French prisoner-architect when the last stone was laid. But he had a short reign, and I wondered what had passed in his dark mind on the last night when the slaves came roaring up the hills for him; for he shot himself with a silver bullet (some do say gold) and ended all.

To-day little negro boys show one gayly through the passages. Old gray-headed negroes look up at the Citadel

with an expression which suggests that the world is too active, too unknowable. They know the story vaguely, but they turn to their furrows and think no more, while the walls of the fortress, stone by stone, slowly crumble into the valley.

On coming back Major Geiger, bully fellow, flew out to sea and circled our laboratory schooner. He came down so close I thought he'd cut our outriggers (newly painted) and I waved to my friends.

VI

When I came aboard again these friends were hard at it analyzing the ways of fish, forming a life history. The technical work is extensive and heavy. A specimen comes in and its colors are carefully matched with Ridgeway's exhaustive scale of hues. If any doubt arises, notes are taken and sample trials with pigment mixtures are made while the colors are still fresh. This is important, because after death the colors of a fish either change or vanish. Measurements are made from point to point and certain ratios are calculated. Photographs are taken — plain, colored, and moving.

The internal organs are examined, the food of the fish is determined, and it seems to me that no analysis I have ever seen in many years of laboratory work is quite so exhaustive. All previous references by other observers are read; and if there is any discrepancy additional specimens are obtained and all variation is noted. Thus there is no question of doubt, and the species, new or old, is fixed for the locality in which it was found.

To get the specimens requires untiring ingenuity. Some fish can be got only by the use of dynamite. After one has gone down to the bottom and learned the location and the habits of a species, a stick of dynamite is exploded and the compressional waves kill the fish without visible physical injury. Other species we get at night with the immersed high-power electric light. And Merriam got a very rare fish by shooting it far under water with a special gun he had invented. We have very small nets of silk thread; linen nets one hundred feet across; hand nets with long poles and short; grains (pronged tridents), arrows, hooks, and traps sunk to the bottom of the sea and left with marking buoys. Fishing rods — minnow and tarpon; and quick, sponge-closing hands to capture in them the massed riches of Haitian waters.

There is much to do. Sea water runs in glass aquarium boxes and fresh water in others. Colored lights are ready to test specific reactions — such as those of a strange spider crab who would swim only toward a red light, and a camouflaging fish who changed his color from blue to lemon yellow. Green lights, amber lights, day-colored lights. Then the complex photography requiring many different sorts of lenses and plates and a cinematographic camera designed by Tee-Van for taking movies on the sea floor.

There are coral rocks to be broken up, revealing microscopic creatures of incredible design and hue; great harpoons and ropes to deal with Gargantuan sting rays or sharks. Sharks, by the way, are no more dangerous than strange dogs, which, of course, we avoid even when we walk up Fifth Avenue. But we do not scream and run, because we know that strange dogs do not seek man as food.

Then there is the microscope, and I'm sure I should have the experience of Fitz-James O'Brien's man with his diamond lens were I to gaze too long. Creatures divinely beautiful come out of the water forests as in that pretty tale, and I can now believe the age of

the earth to be ten thousand million years, for to create their forms would surely take that long.

We watch the jellyfish in the fan of light after dark, and we see now and then a hundred silver fish leap out to escape an enemy; we watch the swift scarlet sea worms swimming in circles. A rare red-headed bird swoops in from the dark and away. Down on the water someone shouts for the No. 17 net, and it must be lowered instantly with no fumbling. A new creature is scooped in and we all rejoice.

We have risen at six-thirty and swum in the sea, have had our breakfast and worked on until the next and the next swim just before dinner. At four-fifty we have sipped our iced rum punch, and after dinner we have worked again. At ten we are in bed, and no one dreams of tarantulas. . . .

Thus I roughed it in the tropics.

CHRISTIANITY AND PROSELYTISM

BY R. C. HUTCHISON

Evangelical Christianity is usually represented as a proselyting religion, the benefits of which are for those who become Christians. Intensive evangelistic efforts in the homeland and wide-flung mission lines in non-Christian lands bear eloquent testimony to this conviction of orthodox Christianity. There are many leaders who speak the thought of their great parishes when they state that the one and only function of Christianity is to 'bring men to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ,' by which they mean proselytism to the Christian faith.

But Christianity has another function and another message which do not involve proselytism. It has a purpose in the world beside that of making men Christians. It is most unfortunate that the evangelical zeal of its leaders has caused that fact to be overlooked. Sympathetic understanding of Christianity at home and in non-Christian lands would be greatly furthered if these nonproselyting objectives were more clearly recognized and more constantly stated. Certain insistent problems of the American Church and its missionary organizations would be greatly simplified by a recognition of the twofold message of the Christian faith, and many indifferent people would be attracted by a clear presentation of its nonevangelical message. Such a balanced emphasis, furthermore, would present a working religion in which the thinkers of Christian and non-Christian lands would discover more to remind them of Jesus Christ.

When Christ stood in the temple and cried to the surging mob that He had drink for their thirsty souls, He knew that most of them would never become Christians. Yet He did have refreshment for all of them. When He healed the lepers, He knew that they would not thank Him, much less follow Him. Yet He healed them. When He taught the Beatitudes to the multitude, He knew that His hearers would not become disciples. Yet He taught them.

In brief, while Christ had a unique and eternal message for those who would follow Him, He had, at the same time, a great and unprecedented gift for those who He knew would never become Christians.

Christianity, likewise, has such a gift. It proposes to make certain contributions to the world, and these proposals are not based in any way on proselytism. They are based simply and frankly on the words and life of Christ. To receive the direct benefits of these contributions no man in the world needs to become a Christian. No theological or doctrinal faith in Christ is necessary. The recipients and beneficiaries may be Moslems, Hindus, Shintoists, or devil worshipers. Christianity proposes to make these contributions even though from this day to the end of time not a single person surrenders his indifference or deserts his own faith to become a Christian.

I

In the first place, Christianity proposes to offer pure and unselfish service to all men, without money and without price. Christ taught the multitudes, healed the sick, comforted the sorrowing, ministered to the poor, and died in behalf of men, with but a handful following Him. It is evident that at no time in His life was He visionary enough to expect anything else. From the beginning of His ministry He knew He would be rejected of men. But He carried on, nevertheless, because men needed that ministry. He healed men, in addition to other motives, because they were sick and needed healing. He comforted men because they were heartbroken and needed comforting. He taught men because their minds were dark and needed teaching.

Christianity proposes to perform the same ministry, in so far as it is able. Its purpose is to heal the minds, the bodies, and the spirits of men, to cast out devils which rack body and soul, to wipe out leprosy and other pestilential scourges, to minister to the needy, to comfort the mourning, and to develop in men the health and capacity for a fuller enjoyment of life. To this end it is establishing hospitals in every land, whether it be Christian, Moslem, or Confucian; it is dotting Asia and Africa with its schools, and there is no form of human suffering and misery which is not being challenged and combated by Christianity through one or another of its agencies.

The important fact is that this proposal of Christianity, already substantiated by the investment of millions of dollars and thousands of lives, is not for the purpose of proselytism. While those in charge of many such institutions hope and work for converts, it is invariably recognized that this gift of service to needy men requires no pay in the form of conversion to Christianity. The most superficial glance at the work of mission institutions as well as philanthropic enterprises will discover ample evidence that this service is administered impartially to men of every race and every faith. Though never another Moslem turn to Christ, nor devil worshiper leave his fetishes, nor Hindu stir from his ancient philosophies, still Christianity will offer these services to all.

In the second place, Christianity proposes to lift human personality to a primary place in the thoughts and considerations of men. Christ attempted this in His day and age. Among a people indifferent to the importance of children, He valued them collectively and individually. In an age which hated the lepers as unclean and left them to rot their miserable lives away, He stretched out His hand and touched them, teaching for all time

that the value of the personality of one of these was beyond the ken of human comprehension. In a self-righteous society which would have stoned an impure woman, He dared to believe her worth saving. Disregarding the powerful race prejudice of the 'chosen people,' He recognized Syrophœnicians and Samaritans as being of equal value. Scorning class feeling, He found among the despised taxgatherers men as worthy of His love as those who served in the temple. This recognition of the value of human personality was a conception which could have been accepted by any Jew in Palestine without becoming a disciple of Jesus. It was one of Christ's nonproselyting contributions to the thought of His age.

Christianity proposes to make a similar contribution to this age. It proposes to teach the value of human personality in every land and under every condition. It is opposed to slavery in any form, not because of traditional cruelties, but because of the dwarfing of personality which is slavery's inevitable concomitant. It is opposed to child labor in the sweatshops of America, the collieries of Great Britain, the rug factories of Persia, or at the looms of China, because such a system is, for the children, a torturous murder of their personality. Christianity is actively opposed to the opium traffic, to excessive alcoholism and such social evils, because they are known to hamper and chain personalities which should be released for powerful service. Christianity at heart is opposed to war, not primarily because of maimed limbs and destroyed lives, but because of the repression of human personality which is essential to national military success and achievement. Christianity proposes to further in every nation that education which serves the peculiar needs of each people, to the end that men and nations may develop those diverse personalities with which they have been endowed. And none of this depends upon proselytism. Christianity is pledged to the accomplishment of this programme though not a single convert be gained in the process.

In the third place, Christianity proposes to remind all men of a personal responsibility before a just and loving God to whom they have direct access. Christ came to a world wearied of priestcraft, and He represented a God who had long before expressed Himself as hating the ceremonies and intermediaries which stood between Him and His people. Christ struggled to eliminate these obstacles to direct communion, and taught that every man — not only His disciples — that *every man* had direct access to the Father in Heaven, that within the chamber of each man's house was an entrance to the Holy of Holies, and that within the Holy of Holies was a God, not vengeful and cruel, but loving, tender, and fatherly.

Christianity likewise proposes to do away with deadly burdens of priestly religion and to teach men that they have direct access to a God who is a loving father. It proposes that the world dispense with the crude idols which blur its consciousness of God, and that the heavy and antiquated priesthood in all religions, including the Christian, be abolished in so far as it stands between the aspirations of worshipers and their attainment of God. The accomplishment of this objective involves the destruction of no non-Christian religion and requires the conversion of no man from his own faith to that of Christianity. But upon all men of all religions who are weary of ancient liturgies, burdened with massed traditions, confused with man-made obligations, Christianity urges a pure spiritual worship of and a loving obedience to a Father God who

can be approached directly by every soul.

In the fourth place, Christianity would bear testimony to a great and deep conviction, which is that spiritual values will be ultimately supreme in the destiny of men. This conviction found its first expression as Christ sat on the hillside and said such things as these: 'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' Each of these sayings is a promise that spiritual forces and spiritual values will ultimately predominate and conquer.

Because Christianity feels an inescapable compulsion to carry this conviction to men, it translates these sayings into every known tongue and sends them where no missionary dares to go. It bears testimony to its belief that the meek are, more and more, inheriting the earth, that right is slowly downing the forces of evil, that good will is taking the place of ruthless conflict, and that love is the most potent force ever released by God for the use of mankind. Christianity hopes that there will be more men like Gandhi, who, though not necessarily Christians, will demonstrate in their lives the superior power of spiritual forces. The benefits of this testimony do not depend on acceptation of the Christian faith. If these convictions find their way into the tenets of Islam or the sermons of Brahmanism or the books of Shintoism, Christianity will be rejoiced.

The last great proposal which Christianity makes is that men be taught that the indispensable requisite for accomplishment is sacrifice. Christ taught this to all who watched Him live, regardless of whether they accepted anything else in His life. He demonstrated that self-sacrifice was the basis of all accomplishment, the key to success, and the constant element in all service. He paid the price of self-sacrifice for every accomplishment of His own life. Even His remarkable work of healing was the result of a sacrificial agony of prayer, as witness His words to the unsuccessful disciples, 'This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.' Finally He seared this truth into the consciousness of all men of all religions by sacrificing Himself on the cross, forever teaching the cost of accomplishment — self-sacrifice.

Christianity proposes to teach this fact to the world of men regardless of their acceptation of Christ. It wants young men everywhere to know that if they would serve their times they must be willing to surrender selfish comforts and gratifications. It wants men of every faith to know that patriotism is only such when it puts self last and the nation first. It would teach young Egyptians that nationalism is not enough, that it is useless unless accompanied by self-sacrificing idealism. It would teach young Turks that it is not enough to throw away their red fez and overturn their hodja schools. They must surrender more than ancient laws and customs. They must surrender *themselves* if they would make Turkey a great nation. Christianity would teach young Persians that, whether or not they follow the Christ, they must crucify themselves on the cross of Persia else their nation will remain in humble defeat. Christianity would hold before the world of Hindus and Moslems and Shintoists and Christians a dying Christ on a hard cross, and teach all men that this is the price of service in any land and in any religion.

This is the nonevangelical, nonproselyting message of Christianity. 'Ho,

every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters . . . buy, and eat . . . without money and without price.'

II

On the other hand, Christianity must proselyte. It has another gift for those who will accept it and a clear commission to perform. Though this commission and this gift involve proselytism, it is not for the purpose of multiplying adherents or of defeating other religions. It is a solution offered in pure love with the conviction that it will meet one of the world's hardest problems.

All religions have contained excellent precepts and lofty laws. Follow any religion to its source, and principles and teachings will be found for which the world is richer and which are God-inspired. There has been no poverty of principles and teachings. Literature now is teeming with sweet thoughts and high standards of living.

However, eloquent testimony is borne to the fact that men are not inclined to heed these precepts. The worldly-wise precepts of Confucius, the love and selflessness of Buddha, and the pure monotheism of Mohammed would each transform the world had men the desire to follow these teachings. But the complaint is as old as the mounds of Babylon that men of China will not obey their teachers, that young Buddhists are indifferent to the noble precepts of their religion, and that young Moslems show no inclination to follow those Islamic teachings which are worth while.

It is exactly here that Christianity believes it has a unique contribution, and one of such definite value that to withhold it would be morally wrong. Christianity believes not only that its religion is a code, a principle, a way of life, but that it has an actual power which enters into the personality of man and gives him both the desire and the ability to obey higher laws. Any brief statement of this unique contribution will be criticized. Nevertheless, we may dare to state that evangelical Christianity believes that through the living Christ there come to men an infusion of life and power and a spiritual will which make possible a long process of spiritual growth, a soul evolution. Aside from this there seems to be no assurance of the attainment of that righteousness which will make men worthy colaborers with God in the task of eternity.

Believing this, evangelical Christianity has no more right to conceal its contribution than a wealthy man has to bury his treasure. In fact, considering the disturbed condition of the world to-day, no person or group has any justification for withholding any serious proposition that can be offered as a solution. The outstanding problem of the world is the degeneracy of human character expressing itself in imperfect human relationships, in unhappy social conditions, in unnecessary industrial ills, and in civic and national unrighteousness. For the solution of this problem Christianity has a serious proposal, as outlined above. It has no right to withhold this proposal; and, so long as it seems practical, Christianity should exert every effort to lay that proposal before the minds of men and to demonstrate it in the laboratory of human experience. Christianity has, therefore, an obligation to carry its evangelical and proselyting message along with its nonproselyting activities.

III

This whole matter is not merely an academic question. There are great and harassing problems which hinge

upon it for solution. Most outstanding of these problems is that which results from the diverse opinions of those who administer Christian philanthropic institutions throughout the non-Christian world. One group feels that the policies of such schools and hospitals should be directed toward the ultimate goal of proselytism. This group is opposed, often in the same institution, by those who with equal sincerity feel that service and not proselytism is the only justifiable objective. Those who have not worked in these throbbing centres of Christian activity in far lands can scarcely comprehend how acute is the problem which results from this divergence in judgment.

Recently, because of events in such countries as China and Turkey, the question of proselytism and philanthropy has thrust itself forward with new insistence. Where legal restrictions or other circumstances make religious teaching impossible, are our hospitals to be continued for purely medical work? Are schools supported by the Christian Church still to receive such support when the evangelical message cannot be presented to the students?

In a personal way, also, this general problem is faced by literally ten thousand Christian workers who are scattered over non-Christian portions of the world, and by a larger number who labor in homelands. In their daily choice between imperative and unfinished tasks, amid a growing tendency toward institutionalism in religion, they must determine what proportion of their time and effort can be legitimately expended on that service which is not definitely evangelistic. Some inevitably abandon themselves to non-proselyting service, many hold themselves devotedly to that work which is evangelistic, but the vast majority will be found struggling to discover which is right, and wavering between one emphasis and the other.

The greatest number involved in the problem of proselytism, however, comprises those millions in Christian lands who support the world-wide work of the Christian Church and whose contributions build the magnificent philanthropic institutions of both East and West. With each new appeal and each new drive, these men and women are called on to judge this issue. They have constantly to establish and re-establish their own standards as to the proper objective for Christian institutions in non-Christian lands. They are compelled to reach some conclusion as to whether such institutions should be definitely evangelical or purely philanthropic. Many of these supporters are conscious of the importance of first one objective, then the other. Finally, assuming the objectives to be mutually exclusive, they seize upon one alternative and cling to it with an uncomfortable devotion.

But the solution of this general problem in its several aspects lies neither in absolute proselytism nor in absolute philanthropy. Each of these extremes is being tried at the present time and the result is conflict, confusion, and much misunderstanding. The solution, as always, lies in balance, in proper emphasis on each, in the neglect of neither.

Those involved in the administration of Christian institutions, and those countless faithful ones who support by their contributions, will find some of their hardest questions answered and the entire situation considerably clarified if they will recognize both the proselyting and the philanthropic function — if they can accept either as justifiable in itself alone, and at the same time hold both to be absolutely essential for the solution of the world's hardest problems.

ARMISTICE DAY

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

I HEARD the trumpets crying 'Lights out! Lights out!'
and the sun was quenched like a dead candle. The stars
drew night, like a film, across their eyes, and from without
a ship I knew not went sailing, muffled to her spars.

She had no name and no beauty. She was not of those
ships, like armfuls of white fire carelessly tossed on the sea,
tossed like a great unintelligible flower, a blind white rose.
She was a black ship, that went sailing, a strange ship to me.

She carried the hope of the world in her hold like a bale,
and the thin notes of the trumpets were her long wake.
She was unimaginably empty, bitter, and stale,
and the sea of dark that she sailed was more bitter for her sake.

And the trumpets cried 'Lights out! Lights out!' And I listened
to their cadence echoing in the hearts of all the lost.
'Lights out! Lights out!' they answered, and the words glistened
like a firefly dancing between the ribs of a ghost.

'Lights out!' and the trumpets were silent. But out in the dark
the black ship sailed, and those on the further shore
cried as they saw at her masthead glitter a single spark,
and the spark died with the trumpets, and they cried no more.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE

BY RAYMOND EDWARDS HUNTINGTON

I

'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.'

Without irreverence or disrespect for the Scriptures let us change this colorful statement so that it shall read: 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to avoid death taxes.'

Let us picture the needle's eye as the inheritance-tax situation through which estates must pass before they can be distributed to expectant heirs. How much of the estate will be torn or rubbed off in passing through the needle's eye?

The Revenue Act of 1926, with its welcome and material reduction in the Federal Estate Tax, received widespread publicity and the impression is almost universally prevalent that the needle's eye has been enlarged to so comfortable a degree that the subject of death taxes should now be considered of trifling weight, not worthy of serious study. The increase in the Federal exemption from $50,000 to $100,000 automatically removed a vast number of estates from Federal taxation, while the reduction in rates by the Government still further lulled the public into believing that death taxes were slowly but certainly passing out of style.

So far as estates of $100,000 or less are concerned, the situation was vastly improved by the passage of the Revenue Act. But, directly this act became a law, there crept quietly and inevitably into the scene a joker. First one state, then another and another, without the blowing of trumpets and with a minimum of publicity, inserted this joker on its statutes until now its application is so frequent and its extension so evident to those conversant with death taxes that the man of affairs should be brought face to face with the needle's eye. What has happened to it? It appears to be larger. Is it?

One of the most potent arguments brought to bear upon the former Federal Estate Tax was the fact that it originated as a war measure and was an invasion into the field of States' rights. Uncle Sam was said to be poaching upon private domains. He should get out and stay out. Death taxes should be imposed by the states and by the states alone.

In increasing the exemption and in reducing the rates the Federal Government made great strides toward quitting this field of taxation. The ink was hardly dry on the Revenue Act of 1926, however, before New Jersey enacted legislation taking advantage of the new 80 per cent credit allowed by the Government. Quick on the trigger as was New Jersey, she was closely followed by similar legislation on the part of Georgia, Virginia, New York, and Massachusetts. From then on, several other states have eyed these green pastures so recently left by the Government and enacted legislation which has legalized the grazing of these fertile fields.

The trend is unmistakable. Whereas

for a brief time the needle's eye was enlarged, the states are now fully alive to the situation and the opportunity. Many of them have already, by one method or another, availed themselves of an unusual situation. To themselves they said, 'We need the money. Our new law will not increase the tax burden on the estate; it will merely bring in to us what would have formerly gone to the Government. We will take what the Government leaves.' Thus in many states the needle's eye has resumed much its former size. It still scrapes off most effectively material portions of the estate which passes through.

Prior to the passage of the Revenue Act of 1926 the needle's eye was in twilight. Many of the shadows that served to make mysterious this field of taxation have been dispelled. There has been no sadness of farewell as certain of the more vexatious phases passed.

Wisconsin gives us a good picture of the passing of the shadows. From the inheritance-tax standpoint she has long been known as an 'unfavorable' state. In the rapaciousness of her death taxes there was a mediæval flavor. She went so far as to hold that a gift made within six years of death should be considered to have been made in contemplation of death and was therefore taxable. Having pushed the pendulum of taxation beyond the limits of justice, the reaction was inevitable. In the case of *Schlesinger* v. *The State of Wisconsin*, Wisconsin courts sustained the validity of the Wisconsin inheritance-tax law. Carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, the decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin was reversed, making this section of Wisconsin's inheritance-tax laws invalid. Thus an unreasonable and unjust law was wiped from the slate in a state where vision has been sadly lacking in the framing of inheritance-tax legislation.

For a number of years there was a small group of states which had gone to the extreme in their endeavor to extend the scope of their inheritance taxes. In this group was North Carolina, mentioned not because her laws were worse than others in this group, but because in her courts a legal battle began which ended in the Supreme Court of the United States on March 1, 1926.

The case of *Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company* v. *Doughton* has had such far-reaching effects upon the death-tax situation in other states that a brief sketch may picture the passing of this shadow. Among others, North Carolina held taxable in the estate of a nonresident decedent the shares of a foreign corporation owning property or doing business in the state. Consider the breadth of this law. Many corporations do a national business, owning property in many states and entering every state so far as the transaction of business is concerned. Under this law, shares of such corporations became taxable in the estate of a nonresident.

George Briggs lived and died in Rhode Island, leaving a large estate. He never lived in North Carolina. The Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company, as executor under Briggs's will, found among his personal property a block of Tobacco stock amounting to over $100,000. The Tobacco Company is incorporated under the laws of New Jersey. Two-thirds in value of the entire property of the Tobacco Company is in North Carolina. On this basis North Carolina taxed the estate a little over $2000, assessing the tax upon two-thirds the value of the Tobacco stock.

Thanks to the fighting blood of the executor, this case was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, where Chief Justice Taft, in a refreshingly clear opinion, declared the North Carolina law invalid. In effect, North Carolina held that the owner of shares of stock in a corporation was for that

reason part owner of the property of that corporation. Our Supreme Court held this line of reasoning unsound and declared that the owner of stock in a corporation is not to that extent the owner of the property of that company.

This decision in favor of the Briggs estate has been a milestone marking the progress of more favorable legislation in death taxes, because it affected not alone North Carolina, but each of the states which had similar statutes, which with the handing down of this decision became at once invalid.

A glimpse of the wide influence of this decisive ruling of the Supreme Court is had when we note that it affected, directly or indirectly, such states as Arizona, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Utah, West Virginia, California, Colorado, Iowa, Minnesota, Montana, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Mississippi, and Tennessee, among others.

II

But these are the lesser shadows.

Always the worst pinch in passing through the eye of the needle was the paying of the multiple tax. The double tax is still inevitable in estates of over $100,000 in the great majority of our states. A little over a year ago triple taxation in the larger estates was a matter to be expected under the then laws. It was the overlapping tax, by the state of residence, the Federal Government, and then by one or more foreign states, which lined the eye of the needle with thorns. In this, the most vicious phase of the old laws, there has been a marked change for the better.

By far the most popular method of killing the multiple tax has been the enactment of reciprocal exemption legislation. To illustrate: Massachusetts says to New York, 'I will agree not to tax the heirs of New Yorkers on the stock of Massachusetts corporations which they are to inherit if you will agree to extend the same courtesy to residents of Massachusetts.' New York and Massachusetts both agree. Before New York and Massachusetts became 'reciprocal' the following situation was not only possible but common. Jones, a New Yorker, died leaving an estate of several hundred thousand. In the estate was a block of about $25,000 in stock of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, a Massachusetts corporation. Under the old laws this stock felt the pinch of the eye of the needle, for it was taxed, first by the Federal Government, then by New York and by Massachusetts. Under the present situation the triple tax has passed in this specific example, as Massachusetts has exempted this stock in favor of the New York estate.[1]

New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut were among the leaders in enacting reciprocal exemptions. The change that took place in New Jersey is especially interesting because of the fact that formerly she was known as an 'unfavorable' state as regards death taxes, while at the same time she was the state of incorporation of many companies most attractive from the standpoint of the investor. In fact, if an investor was discriminating in his selection of choice investments, he was certain to have in his

[1] Another thorn appears in the eye of the needle as we go to press. New York drops from the reciprocal group of states. A recent decision of the Court of Appeals holds unconstitutional the transfer tax on the property of nonresident decedents. It so happens that the reciprocal exemption clause falls within that portion of the law which has been held unconstitutional. Hence, until this is remedied, New York becomes an unfavorable state to the nonresident, and in estates of over $100,000 a triple tax is possible. This decision also bears directly upon the estates of residents in that they may be liable to taxation in any of the strictly reciprocal states. A multitude of investors will watch this complicated situation with interest.

list of holdings the stocks of more than one New Jersey company, thereby aggravating the position of his family on the inheritance-tax situation.

New Jersey solved the problem without reciprocal exemptions. Her solution was simple, direct, effective. She said in substance: 'We will not tax the transfer of stock of domestic corporations in nonresident estates.' She takes no recognition of any reciprocal legislation, in that she does not confine her exemption to a group of reciprocal states. From an 'unfavorable' state she has turned to the right-about and is now demurely seated in the front row of the 'favorable.'

Without regard to the order of their happening, let us see how other thorns in the multiple-tax group have been removed from the needle's eye. In February of this year we learn that the following states had legislation pending, which if passed would bring them into the reciprocal group: California, Indiana, Maryland, Missouri, New Hampshire, Oregon, South Carolina, Illinois, and Maine. In April Colorado passed a new inheritance-tax law taking much the same broad position as did New Jersey, in that she does not now tax the intangible personal property of a nonresident.

At about the same time Ohio became reciprocal as of June 30, 1927. Maine's gesture toward reciprocity is futuristic, in that her law making her reciprocal does not become effective until July 1, 1928. Translating this into terms that the investor may understand, it means just this. If you live in New York and happen to own stock in a Maine corporation, such as the United States Smelting Company, and die before July 1, 1928, it is quite possible that your family would have to pay a double tax, perhaps a triple tax, on the Maine stock. The triple tax would occur if your estate was much over $100,000, as the Federal Estate Tax would then appear. The double tax would come from Maine and New York, the state of residence. Thus until July 1, 1928, Maine cannot be regarded as a favorable state, and stocks in Maine corporations should be handled with care by elderly investors.

New Hampshire, a sister state, passed reciprocal exemption legislation, whereas Massachusetts, one of the pioneers in the reciprocal group, went a step beyond reciprocity by exempting nonresident decedents on all property within the state excepting only real estate and interests therein and tangible personal property. Here rises an interesting legal question yet to be decided. Have Massachusetts and New Jersey, in going a step beyond reciprocity, disqualified themselves with the group of states which are strictly reciprocal? From a technical standpoint they are no longer reciprocal, yet it would be a penny-pinching practice to exclude them from the reciprocal exemption privilege solely because they had taken a step in advance of the majority of states.

Maryland joined the reciprocal group of states as of June 1, 1927, while North Carolina dispelled a local shadow by exempting from death taxes gifts to charitable, religious, and educational institutions organized in or disbursing in that state.

Turning aside from the reciprocal exemption, in two states we find an economic awakening that is significant. In Pennsylvania we find the Tax Commission taking a farsighted position as regards inheritance taxes. The Commission argues that death taxes, being a capital levy, should be strictly so regarded. Moneys collected from this source should be added to the capital of the state and not dissipated in current expenses. It is interesting to note that at this time we also find a bill before

the legislature of Arkansas calling attention to this same economic principle and stipulating that inheritance-tax funds shall not be used for public expenditures, but shall be paid into the state building fund. Here we have progress. Many other states may well follow suit.

An analysis of the widow's exemption in the different states since May 1, 1925, shows that this situation has remained almost stationary. At this writing but two states have slightly increased the exemption to a widow. A majority still cling to the $10,000 exemption, which is admittedly niggardly. Seven states allow the widow but $5000 or even less. Sixteen states have seen the light and allow the widow more than $10,000. This latter group should grow. There is small reason or justice in allowing a widow less than $25,000 exempt from all death duties. Better to grant an exemption that will leave a modest competence and then tax more heavily above that figure than to be too grasping in taxing the widow's mite.

III

From what has passed we have seen how the needle's eye has been apparently enlarged and smoothed by the passage of legislation favorable to the nonresident. We said 'apparently.' Let us see what the 'joker' has done.

In state after state the same bill that included the favorable reciprocal clause also included a provision which has been most effective in narrowing the needle's eye to virtually its former size. In a vast majority of states the overlapping tax, evil and unjust as it was, did not constitute the real burden of the tax. True, it was the most irritating and annoying phase, but rarely was it the most costly. In but one of the many estates which I have analyzed has the multiple tax been a serious factor. Usually the multiple tax was a small item in each of the states where it occurred. In other words, the bulk of the tax has generally been found to lie between the Federal Government and the home state.

The passing of the Revenue Act of 1926 created a situation unique in the history of our country, because under this act the Government allows a maximum credit of 80 per cent of the gross Federal Estate Tax against the total of all inheritance taxes paid to states. Here was the opportunity of an æon or two, and our state legislators were not slow to grasp it. Here was Uncle Sam deliberately knocking in the head of a pork barrel, and then smilingly turning to the states and saying to them, 'Come on, boys, help yourselves. Here's as nice a mess of pork as I've had in a long day. Better step right up and get some.' They did.

Let us illustrate the working out of this 80 per cent credit. Imagine that Jones, a resident of New York, leaves an estate that is subject to a New York inheritance tax of $5000. Assume arbitrarily that 80 per cent of the Federal Estate Tax on his estate is $10,000. The Federal Government stands ready to allow the full 80 per cent credit if state inheritance taxes total that amount. What is more simple than for New York to say, 'We will add a new estate tax of our own which will be the difference between our inheritance tax and 80 per cent of the gross Federal Estate Tax, and in this way we will assure ourselves of the full 80 per cent credit, a portion of which would otherwise go to waste upon the innocent and unsuspecting heirs, who do not need the money half as much as we.' That is what has happened. Therein lies the joker.

State after state has added a new tax which takes advantage of the 80 per cent credit and thereby adds to its coffers handsome and welcome revenues. Let it be remembered that this 80 per

cent credit is available only in estates which run over $100,000; in other words, it is possible only in the larger estates. But for this same reason it brings in handsome revenues by a most efficient system. A tax official in a neighboring state told me of a single instance where the new law had brought to the treasury of his state a matter of a million dollars from one estate. This joker is not a thing to be sneezed at.

Let us again be specific. Let us see just where this joker has encamped and note where the needle's eye has partially closed again.

As of March 19, 1926, Georgia took advantage of the 80 per cent credit. Again we disregard the exact order of events and merely mention the happenings. Delaware took the 80 per cent credit on estates of over $200,000. Maine, Vermont, California, Colorado, Virginia, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Montana, and Missouri stepped bravely up to the pork barrel and took their slice of the 80 per cent credit. Has anyone suggested that our legislators are slow? By the time this article finds itself in print it is likely that other states will have added themselves to this group. Our joker is a popular fellow. His ways are taking.

In a word, there already appears to be a strong trend on the part of the states to avail themselves of the liberal credit allowed by the Federal Government and by this simple method to increase their revenues. By this action the death-tax situation is restored to much its former status, with the exception that tax by foreign states is passing. The state of domicile is taking what the Federal Government does not take. Instead of paying a large tax to the Government and a large tax to the home state, the situation in states that have acted to secure this credit is changed as follows: the tax to the Federal Government is now the smaller and the tax to the home state is the larger of the two. To illustrate: in an estate which has recently passed through my office for analysis I find the Federal Estate Tax to be about $4000 while the taxes due to the state of residence will approximate nearly $17,000.

For this reason the present attitude of indifference on the part of our investors is both illogical and dangerous. Death taxes are not a thing of the past. They are very much of the present. The slight shrinkage which they may experience through favorable action on the part of foreign states is beside the real point at issue. The facts are that tax by the state of residence and the Federal Tax have always been the major items. While the latter has been materially reduced, the former is being radically increased. Hence for all practical purposes the tax situation in this field is rapidly approaching its former status so far as tax totals are concerned, and it behooves the investor to determine what these taxes will amount to and what debts his passing will thus incur.

IV

Unknown to investors at large, a curious undercurrent has developed between two groups of states. One group of about twenty states is politely suggesting to Congress that it abolish the Federal Estate Tax and thus leave to the states alone the field of inheritance taxation. The smaller, but more alert group, those who have passed legislation taking advantage of the 80 per cent credit of the new Estate Tax, view with concern this movement on the part of the larger group. This smaller group is well pleased to have the Federal Estate Tax remain as it is, because if the Federal Tax is abolished these states will automatically lose the very welcome revenues which they are now enjoying under their newly enacted taxes.

The adoption of new legislation by this smaller group of states to secure the full 80 per cent credit on the Federal Estate Tax has in several states brought about an unprecedented situation. Take Massachusetts as an illustration. Here we have a state which now has two kinds of death taxes, an inheritance tax and an estate tax, each fundamentally different in principle and application. The inheritance or legacy tax is a tax upon the transfer of the various portions of the estate before they are received by the respective heirs. The number of heirs and their blood relationship has a direct bearing upon the amount of the inheritance tax. The estate tax is a tax upon the entire estate and takes no account of the number of heirs or their relationship to the decedent. Owing to the fact that the Massachusetts estate tax does not apply unless there is first of all a Federal Estate Tax, we have under these circumstances two estate taxes and one inheritance tax payable by the same estate.

These facts should be carefully considered by the investor who happens to live in the group of states which has added an estate tax to its former inheritance tax, because they have an important bearing upon wills. If your will was drawn up some five or ten years ago, have it examined by an attorney who specializes in wills, so that adequate provision may be made for the payment of these estate taxes from the residue of the estate, unless you wish your heirs to receive somewhat smaller portions of your estate than you had planned to give them. Make sure that there will be sufficient residue to care for these two estate taxes, otherwise you may place the residuary legatee in the unpleasant and ridiculous position of assuming a liability rather than receiving a bequest. As a matter of prudence, in view of the state of flux in which our death-tax legislation now finds itself, it would be well for the investor to have such an attorney go over his will at least once in every two years to make certain that his bequests are in conformity with the most recent inheritance taxes.

Will the Federal Estate Tax stand?

With one group of states praying for its abolishment and another group patting itself on the back and praying that it may remain as it is, it is difficult to find an answer. It would not be surprising if it were retained for a few years, at least, at present rates. One of the factors which may quite reasonably act to retard its abolishment is the diminutive group of states which has no death taxes of any description. Abolish the Federal Estate Tax and at once you establish these states as asylums from inheritance taxes. Is this wholly to be desired?

Weighing both favorable and unfavorable factors, we find that, after all, the needle's eye has changed but little. In the last analysis the total tax is still of such proportions as to exact a considerable toll. There is little excuse for the investor to neglect to have his death taxes estimated by a tax consultant so that he may know definitely whether he has made adequate provision, by life insurance if possible, otherwise by will, for the prompt settlement of these debts. There is small room for doubt that the trend in the states is toward a higher rather than a lower revenue from death taxes. The reduction in the Federal Tax should not befog the investor on this important point.

Death taxes began two thousand years before Christ. Centuries after we are gone they will continue to flourish like the green bay tree. It is the part of the provident investor to recognize them as they are, not as he would like to have them.

'MUGGY,' THE RABBIT AGENT

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

From the high ground of Windwhistle Cross many hundreds of fields are seen, covering the slopes of the hills like a far-lying patchwork of irregular green and brown pieces stitched together with thick dark wool; some fields bright with sunlight, others dull under distant clouds. Most of these fields, varying in extent from a rood to fifty acres, are enclosed by wide banks of earth and stone, topped with hedges of beech, ash, thorn, elm, furze, and bramble.

In every one of these banks are many holes; they are tunneled from gate to gate. Few of the tunnels are straight or level. They rise and fall and twist round inner pieces of rock. Each system has several outlet and inlet holes, with one or more bolt holes used only in panic, hidden by the grass and the plants on the bank.

Sometimes the rabbits, which scratch out these systems, called 'buries,' cause the earth and stones of the banks to fall down, when sheep and cattle tread the breaks into gaps and wander from their rightful pasture. The rabbits nibble the roots of turnip, mangel, and rape; they eat the young corn, the clover, the cabbages, the peas; they dig for potatoes, and rasp the bark of fruit trees. They multiply rapidly — a doe having five or six litters a year, with five or six young to each litter.

Part of the area of these fields seen from Windwhistle Cross, which come by gates to narrow lanes leading past farms and hamlets to the roadways, is traversed from October to February by a Ford van loaded with rectangular wicker baskets, each bearing two stout hazel-wood bars on which are strung the crossed hind legs of dead rabbits — a hind leg being thrust between the bone and sinew of the other. The van stops at the cottages of trappers, and other places where rabbits are collected. The collector gets down from beside the driver, examines the rabbits, selects what he will take, weighs them on a spring balance, and buys them by weight. The price in a normal season varies from $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $7d.$ a pound, including the skin.

In his round the buyer is regular and punctual, and if he knows he will change his time he sends postcards to the trappers, who are busy men. The rabbits, which are sent by train to one of the largest Midland factory cities, must be scarcely injured — that is, caught by the forepaws only. A rabbit trapped by the hind legs often strips the flesh in its struggles, and is not marketable. In five months the van carries rabbits to the value of £6000; that is, between 120,000 and 150,000 rabbits are sent away in the wicker baskets. Actually double the number may be caught during this period, but buzzards and crows 'break abroad' some of them by day, the fox and the badger take them by night. Many are trapped lightly by the forepaw and escape. Indeed, one rabbit in five packed in the baskets has a forepaw already missing.

In our village there are several trappers. One of them pays for the trapping rights of a farm by giving so many weeks' labor to the farmer in summer. A good trapper visits his gins at daybreak and in the evening, but some go along their banks only three times in a week, having other work to do. During the first hours of its agony of struggling, a rabbit fills the night with crying; but terror and pain, long borne with hunger and perhaps the beating of rain and wind, bring the ease of little-knowing.

Besides the regular trappers, there are farmers who hold from seven to ten or twenty acres of land and keep two or three cows, besides a sow and her farrow. Sometimes they bring home a couple of rabbits, taken in their half-dozen rusty gins tilled for rat or rabbit, or shot in the early morning, or caught by the dog at dimmit. The 'bad ones' they eat themselves; others may be offered at the doors of one or the other of the bungalows or small modern houses built since the Great War in and around the village. The unsold rabbits are hung up until an old man called 'Muggy' knocks with his stick on the door, standing there with a basket.

'Good morning to you, ma'm. Any rabbuts to-day, please? Thank you very much.' It may be: 'Good morning, midear. I hope you'm very well. Will you please to ask your mother if she has any rabbut skins? I'm paying three ha'pence to-day — rabbut skins is come back.' Or: 'Rabbut skins is gone up — I'm giving tuppence to-day, if you please. That's right, ma'm, thank you very much.'

Between the two villages he walks slowly, giving a cheery 'good day' to all he meets on the way. Sometimes he has a joke to tell, or a riddle to ask. 'Now, sir, let me ask you a question, please. Can you tell me what it is that is longer when cut off at both ends? I am asking you a plain question, if you please. Just listen to what I be asking, if you please. What is it that grows longer when cut off at the ends? That's it, if you can answer me.'

The riddle may have been asked before, and Muggy forgotten; but no matter. As with his other riddle (Why did Gladstone wear yellow braces? 'To keep his trousers up, if you please, sir. That's it!'), the answer is not known.

''T is a grave,' says Muggy, moving away, and stopping to explain that in his 'kid days' he saw a coffin lowered in Ham churchyard but coming to rest on the eastern and western edges, so that the grave had to be dug longer while the mourners waited around the pit. 'Yes, sir. That be the explanation. Good day, sir.'

He has no remarks or comments to offer on the actions of other people, and is not concerned with your own. 'I don't want to know your own business, midear. No, sir. 'T is no concern of mine what other yolks be doing of. I don't want to know their business.'

Muggy was born at the inn called the Manor House, which is opposite the clubroom steps where now he rests, perched above the stream; but as a young man he sold the inn and went to America, coming back to end his days in the village. For some years, when first I knew him, he had a shanty in the corner of a hillside field, which he reached by climbing the 'ditched' wall on juts of stone. The shanty was as tall as himself, but not much longer or wider than a coffin. His bed was a shelf, and he cooked on an oil stove covered with soot as the stones of the 'ditch' outside were covered with moss. His larder was a box on a post, beside his letter box. In the shanty he shaved and washed and ate, kept his accounts

with the rabbit collector, wrote his occasional letters, stored his rabbit skins; until the local sanitary authorities found and condemned it. He migrated to the village up the valley, renting in Ham a two-roomed cot for three pounds a year. But after a year the landlord had a grandson time-expired in the Army and coming home from Malta with a wife and baby; so he 'rose the rent' another pound; and Muggy, whose income from rabbits and their skins, telegram tips, watercress and crabs in summer, could not meet this increase, came out and made a room in a cottage opposite, long since disused as a dwelling, wherein sacks of artificial manure, fagots, and garden tools were kept by the landlord of the Rock Inn.

His journeys between the two villages begin to take longer, his jokes and riddles are rarer; but his cheerful courtesy still brightens the wayside. Everyone knows Muggy, and is sure of him — no casting of eyes on the road or the hedge, awaiting the unsure and awkward moment of glancing up and acknowledging that it is a fine day, or what dirty weather we're having, or that it looks like more rain. Muggy is plain as a field is plain, plough, arrish, or pasture; a rare and simple being, warped to no property, true to itself, and, therefore, to all men. Shakespeare would have loved him.

THE DIPLOMAT

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

I

Emma, Lady Hamilton, the 'Divine Lady' of Romney; Horatio, Lord Nelson, perhaps the greatest naval officer the world has ever known; Lady Nelson, the gray shadow that so pathetically hovered in the background of this strangely colorful tragedy; and Sir William Hamilton, soldier, diplomat, scientist, and collector of art and antiquities — was ever there such a quadrangle in which love, romance, and tragedy played their part?

Of Emma Hamilton much has been written; and portraits by Romney, Gainsborough, Lawrence, and other masters of their time have immortalized her glorious beauty. In the crypt beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral lies all that is mortal of Nelson, but his memory is imperishable so long as England endures or history serves mankind. There are a few gracious tributes to Lady Nelson, for her pitiful nonentity has inspired sympathy. But too little has been written of that fourth actor in this turbulent drama, the husband of Emma, the friend of Nelson — Sir William Hamilton.

I should like to imagine the meeting of Emma and Sir William, as it well may have occurred in the little house of the Honorable Charles Greville, in Edgware Row, Paddington. Emma was nineteen, but in those few years had been crowded a lifetime of misery and bitter experience. Betrayed and a

mother, the girl with her fatherless child had sought out Greville, a young man, well-bred but impecunious, good-looking but inwardly as cold as the legal profession which he followed. In the unhappy girl he had found, not only a conscientious housekeeper and an adoring and grateful mistress, but a brain so alert and receptive that he had discovered a keen delight in its cultivation and in inculcating on her the accomplishments and refinements which were inherent in himself.

It was spring, and sunshine filtered through the green of trees, down through the small-paned windows of the little drawing-room. Beyond the windows could be seen patches of clear blue sky above Paddington Green and the columned cupola of the church; for Edgware Row, now clouded with the smoke of London and echoing to the rumble of buses, was in 1784 beyond the town, a pleasant place of green and sky. Above the mantel hung a Venus by Correggio, and between the windows was a cabinet containing a collection of shells, crystals, and minerals, for Greville, like his distinguished uncle, Sir William, was in his small way a patron of art and science.

The Right Honorable Sir William Hamilton, K. C. B., English ambassador at Naples, had but recently returned from Italy. He was fifty-two years old, with a fine lean face and the lithe body of a horseman; a youngish-looking gentleman with the charm of a man of letters and the ease and grace of a courtier. Two years before, he had come to London to bury the first Lady Hamilton. They had been married for twenty-five years. It had been a relatively happy marriage, for Lady Hamilton, a woman of devout religious faith, idolized her husband. Yet there seems to have been little of the finer fervor on his side, if we may take an excerpt from a letter he wrote to Greville: —

'You have been acquainted with beauty enough to know that that alone cannot afford lasting happiness. A disagreeable rich devil, the devil himself could not have tempted me to marry, but I have really found a lasting comfort in having married (something against my inclination) a virtuous, good-tempered woman, with a little independent fortune, to which we could fly should all other dependencies fail, and live decently without being obliged to anyone.'

It is interesting to consider this philosophy in the light of what was to come. There were no children.

Doubtless before this morning Greville had explained to his uncle his predicament. He was not tired of Emma, but the expense, little as it was, of the establishment had become burdensome, and particularly it was time that he should marry. He had in mind the second daughter of a lord, with twenty thousand pounds. But Emma stood in the path of his ambition. And furthermore, if his childless, widowed uncle should remarry, Greville, his heir, would suffer the inevitable consequences. The solution seemed obvious.

She ran into the room and stopped abruptly as her wide gray eyes caught sight of the tall, distinguished man who stood there. She wore a white dress with a wide blue sash, and the hat of yellow straw was tied beneath her chin with a blue ribbon. Her forehead was broad and low, her mouth 'beautiful and uncommon'; her hair, which when unbound fell to her heels, was a warm auburn. A locket of it lies on the table beside me as I write, and the glint still lingers in its soft fineness. On the folded paper that encloses it is written 'To my dear, dear Sir William.' The date is two

years later than the day on which they met. She was then twenty-one. Almost a hundred and fifty years ago. So they met, and it was not long before the elderly ambassador succumbed to her girlish charms. Trusting, and strangely innocent for one who had already felt the sharp edge of life, she fell a ready victim to Greville's plans. Never again would she see the little house where she had felt peace and security. The Italian visit became a reality.

She loved Greville. Never in her life save once was she unfaithful in her loves. And when the trap was sprung and she found herself in Naples, a 'guest' in the house of Sir William, and realized that Greville would not return for her, although he had promised, her love for him turned for a time almost to hatred, and instinctively she began to appreciate the considerate gentleness of the man who had tricked her but now befriended her.

II

In Naples the ambassador of England lived royally; the young captain of infantry had prospered with the passing years. In addition to the small fortune he had inherited from his wife, he had received other bequests of considerable proportions. He was now a gentleman of fortune, and he dispensed it with lavish hand. Living for years in the glittering diplomatic circles of his age, he had become interested in a wide variety of subjects. His ready ear was trained in musical appreciation. He was a capital shot and an excellent horseman. In art and archæology he was an authority, and his collections of paintings and Etruscan vases were widely known. Moreover, he had written and published volumes that may be seen to-day, on early Italian pottery and on his investigations of volcanoes. Since he combined these many pursuits with a natural inclination to gallantry and an immediate popularity among all who met him, it is small wonder that there is little mention of his diplomatic achievements until Emma inspired him to effort. Nor is it surprising that the girl of twenty-two, with no inherent inhibitions, should surrender to her cavalier.

For three years Emma lived under the roof of Sir William in a relationship that only those more liberal times and particularly the loose morality of the Neapolitan court would tolerate. In 1791, Emma and Sir William Hamilton were married. She was twenty-eight; he was sixty-one. As her rich and passionate nature had made possible an adoring fidelity to Greville, so now she gave a more mature but equally loyal devotion to her husband. To Sir William the end of a long and picturesque career was at hand; life itself was nearing the end. But in the companionship of a young and beautiful woman he thrust back the years and lived a young husband to his wife.

Often, I imagine, he planned for that final chapter so near at hand. A time would come when, freed from the duties of diplomatic life, he would retire to live within his ample means in some quiet place in the English countryside; to fish, to dream, to see a few friends, and to sun himself in the warm presence of his youthful wife. Kindly, trusting, and sentimental, such must have been the thoughts that sometimes came to him as he rode beside his friend, the King of Naples, or watched his wife in the graceful performance of her celebrated 'attitudes.' Perhaps her letters when he was hunting with the King at Persano assured him of her unwavering loyalty. Her hand is now more experienced with the pen; it is a good

hand; and the large sheets of crisp blue paper are filled with the well-spaced lines. 'I am sorry you had bad sport,' she writes, 'and I shall be most happy to see you at home, to warm you with my kisses, and comfort you with my smiles and good humor, and oblige you by my attentions, which will be the constant pleasure of, my dear Sir William, your affectionate Emma.'

Then came Nelson. A first meeting some years before had been brief and apparently left little impression. To Emma her husband wrote: 'The Captain I am about to introduce you to is a little man and far from handsome, but he will live to be a great man.' Now from his victory over Bonaparte's fleet at the Nile he returned to Naples. He was a hero, the savior of Naples, and he was weak and wounded. In a lengthy four-page letter Sir William sent his congratulations. 'You may well conceive, My dear Sir,' he wrote in part, 'how happy Emma and I are in the reflection that it is you, Nelson, our bosom friend, that has done such wondrous good in having humbled these proud robbers and vain boasters.' Nelson was weak with wounds and fever. In the house of Sir William he found adulation and the tender ministering hands of a lovely woman. Admiral Horatio Nelson was thirty-nine, Emma was thirty-five, and Sir William had passed sixty-eight.

To the old Englishman the hero of the Nile appeared no less glorious than to the impressionable Emma. Not only had his destruction of the French fleet given temporary security to Naples, but it had added to England's long list of victories over her eternal enemy, France, another of the greatest magnitude. Gladly Sir William opened his house to England's hero. Brief was the visit, but in those few tense days two relationships began to take definite direction: between Emma and Horatio Nelson was begun that more than friendship which was to endure until Trafalgar, and between Sir William Hamilton and Nelson was now firmly established that friendship which, on Sir William's side at least, remained loyal and unwavering to the moment of his death.

On Sir William's Order of the Bath are the words *Tria juncta in uno*, and as one inseparable the three seemed destined from now on to appear. On the flight of the Neapolitan King and Queen to Palermo it was Nelson's ship that transported the Hamiltons. How much his infatuation influenced the hero of the Nile to focus his activities on the affairs of Naples will never be known. At least there has never been question of the sincerity of his action. At Palermo, Nelson and the Hamiltons shared a house together, and Nelson paid his full part of the expenses. To the aging diplomat I believe there had come as yet no suspicion of the ripening interest between these two people whom he held most dear. Bred in a school, in which he himself had been an apt pupil, where suspicion was ever more reasonable than confidence, he seems to have been blind to what passed on before his eyes. With each day his regard for Nelson deepened, nor was there any lessening of his open devotion to his wife.

III

The Neapolitan drama ended with Sir William's recall to London, and together the Hamiltons and Nelson made a triumphal progress through Europe to England. In England the ovation was tremendous, and from Yarmouth to London it was a triumphal progress. On a Sunday morning the three entered London. In the carriage were Nelson, Emma, and the

aging lord. Emotionally aroused by the reception to the country's hero, from which his young wife caught reflected lustre, the old man basked in their effulgence. What if there were ill-mannered rumors? Let his very presence and his open affection for Nelson confound them. And if there might be some truth in this hint of scandal? Perhaps; but he was old — an old and tired man who would be at peace with the world. Emma and Nelson were young. With the weighed evaluation of the diplomat he dismissed the thought and closed his weary eyes.

At Nero's hotel met Nelson and his wife. Rumor had doubtless reached her of the young and beautiful wife of Lord Hamilton and her Nelson fervor. Stories were revived of Emma's earlier life. The prim, dutiful, unemotional, and uninspiring woman looked through cold eyes. She did not close them to what she saw. There were a few meetings; brief notes followed. Then all between man and wife was over. She did not surrender to her victorious rival; with the dignity of her birth and breeding she withdrew from a situation become intolerable.

That London refused to accept Emma seems to have been less disconcerting to Lord Hamilton than to Nelson. To the older man the peace of the country beckoned. But for a while yet the three tarried in London, and there in the Hamilton-Nelson house at 23 Piccadilly, while Nelson was again at sea, was born to Lady Hamilton a daughter, Horatia. Closed, indeed, and now consciously, must have been the eyes of the old man, although Emma played her part boldly and well. More and more strongly the country with its fields and streams called to him; there he might find the peace that he desired. Were he to open those closed eyes he would find himself alone; better to act the shield to his wife's virtue and the honor of his friend. At sea Nelson received the news of his parenthood with joy.

'Out of your house I have no home,' wrote Nelson to Emma. Now a new and glorious victory, the battle of Copenhagen, was emblazoned on his shield. He returned to provide a home for the Hamiltons. At Merton Emma had found the haven of her husband's desire and a home that would be Nelson's own. The expenses were jointly shared by Nelson and Hamilton. On the week's statement which is before me such items as these occur, under the dates October 4 to 11, 1802: —

Mr. Haines, poulterer	£7	9*s.*	6*d.*
Mrs. Perry, pastry cook	£17	10*s.*	9*d.*
Mr. Greenfield, butcher at Merton	£8	12*s.*	10*d.*
Mr. Footlit, for malt, hops, etc.	£18	15*s.*	
Mr. Stone, brandy merchant	£13	1*s.*	

The total for these and other items for the week's expenses is £111 13*s.* 4*d.*

Perhaps there was not the rustic simplicity that Hamilton craved. Before Nelson returned, and while Emma was still preparing the house, Hamilton wrote to him: 'I know her merit, have a great opinion of the head and heart God Almighty has been pleased to give her, but a seaman alone could have given a fine woman full power to choose and fit up a residence for him without seeing it himself.' There is kindly intimation here of extravagance soon to follow; but more striking is the candor of the simple words. The eyes were closed, but not the lips.

Only a few months of life remained. 'I am arrived at the age,' wrote Hamilton, 'when some repose is really necessary, and I promised myself a quiet home, and although I was sensible, and I said so when I married, that I should be superannuated when

my wife would be in her full beauty and vigor of youth; that time is arrived; and we must make the best of it for the comfort of both parties.' And to her he writes: 'I know and admire your talents and many excellent qualities, but I am not blind to your defects, and confess having many myself; therefore, let us bear and forbear, for God's sake.'

Here in pleasant Merton, with its trees, a brook, the shade of arbors, and a spacious house, the failing man should have found the peace he sought at how great a price. His wife's expenditures brought forth no criticism; it was her restless energy that now fatigued him. They had gone to the seashore in the heat of summer, and, wearied by the crowds, he had pleaded with her to return to the solitude of Merton. On a bit of paper in her great scrawling characters she wrote: —

'As I see it is a pain to you to remain here, let me beg of you to fix your time for going. Weather I dye in Piccadilly or any other spot in England 't is the same to me but I remember the time when you wished for tranquillity but now all visiting and bustle is your liking. However, I will do what you please, being ever your affectionate and obedient E. H.'

On the back of the page, in his now fluttering hand, he answered: —

'I neither love bustle nor great company, but I like some employment and diversion. I have but a very short time to live and every moment is precious to me. I am in no hurry and am exceedingly glad to give every satisfaction to our best friend, our Dear Lord Nelson. The question then is what we can best do that all may be perfectly satisfied. Sea bathing is useful to your health; I see it is and wish you to continue it a little longer, but I must confess that I regret whilst the season is favourable that I cannot enjoy my favourite amusement of quiet fishing. I care not a pin for the great world and am attached to no one as much as to you. W. H.'

And with a woman's final word she came back at him again: 'I go when you tell me the coach is ready.' And he replied: 'This is not a fair answer to a fair confession of mine.'

For a year he enjoyed the rural peace; but his strength was fast failing him. Blind apparently in word and deed to his wife's deceptions, he preserved to the end his loyalty to his friend. From a letter of Lord Nelson, written on April 6, 1808, I quote: 'Our dear Sir William died at 10 minutes past Ten this morning in Lady Hamilton's and my arms without a sigh or struggle. . . . ' And in her hand may be read: 'April 6. Unhappy day for the forlorn Emma. Ten minutes past ten dear blessed Sir William left me.'

Sir William was buried by the side of his first wife, and, until the day of Trafalgar, Nelson and Lady Hamilton lived on at Merton. Then on that memorable morning died Nelson; and Emma and the little Horatia were alone in a world that turned a shoulder coldly and looked away. A few tragic years of debt and poverty, and then the end in a lonely garret in Calais, France. Only the pathetic child to survive this mad wreck of human destinies.

THE NOVELS OF E. M. FORSTER

BY VIRGINIA WOOLF

I

THERE are many reasons which should prevent one from criticizing the work of contemporaries. Besides the obvious uneasiness — the fear of hurting feelings — there is too the difficulty of being just. Coming out one by one, their books seem like parts of a design which is slowly uncovered. Our appreciation may be intense, but our curiosity is even greater. Does the new fragment add anything to what went before? Does it carry out our theory of the author's talent, or must we alter our forecast? Such questions ruffle what should be the smooth surface of our criticism and make it full of argument and interrogation. With a novelist like Mr. Forster this is specially true, for he is in any case an author about whom there is considerable disagreement. There is something baffling and evasive in the very nature of his gifts. So, remembering that we are at best only building up a theory which may be knocked down in a year or two by Mr. Forster himself, let us take Mr. Forster's novels in the order in which they were written, and tentatively and cautiously try to make them yield us an answer.

The order in which they were written is indeed of some importance, for at the outset we see that Mr. Forster is extremely susceptible to the influence of time. He sees his people much at the mercy of those conditions which change with the years. He is acutely conscious of the bicycle and of the motor car; of the public school and of the university; of the suburb and of the city. The social historian will find his books full of illuminating information. In 1905 Lilia learned to bicycle, coasted down the High Street on Sunday evening, and fell off at the turn by the church. For this she was given a talking to by her brother-in-law which she remembered to her dying day. It is on Tuesday that the housemaid cleans out the drawing-room at Sawston. Old maids blow into their gloves when they take them off. Mr. Forster is a novelist, that is to say, who sees his people in close contact with their surroundings. And therefore the color and constitution of the year 1905 affect him far more than any year in the calendar could affect the romantic Meredith or the poetic Hardy. But we discover as we turn the page that observation is not an end in itself; it is rather the goad, the gadfly driving Mr. Forster to provide a refuge from this misery, an escape from this meanness. Hence we arrive at that balance of forces which plays so large a part in the structure of Mr. Forster's novels. Sawston implies Italy; timidity, wildness; convention, freedom; unreality, reality. These are the villains and heroes of much of his writing. In *Where Angels Fear to Tread* the disease, convention, and the remedy, nature, are provided if anything with too eager a simplicity, too simple an assurance, but with what a freshness, what a

charm! Indeed it would not be excessive if we discovered in this slight first novel evidence of powers which only needed, one might hazard, a more generous diet to ripen into wealth and beauty. Twenty-two years might well have taken the sting from the satire and shifted the proportions of the whole. But, if that is to some extent true, the years have had no power to obliterate the fact that, though Mr. Forster may be sensitive to the bicycle and the duster, he is also the most persistent devotee of the soul. Beneath bicycles and dusters, Sawston and Italy, Philip, Harriet, and Miss Abbott, there always lies for him — it is this which makes him so tolerant a satirist — a burning core. It is the soul; it is reality; it is truth; it is poetry; it is love; it decks itself in many shapes, dresses itself in many disguises. But get at it he must; keep from it he cannot. Over brakes and byres, over drawing-room carpets and mahogany sideboards, he flies in pursuit. Naturally the spectacle is sometimes comic, often fatiguing; but there are moments — and his first novel provides several instances — when he lays his hands on the prize.

Yet, if we ask ourselves upon which occasions this happens and how, it will seem that those passages which are least didactic, least conscious of the pursuit of beauty, succeed best in achieving it. When he allows himself a holiday — some phrase like that comes to our lips; when he forgets the vision and frolics and sports with the fact; when, having planted the apostles of culture in their hotel, he creates airily, joyfully, spontaneously, Gino the dentist's son sitting in the café with his friends, or describes — it is a masterpiece of comedy — the performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, it is then that we feel that his aim is achieved. Judging, therefore, on the evidence of this first book, with its fantasy, its penetration, its remarkable sense of design, we should have said that once Mr. Forster had acquired freedom, had passed beyond the boundaries of Sawston, he would stand firmly on his feet among the descendants of Jane Austen and Peacock. But the second novel, *The Longest Journey*, leaves us baffled and puzzled. The opposition is still the same: truth and untruth; Cambridge and Sawston; sincerity and sophistication. But everything is accentuated. He builds his Sawston of thicker bricks and destroys it with stronger blasts. The contrast between poetry and realism is much more precipitous. And now we see much more clearly to what a task his gifts commit him. We see that what might have been a passing mood is in truth a conviction. He believes that a novel must take sides in the human conflict. He sees beauty — none more keenly; but beauty imprisoned in a fortress of brick and mortar whence he must extricate her. Hence he is always constrained to build the cage — society in all its intricacy and triviality — before he can free the prisoner. The omnibus, the villa, the suburban residence, are an essential part of his design. They are required to imprison and impede the flying flame which is so remorselessly caged behind them. At the same time, as we read *The Longest Journey* we are aware of a mocking spirit of fantasy which flouts his seriousness. No one seizes more deftly the shades and shadows of the social comedy; no one more amusingly hits off the comedy of luncheon and tea party and a game of tennis at the rectory. His old maids, his clergy, are the most lifelike we have had since Jane Austen laid down the pen. But he has into the bargain what Jane Austen had not — the impulses of a poet. The neat surface is always being thrown into disarray by an outburst of

lyric poetry. Again and again in *The Longest Journey* we are delighted by some exquisite description of the country; or some lovely sight — like that when Rickie and Stephen send the paper boats burning through the arch — is made visible to us forever. Here, then, is a difficult family of gifts to persuade to live in harmony together: satire and sympathy; fantasy and fact; poetry and a prim moral sense. No wonder that we are often aware of contrary currents that run counter to each other and prevent the book from bearing down upon us and overwhelming us with the authority of a masterpiece. Yet if there is one gift more essential to a novelist than another it is the power of combination — the single vision. The success of the masterpieces seems to lie not so much in their freedom from faults — indeed we tolerate the grossest errors in them all — but in the immense persuasiveness of a mind which has completely mastered its perspective.

II

We look then, as time goes on, for signs that Mr. Forster is committing himself; that he is allying himself to one of the two great camps to which most novelists belong. Speaking roughly, we may divide them into the preachers and the teachers, headed by Tolstoi and Dickens, on the one hand, and the pure artists, headed by Jane Austen and Turgenev, on the other. Mr. Forster, it seems, has a strong impulse to belong to both camps at once. He has many of the instincts and aptitudes of the pure artist (to adopt the old classification) — an exquisite prose style, an acute sense of comedy, a power of creating characters in a few strokes which live in an atmosphere of their own; but he is at the same time highly conscious of a message. Behind the rainbow of wit and sensibility there is a vision which he is determined that we shall see. But his vision is of a peculiar kind and his message of an elusive nature. He has no great interest in institutions. He has none of that wide social curiosity which marks the work of Mr. Wells. The divorce law and the poor law come in for little of his attention. His concern is with the private life; his message is addressed to the soul. 'It is the private life that holds out the mirror to infinity; personal intercourse, and that alone, that ever hints at a personality beyond our daily vision.' Our business is not to build in brick and mortar, but to draw together the seen and the unseen. We must learn to build the 'rainbow bridge that should connect the prose in us with the passion. Without it we are meaningless fragments, half monks, half beasts.' This belief that it is the private life that matters, that it is the soul that is eternal, runs through all his writing. It is the conflict between Sawston and Italy in *Where Angels Fear to Tread;* between Rickie and Agnes in *The Longest Journey;* between Lucy and Cecil in *A Room with a View.* It deepens, it becomes more insistent as time passes. It forces him on from the lighter and more whimsical short novels past that curious interlude, *The Celestial Omnibus,* to the two large books, *Howards End* and *A Passage to India,* which mark his prime.

But before we consider those two books let us look for a moment at the nature of the problem he sets himself. It is the soul that matters; and the soul, as we have seen, is caged in a solid villa of red brick somewhere in the suburbs of London. It seems, then, that if his books are to succeed in their mission his reality must at certain points become irradiated; his brick must be lit up; we must see the whole building saturated

with light. We have at once to believe in the complete reality of the suburb and in the complete reality of the soul. In this combination of realism and mysticism his closest affinity is, perhaps, with Ibsen. Ibsen has the same realistic power. A room is to him a room, a writing table a writing table, and a waste-paper basket a waste-paper basket. At the same time, the paraphernalia of reality have at certain moments to become the veil through which we see infinity. When Ibsen achieves this, as he certainly does, it is not by performing some miraculous conjuring trick at the critical moment. He achieves it by putting us into the right mood from the very start and by giving us the right materials for his purpose. He gives us the effect of ordinary life, as Mr. Forster does, but he gives it us by choosing a very few facts and those of a highly relevant kind. Thus when the moment of illumination comes we accept it implicitly. We are neither roused nor puzzled; we do not have to ask ourselves, What does this mean? We feel simply that the thing we are looking at is lit up, and its depths revealed. It has not ceased to be itself by becoming something else.

Something of the same problem lies before Mr. Forster — how to connect the actual thing with the meaning of the thing and to carry the reader's mind across the chasm which divides the two without spilling a single drop of its belief. At certain moments on the Arno, in Hertfordshire, in Surrey, beauty leaps from the scabbard, the fire of truth flames through the crusted earth; we must see the red brick villa in the suburbs of London lit up. But it is in these great scenes which are the justification of the huge elaboration of the realistic novel that we are most aware of failure. For it is here that Mr. Forster makes the change from realism to symbolism; here that the object which has been so uncompromisingly solid becomes, or should become, luminously transparent. He fails, one is tempted to think, chiefly because that admirable gift of his for observation has served him too well. He has recorded too much and too literally. He has given us an almost photographic picture on one side of the page; on the other he asks us to see the same view transformed and radiant with eternal fires. The bookcase which falls upon Leonard Bast in *Howards End* should perhaps come down upon him with all the dead weight of smoke-dried culture; the Marabar caves should appear to us not real caves but, it may be, the soul of India. Miss Quested should be transformed from an English girl on a picnic to arrogant Europe straying into the heart of the East and getting lost there. We qualify these statements, for indeed we are not quite sure whether we have guessed aright. Instead of getting that sense of instant certainty which we get in *The Wild Duck* or in *The Master Builder*, we are puzzled, worried. What does this mean? we ask ourselves. What ought we to understand by this? And the hesitation is fatal. For we doubt both things — the real and the symbolical: Mrs. Moore, the nice old lady, and Mrs. Moore, the sibyl. The conjunction of these two different realities seems to cast doubt upon them both. Hence it is that there is so often an ambiguity at the heart of Mr. Forster's novels. We feel that something has failed us at the critical moment; and instead of seeing, as we do in *The Master Builder*, one single whole we see two separate parts.

The stories collected under the title of *The Celestial Omnibus* represent, it may be, an attempt on Mr. Forster's part to simplify the problem which so often troubles him of connecting the prose and poetry of life. Here he admits

definitely if discreetly the possibility of magic. Omnibuses drive to Heaven; Pan is heard in the brushwood; girls turn into trees. The stories are extremely charming. They release the fantasticality which is laid under such heavy burdens in the novels. But the vein of fantasy is not deep enough or strong enough to fight single-handed against those other impulses which are part of his endowment. We feel that he is an uneasy truant in fairyland. Behind the hedge he always hears the motor horn and the shuffling feet of tired wayfarers, and soon he must return. One slim volume indeed contains all that he has allowed himself of pure fantasy. We pass from the freakish land where boys leap into the arms of Pan and girls become trees to the two Miss Schlegels, who have an income of six hundred pounds apiece and live in Wickham Place.

III

Much though we may regret the change, we cannot doubt that it was right. For none of the books before *Howards End* and *A Passage to India* altogether drew upon the full range of Mr. Forster's powers. With his queer and in some ways contradictory assortment of gifts, he needed, it seemed, some subject which would stimulate his highly sensitive and active intelligence, but would not demand the extremes of romance or passion; a subject which gave him material for criticism, and invited investigation; a subject which asked to be built up of an enormous number of slight yet precise observations, capable of being tested by an extremely honest yet sympathetic mind; yet, with all this, a subject which when finally constructed would show up against the torrents of the sunset and the eternities of night with a symbolical significance. In *Howards End* the lower middle, the middle, the upper middle classes of English society are so built up into a complete fabric. It is an attempt on a larger scale than hitherto, and, if it fails, the size of the attempt is largely responsible. Indeed, as we think back over the many pages of this elaborate and highly skillful book, with its immense technical accomplishment, and also its penetration, its wisdom, and its beauty, we may wonder in what mood of the moment we can have been prompted to call it a failure. By all the rules, still more by the keen interest with which we have read it from start to finish, we should have said success. The reason is suggested perhaps by the manner of one's praise. Elaboration, skill, wisdom, penetration, beauty — they are all there, but they lack fusion; they lack cohesion; the book as a whole lacks force. Schlegels, Wilcoxes, and Basts, with all that they stand for of class and environment, emerge with extraordinary verisimilitude, but the whole effect is less satisfying than that of the much slighter but beautifully harmonious *Where Angels Fear to Tread.* Again we have the sense that there is some perversity in Mr. Forster's endowment so that his gifts in their variety and number tend to trip each other up. If he were less scrupulous, less just, less sensitively aware of the different aspects of every case, he could, we feel, come down with greater force on one precise point. As it is, the strength of his blow is dissipated. He is like a light sleeper who is always being woken by something in the room. The poet is twitched away by the satirist; the comedian is tapped on the shoulder by the moralist; he never loses himself or forgets himself for long in sheer delight in the beauty or the interest of things as they are. For this reason the lyrical passages in his books, often of great beauty in themselves, fail of their due

effect in the context. Instead of flowering naturally — as in Proust, for instance — from an overflow of interest and beauty in the object itself, we feel that they have been called into existence by some irritation, are the effort of a mind outraged by ugliness to supplement it with a beauty which, because it originates in protest, has something a little febrile about it.

Yet in *Howards End* there are, one feels, in solution all the qualities that are needed to make a masterpiece. The characters are extremely real to us. The ordering of the story is masterly. That indefinable but highly important thing, the atmosphere of the book, is alight with intelligence; not a speck of humbug, not an atom of falsity is allowed to settle. And again, but on a larger battlefield, the struggle goes forward which takes place in all Mr. Forster's novels — the struggle between the things that matter and the things that do not matter, between reality and sham, between the truth and the lie. Again the comedy is exquisite and the observation faultless. But again, just as we are yielding ourselves to the pleasures of the imagination, a little jerk rouses us. We are tapped on the shoulder. We are to notice this, to take heed of that. Margaret or Helen, we are made to understand, is not speaking simply as herself; her words have another and a larger intention. So, exerting ourselves to find out the meaning, we step from the enchanted world of imagination, where our faculties work freely, to the twilight world of theory, where only our intellect functions dutifully. Such moments of disillusionment have the habit of coming when Mr. Forster is most in earnest, at the crisis of the book, where the sword falls or the bookcase drops. They bring, as we have noted already, a curious insubstantiality into the 'great scenes' and the important figures. But they absent themselves entirely from the comedy. They make us wish, foolishly enough, to dispose Mr. Forster's gifts differently and to restrict him to write comedy only. For directly he ceases to feel responsible for his characters' behavior, and forgets that he should solve the problem of the universe, he is the most diverting of novelists. The admirable Tibby and the exquisite Mrs. Munt in *Howards End*, though thrown in largely to amuse us, bring a breath of fresh air in with them. They inspire us with the intoxicating belief that they are free to wander as far from their creator as they choose. Margaret, Helen, Leonard Bast, are closely tethered and vigilantly overlooked lest they may take matters into their own hands and upset the theory. But Tibby and Mrs. Munt go where they like, say what they like, do what they like. The lesser characters and the unimportant scenes in Mr. Forster's novels thus often remain more vivid than those with which, apparently, most pain has been taken. But it would be unjust to part from this big, serious, and highly interesting book without recognizing that it is an important if unsatisfactory piece of work which may well be the prelude to something as large but less anxious.

IV

Many years passed before *A Passage to India* appeared. Those who hoped that in the interval Mr. Forster might have developed his technique so that it yielded rather more easily to the impress of his whimsical mind and gave freer outlet to the poetry and fantasy which play about in him were disappointed. The attitude is precisely the same four-square attitude which walks up to life as if it were a house with a front door, puts its hat on the table in the hall, and proceeds to visit

all the rooms in an orderly manner. The house is still the house of the British middle classes. But there is a change from *Howards End*. Hitherto Mr. Forster has been apt to pervade his books like a careful hostess who is anxious to introduce, to explain, to warn her guests of a step here, of a draft there. But here, perhaps in some disillusionment both with his guests and with his house, he seems to have relaxed these cares. We are allowed to ramble over this extraordinary continent almost alone. We notice things, about the country especially, spontaneously, accidentally almost, as if we were actually there; and now it was the sparrows flying about the pictures that caught our eyes, now the elephant with the painted forehead, now the enormous but badly designed ranges of hills. The people too, particularly the Indians, have something of the same casual, inevitable quality. They are not perhaps quite so important as the land, but they are alive; they are sensitive. No longer do we feel, as we used to feel in England, that they will be allowed to go only so far and no further lest they may upset some theory of the author's. Aziz is a free agent. He is the most imaginative character that Mr. Forster has yet created, and recalls Gino the dentist in his first book, *Where Angels Fear to Tread*. We may guess indeed that it has helped Mr. Forster to have put the ocean between him and Sawston. It is a relief, for a time, to be beyond the influence of Cambridge. Though it is still a necessity for him to build a model world which he can submit to delicate and precise criticism, the model is on a larger scale. The English society, with all its pettiness and its vulgarity and its streak of heroism, is set against a bigger and a more sinister background. And though it is still true that there are ambiguities in important places, moments of imperfect symbolism, a greater accumulation of facts than the imagination is able to deal with, it seems as if the double vision which troubled us in the earlier books was in process of becoming single. The saturation is much more thorough. Mr. Forster has almost achieved the great feat of animating this dense, compact body of observation with a spiritual light. The book shows signs of fatigue and disillusionment; but it has chapters of clear and triumphant beauty, and above all it makes us wonder, What will he write next?

AN EXTRA IN HOLLYWOOD

BY AMY S. JENNINGS

I

MOTION pictures are no longer a stunt, an optical juggling act to divert the crowd; they are an art — the most difficult and nerve-racking of all the arts to practise, but one of the most complete and satisfactory modes of human expression yet found. King Vidor's 'The Big Parade,' Murnau's 'The Last Laugh,' Von Stroheim's 'Greed,' Victor Seastrom's 'The Scarlet Letter,' Edwin Carewe's 'Resurrection,' are all of them serious works of art, and some of them masterpieces.

One reason that the movies have been so long unrecognized as an art is that we cannot think of a work of art except as produced by the brain and heart of an artist. And who is the artist who makes a moving picture? A moving picture, like an opera, is a coöperative production, but the really responsible artist is the director. Richard Wagner was considered a superman because he wrote his dramas, composed the music for a hundred voices human and orchestral, drew all these elements together in the creation of tremendous human emotion, and finally conducted the stage presentation. Yet his work is almost child's play compared to that of a picture director.

For a long time men have toyed with the idea of creating life; *R.U.R.* and other recent plays and books deal again with this theme. We speak of characters created by an author or a dramatist, but the moving picture, more than any other art, makes characters and emotions live and grow before our very eyes. It is not uncommon to see people in a picture theatre cry, start in terror, or shrink back in fear and loathing; and the creation of such emotion in the hard-headed modern crowd is effected by the director through such herculean labors as the layman would scarcely believe.

Most artists conceive an idea, visualize or oralize it, work it out, and reduce it to paper, canvas, notes, stone, or whatever they happen to work in. The picture director goes further. After his idea is visualized and reduced to paper, he proceeds to give it life in its actual materials of men, horses, deserts, oceans, and so forth, and finally reduces it a second time, to the medium of film. It is as if an artist were to paint a picture, after which all the characters came to life and began to argue with the painter. Saint Peter, not liking his rough beard, would trim it to a pointed Vandyke. There would be endless discussions as to costume; the back-row angels would try to work themselves into the front; and, after waiting three months for Saint Peter's beard to grow again, it would develop that the Christ Child had grown too big for the space allotted to him, and another child would have to be procured. Finally all the characters would group themselves more or less as before, and by some magic art,

as difficult in technique as the original painting, they would be eternally fixed, yet living, within their frame. What artist under such conditions would not go raving mad? And the director is no less temperamental, no less artistic or passionate in his creative urge, than the artist of the palette.

II

For some unknown reason journalists have described directors as casual creatures, running round in 'plus fours' of impossible design, 'working' from ten to three, golfing, bathing, and drinking the rest of the time. But I will let you into the secret. The average director has to have and employ the faculties of an army general, a sewer digger, a tight-rope walker, a tropical and arctic explorer, a schoolmaster, a shyster lawyer, an East Side bargain hunter, an ambassador, a heartless Moloch, and an emotional woman. He probably gets up at seven and drives to the studio about eight.

Say he has to go on location that day. He is 'shooting' some scenes at an out-of-the-way house where the hero is hiding. The townspeople are approaching the house, threatening to lynch the hero, who has publicly stated some unpleasant truths about them.

The director sees his three or four hundred extras comfortably seated in buses, the props, cameras, box lunches, and drinks stowed away, the horses packed in trailers. His assistants, property boys, and camera men report to him that everything is O. K. and off they go. Arrived at the house, the director has to turn a mass of joking men and women into an angry, menacing crowd. He shouts at them through his megaphone, he insults them, exhorts them, cajoles them. He is by turns an army mule driver and an evangelist. He gesticulates, prances, screams. He sends his assistants rushing hither and thither. Long ago he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and threw his tie away. (The tie is rescued from the woodpile by a prop boy who will later be held accountable for the article.) At last the crowd is inspired by the spirit of one man. It sways a little, begins to surge forward as one mass. The cameras are set on the porch of the house where the hero is hiding. The director looks all over carefully. The cameras wait. The assistants cower. The director has decided that the size and menace of the crowd are not shown well enough from such a low angle. The cameras must be moved to the roof of the house. There is no trapdoor to the roof. Well, where is a ladder? There is no ladder. What! That idiot of a prop boy did not bring a couple of ladders in his pocket! The prop boy hastily rigs up a rope and pulley and hauls camera men and director to the roof.

The poor prop boy, by the way, besides bringing with him everything that he is told to bring, is expected to anticipate all possible needs. Naturally he carries black thread, wire, iodine, police badges, false money, prop blood, handcuffs, guns, and rubber knives. Once, out at sea on a small steamer, the director suddenly turned to the prop boy and demanded, 'Where's that piano?' It was the first mention of a piano, but the prop boy never quailed. A packing case and a piece of black velvet photographed like the finest Steinway.

But to return to our director on the housetop. No sooner does he take a look through the lens than he decides they must move still higher, and he commands the prop boy to shift the outfit to the roof of the barn. This does not at all faze the prop boy, who has already foreseen such a move and

called up the local fire department. The brigade is quite pleased to send its hook and ladder — for a consideration — to help out the pictures. Finally, sitting astride the ridgepole, the cameras precariously balanced on the sloping shingles, the director, straining his voice to the limit, inspires a mob at long distance and the scene is begun. Once more the crowd grows menacing, surges forward, is about to break. At the critical moment a small boy sitting on a fence alongside sights a neighbor across the field and runs over to him, straight through the centre of the scene. Curses! Damnation! The crowd stumbles in its stride. The whole thing has to be done over again, and probably again, and again. Nerve-racking grind and tension the whole day long.

Those recently popular pictures laid in or around a steel mill were particularly torturous to make. A steel mill cannot stop even for the movies. All day and all night it roars. The red-hot metal is poured into moulds which are swung on huge derricks across the mill and plunged into tanks of water to cool. Clouds of steam hiss up from these tanks, obscuring the vision. Where to place a camera so as to take all these things and yet be out of the way of the derricks and workmen? A movable platform was constructed on the rafters under the roof, and this was shifted over whatever part of the mill was to be photographed. One of the men of the picture company fell from the platform and was so badly burned that he died in a few hours. There was no cessation of work. Only ten days were allotted to shoot the mill scenes and the company was already behind schedule. But the danger, the incessant noise, and the memory of their comrade's terrible death preyed on the minds of the other members of the company. It was the duty of the director to keep up their morale, and how could he do this when they sometimes worked for twenty-four hours straight?

Picture people are mostly of the soft-white-collar, city-bred type. Their struggles have been almost entirely with poverty, and they have lived usually by their wits. They are suddenly called upon to face in person the dangers of the pioneers, of the sea, every kind of physical hardship, demanding strength and courage. One sweet young actress who recently carried off a beauty prize and a fat contract was at one time making a jungle picture. Jungle pictures are made in arenas surrounded by high fences hidden with bamboos, palms, and tropical vegetation. The scenes with the animals are usually taken first, with only the trainers in the arena, and later the actors come in and do their bits. For those scenes in which it is essential that actors and animals appear together, naturally every kind of precaution is taken. But certain of the animals are fairly tame and are allowed to wander in the arena even while the actors are present. The actors are instructed how to treat the animals — above all not to run away. This particular young actress entered the arena late — she had been having a little flirtation with her leading man — and was unaware that Patsy, a tame young lioness, was wandering at large. The actress seated herself by a clump of bamboo and proceeded to have her palm read by her (for the moment) devoted admirer, when Patsy sprang out of the bushes and landed in — or rather on — her lap, purring and wagging her tail and expecting to have her head nicely scratched. Fortunately the actress was too terrified to move, and Patsy immediately went to her trainer when she was called. But it is a distinct shock to any civilized

young lady suddenly to find a lion in her lap. It is one of those situations we are not taught how to meet, which make unlimited demands on nervous control and courage.

In the same picture Mary, the chimpanzee, a really dangerous animal always held safely by a wire leash, took a strange fancy to the production manager. After a scene she would run up to him and poke her skinny black hand in his face. 'Kiss it!' the trainer shouted. 'Kiss it, and, whatever you do, don't move!' The manager had to kiss the ape's hand half a dozen times before she was satisfied and consented to return to her work.

It is not only danger and physical difficulty which try the director's nerves. There is the tedious, agonizing grind of getting a close-up just right. Recently a director was taking a famous star as she picked up a cup of tea, laughed slyly over the edge as she drank it, and set it down again. He shot this scene steadily for four days. The cup must be picked up gracefully — held at a particular angle so that the curve of the cup and the curve of the cheek would make an harmonious picture. The smile must be just perfect — not too much of it showing and not too little. For four days star and director labored. Then the company went out on location for a week to shoot some outdoor scenes. On their return to the studio they proceeded with the same cup and smile. I did not happen to be in at the finish and cannot say how long their efforts continued.

Bearing in mind that a good director must of necessity have something of the 'artistic temperament,' it is easy for one to see that the extreme difficulty of handling his medium of expression is apt to drive him to excesses even more than is the case with other artists. And there is certainly no denying that Hollywood indulges in excesses. Still these excesses are not so terrible or so unusual as the world makes out. After you practise, for hours daily, kissing at your most becoming angle, a kiss really does not mean much to you; and a girl gets so used to having a man's arms around her that they mean little more to her than the arms of a chair. It is not so much the life you live as what it means to you that affects your character, and most of the picture people are generous, natural, kind-hearted folk. If their social eccentricities seem greater than other people's, it is because they do not try to hide them or hush them up — publicity is good business for them.

But to return to the director and his struggle to produce a work of art out of the most stubborn of all materials: men, women, and the world at large. In a majority of pictures there is some tremendous outdoor elemental scene — a flood, fire, shipwreck, earthquake, or volcanic eruption — that is used as a dramatic background to heighten and repeat the human emotion, exactly as it is used in other arts. But here the director has actually to handle the elements. He cannot merely mention that a storm is raging outside. He must show it. Apart from all the clever and ingenious ways of faking elemental drama, in very many cases the director is absolutely at the mercy of the elements as much as any fisherman or farmer.

Take the simplest kind of scene. The girl perhaps walks down to the seashore in the evening. She stands for a second on a rock and looks into the water, thinking. This involves a number of different shots. First the girl is seen walking toward the beach. Then she climbs the rock. Perhaps a close-up of the slippery weed as she mounts. She is outlined against the sky. She looks down. A shot of the water she is looking at. She looks

round at the wide horizon. A shot of birds wheeling, a distant ship or headland. She looks down again at the water. A shot of the man she is thinking of, half seen through the ripples of the water. She leaves the rock and walks down the beach as it grows dark. Now for each of these dozen shots the cameras must be moved, set up, focused. The reflectors must be arranged to throw a beautiful light that will also be becoming to the star. This scene is supposed to be in the evening. It will probably take at least three or four hours to make all the necessary shots. By the time the last one is ready to be taken the shadows are much longer and the tide much higher than when the first one was made. Yet the whole thing will take only a few seconds on the screen, and it is impossible to show the tide at different heights on the rock. Some of the shots, therefore, must be postponed till next day. Next day there happens to be a wind, the sea is rough, and the rock is drenched with spray, whereas the previous evening the water was merely rippling. The day following there is a storm. The fourth day conditions are right, but the tide is at the right height four hours later than it was on the first day and the shadows are all wrong. It may take a week to complete the scene. Of course something else is done in the meanwhile.

This is merely one of the smallest ways in which the elements retard and hinder the director. Sometimes there is real difficulty, as for instance in making 'The Blood Ship,' when the ship, with half the actors aboard, drifted from its mooring in a fog and was lost at sea. It was an old-time hulk with no wireless aboard. Aeroplanes were sent out to find it, but were unable to do anything on account of the fog. The ship was finally discovered the next day.

The stars also add their quota to the director's difficulties. Imagine the director to whom Wallace Reid was not Wallace Reid at all, but a distraught young man about to commit a crime for love. The director prepares everything for the great scene. Lovingly he supervises the lights, the angle of the cameras, the shadow of a spray which shows on the wall against which the distraught young man is to lean, glassy-eyed, wild, nerveless. He turns to put his demoralized hero into the centre of the carefully prepared picture — to find that the young man has started a fierce argument on bacteria with one of the extras, and is at that moment leaping into his car with his friend, intent on going to his private laboratory and proving that he is right. No director on earth can dissuade him — are not bacteria more important than any director? They could make or unmake directors in a single day.

Or consider John Barrymore, who walked off the set in the middle of the day, leaving a couple of hundred extras at $7.50 apiece per day — not because he was tired especially, but because he knew it had been hard times and the extras needed another day's work. And all this is counted against the poor director. He is supposed to manage the stars, the elements, the company's nerves, and his own temperament so as to save money for the producer and yet make a splendid picture.

III

Picture making is a coöperative art. What the director intends must be carried out by actors, camera men, and the cutter. Naturally these are all subject to the director, but it is pretty difficult to subdue all their personalities entirely to the director's, unless the director is an extraordinarily strong and determined character. Here is a

very simple instance of how a cutter can change a picture. The hero smiles pleasantly and embraces the lady of his choice, after which the doorbell rings and they separate, annoyed at being disturbed. But suppose the cutter cuts it like this: the lovers embrace, the door bell rings, the hero smiles and leaves the lady. Of course you conclude that the hero is a villain and has purposely arranged for someone to disturb them at that time.

Von Stroheim's 'Greed,' perhaps the finest picture he ever made, was forty reels, or eight miles, long when it was finally cut to suit his ideas. It took eight hours to run, and did not seem too long to those who saw it. And indeed there is no reason why one should not have a film festival — like the Wagnerian festivals at Bayreuth — during which long and beautiful films would be shown throughout the day. They could be as thrilling as any opera and probably would appeal to far more people. But naturally eight hours was too long to expect the average crowd to sit. Consequently the picture was cut to seventeen reels, and later to twelve. Imagine the director, heart-broken at seeing his work so cut to pieces and yet trying to preserve some of the essence of his original idea and inspiration.

But here is the greatest obstacle of all in the way of a director's producing a real work of art. Other artists — writers, painters, musicians — are left more or less free to create as they will. Their difficulties begin when they try to market their art. Then they come into contact with all the petty jealousies and politics which Romain Rolland has described so well in *Jean Christophe*, and which seem to exist in every realm of 'art.' But imagine an artist who must actually do his work in these inhospitable surroundings — who must go through endless ridiculous intrigue before he is even permitted to begin. For of course as soon as the director begins his picture he is speculating in enormous sums of money.

The cheapest home-talent two-reel film can scarcely be made for less than $800. And the most ordinarily good five-reeler will cost at least from $10,000 to $15,000. This immediately puts the making of pictures into the realm of business rather than of art, and in pictures we see an extraordinary struggle between these two proverbial enemies — extraordinary because it so often ends in favor of art rather than of business.

A big studio, like any other big business, is a nest of politics and intrigue. And while it is doubtless true that it is talent and ability which count in the end, in the beginning it is largely influence and pull. And these are not easy to get in any ordinary manner, as the applicants for movie jobs are legion. Every fool seems to think he is capable of directing a picture, and every boy or girl who comes to Hollywood is convinced that he or she is a genius. They do not hesitate to attack directors shooting in the street with requests for jobs — promising to work for nothing if only they are given a chance. Naturally this gets them nowhere. They must at least have a little pull with someone. One director I know holds his present job because of a broken rib his wife sustained in the too hearty embrace of the studio manager. He is a very poor director and will not last long, but at present he is keeping a good man out of work.

Although a director is naturally preferred if he is economical, it is surprising how free a hand is given to those whom the companies believe to be capable artists. Von Stroheim, for instance, is allowed to shoot sequences, taking several weeks, purely for his

own artistic pleasure — since it is evident the censor will never permit them to be shown on the screen. Murnau, in making his recent picture, 'Sunrise,' was given an entirely free hand. No one was even allowed on the lot to see what he was doing, and he permitted no one to see his 'dailies' (the print of the scenes taken each day) but himself. Whatever he asked for was given him, whether it was a peculiar kind of lens, an elephant, or an earthquake. Practically anything a good director desires in the way of props, sets, or locations is arranged almost without question. There is a tremendous amount of waste and graft in renting articles to the picture companies, as few have anything approaching efficiency methods. One company, for instance, paid a jeweler $25 for the rent of a wrist watch which could have been bought for $14, and such examples could be multiplied endlessly. Naturally all this intrigue, political nonsense, and business grafting distracts and depresses the artistic director, but he has to go through with it to get and hold his job, and perhaps it adds a touch of realism and irony to his pictures which in no way detracts from their merit.

IV

If I have given some idea of the difficulty of employing moving pictures as an art medium, of the double translation of ideas, first into script, then into film, of the nerve-racking physical labor, the interference of the elements, the problem of managing the stars, the peculiar coöperation necessary between director and cutter, and the incessant political intrigue, you will readily see that it is not only the consideration of the box office which prevents so many pictures from being works of art. And perhaps you will have some realization of King Vidor's achievement in 'The Big Parade' when he works successfully up to the tremendous scene where the soldiers leave and Renée Adorée tries to cling to her lover — to his boot — to the chain on the truck — to the very wheel tracks in the mud. Perhaps you will also appreciate better the exquisite tenderness of that scene in 'Resurrection' where Edwin Carewe shows Dolores del Rio dreaming of her unborn fatherless child. She stands before the picture of the Virgin and mechanically begins to rock the blanket she is putting away, crooning a little as she sways. And that scene in 'Greed' where Gowland is handcuffed to a corpse in the midst of the desert, the gold he so ardently desired useless at his feet; and that last tremendous long shot which recedes from him and all his crime and passion — recedes — recedes — till we see him and his terrible drama as they perhaps appear to the Creator: a meaningless black speck in an eternal voiceless solitude.

No other art in the world is so difficult to practise, so compounded of antagonistic, inartistic elements. But it has its compensations. The close-up, invented by D. W. Griffith, and the long shot with the wide-angle lens, can throw the audience into the bottom of the grand canyon or bring up before it the veined petals of a wild flower. No other art can create at once with the power and the delicacy of the moving picture; and I can imagine no more satisfying medium for the ambitious artist, who is after all a creator — part archangel, tearing apart and creating worlds with his trump of doom, part monk, embellishing a single letter of the alphabet with all the happy detail of a rich imagination.

THE TRIAL OF STRENGTH

BY MORRIS GRAY, JR.

I

Ice. . . . Ice peaked, twisted, jostled, massed in pressure ridges, ground to crystals — chaotic wastes of it, storm-tossed, endless. High above, the plane, whining, circling, dropped in an even, narrowing spiral to the open lead of black water. With a rush it swept the surface; but a floating pinnacle of ice, much higher than it had looked from above, caught the wing. There was a crash, a powdered splintering; the plane lurched heavily, one wing careening beneath the water, the other wrenched back and sagging.

Slowly, in the bitter wind, it drifted to the edge of the lead. Two men dropped off in the dense rubble of the pack and looked about grimly at the barren white hummocks and toothed spurs which hemmed them in.

'Damned lucky you spotted this open lead, Hank. We'd have been smashed to pulp in the ice.' It was the Captain who spoke, his voice raised harshly to drown the roar of the engines, still pounding in his ears.

Sergeant Phinney, a big hulking man, swung the plane around so as to bring the damaged wing close in over the ice.

'She's done for, all right,' the Captain muttered.

'Looks like it. How far back to the base would you make it, sir?'

'Six hundred miles.'

'Some hop! And the Pole?'

'About a hundred and twenty. I'll take an observation. We may be a bit off the course.'

As they stepped back, a third fur-clad figure crawled out and lowered himself gingerly, favoring one leg.

'You're hurt, Mason!'

'Knee's wrenched a bit, sir — when the wing struck. Nothing to count.'

But the Captain glanced critically at the young mechanic. 'Take it easy,' he said, 'while the Sergeant and I get up the tent.'

They climbed to the top of a pressure ridge, and looked about. Ice — a continent of it, rigid, ghastly, stretching away in bleak furrowed wastes. Through the débris of smaller scattered stuff, great blocks of old ice reared up, jagged and blue; and over the scarred, contorted plain the sun, poised a hand's breadth above the horizon, cast its pale, merciless light.

The Captain swept the floes with his binoculars. 'We're up against it, right enough. With Mason lamed, we'll have to camp here by the lead and wait.'

Kit and provisions were shifted to the ice and carried to a sheltered spot between the ridges, where the men put up their small tent. There was tinned and concentrated food for a month — tea, pemmican, biscuits, chocolate, condensed milk — and ample fuel for the stove and the small heater.

While a meal was being prepared, the Captain picked his way over to the wrecked plane. Bitterly he contemplated it. What cursed luck! The senior officers had backed him, but it had been his venture, this — a dash by

plane to the Pole. For two years he had planned it, weighed its feasibility from every angle, tested planes and instruments, made nonstop flights of equivalent length under almost similar atmospheric conditions. Any one of those flights would have carried him to the Pole and back. But now, in the real test — disaster. That mad search for a landing place when the controls had begun to loosen. They had swung low over that desolate, mangled world. To land would be annihilation. But, as they lifted again, the Sergeant had spied, a few miles ahead, the open lead. There they could put things to rights and tune up. And then — that cursed piece of floating ice. A foot more and they'd have cleared it.

The base was six hundred miles to the south. And Mason hurt. No hope of fighting their way out on foot. They'd have to stick here by the lead, where the rescuing plane could land. On the sixth day it would start. But to find them in that featureless wilderness, with the compass undependable! Well, there was just a chance.

Gloomily he returned to the tent. Mason was stretched out on the sleeping bags, while the Sergeant, easy and deft in spite of his bulk, crouched by the stove. Hot tea, pressed meat, and biscuits. They ate and lay down to sleep. But the Captain dozed restlessly. Every hour he crawled out into the pale glare and prowled about.

It had been a hazardous, a sporting proposition, this hopping off into the unknown. But he'd had faith in his luck, his star. Faith. What man ever scrutinized the consequences of disaster until disaster was upon him, had become the actuality! It was the other fellow whose luck would fail, not his; it was the other fellow who stopped the bullet, died of cancer. But for him, a special providence.

By the edge of the lead lay the wrecked plane. And to the north, a hundred miles, the Pole. That strange lure. There was no gold to be found, no claim to stake out; scientific data, of interest to scientists. Greeley, Amundsen, Peary, Scott. It was adventure that drew them. The trial of strength.

As he threw back the flap of the tent, the Sergeant stirred in his sleeping bag and rolled over, like a great shaggy seal. Bit of luck to have the Sergeant with him. Adequate fellow, the Sergeant. Adequate. Mason might not stand the racket. He must see that the man kept quiet and gave his knee a chance.

II

Day followed day, hours indistinguishable one from another in that harsh, uncanny light. Above a fixed point in the horizon the sun never lifted. East, south, west, north, it crept stealthily about the rim of that pitted desolation, like an inflamed, ironic eye. It was there when they lay down to sleep; when they awoke it glowered at them from behind another ice hummock.

They would be getting anxious at the base. They'd wait the allotted time, another twenty-four hours. Still the lead held open. Through the pack about it great crag-like blocks of ice moved slowly, — a cosmic, shrouded dance of dissolution, — while they, with jealous eye, watched the narrow stretch of open water, their hostage against fate. Hourly they paced its length, nursed it, moored at one side the floating fragments.

And they watched. The Captain tensely, the Sergeant undisturbed, as the days passed. He took things in his stride, the Sergeant, joked or swore with the same solid calm. Adequate. When off watch he smoked, cooked, dried and repaired their clothes, and paced the lead, his hoarse rumbling

voice the only sound in that frozen silence. Often he shared the lookout with the Captain, his eyes, clear as a gull's in his heavy stubbly face, strained toward the south.

It was the nineteenth day. 'How about it, sir? Still a chance?'

'Sure. But if they can make it, why are n't they here? The spare planes may be out of commission, for all we know, or smashed up.'

The Captain's eyes burned with watching, with staring over that livid welter of ice. It was as if they had landed on some lifeless, glacial planet lost in space. It was like the prophecy of ultimate death. As if, in the brief term of those nineteen days, a hundred million years had lapsed, chilling the sun, while layer after layer the ice encroached, and they, like sinking embers, the last flickering sparks of life, waited for inexorable extinction.

A few rods away stood the tent, the sole oasis in that inverted hell. Mason was trying to warm himself by hobbling up and down, while the Sergeant dried the sleeping bags. What did they think of things, of him? He 'd got them into this. They were hairy and leaner; their brows and tense, bloodshot eyes showed the strain. Had they three been born and reared and trained and brought together to the end that they perish slowly of hunger amid the ice fields? Damn funny!

The Sergeant was waving. Midday. Rations had been cut down to two scant meals, one at noon, the second at midnight, when the sun swung around over the northern horizon.

They ate, and the Captain took up the cards. 'Well, boys,' he said, 'let 's have our game.'

They played mechanically, one of them getting up at every deal to search the sky. There was no wind, no crackling in the floes, no sound in that chill, empty stillness save the patter of the cards and now and then a word. Suddenly Mason threw up his head. With a hoarse cry he flung down the cards, and was running jerkily along the ice.

The Sergeant started up.

'He is n't — '

'By God!'

A faint droning hum, intermittent yet definite.

They sprang for the lookout. Southward, and well up, a dark speck showed clear against the sky. It swam nearer; and with a deafening, choking roar the plane passed overhead and a man leaned out and waved. It circled twice and swept down into the water.

'It 's Lieutenant Ridden and Mac!' cried the Captain, as they ran over to the lead.

'The small plane!'

'Yes. It 's the small plane.'

They stood silent while it drifted in, and Lieutenant Ridden dropped off and saluted. 'A bit late, I 'm afraid.'

The Captain smiled.

'We 've combed the ice from here to the base,' the Lieutenant went on hurriedly. 'The big plane is out of commission, and I was held up four days by a gale of wind, and again by fog.'

As the two officers moved aside, the Captain described his own mischance, and together they examined the wrecked plane.

'Can't do anything with her,' muttered the Lieutenant. 'How long a straightaway does the lead give you?'

'Four hundred and ten yards. I 've paced it every hour. The small plane could n't lift out with the five of us.'

'We can strip her and try it.'

'Try it? Not much. Four, maybe, — with luck, — but not five. I 'll stay behind and, if all goes well, you can come back.'

'That 's just it,' said the Lieutenant. 'Not so easy to pick up this spot again, even with the horizon we get in the air. You know what the compass is in these

parts, and fog may shut in. We've only this plane to depend on now. Let's chance it with the five of us.'

Grimly the Captain scanned the open water. 'It's not good enough, Ridden,' he said. 'If you should n't lift, and crashed into the ice over there, we'd all be done for. With four you may make it. It's a legitimate risk, anyway. I'll just have a word with the Sergeant and Mason.'

Slowly the Captain made his way toward the tent, and beckoned to his two companions.

'You're first, Mason,' he said. 'Light as you can, mind. No extra kit. Report to the Lieutenant.'

Collecting his flying garments, Mason limped off. The Captain and the Sergeant were alone.

'Well, Hank.'

'Well, sir.'

'You're next.'

'Sir, that plane can't lift with the five of us. You know that better than me.'

'Stripped, she'll lift four.'

'Four?'

'The Lieutenant will come back for me.'

'The Lieutenant'll come back for you, will he? Does he think he can pick up this point again?'

'He can try it.'

The Sergeant spat. 'Sir, I'm not going.'

For a moment the Captain was silent. 'Hank, you're a thundering good fellow, but this is my show. Go help them strip the plane.'

Sergeant Phinney stood stolid.

'Look here, Hank! I appreciate this. But we're only delaying things. Get a move on. We're still in the Service, you know. Come! Shake hands and beat it.'

A gleam flickered in the Sergeant's eye as he thrust forward his great arm. But instead of grasping the Captain's outstretched hand he caught his wrist; with a quick, dexterous twist, bent it back. There was a snap.

The Captain sprang away. 'What the devil!'

'You've got to go now, sir. Disabled men first. Military regulation.'

'Damn you, Hank!'

Unperturbed, the Sergeant reached for the medicine kit. 'I'll just bind it up,' he said. 'Learned that trick from a Jap in the Canal Zone. There's only one bone broken.'

No word passed while the bandage was applied.

'Had to do it, sir,' said the Sergeant finally.

'Had to do it, eh?' The bandage was in place. 'Get out, and report in ten minutes.'

Clumsily the Captain filled his pipe and struck a match. Disabled? He was scarcely disabled. But what if Ridden could n't get back? It was possible. Maybe an even chance. By the edge of the lead the four dark figures moved about the plane. They'd have her ready in a minute. From the tank of the wrecked plane the Sergeant was bringing tins of gasoline. At one side, a box of provisions — to be left behind. The Sergeant drew Ridden a little apart. No doubt he was explaining the situation — what he'd done. Curse the Sergeant! Why could n't the man obey orders, disposing of things on his own, as if he were God!

Up and down the Captain paced. Up and down. Grinding under his feet the cards they had cast aside at the first alarm. The ice. . . . That vast white arena. It had got a good many audacious spirits. Through the immensity of snow-covered upheaval, dark seams and fissures showed like purple veins in lumpy, leprous flesh. To the south, the nebulous graying skyline. Beyond that bleak horizon, trees and flowers grew and men lay in the grass. The South. Life. Life. . . .

THOUGHTS AT LUNCH

BY RODERICK MORISON

FISH cakes! And there the fishes play
In blue-green seas and silver spray
Till moonrise goldens all the bay —
Fish cakes!

And in the half-light restless things
Glide by on glinting, glimmering wings,
And the wind sleeps, and sleeping sings,
And wakes —

And O, the wind is singing yet
In golden dawn and golden set
Of sun, though you and I forget!
Fish cakes!

For London shrills 'Forget, forget!'
Drawing her mantle closer yet,
For cold, gray rain, and dingy, wet
Snowflakes!

And you are but a tale that's told,
And life is full of grim and cold
Policemen, cinemas, and old
Fish cakes!

THE MISSISSIPPI

MEETING A MIGHTY PROBLEM

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

I

WHEN Fernando de Soto returned from the West to the great river he had discovered, he found it in flood. La Vega, in an account written about 1580, gives this graphic picture of the Father of Waters before the country was in any way affected by the white man: —

Then God, our Lord, hindered the work with a mighty flood of the great river, which, at that time — about the eighth or tenth of March [of 1543] — began to come down with an enormous increase of water; which in the beginning overflowed the wide level ground between the river and the cliffs; then little by little it rose to the top of the cliffs. [The high vertical banks of the river look like cliffs.] Soon it began to flow over the fields in an immense flood, and as the land was level without any hills there was nothing to stop the inundation.

On the 18th of March of 1543, which that year was Palm Sunday, when the Spaniards were marching in procession, the river entered with ferocity through the gates of the town of Aminoya, and two days later they were unable to go through the streets except in canoes.

The flood was 40 days in reaching its greatest height, which was the 20th of April, and it was a beautiful thing to look upon the sea where there had been fields, for on each side of the river the water extended over twenty leagues of land, and all of this area was navigated by canoes, and nothing was seen but the tops of the tallest trees.

On account of these inundations of the river the people build their houses on the high land, and where there is none, they raise mounds by hand, especially for the houses of the chiefs; the houses are constructed three or four stages above the ground, on thick posts that serve as uprights, and between uprights they lay beams for the floors, and above these floors, which are of wood, they make the roof, with galleries around the four sides of the house where they store their food and other supplies, and here they take refuge from the great floods. . . .

By the end of May the river had returned within its banks.

Local tradition has it that the highest flood on the Mississippi in the region from St. Louis to Cairo was in 1785. The next highest in the same region, and this time there are definite records, occurred in 1844, when the primeval forests were largely intact. This year also saw the greatest recorded floods on such widely separated streams as the Illinois River, the Red River in Texas, and the Kaw River in Kansas.

The 1844 flood on the Mississippi was but slightly, if at all, restrained by levees, and the water was free to spread over great areas, yet the stage between St. Louis and Cairo was two feet above that of the great flood of 1927. Confined between levees like those now

along the river, it probably would have reached a stage much above the 1927 crest.

Floods large and small are a natural characteristic of the Mississippi and are not due in any large degree to the actions of men, either in cutting forests, tilling land, or draining swamps. Whether such activities actually increase or decrease floods on the river, no one knows. There probably will be greater floods in the future than have occurred during the white man's occupation. It is an inaccurate statement with which ex-Governor Pinchot begins a most interesting and suggestive article in a recent number of the *Survey*: 'The Mississippi flood is a man-made disaster.' In the same number, ex-Governor Parker of Louisiana makes a similar error: 'Our troubles are due to no carelessness on our part, but largely to deforestation, tile drainage, and the hurling at us, in an irresistible flood, of the waters of our thirty sister states between the Appalachians and the Rockies.' The scientific attitude of accurate observation and correct statement is a good beginning, even for the consideration of public questions. The public mind has been bewildered by biased propaganda on the subject.

Governor Pinchot also remarks, 'Where the river flows and how it flows represents a vast and beautiful natural equilibrium established among them all. When men destroy that equilibrium, naturally they pay the price.' There is no such equilibrium. The continents have been unmade and remade many times, and the process still is going on. The relation of natural river channels to their own flood flows, and to man's use, is entirely accidental. Some rivers have dug channels a hundred times the size necessary to carry their greatest flood flows, as in the case of the Niagara River in the gorge below the Falls, the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon, and the Hudson above New York City. Others never have made channels large enough. The Miami River in Ohio in its natural condition is nowhere large enough to carry more than a tenth of its extreme flood.

The rivers flowing through the hill country that surrounds the Mississippi coastal plain have cut deep and narrow valleys, but where they leave the hills and enter the plain their channels are completely inadequate. The Black River, which has an extreme flood flow of more than a hundred thousand cubic feet per second in the Missouri hills, on entering the plains has a channel which will carry only three thousand. The Coldwater River of northern Mississippi will occasionally discharge one hundred thousand cubic feet per second through its deep valley in the hills, but on reaching the flat country its channel will carry less than one thousand.

The Little River of Missouri completely loses its channel in the flat woods, though this stream and its branches emerge from the hills with a maximum flood flow of more than one hundred thousand cubic feet per second. Measures for its control have been undertaken, and hundreds of square miles of swampy woods over which it formerly spread are now being turned into fertile farms. Compared with the channels of these tributaries, that of the Mississippi is fairly adequate, since it will carry about a third of the extreme flow.

There is no established equilibrium of nature in the formation of rivers. In the week of creation, man finds himself entering the scene along the lower Mississippi perhaps on Wednesday morning. It is left to him to finish the job and to make over the earth to suit his necessity. Floods like

those on the Mississippi are not penalties for past sins, but a stimulus to his spirit of mastery.

II

Except for that projection into the Gulf which forms the southeastern part of Louisiana, the so-called 'Mississippi Delta,' from southeastern Missouri to the Gulf Coast, is not a true delta, like that of the Yellow River of China, but has a very different geological origin. The Gulf of Mexico formerly extended northward to the mouth of the Ohio River. A few miles southeast of Poplar Bluff, Missouri, five hundred miles from the present Gulf coast, the ancient sand dunes still stand along the shore line of that prehistoric sea. Protected by vegetation, their sides are almost as steep as when the tide cast its spray about them.

Gradually, through the ages, the old bed of the Gulf has been slowly tilting upward, until now the northern portion is more than three hundred feet above sea level, and there is a continuous and fairly uniform slope southward to the present Gulf coast of Louisiana. This tilting is not a uniformly steady motion, but progresses with spasms of activity. Such a period of disturbance along the ancient ocean shore line occurred about a century ago. In the region of southern Missouri, southern Illinois, and western Tennessee, there were about two thousand earthquake shocks from 1811 to 1813. Shaler, the geologist, was of the opinion that this was the most violent disturbance of the earth's crust in recorded human history, and that similar convulsions are certain to recur, at intervals of perhaps a century.

So violent were some of these tremors that two great bodies of water were formed, covering many square miles. Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee, and Big Lake in the St. Francis Basin of Missouri and Arkansas, are monuments to the 'New Madrid Earthquake.' By such methods the plain of the so-called 'Mississippi Delta' is slowly lifting itself above sea level.

Geologically speaking, the Father of Waters in the coastal plain is a very young and wayward, though a hard-working, river. From the mouth of the Ohio River to the Gulf it has ploughed a very crooked channel for itself. The term 'ploughed' fairly describes the process, for the material removed from the channel has not necessarily been carried to the Gulf. During floods the turbulent water stirs up the sand and mud in the river bed and carries it out over the banks. Within a few miles of the river about as much earth is piled up above the general ground level as would be necessary to fill the river channel.

This description is oversimplified, and gives only a roughly accurate impression of the process.

There is no definite evidence to sustain the popular opinion that the river is building up its bed. The comparison so frequently made between the Mississippi and the Yellow River of China is misleading. The Mississippi flows through a plain that is tilted up hundreds of feet above sea level at its upper end. The Yellow River, on the contrary, flows through a true delta, built up from below sea level by river silt. This silt is carried out to sea, and from there is washed back to shore by the tides and deposited as a flat plain with little or no slope. Except when restrained by levees, the Yellow River wanders over this plain, dropping silt along the way, and so produces what slight slope there is along its lower course.

Moreover, the Yellow River carries as much as ten per cent of its weight of silt, while the Mississippi rarely carries

a fifth of one per cent, and averages less than a fifteenth of one per cent. The Yellow River does build up its bed, but that is no reason for assuming that the Mississippi must do likewise, or that the two problems require the same treatment.

The land along the Mississippi is highest at the river edge, and gradually slopes back about five to seven feet in the first mile, and perhaps ten or twelve feet in the next three or four miles. This description requires detailed modification for various localities. In the lower land back from the river, and ten to thirty miles distant, are smaller streams roughly parallel to the Mississippi. They gather up the local drainage, and finally break through the high bank into the river. Such breaks commonly are near the outlets of the main tributaries. Most of these large tributaries also have high banks, and so the flooded territory naturally divides itself into about six large basins that are natural and semi-independent units, and to a large degree can be protected independently of each other.

III

The first settlers along the Mississippi farmed the high land near the river. The soil was fertile and easily cultivated, whereas the 'buckshot' and 'gumbo' clays in the bottoms back from the river were harder to till. The front lands were better drained and less subject to overflow. Yet overflows did occur, and the planters began to build little levees along the river front. Then neighbors joined their levees together, and after many years levee districts were formed by state laws, with power to tax the lands for construction funds.

Finally the national government established the Mississippi River Commission, composed of army engineers and civilian appointees, one of its duties being to make surveys and to coördinate the policies of the various districts. Army engineers were stationed at various points along the river to furnish local supervision under direction of the Commission. For a time the federal government gave advice, but furnished no funds for construction, except for bank protection. Then, under the fiction of helping navigation, it began to pay one third of the cost of the levees, and during recent years it has paid two thirds of the cost. A total of about $240,000,000 has been spent by the local districts and the national government for levees alone.

Half a century ago various persons, most of them without adequate information or training, began agitating for control of the Mississippi by means of reservoirs, auxiliary channels, spillways, and other devices. Most of these schemes were wildly impractical in the form in which they were submitted, and the army engineers entered into a hard fight for 'levees only,' and they won. In eliminating spillways and in trying to hold down the flow of the Atchafalaya River, a natural overflow for the Mississippi, they seem to have made costly mistakes, but they helped otherwise to prevent a vast waste of public funds through the execution of badly conceived plans. Most of the alternative schemes had been presented in such crude form as to destroy any possibility of successful execution, and some of them involved rash expense; whereas, for using the limited funds available, levees were about the best form of investment.

Yet this victory of the army engineers and of the Mississippi River Commission had certain very unfortunate results. The doctrine of 'levees only,' emphasized by a bitter struggle, instead of being considered as a practical

economic expedient became almost a religious dogma, to be implicitly believed on authority, and not to be critically examined. During the past forty years, the Mississippi River Commission has promoted higher and stronger levees; but, in assuming that device to be the one and only solution, they were diverted from making the very extensive and comprehensive studies on which a permanent policy should be based.

During the half century of the Mississippi River Commission a thorough scientific study of the Mississippi problem in general has not been made. These years of golden opportunity have been wasted, and to-day, when the country calls impatiently for a plan of relief, the fundamental facts on which an enduring policy must be based are still to be determined. The report of the Chief of Engineers of the United States Army for last year contained the following opinion concerning the work on the Mississippi: 'It may be stated that in a general way the improvement is providing a safe and adequate channel for navigation, and is now in condition to prevent the destructive effects of floods.' An engineer friend who is exceptionally well acquainted with the conditions writes in a recent letter: 'A thorough study of the whole Mississippi River problem is badly needed. Rip Van Winkle slept only twenty years.'

I believe that not less than ten or twenty years of hard work at accumulating and digesting facts and information will be necessary before any board of engineers, no matter how brilliant its personnel, can outline finally a sound and enduring policy. Some elements of such a policy can be determined and carried into effect in much shorter time, so there need not be ten or twenty years of inaction; but to embark to-day on a vast programme of construction, without the necessary foundation of data, not only would cause the probable waste of hundreds of millions of dollars, but might commit us to a mistaken policy, and so make still more difficult, if not impossible, the proper final solution. It is entirely impossible to prepare an adequate plan for the coming session of Congress. The Mississippi River Commission and the army engineers would best serve the country by openly acknowledging that fact.

There should be a new and thorough study of the entire situation. Every possible solution should be exhaustingly explored and compared with every other, until it is thoroughly confirmed or thoroughly disproved. The panaceas we have denounced should be examined just as thoroughly and carefully as the methods we have favored. Only in that way can the engineer protect his work against his own unconscious prejudice. I formerly was thoroughly imbued with the army engineer's disbelief in reservoirs for flood control, but in the largest project I ever planned I investigated reservoirs, simply in pursuance of the policy of exhausting every possibility, and to my surprise I was driven to use them as the main feature of that project. Nothing is so fatal to good engineering as the habit of arriving at conclusions before every remote possibility has been thoroughly examined. Generally the final plan will not be any one device, but a carefully balanced combination of elements. This process of comprehensive, exhaustive investigation never has been followed through on the Mississippi.

One reason for our unpreparedness in plans for flood control is 'Washington science.'

Do you believe that the cutting of forests seriously affects floods? If you are a government employee, your

opinion will depend upon what department you serve. If you represent the Forest Service, you are sure forests do affect floods. The article by ex-Chief Forester Pinchot, just quoted, emphasizes that belief, and officials of the Forest Service are now expressing the same opinion. If you represent the Weather Bureau, you are equally certain that deforestation does not affect floods.

The army engineers are the silent, 'practical' men of the situation. The dogma of 'levees only' having been adopted by the Mississippi River Commission about half a century ago, it has been the duty of the engineers to drive ahead consistently, being careful not to disturb this authoritative policy by embarrassing investigations and research.

'When all is said and done, it is only the army engineers who really know the Mississippi.' In these words a prominent writer expresses a tradition which exists at our national capitol. If the opinion is sound, either it is because the training of the army engineer at West Point in hydraulic engineering and flood control is peculiarly effective, or else because the experience of the army engineer especially qualifies him in that field.

I believe there is no claim that a West Point education bestows unusual facility in hydraulics and flood control, and when we come to the facts of the situation we find that the army engineer's experience does not supply him with even a fair basis for judgment on this type of problem. To give army engineers versatility of experience, so as to fit them for military duty in time of war, they are continually shifted about. An engineer may have been sent to the Mississippi from an assignment of governing a military post. On arriving, he is expected to be an authority, not only on flood control, but on the many other duties of his new position. After a short period (until recently only two years at a post was customary) he is transferred to another station, perhaps to harbor dredging on the Great Lakes. During his assignment on the Mississippi he does well to become acquainted with even the necessary routine administration.

Now, to become an authority on so complicated and technical a subject as flood control requires years of preparation and experience. What better can the army engineer do than accept the infallible dogma of 'levees only' handed him by the authoritative Mississippi River Commission, and hold to it like a good soldier without wavering? The Mississippi River Commission, which sometimes has been dominated by civilian members, determines general policies for the Mississippi. The engineers stationed along the river administer policies they have not originated. From the sheer force of public opinion, and against the tradition of the Mississippi River Commission, 'spillways also' is just now being added to this creed.

Many of these army engineers are men of fine native ability, and some have exercised vigorous independent initiative. Everyone at Memphis remembers Major Walker, now General Walker of the Canal Zone. During his brief assignment at Memphis he vigorously attacked the problem of construction equipment, endeavoring to displace by modern machinery the old levee-building methods. He worked hard and intelligently, but a new assignment called him before he had more than begun even this limited task. Other army engineers have shown similar intelligent interest, but good results are almost impossible under the system. I think I know by heart all the arguments in rebuttal — civilian

assistants, the permanent Mississippi River Commission, and the local levee boards; but I believe my criticisms hold. The lack of a scientific attitude on the part of the Commission has been too much to overcome.

IV

Many popular articles on the control of the Mississippi give expression to favorite panaceas. The general public, the sentimental conservationists, and the Bureau of Forestry, all give great weight to reforestation. The responsible civil engineers of the country generally dismiss it as having no practical relation to flood control.

Several years ago I made an effort to reach an independent judgment, but the following figures are from memory, as my notes are not available. A growing tree is a powerful pump. On a warm dry day in our Southern states a tree will lift out of wet soil and into the air perhaps half an inch of water from the forest area. English engineers in India have determined that a forest sometimes lowers the ground water level fifteen feet below similarly located, cultivated land adjoining.

When a forest pumps water out of the ground it leaves a soil reservoir for additional rains, but the water thus evaporated may travel only a short distance before it falls again as rain. In the North Central states the year's rainfall in general is evaporated at least twice and falls the third time before it flows away in the streams; that is, the rainfall is about thirty-five inches a year, but the run-off in the streams of the drainage area is less than twelve inches. In Iowa the rainfall is five times the run-off. In dry years forests may rob the streams of their ground water by pumping it into air too dry to allow it to fall again as rain, whereas in wet seasons water pumped from the soil into the nearly saturated atmosphere may soon fall again, adding to the damage of excessive rainfall. These relations are so complex that no one has worked them out with assurance of accuracy.

In specific cases on small areas forestation may materially assist in practical flood control, but I believe that on the whole the effect is so slight that it is unsound to adopt general forestation as any part of a widespread flood-control programme for the Mississippi. I am a thorough believer in forestry for the direct value of the forests.

As to the value of reservoirs on the headwaters of the Mississippi, I very seriously doubt whether they have any proper place in a general flood-control plan for the lower river. The two largest reservoir systems in the basin are those on the headwaters of the main stream in northern Minnesota and on the Miami River in Ohio. The influence of the former system disappears in Minnesota, and the Miami River system is of little if any value on the Ohio River, only sixty miles away. It was built for local protection and is valuable for that purpose alone.

A billion dollars for reservoirs on the head streams would scarcely affect the lower Mississippi. It is possible that there are a few effective sites for reservoirs well down on the larger tributaries. Pittsburgh has developed a flood-control plan, providing for seventeen reservoirs above the city, which is being suggested as a possible help in controlling Mississippi floods. I believe that the construction of this system would fail entirely to benefit the Mississippi.

The types of reservoirs built for local protection on the headwaters, such as those on the Miami River in Ohio and the Arkansas at Pueblo, Colorado, of necessity are entirely useless for flood

control on the lower Mississippi. Except for rare cases, such as the proposed Boulder Dam on the Colorado River, where vast storage capacity is available in an unsettled country, storage for flood control and for power development are in striking conflict. Flood-control reservoirs need to be kept empty and ready for flood service, while power-development reservoirs need to be kept full to ensure steady power. It usually is a grave mistake to try to combine them.

The excessive rains which cause any single flood seldom extend over more than twenty per cent of the whole drainage area of the Mississippi. To be sure of controlling floods by reservoirs on the headwaters, even if they were feasible in other respects, the reservoirs should have at least five times the necessary capacity for any one flood, since the flood may come from any direction. For these and other reasons, flood control on the lower Mississippi by means of reservoirs on the headwaters in general is a delusion. Yet it is not safe to dogmatize even here. A careful study, such as never has been made, might possibly lead to the development of a few large reservoir projects on the larger tributaries that would play a minor but valuable and economical part in a flood-control programme.

But there is a type of reservoir which holds promise of definite value. Wherever main tributaries enter the lower Mississippi — namely, the St. Francis, White, Arkansas, and Red Rivers on the west, and the Yazoo River on the east — there is an area between the two rivers above their junction which is covered with backwater during floods. I have it on the authority of those who have made careful estimates that this storage has a material effect on stages in the lower river.

Moreover, these large areas are heavily wooded, and the steady evaporation of perhaps half an inch of water a day from the leaves of trees might have a small but distinct effect on river stages below. These reservoirs are sure to catch the water from almost any source; they are already in existence, and will cost little to hold. Yet it is these very reservoirs that many people of the South, and the proponents of 'levees only,' are seeking to destroy, though the army engineers have stood for their retention. To many people 'the completion of the levee system' means carrying the Mississippi levees, and the levees on the main tributaries, down to their junctions, with backwater levees for the smaller streams between, and with pumping plants for areas having no gravity outlets. Thus these natural reservoirs, the only ones having any present value for general flood control, would be done away with.

As to spillways or outlets in addition to levees for the lower river, the Mississippi River Commission has long fought against them, but seems now about to surrender to the overwhelming opinion of the people on the lower river. I think we may assume that spillways will be a part of any future progress.

'Flood protection by levees has failed.' That, to-day, is the popular cry. But the system of protection by levees has not been a failure. Since the first settlement of the region, with inadequate funds available, the policy of 'levees only,' except for the omission of spillways and outlets, has been on the whole a reasonably sound, practical expedient, and to the army engineers is due much of the credit for sticking to that system. In only seven years out of thirty, I believe, have there been breaks anywhere in the main levee, and in one of the greatest areas, the Upper Yazoo Levee District, there has not been a single break in thirty years.

The tragic failure of the Mississippi River Commission was in considering 'levees only' to be, not simply a practical expedient, but a sacred dogma, and in letting the precious years pass without seeing the problem as a whole, and assembling and organizing the facts on which a permanent policy can be based.

V

What are some of the facts we shall need for developing a policy? I will suggest only a few.

How much water was stored in the natural reservoirs at the mouths of the main tributaries? How much was evaporated directly from overflow areas? Until this water is better accounted for than it has been, we do not know what channel capacity to provide.

How large floods should be provided against? Past estimates are entirely inadequate.

What are the hydraulic characteristics of the great river? At what velocities does the river begin to deposit mud, sand, gravel? At what velocities, and under exactly what conditions, does it begin to cut its banks? What forms, shapes, and sizes of channel would correct these deficiencies? Our opinions on these matters are largely the rule-of-thumb judgments of old river men, or are based on scattering and insufficient observations by the Mississippi River Commission.

To what extent would it be possible to train so great a river by submerged jetties or other constructions?

How much silt and sand are carried by the river? How far is it carried? How much comes from caving banks along the river, and how much is brought down from the tributaries?

Perhaps the best suggestion so far presented for securing such information is a national hydraulics laboratory, proposed in a bill introduced in Congress by Senator Ransdell of Louisiana, at the suggestion of Mr. John R. Freeman, the eminent hydraulic engineer. Such a laboratory, with an appropriation of a million dollars a year for twenty years, including the cost of field investigations on the river itself, perhaps under the direction of the National Bureau of Standards or the Water Resources Branch of the United States Geological Survey, but preferably under an independent Flood Control Commission, would go far toward answering the fundamental technical questions involved. Such a laboratory would serve not only the Mississippi River but every community in the nation suffering from floods, and many other communities and interests that have hydraulic problems. Its management would not necessarily be in the same hands as the actual construction of flood-control works, and it could draw upon all the technical resources of the government without duplicating either personnel or equipment.

The levee-building machinery on the lower river during the past twenty years has been evolving from the primitive negro-mule-scraper outfit to the use of modern machinery. Coöperation with mechanical engineers and equipment manufacturers might further revolutionize present processes and save many millions of dollars. A study of methods and materials for bank revetment is essential.

There should be a disinterested economic survey. Is it wise to protect the whole flooded area at the present time? National funds have been spent freely in recent years without any such analysis. Take, for instance, the great flooded area between the Arkansas and Red Rivers on the west side of the Mississippi. This requires nearly

four hundred miles of high levee for its protection, almost the longest stretch on the river, yet of the land protected only about ten per cent is in cultivation. Much of it is primeval forest.

The South now wrestles with the problem of overproduction of cotton, and the labor supply grows steadily more inadequate as negroes go north. Like the rest of America, it needs less land in cultivation, rather than more. Under such conditions, why spend scores of millions of dollars of national money reclaiming millions of acres, like most of the tract just described, which are not now in cultivation, and for which there is no present need? Would it be feasible to depopulate a few of these great sparsely settled areas, just as millions of acres of uneconomic farm land are being abandoned in all parts of America? Even in populous Ohio over half a million acres have been given up in this way. The sentiment against leaving the old home has not weighed against the economic balance. Why not let some of this land grow much-needed hardwood timber, and move the thinly scattered population to other thinly populated districts? The result would be a wholesome reconstruction of economic life, with economy and great improvement in roads, ditches, schoolhouses, and social conditions.

If the greater portion of the flooded area between the Arkansas and Red Rivers should be left unprotected until it is really needed, and the land be allowed to overflow, the levees on the opposite side of the river would then be sufficient, and the storage of flood waters in the lowlands would reduce the river stages farther south. A large part of the total cost of flood control might be saved for fifty years. Why spend several dollars of government money to protect one dollar's worth of cultivated land? The speculative owners of waste land will object, and that brings us to the next issue.

Who will benefit by this work of the government if it is done without cost to the local interests? As a matter of fact, a considerable part of the overflowed land is owned in large tracts by corporations. Vast areas were bought from the states at from twenty-five cents to a dollar and a quarter an acre. (The national government gave millions of acres of this land to the states, the income from its sale to be used for flood control.) These owners have paid much more than the purchase price in taxes, but most of them have made good profits from the timber, even if they should now give back the land itself. Any value added to the land by national expenditure will be added by these speculative owners to their selling prices, and the national government will be contributing scores of millions of dollars to their treasuries. Why should the government do this?

Would it not be wise, if the government is to pay a part of the cost of flood control, to limit that help to holdings of two square miles or less, and only in case a material part of such area is occupied in good faith and is being put into cultivation; exceeding that area only for plantations that now are actually cultivated under centralized ownership and administration? In case of larger holdings, would it not be well to charge the whole cost to the owner?

If such owners cannot pay, let them return the land to the national government, to be held as national hardwood forests, or for settlement by small home owners. This limitation of ownership would be in accord with the federal reclamation policy, though in that case much smaller holdings were allowed. The national government might

then pay the whole cost of reclaiming its own holdings. Such a programme would require state legislation, but such legislation could be made a condition of receiving federal assistance.

Two square miles may seem a large homestead to exempt from paying the whole cost, but in some parts of the South farming is in larger units than in the North. The more energetic and progressive planters often own and manage large tracts, renting to negro tenants in patches of ten or twenty acres. I doubt the wisdom of suddenly disturbing that agricultural economy.

There will be an intensive effort during this session of Congress to keep the attention of the nation centred on the poor man and his family floating downriver on his housetop. There will be a concerted effort in some quarters to avoid all thoroughgoing analysis, and to get the government committed to a programme of vast expenditures while public sympathy is at white heat.

VI

There is an even greater issue involved than the prevention of Mississippi floods — the preservation of our tradition of national economic stability. No constitutional barriers protect our government from fatal deterioration through unsound economic policy. Only the temper of the people can do that. The evil precedents which destroy nations are made in times of great stress, when emotion overrules judgment.

If almost any American community or interest, either North or South, can get money from the national treasury without cost, it will do so without compunction. To the imagination of the average citizen, the national treasury, with its hundreds of millions of surplus, is an inexhaustible source of wealth. Speaking from a quarter of a century of experience in flood control, part of the time in the federal service, where I came into first-hand contact with the American attitude toward the national treasury, I believe I have never known a community, North or South, which would not take federal funds if it could get them, and which would not spend them more wastefully than if the local community were required to pay the bill.

If the lower Mississippi were unique in its needs and deserts, it might well be made an exception to a national policy of local self-help. But it is not unique. I have just come from a great region in northern Minnesota where three quarters of the settlers have abandoned their homes and moved away, unable to meet the taxes imposed by reclamation, and unable to bear the burden of pioneering in adverse years. On the middle Rio Grande in New Mexico two thirds of the land has gone out of cultivation through excess of water. These people would like government help. In 1913 the Miami Valley of Ohio lost a hundred million dollars in twenty-four hours, and four times as many lives as were lost in the recent Mississippi floods. The people have spent thirty-five millions for protection and would like to be relieved of the resulting burden of taxation. The suddenness of this disaster precluded the gradual development of dramatic interest.

The planter along the lower Mississippi takes risks of a flood from the river, and once in six or seven years he loses. The dry farmer of the West takes risks of too little water, and loses half the time. A hundred American cities are awaiting their turn to experience catastrophes comparable to those of Dayton, Hamilton, Columbus, Pueblo, and Erie, and each would like to have the nation shoulder its burdens. A hundred river valleys will have floods

on a smaller scale, as serious in proportion as that on the Mississippi.

Congress may be about to establish a national policy which will rise up to face us as a precedent on every recurrence of a catastrophe. What shall it be?

May I outline four possible courses? First is that of paying the whole cost from government funds. This is demanded by the South. In the words of Governor Martineau of Arkansas, 'Mississippi floods can and should be controlled. This is a national responsibility, the expense of which should be borne entirely by the federal government.'

Such a policy, I believe, in time would menace our national economic stability. Local interests would submerge any sense of national responsibility. With such a policy established, Congress would deteriorate, because that candidate would be elected who could 'bring home the bacon,' and his ability in that respect would depend on his capacity for logrolling.

Southern leaders present flood relief as a national obligation, but the facts are against them. If anyone has violated nature's laws in this case, it is those who have made their homes on lands which have been flooded from time immemorial.

If there is any merit in these claims, it is so small and so completely undetermined as not to serve as the basis of an obligation. The states draining into the Mississippi are under scarcely more moral obligation to prevent floods on the lower river than is California under obligation to the drouth-stricken Nevada farmers because California mountains cut off the rain-bearing winds from the Pacific. The cause of both troubles lies in the configuration of the continent.

If Congress should adopt the policy of paying the whole cost of Mississippi flood control, it will be but opening a Pandora's box of troubles, for every other flood-stricken section will want similar treatment. In every part of America, Congressmen and their constituents are calculating the consideration they will receive in return for their votes in favor of controlling Mississippi floods at national expense.

A second method would be for Congress to make long-time loans at a low rate of interest. This policy, I believe, would be as pernicious as the first, for the region affected would be plunged into a campaign of nullification.

I speak not from distrust of any specific section, but from observations of Americans in relation to national funds. Under the National Reclamation Act the national government loaned funds to settlers on irrigation projects, to be returned through a long term of years. (Whereas along the lower Mississippi the national government gave its lands outright to the states, the proceeds of their sale to be used by the states for reclamation and flood control, in the West the national government sold the lands itself and administered the funds for reclamation under the National Reclamation Act, and later added to this fund by direct appropriation, to be reimbursed in installments.) The nullification of these reclamation debts has been a live issue in the West. With a compact body of voters like those on the lower Mississippi, nullification would be a dominant and corroding political issue for a generation to come.

As a third possible course, the localities needing relief might be required to pay the whole cost. That has been the traditional American policy, except for a few cases such as the special favors granted to the states along the lower Mississippi in their flood-protection work in the past. A sound argument can be made for this policy.

As against these methods I propose a programme of far-reaching consequence. It has elements of evil as well as of good, but I believe it represents a possible sound public policy, which can be applied at all times and in all sections of the country, without the necessity for false claims or misrepresentative propaganda, and without the necessity for political logrolling.

I propose that the government adopt a national policy concerning flood control and allied work, whereby the national government will pay a certain specified part, — for instance, a half of the cost, — provided that the localities particularly affected pay the other half; and that this policy apply to all such undertakings throughout the country, and not alone to the lower Mississippi. An almost identical policy now is followed for national assistance in highway construction. Such help should not be available to large tracts of land held for speculative purposes.

Such a national policy would reduce waste. A community will not be excessively wasteful if it has to pay for even half the cost. I can point to government expenditures on our Southern rivers where the work would not have been done if even ten per cent of the cost had been charged back to the locality actually interested in the so-called improvement.

This policy would help all similar cases, even though the area covered were not large enough to capture the nation's sympathy or to bring pressure on Congress. It would take the keen edge off disaster and catastrophe, or prevent their occurrence. It would emphasize the fact that we are one people and mutually interdependent, and would build up a realization of common interests, which is one of the strongest bonds of national unity. The South could then get help in an honorable manner, without recourse to the present subterfuge of 'helping navigation,' one of those political hypocrisies that become sacrosanct by long acquiescence, or making false claims as to the origin of its troubles. Any policy which encourages political straightforwardness is good for the national health.

In the course of time such federal expenditures would be distributed fairly evenly over the country, and no part would be fighting to hold a vested right to insolvency, to be supported by the rest. National supervision of planning and construction would tend to improve standards of design. A nucleus of professional engineers, giving their lives to that particular field, might reach standards of excellence which few private organizations could achieve — provided that 'Washington science' and political appointments can be eliminated, as they are very largely eliminated in the Bureau of Standards and in the United States Geological Survey.

What if the farmers and planters of the lower Mississippi cannot pay even half the cost of reclamation? Their land is repeatedly spoken of as the most fertile in the world. During the past thirty years very few areas have lost more than four crops from Mississippi overflow. One of the largest of these areas has not had an overflow in thirty years. If such land cannot pay half the cost of its protection, should we not inquire carefully into the cause? Perhaps for some reason it is not worth reclaiming, or perhaps there is something vitally wrong with its agricultural and financial economy.

VII

I will close with a résumé of a suggested practical national programme with reference to the Mississippi and to flood control in general.

First, let the national government at its own expense repair the crevasses in the levees, so that next year's crops may be safe. This may be done by the nation as an emergency service to a community that has suffered a calamity. It will cost millions, and for a year or more will require most of the available equipment and trained men.

Second, provide the necessary organization and facilities and begin collecting the facts on which an enduring policy may be based.

Third, find out, as soon as possible, what further work can wisely be done in the immediate future.

Fourth, make an economic survey to determine whether it is wise to protect the entire flooded area at the present time, and what should, from an economic standpoint, be the sequence of protective work.

Fifth, prepare a comprehensive flood-control code, to be passed in substance by the states affected, as a condition to receiving federal aid. Such a code should provide for the return of large tracts to the government if the owners will not pay the whole cost of reclamation, and would provide for the operation of the programme and for interstate coöperation. Where two or more states are bound together by common problems, to have interstate flood-control districts organized in the federal courts rather than in state courts, as at present, would solve many a knotty question.

Sixth, establish a uniform flood-control policy providing for a specified proportion of government assistance on all such projects.

Seventh, create a national flood-control commission, independent of present government engineering organizations, to which would be assigned the administration of this policy.

Eighth, proceed with nationally assisted flood-control work thereafter only in accordance with the terms of that policy, and under the general supervision of that commission.

SIAM'S FIGHT FOR SOVEREIGNTY

BY FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE

I

Since Marco Polo first told of the far lands of Cathay, one trading nation after another has sought through peaceful means or through force of arms to capture the coveted trade of the Orient. The efforts of British merchants to force their way into China culminated in the Opium War and the Treaty of Nanking in 1842, which opened up the more important Chinese coast cities to foreign trade; additional treaties speedily followed, imposing on China the system of extraterritoriality for the protection of Western merchants. In 1853 Admiral Perry's dramatic appearance in Japanese waters marked the beginning of Western trade in Japan; and soon thereafter Western treaties were made with the Shogun imposing a similar

system of extraterritoriality upon the newly awakened Japanese nation.

Even Siam, hidden away between India and China, was not overlooked. In 1855 Great Britain, in order to foster its growing trade with Siam, persuaded the Siamese King to sign a new treaty which was destined to have profound and far-reaching effects upon the development of his country. The treaty required that 'all British subjects coming to Siam shall receive from the Siamese Government full protection and assistance to enable them to reside in Siam in all security and trade with every facility,' and provided that all British subjects in Siam should be exempt from the jurisdiction of Siamese courts and that Siam should never raise its import tariff on English goods beyond three per cent. Neither of these provisions was felt to be burdensome at the time; consular jurisdiction seemed a measure wisely framed to meet the exigencies of a day when Siamese courts knew nothing of Western justice or Western ways, and a three-per-cent import tariff was then amply sufficient to provide for the simple needs of the undeveloped state. But unhappily the negotiators of this one-sided agreement had neglected to insert any time limit for the duration of the treaty; nor was any method provided for abrogating or modifying its provisions except with the consent of both parties.

What Siam had granted to Great Britain she could not well refuse to other powerful states. Between 1856 and 1870 similar treaties were made with the United States, France, Denmark, Portugal, the Netherlands, Germany, Sweden and Norway, Belgium, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Spain. All of these were closely modeled on the British treaty; all were without time limit. The restrictions were irrevocable and eternal.

During the last third of the nineteenth century Siam underwent a remarkable transformation. Under the intelligent and able leadership of King Chulalongkorn, railroads were built, telegraphic and mail communication with the outside world established, irrigation projects undertaken, slavery and gambling abolished, Western education introduced, the entire government reorganized and modern ministries of state created, an adequate system of law courts established, and a royal commission appointed to prepare codes of law based upon the best Western models. By the opening of the twentieth century Siam had become a modern state aquiver with Western progress. Internationally she was prepared to take her place in the Family of Western Nations.

With her profound transformation the conditions under which the early treaties had been made were for the most part swept away; but the treaty restrictions remained unchangeable. Not only remained — through a series of harsh interpretations their provisions were rendered still more onerous. The clauses providing that foreigners should be tried by their own consuls, originally designed for the mutual convenience of both foreigners and Siamese, were interpreted so as to give foreigners exemption not only from Siamese courts but also from any Siamese legislation which was unacceptable to foreign wishes. Even so, had the exemptions been confined, as they were originally intended, to Europeans, the situation would have been more tolerable. Unfortunately the Western nations insisted on including within the exemptions many thousands of Asiatics, inhabitants of European colonies in Asia, and therefore in point of law European subjects. The inclusion of these native races, not bred in a European civilization,

was without inherent reason or sound justification, and its tendency was to arouse in many Asiatics resident in Siam a feeling that Siamese law could be disregarded with impunity. Thus Mohammedans from Malaya, Tamils from India, native races from the island of Java, Chinese from the Portuguese Colony of Macao, Burmese, Cambodians, Annamites, all gained exemption from Siamese courts and to a certain extent from Siamese law, even though dwelling permanently in Siam. So convenient and profitable did this exemption become that Chinese and even in some cases Siamese began to apply for and obtain enrollment in the foreign legations as 'protégés' of the treaty nations.

Thus excluded from administering law and punishment to an ever widening circle of foreign subjects and protégés, Siam began to find that no important law directly affecting European subjects or protégés could be put into force without first gaining the consent of the foreign offices in Europe. When Siam passed a General Education Law providing for universal compulsory education, a certain European nation refused to accept it because it offended the susceptibilities of its Mohammedan subjects in that it compelled girls to go to school during the sacred month of Ramadan, and as a result, with respect to all such children, the law could not be enforced. Similarly the law for the protection of trade-marks has remained since its promulgation a dead letter because infringements were found to be chiefly by foreigners, and Siam could not induce all the Treaty Powers to accept it. The subjects of one of them were profiting too greatly from its infringement. Even laws so obviously desirable as proper police regulations for the correction of abuses in Bangkok often could not be enacted or could be enacted only after the most discouraging delays because of the extreme difficulty of winning the unconditional approval of a dozen different foreign legations.

The treaty exemptions, furthermore, furnished a ready refuge for wrongdoers. If Wu Sung had arranged for a particularly valuable consignment of opium to be smuggled in across the northern frontier, or if Abdul Razim desired to run a gambling shop without risk of police interference, each would arm himself with foreign papers as a prudent man should.

The financial provisions of the early treaties were equally intolerable. The pushing of widespread education demands the expensive training and paying of thousands of teachers. The development and stimulation of the agricultural resources of an undeveloped country demand large and increasing expenditures. An efficient administration of justice demands highly trained and adequately paid judges. Policing becomes more expensive as the amount of police regulation increases. Progress costs money. It began to be evident that Siam's continued progress could be just as effectively menaced by the inability of the state to finance further works of improvement because of the fiscal restrictions of the early treaties as by its inability to assume jurisdiction over foreigners. If Siam's progress was to continue, it became clear that the old treaties must go.

Yet there seemed to be no possible way. Suggestions, requests, entreaties, brought no results. Since the treaties, written in the interests of the traders, contained no time limit and no termination clause, Siam was helpless. Japan had finally succeeded in freeing herself from very similar treaty restrictions by proving the possibilities of her military power in the Chino-Japanese War. Siam did not possess the military

resources to make such a solution possible, even were it desirable.

II

In 1907 Siam had succeeded in obtaining from France a treaty providing that French Asiatic subjects and protégés should become subject to the jurisdiction of Siamese courts. But for this concession a heavy price was paid. Siam had to agree that henceforth French Asiatic subjects and protégés throughout the whole of Siam should be entitled to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by Siamese subjects. Furthermore, French consuls were given the right to evoke from Siamese courts and to try themselves all cases in which the defendant was a French subject or protégé registered at a French consulate prior to 1907; and, should an appeal be taken by such a subject from the judgment of a Siamese court, the treaty required that the appeal judgment must bear the signature of two European judges. Finally, the treaty was sealed by the 'rectification' of the frontier between Siam and French Indo-China, Siam ceding to France the territories of Battambang, Siem-Reap, and Sisophon. As to all non-Asiatic French subjects, extraterritoriality remained; likewise the fiscal clauses of the French treaty of 1856 were continued in full force.

In 1909 a somewhat similar treaty was signed with Great Britain, applicable, however, to British European as well as Asiatic subjects. Under this treaty Great Britain agreed to abandon henceforth the right of extraterritoriality for all British subjects. But for this concession an even heavier price was exacted. All British subjects throughout Siam were to be entitled to the same rights and privileges as Siamese subjects, and British consuls were to have the right to evoke from Siamese courts and to try themselves cases in which the defendant was a British subject registered prior to the date of the treaty and which did not fall within the scope of regularly promulgated Siamese laws. In addition the treaty required that European legal advisers must sit as judges in all cases where British subjects were defendants, and where the defendants were British non-Asiatic subjects the opinions of the European legal advisers were to be deciding; and again the treaty was sealed by Siam's cession to Great Britain of the states of Kelantan, Tringganu, Kedah, and Perlis. The requirements concerning European legal advisers were without time limit; and all the fiscal provisions of the Treaty of 1855 remained in force. Siam thus gave to Great Britain all she had to give, and in return received only a measure of judicial autonomy; fiscal autonomy seemed further away than ever.

Eight years passed; further progress in the line of treaty revision seemed impossible. In 1917 Siam threw in her lot with the Allies and declared war against Germany; she sent an expeditionary force to France composed largely of aeroplanists. When the war was won Siam appealed to her allies gathered around the council table at Versailles.

'We have all been fighting,' she said, 'shoulder to shoulder for the rights of small nations and for the great cause of humanity. If, as so often proclaimed, we have in truth been fighting to protect the weak against the rapacious strong and to remove some of the old injustices that make for war, is it not right and fair that Siam should be freed from the outworn treaty restrictions of an earlier day which under the changed conditions in Siam have lost all reason for existence?'

The diplomats shifted in their chairs; a few fair words were spoken; but of all those present only one took definite action. President Wilson replied: 'You are right. America will give to Siam a new treaty relinquishing the old extraterritorial rights; and she will give it as an act of justice, freely and without price.' It was the new note in international diplomacy; justice and international right meant more than empty words.

In 1920 President Wilson gave to Siam the treaty which he had promised. Without compensation and without secret understanding of any sort, America, recognizing the efficient administration of justice which Siam had achieved, surrendered all rights of extraterritoriality, provided only that the American consul should have the right, up to five years after the promulgation of the last of the Siamese codes of law, to evoke out of the Siamese courts any case involving American citizens should this seem necessary in the interests of justice. Although as a matter of fact the right of evocation under the American treaty has never been exercised, this wise provision furnished to American citizens a guaranty against possible judicial abuse and one which Siam could gladly give because of her confidence in her own courts. Furthermore, the new treaty abrogated the earlier American treaty of 1856 in its entirety; and America, recognizing Siam's right to fiscal autonomy, agreed that Siam should have the right to impose any tariff she pleased against American goods, provided that all the other Treaty Powers would agree to similar provisions without compensation or price. The new treaty was made terminable after a ten-year period upon one year's notice given by either party, and it was expressly provided that such termination would not revive the former treaty. Through America led the path to freedom.

III

After the American treaty had been signed, Siam again approached Great Britain and France and requested each to follow America's lead. Great Britain replied that until the other Powers had gone as far as she had in the treaty of 1909 any application for further treaty revision 'would appear to be premature.' France made favorable replies, but little seemed to come of them. Three years passed with the goal apparently no nearer. A new treaty with France involved Siam's relations with her Eastern neighbor, French Indo-China; and the difficulties of the problem were increased by the political situation in Hanoi and by France's anxiety not to give offense to Indo-Chinese susceptibilities. Ultimately it was agreed that problems concerning Indo-China alone should be excluded from the main French treaty and should form the subject of a separate French convention negotiated directly between Bangkok and Hanoi. The Quai d'Orsay then placed the negotiations for the new French treaty in the hands of the French Minister to Bangkok, a forward-looking man thoroughly conversant with Indo-Chinese opinion. After his arrival in Bangkok early in 1924 negotiations were pushed in earnest.

In the meantime the system of extraterritoriality in practice seemed more and more unjustified and vexatious. As a result of the war, Germany and Austria had indeed lost their treaty rights; but ten European Powers, deaf to every plea, still insisted on their legal rights, and unless Siam could persuade each in turn without price or compensatory benefit to surrender them, no feasible way of escape

lay open. It seemed clear that it would be impossible to accomplish such a task through ordinary methods; the only practicable road to success, if success were possible at all, lay through direct personal work in the various foreign offices in Europe. Because of the unavoidable ignorance of responsible officials in European foreign offices as to actual conditions in Siam, and the natural disinclination of European representatives living in Bangkok to surrender existing privileges, long-distance negotiations at Bangkok would block success at the very outset.

These ideas had the active support of the able and energetic Siamese Minister for Foreign Affairs, Prince Traidos Prabandh, a man of wide diplomatic experience in both Europe and America. King Rama VI graciously entrusted the fortunes of this project, so vital to Siam, to the keeping of the Adviser in Foreign Affairs, who, armed with a roving commission, was to sail from Bangkok in the autumn of 1924 and, in conjunction with Siam's diplomatic agents in each country, to spend the ensuing year seeking to convince one after another of the foreign offices of Europe of the wisdom of giving up their existing rights in Siam.

It was our great hope that the French negotiations could be brought to a successful termination and the treaty signed before our departure, but as each difficulty was overcome new obstacles arose, and every new obstacle caused fresh delays. Nevertheless, by the end of the summer, agreement had apparently been reached on the treaty draft. France was to renounce all the provisions of former treaties except those which concerned Indo-China, and to grant to Siam judicial autonomy subject to a limited right of evocation and fiscal autonomy on the same lines as in the American treaty. Most important of all, the new treaty was to be terminable after ten years by either party. When the time came for our departure from Bangkok we supposed that everything was settled.

IV

Upon reaching Paris early in December 1924, however, to our dismay we found the treaty apparently as far from settlement as ever. At our first meeting with the French Minister to Bangkok we discovered that new questions had arisen; the discussion of certain underlying principles revealed sharply diverging interpretations maintained by the French and the Siamese Governments; and to the French interpretation the Siamese Government found itself quite unable to accede. Negotiations must be taken up afresh. Several weeks of anxious, intensive work followed. By the middle of January the French Foreign Office finally agreed to accept a formula satisfactory to Siam, and also gave its consent to the insertion of an unusual and sweeping arbitration clause by which both parties agreed that, in default of settlement by diplomatic or arbitral means, all questions arising between them should be settled by the Permanent Court of International Justice in conformity to the principles of the League of Nations. Even questions affecting national honor and vital interests were not excepted. After complete agreement on the treaty draft had been reached among ourselves, the text was laid before the French Cabinet and its consent won. Finally a date — January 31 — was actually set for the signing. Success seemed at hand.

During the ten days' interval while the treaty text was being printed preparatory to the signing, we proceeded

to The Hague to open negotiations for a new Dutch treaty. Three days before the date set for the signing of the French treaty, out of a clear sky came a telegram from Paris saying that the French Foreign Office had just received cabled word from their Chargé d'Affaires at Bangkok that an outrageous and murderous attack had been made upon the wife of one of the French legal advisers in Siam and the treaty therefore could not be signed. The news burst like a bombshell.

We rushed back to Paris heavy of heart and cabled to Bangkok for a full report. For several critical days the outcome hung in the balance. What we most feared was a hostile newspaper campaign in the French opposition press, which might easily have killed the treaty. Bangkok's cabled reply, however, gave some room for hope. The attack had been made without malice by an irresponsible individual too drunk to know what he was doing. Exactly similar attacks might have happened on the streets of Paris or New York.

But the difficult task remained of convincing the French Foreign Office of the truth of these facts in the face of an adverse report from the French Chargé at Bangkok, and of doing so without undergoing the long delays incident to an ordinary judicial trial. Until the French treaty was signed there was little hope of securing other treaties. It was not enough that the French Foreign Office had agreed to ask for no indemnities. For the sake of the other treaties France must be persuaded to sign the new treaty forthwith in the very face of this unhappy incident, and to sign it without additional demands or modifications. Fortunately the affair had so far been kept out of the French press; but the downfall of the Herriot Ministry was already threatening, and the Foreign Office feared that if the treaty was signed in complete disregard of such an incident the opposition press might still publish the story in an exaggerated form and cause the overthrow of the Government. Followed anxious days, discussions, lengthy cable dispatches, persuasions, proposals and counterproposals. For a week the outcome lay in the lap of the gods. In the end Siam's efforts prevailed. France agreed to sign the treaty forthwith, and on February 14, at one o'clock, Premier Herriot as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Prince Charoon, the Siamese Minister, attached their signatures to the document that meant so much for the future of Siam. Victory, after months of uncertainty and struggle, had come at last!

V

The delay in getting the French treaty signed prevented the opening of British negotiations until late in February. The outlook in London was discouraging. The British Minister to Bangkok, who had been in London in conference with the British Foreign Office, had just departed for Siam. The British Labor Government, which had on several occasions shown a friendly interest in Siam, had been overthrown and succeeded by a Conservative Government. Furthermore, when, several months before, the Siamese Minister of Foreign Affairs had approached the British Government suggesting a treaty revision, Great Britain had given a noncommittal reply, but requested that if conversations should be opened they should be carried on in Bangkok, a request which the Siamese Minister felt unable to refuse. Altogether the situation seemed far from hopeful.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in our opening interview at the Foreign

Office, presented the British point of view with great frankness and fairness. The United States, he said, could afford to surrender existing treaty privileges in Siam, because American trade there was, comparatively speaking, non-existent. With Great Britain the situation was very different. Over eighty per cent of the entire Siamese export trade was to British territory, and some sixty-seven per cent of Siam's imports were from British territory. If Siam should be released from the three-per-cent tariff restriction and should suddenly impose a heavy import tariff, great hardship would result to the British merchants concerned. For this reason, while Great Britain might be willing to agree to a moderate increase in the existing three-per-cent restriction, she could not feel justified in granting to Siam complete tariff autonomy. Furthermore, British trade in Siam had assumed such substantial proportions that Great Britain could not afford to take the risk of jeopardizing her commercial interests in Siamese law courts without adequate protection; the presence of European legal advisers constituted the surest guaranty of such protection. For these reasons, Mr. Chamberlain confessed, it would seem premature at this time to surrender the existing treaty privileges.

These arguments seemed, in the light of immediate interests, difficult to answer; nevertheless one could not but feel that in the long view Great Britain would be making a mistake in taking such a position. To the reasons for this Mr. Chamberlain listened with an uncommonly open mind; and he attentively considered our suggestions for securing practical and adequate protection for British interests in Siam by methods so framed as to avoid infringing Siamese sovereignty or wounding the national pride of the Siamese.

At the end of an hour's talk Mr. Chamberlain had convinced us of his sincerity and his fair-mindedness. 'We had made up our minds to refuse the things you ask,' he said. 'But you have put a new light upon the situation. What you propose seems to me reasonable and fair. If you can convince the experts and heads of departments of the Foreign Office, of the Board of Trade and the Department of Overseas Trade, of the Colonial Office and of the Indian Office — if you can convince them as you have me, while I can't make any definite promises, I don't see why we should n't be able to enter upon negotiations along the line you propose.' Siam had won her fighting chance!

A day was appointed in the following week for Siam to argue her case before the assembled representatives of the several ministries concerned. In the meantime our concrete written proposals were submitted to the various government departments, and were further explained and urged in intimate personal conferences with those who were particularly influential.

On the appointed day we met with the assemblage of British representatives around a long table in the British Foreign Office. Everything depended on the outcome. It was clear that, if Great Britain refused to give Siam a new treaty, Italy would likewise refuse. Also Portugal and Spain, and probably Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. We discussed the British position in Siam from almost every angle; the British experts showed by their searching questions how carefully they had studied our proposals and suggestions, and for a whole afternoon, amid the rapid fire of question and answer, the tide of battle hung uncertain. All forms of diplomacy had been dropped; with

utter frankness we sought to reach the fundamental truth. We endeavored to explain the weak as well as the strong points of our proposals; and the British representatives were equally frank and aboveboard. At the end of the day we saw eye to eye, and the British Foreign Office said, 'We'll give you a treaty along the lines which you propose.'

Followed a month's intensive work of hammering out a draft which would relieve Siam from the old, unjust restrictions and yet which would not leave British interests unprotected. It was agreed to wipe away all the former treaties, and to replace them by a new General Treaty and a comprehensive Commercial Treaty framed in the new spirit along the lines of our initial proposals. We held numerous meetings with assembled representatives of various British offices and found our minds clashing over many technical details and questions of minor importance. For instance, in connection with the treaty provision which required the payment of drawbacks on the reëxport of goods not consumed in Siam, the Indian Office desired a provision releasing Siam from having to pay drawbacks on filled gunny bags but forbidding the imposition of an import duty on them in excess of one per cent. To this Siam could not agree; for her main export is rice, which is handled in gunny bags, and should the price of foreign gunny bags be greatly advanced, Siam might one day have to manufacture her own, and temporarily impose a moderate duty exceeding one per cent. It was therefore necessary to find a formula which would satisfy the Indian Office and yet which would not saddle Siam with an injurious restriction. Similarly, provisions respecting the general granting of forestry concessions and oil rights must be dealt with in a way such as would not hamper Siam's future development of these industries. Intricate legal problems arose over the rights of children born in Siam whose parents were natives of Burma or of British protectorates; questions arose as to the probate of estates of British subjects dying in Siam. The position of India and the self-governing British Dominions with regard to treaty rights and privileges in Siam opened up fresh complications and problems. These and a hundred other questions furnished many contentious points; yet never once during the course of the negotiations was there resort to subterfuge or concealment. We sought a common object, and in mutual wholehearted confidence hurdled all obstacles which lay in the path.

By the end of March we had provisionally agreed upon drafts which embodied even more than we had originally planned to ask. Without compensation Great Britain agreed to surrender all her existing treaty privileges in Siam and to recognize in precisely the same terms as in the American treaty Siam's complete right to judicial and fiscal autonomy. The old treaties had been irrevocable and eternal; the new General and Commercial Treaties were each made terminable after ten years by either party. Siam in return agreed not to impose any customs duty in excess of five per cent *ad valorem* upon textiles, upon iron, steel, or manufactures thereof, or upon machinery manufactured in British territory and imported into Siam; but this undertaking was limited to ten years after the coming into force of the treaty, after which Siam's hands were free. In short, Great Britain agreed that henceforth British influence in Siam should be built upon Siamese goodwill rather than upon irritating and irrevocable treaty restrictions. It was a farseeing step for Britain to

take. The provisional treaty drafts were mailed to Bangkok to receive the detailed consideration of the Siamese Government and the comments of the British Minister to Bangkok; the five or six weeks which must elapse before cabled replies could come would afford an opportunity to push negotiations in other countries.

During the course of the British conversations, negotiations with the Netherlands Government were pushed with all possible speed; the night boat across the Channel made it possible often to spend alternate days in London and The Hague. The Netherlands were generous in their response to Siam's appeal; friendly understanding and mutual confidence smoothed away all difficulties. The questions raised by the Netherlands treaty were far less complicated and fewer than those raised by the British; consequently, as the British draft took shape the draft of a new Dutch agreement progressed even more rapidly. Therefore by the time the British drafts were completed a new Netherlands treaty text had also been agreed upon, closely following the American model. The day following the dispatch of the British text the Netherlands draft was mailed to Bangkok. In the opening days of April we took the train south to begin negotiations with Italy.

VI

At Rome Siam's case was urged, first before individual, influential officials of the Italian Foreign Office, and later before a formal group appointed to consider the matter. Italian interests in Siam are comparatively small; and Italy saw little reason for changing the existing situation. The progress of the negotiations seemed so slow and uncertain that a conference with Premier Mussolini was arranged. At the last moment Signor Mussolini was prevented by illness from keeping the engagement. Time pressed; and, leaving Rome, we returned to Paris and took the Sud Express for Lisbon.

A new Portuguese treaty was of particular importance to Siam; for, apart from gaining the right of fiscal autonomy, Siam is embarrassed by large numbers of Chinese residents who claim exemption as Portuguese protégés by virtue of alleged birth in the Portuguese colony of Macao near Hongkong. Proof of the falsity of each individual claim by patient investigation and the securing of contrary evidence fails to deter others from indulging in the same practice; apparently this is only one of the inevitable and incurable outgrowths of the system of extraterritoriality.

The political situation in Lisbon is peculiar. Ministry succeeds ministry with startling rapidity; the regularity of the process is broken only by revolution. A minister's hearty support may prove valueless with his removal a few weeks later. The frequent changing of cabinet positions concentrates power in the hands of the permanent officials. Yet these cannot be reached except through their minister. Accordingly we first held conferences with the Minister of Foreign Affairs. After his support had been gained, no one could have been more courteous to us than he; yet, as we well knew, the real battle still lay before us.

Of one man we had been warned on several sides; if the path of our treaty led through his office, we were told, our quest would prove well-nigh impossible, for he was infinitely difficult to win and, once having made up his mind, adhered unwaveringly to his decision. Our hopes fell when we discovered that he headed one of the important divisions of the Foreign

Office without whose sanction no treaty could pass. After holding conferences with several of the other heads of divisions with varying measures of success, we secured an appointment to confer with him on the last day of April.

It was with rather gloomy forebodings that we walked down the long, highly ornamented corridors to the former bedchamber of the King, which with the coming of the Republic had been converted into an office. But to our delight we found that here was a man of brains and character who had really studied and digested our proposed treaty draft, and was prepared to act. We entered into detailed discussions with him, and that very afternoon agreed to various modifications in the draft; and when we parted we realized that of all in Lisbon he best understood the point of view of Siam. He proved our staunchest friend; when seemingly insurmountable obstacles arose in other divisions of the Foreign Office, he championed our cause and overcame the opposition. Had it not been for him, Siam in all probability would not have won the treaty.

In the end the provisional consent of the various officials to a treaty closely following the American model, and also embodying a general arbitration clause, was won. The draft could not be finally approved, however, until it had gone before various bureaus and legislative committees. Our friends in the Foreign Office promised to expedite matters as much as possible and to defend the draft if necessary; in the meantime negotiations could be opened in Spain.

VII

In Madrid good fortune favored us. It chanced that on the day of our arrival the King was to attend the races; the American Ambassador invited us to accompany him to the gala luncheon at the race course, where we were introduced to General Primo de Rivera, then President of the Military Directorate and in supreme power, and to others close to His Majesty. That very afternoon, thanks to the American Ambassador, His Majesty heard about our Siamese treaty.

Next day there followed a conference with the all-powerful General Primo de Rivera; and, once his whole-hearted consent had been won, success was assured. He promised us the treaty and appointed a commission to carry on the negotiations, placing at its head his nephew, Señor Fernando Espinosa de los Monteros, the acting head of the Spanish Foreign Office. Every evening we gathered around a table at the Foreign Office in a large red room resplendent with fine old paintings; we modified only in quite unimportant details the original treaty draft as presented to General Primo de Rivera. In little more than a week the work was done and Spain had agreed to the surrender of the old treaty and the acceptance of a new one closely following the lines of the American treaty. The commission good-naturedly laughed at our informality and our continual plea for speed. 'You Americans would like to make a treaty over the telephone,' they exclaimed. But they never failed in their kindliness or in their generous and sympathetic understanding of Siam's difficult position.

From Madrid we returned to Paris, and thence on to The Hague for the final ceremonies attendant upon the signing of the treaty with the Netherlands. On June 8 the Dutch treaty was signed by Dr. van Karnebeek, the Netherlands Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Prince Damras, the Siamese Minister to The Hague. On the

same day disturbing news arrived from London. The British Foreign Office wrote that the British Minister in Bangkok had raised objections to the draft of the new treaty. Apparently local British opposition in Bangkok was strong. The Foreign Office wrote to say that, in view of their Minister's cabled report, after further mature consideration they must ask for certain additions and modifications to the draft. A glance at the changes asked for caused one's heart to sink. To certain of them Siam could not accede. Did this, then, spell the end of all our hopes?

We rushed back to London, realizing that the fight there must be fought again in the face of the adverse report. Again a formal meeting was arranged between ourselves and the experts and representatives of the Foreign Office, the Board of Trade, the Indian Office, and the Colonial Office, together with the former British Consul-General in Siam, who had been summoned for the occasion. For a whole afternoon the battle raged. We sought to explain why Siam could not accept certain of the proposed modifications and why Great Britain should not make the mistake of requesting them; why some of the objects sought were quite unnecessary and how others might be attained in more practicable ways. It was one against many, and the battle never flagged. 'You reminded me of Daniel in the lions' den,' exclaimed one of the British representatives at the end of the afternoon. But, when the smoke of battle cleared away, the sun was shining. Great Britain had agreed to withdraw all the objectionable modifications, or to alter them to a quite unobjectionable form. The British treaty was won. During two more all-afternoon sessions such difficulties as remained were ironed out; and in individual conferences during the next ten days solutions were found for several highly technical but extremely difficult legalistic problems, and in addition a Treaty of General Arbitration was negotiated and agreed upon. By the middle of July the General and Commercial Treaties were ready for signature. We hurried down from Stockholm for the signing; and on the afternoon of July 14 Mr. Chamberlain and Phya Prabha Karavongse, the Siamese Minister to London, unostentatiously attached their signatures and seals to the documents of such vital importance to Siam. The new British treaty had come into being.

VIII

In the meantime we had been turning our attention to the Scandinavian countries. Denmark, Norway, and Sweden still remained; also Italy. Should any one of these countries refuse to give up its existing rights, Siam would remain bound by the old three-per-cent tariff restriction; for all the new treaties contained the provision that Siam should be free to raise its tariff only after every one of the nations holding irrevocable treaty rights had freely and without compensatory benefit agreed to surrender them. Apart, therefore, from the existence of considerable Scandinavian shipping interests in Siam, each one of these treaties was a matter of large importance to Bangkok.

In Copenhagen, in Stockholm, and in Oslo, where Siamese interests are in the hands of Prince Wibun, accredited to these three capitals, again we encountered an open-mindedness, a sympathetic understanding for the plucky struggle of a small nation, and a readiness to translate sympathy into practical action which showed that, in spite of much that is said to the contrary, European foreign offices are not

all closed to liberal sentiments. All three of the Scandinavian countries declared themselves ready to meet with Siam's desires and to give new treaties. In Denmark and Sweden, through the help of influential friends at court, negotiations were expedited and final agreement come to on the drafts of the treaties, which were to be signed as soon as the parliamentary committees could formally signify their approval in the early fall. Norway also promised a new treaty along the same general lines, and quickly agreed in principle to the draft which we proposed.

In Oslo came word from Lisbon reporting that our Portuguese treaty had gone on the rocks. To protect her port and Madeira wine, in which her wealth largely consists, Portugal insists on the insertion in her treaties of a clause for the punishment of all who sell wine labeled 'Port' or 'Madeira' not coming from Portugal or the island of Madeira; in the Siamese treaty the formula had been considerably modified so as to avoid possible difficulties with British and French merchants selling these wines in Bangkok. The formula thus modified had run afoul in one of the Portuguese legislative committees; the treaty had therefore failed to pass and there seemed a not improbable chance of its total shipwreck.

During the four days' train journey from Oslo to Lisbon urgent cables were dispatched to Bangkok and various telegrams exchanged with Lisbon, so that by the time we reached the Portuguese capital the way had been opened to agree on a new formula which would not endanger Siamese interests and yet would prove acceptable to the various groups in Portugal. Once in Lisbon, in intimate contact with Foreign Office officials who had become personal friends, it was not difficult to agree upon a formula; but a new difficulty then confronted us. The Minister of Foreign Affairs with whom we had negotiated in April had been succeeded by another; his successor had been deposed as a result of a revolution, and so far no Premier could be found able to control a majority of the Chamber. As a result there was no existing Minister of Foreign Affairs by whom the treaty could be signed! We had, as it happened, come down from Paris on the train with the man who it was hoped would be able to form a Government. He ultimately succeeded in doing so; and one of the earliest acts of the newly appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs was, together with Phya Sanpakitch, the Siamese Minister to Italy, Spain, and Portugal, to sign the treaty with Siam.

IX

It was then late in July; we stopped a few days in Madrid to give to the draft of the Spanish treaty its final touches preparatory to its signature, and hurried on to Rome, reaching there the first week of August. The Italian treaty was the last one remaining, but the way to its attainment seemed beset with difficulties. Since the preceding April various telegrams had been sent to the Italian Foreign Office urging the hastening of negotiations; but these had failed to bear fruit, and a bare three weeks now remained before it was necessary for me to return to America. Unfortunately Rome was in the throes of intense summer heat, and the majority of Foreign Office officials were away on their vacation. Apparently the only hope of success was to go straight to Premier Mussolini, convince him of the importance of Italy's not being the single nation to bar Siam's right

to full fiscal autonomy, and urge top speed. With his aid it might be done; he works with the speed and precision of a steam turbine, and by the force of his compelling, dominant will drives the Italian machinery of state at a pace that it has never known before.

The Marquis Paulucci de' Calboli Barone, the Chef du Cabinet of Premier Mussolini, seemed considerably impressed by the situation. At the close of our discussion the Marquis expressed the sincere wish that Italy might meet with Siam's desires and that the new treaty might be negotiated at once, especially since the Siamese Government had felt obliged to ask for the withdrawal of negotiations were the draft not agreed to before my departure. 'But,' he added, 'unhappily we are blocked by physical impossibility. The Foreign Office officials are away on their holidays. There is no one in Rome competent to negotiate the treaty.' 'But,' we asked, 'can they not be recalled?'

This was a question which only the Premier could decide. The Marquis Paulucci promised to take it up with him immediately. For three days we waited, holding our breath; on the fourth, word came from the Italian Foreign Office that telegrams had been sent out to various Foreign Office officials calling them to Rome, that a Treaty Commission had been appointed, and that they would meet with Siam's plenipotentiary on the following Wednesday, August 19. That gave just nine days before I had to leave Rome to catch my steamer for America. Again the gods were favoring us and we had a fighting chance.

During the intervening days we got into personal touch with certain of the Italian representatives on the newly appointed Treaty Commission and talked over several of the more vital issues. None of the Commissioners thought it possible to conclude the negotiations within a week, yet we felt that if there was a will a way could be found, and we mapped out a programme accordingly. The first clash came over the question of the language to be used for the treaty text. The Italian Commissioners wanted it to be in Italian. At our first meeting, however, they agreed to accept both an English and an Italian text, with the English one controlling; and we then proceeded to formulate a programme of action for the ensuing week. Siam agreed to prepare and present to the Italian Foreign Office on the following day a treaty draft in English and Italian; the Italians were to study this and meet with us two days later to discuss counterproposals; and every day thereafter the Treaty Commission would sit with us until the work was completed.

Evidently Premier Mussolini had issued orders that things were to move, for this programme was followed out to the letter. During all those crowded days and nights — for there were times when the lights in the Siamese legation burned till morning — there was never an hour wasted. The Treaty Commission, at considerable personal self-sacrifice, held long, protracted sessions with us, discussing our proposals, arguing against some of them, presenting counterproposals. We defended and maintained our draft in all the essential points, but yielded wherever possible on the nonessentials and on all matters of pure form. By the following Monday we had apparently come within sight of final agreement. The Italian Commission seemed ready to accept a text which was thoroughly satisfactory to Siam. Nevertheless, Italian desires remained unsatisfied as to five remaining points, which Italy felt a *sine qua non* for the granting of the treaty, but to

which Siam could not agree. For two days the debate raged. At length the Italians on three of the points agreed to accept modified formulas phrased in such a way as not to endanger Siamese interests, but on the other two deadlock resulted. In the end the only course open was to refer the impasse to Premier Mussolini, who alone was responsible for the final decision.

On the day before our departure from Rome we were ushered into Signor Mussolini's office at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In the quiet of a palatial room lined with radiant old Italian pictures he arose from a desk in the corner to receive us. As he advanced I could not but wonder at the gentleness of his eyes, set in a powerful, clean-cut face — a face which with all its strength had nothing in it of hardness. He spoke simply and to the point. He told us that Italy had always felt friendship for Siam, and that in token of that friendship Italy would withdraw the fourth and fifth demands. The last treaty, then, was won! After seventy years of extraterritoriality Siam was to be once more autonomous and free.

X

All the new treaties, including one with Belgium negotiated in Bangkok, are now signed and ratified; and extraterritoriality in Siam is a thing of the past. With its passing, and the removal of the old fiscal restrictions, new vistas open out. How has Siam been preparing herself for the new period into which she is entering? Will she be able to exercise wisely her new power?

King Rama VI died in November 1925, soon after the completion of the treaty negotiations. During the close of his reign expenditures were exceeding the national income and a financial crisis loomed ahead.

With the accession to the throne of his brother, King Prajadhipok, vigorous measures were taken. Instead of negotiating foreign loans or increasing taxes, the new King adopted the more salutary method of eliminating needless and extravagant expenditures. He required each ministry to prune away waste, to dismiss supernumeraries, to abolish sinecures. Economy became the watchword of the day. Bravely he led the way by reducing at a single stroke the revenues allowed for royal expenditure from nine million to six million ticals. His earnestness was irresistible. As a result Siam has turned its deficits into surpluses; and the present intention is deliberately to budget for surpluses so as to build up substantial reserves. In view of the great natural wealth of the country, in view of the increased revenues made possible under the new treaties by slight increases in duties on widely consumed articles, in view of the practicability of improving the rice crops and introducing other secondary crops, Siam's financial future looks very bright.

In constitutional matters a similarly vigorous policy has been pursued. At the end of the last reign the sovereign had been more and more successfully isolated from the best counsel of the realm by a group seeking its own ends. One of the new King's first acts was to dismiss from the high offices which they had attained the leaders of this group. Simultaneously he created a new constitutional body to give to the sovereign advice on high matters of policy; this Supreme Council of State, composed of five men, was small enough to impress responsibility on each of its members. Upon it he placed some of the ablest and most sincere of Siam's leaders. By this adroit and

statesmanlike move not only was an avenue of access to the King opened up, but Siam gained what she badly needed — a single body to help coördinate and unify the work of the separate ministries.

Troublous constitutional problems still remain. His Majesty keenly appreciates the difficulties and dangers of absolute monarchy; he has a sincere desire to democratize the government and to shift part of its responsibilities to the shoulders of the people. But a parliament uncontrolled by an intelligent and interested electorate is a far more dangerous engine of tyranny than an absolute monarch; and, until the groundwork can be built by pushing forward the work of general education, the parliamentary form of government must wait. Programmes, nevertheless, can be formulated looking toward this goal; and in the meantime the King is hoping to develop the people's political experience by creating popularly elected municipal councils in some of the larger cities.

Siam's judicial problems are already well in hand. The patient and thorough work of the Code Commission has borne fruit in able codes of law based on the best European models. Five years will probably be required for the completion of these codes. The most important part of the judicial groundwork yet remaining is the teaching and training of Siamese judges.

Further progress demands special activity in two directions — the one the vigorous pushing forward of general education, which is made exceptionally difficult by lack of trained Siamese teachers and Siamese textbooks; the other the stimulation of agricultural productivity by standardizing and improving the rice crop and by introducing secondary crops such as tobacco and hemp.

Underlying all else is the problem of how to assimilate the best of Western civilization without being corrupted by the demoralizing forces with which that civilization seems inextricably bound. Of all possible future dangers to Siam perhaps here lies the greatest. Will she be able to incorporate the best from the Occident and yet retain sufficient poise to maintain her own distinctive individuality, to assimilate things Western and yet not be swallowed by the West? Can she prevent religious and moral values becoming subordinated to material ones?

Indeed, Siam has problems a plenty. But these are a sign of progress. Those who have lived and worked in Siam and come to know and love her people have great faith in the Siamese. They will find a way. Siam's star is rising.

MANNING THE MIDDLE WEST'S MACHINES

INDUSTRY'S LATEST ANSWERS TO RESTRICTED IMMIGRATION

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

THE cities of the Iron Men have kept on growing in size, efficiency, and social competence during the five years which have elapsed since the first 'Iron Man' paper was published in the *Atlantic*. The physical growth itself is enough to make one marvel at the power of tools and jobs to shift social orbits. Of these cities the one I know best had a population of 13,000 in 1900, 38,000 in 1910, 93,000 in 1920, 152,000 (by government estimate) in 1925; it will have 160,000 surely by the time this article is published, with the prospect of 200,000 by 1930. Whence comes this never-ending stream of humanity — individuals, brides and grooms, families?

In 1921 this city was still digesting painfully a too heavy diet of immigrants received from 1905 to 1914, when the war unexpectedly shut off the flow. The high spots on the city's social map were then the various foreign colonies — Polish, Italian, Serb, Hungarian, Czech, German-Russian. After five years these colonies, while still present, are less noticeable and presumably less influential in holding their people to the old ways. The crust of old-world custom is weakening in many respects, though not yet to the extent of shutting off the supply of homemade liquors manufactured in sections where the older housewives still think boudoir caps the fashion for shopping expeditions. But no more 'green' foreigners are arriving to stiffen old customs and to reënforce, through necessity, the use of outlandish tongues. Outwardly, in both raiment and bearing, the foreign men who were newcomers fifteen years ago are almost indistinguishable from the natives; their women reveal more of the European peasant influence, but the department stores are bringing them slowly but surely into line with American fashions.

Whence and of what sort are the folk who have taken the place of European immigrants in this procession toward these rising industrial centres?

Even at the crest of the foreign invasion the demand for labor drew heavily on farms, villages, and small towns. The northern part of Michigan's lower peninsula, once busy with lumbering, but a region with much waste land and no large-scale manufacturing industry, has been sending its surplus man power to the automobile cities for twenty years. So also have the copper and iron sections of the upper peninsula, their contributions increasing or decreasing relatively to market prices for minerals and conditions of employment. These flows still continue, and are at present brisk, to the delight of the employment managers.

From factory and school records I

gather that the population of this absorbent city is now being recruited from the following areas in the order stated: (1) the northern half of the lower peninsula of Michigan; (2) the upper peninsula, notably the iron and copper country; (3) the South; (4) Canada; (5) Mexico; (6) the British Isles; (7) New England.

While floaters drift in by ones and twos from other sections than those named, this sequence is agreed to by all in close touch with the new arrivals — school authorities, employment managers, social service workers, church missionaries. Also there is general agreement on the social values of these various groups from the standpoint of the community and its industries.

New England sends skilled men only, chiefly expert mechanics who readily find work in the tool shops which supply the production machines with those precise appliances which permit close work in spite of quantity. I am told that it is easier now than ever before to get skilled mechanics of New England to change base, a point which the industrialists of New England may well ponder deeply. This reflects, I suppose, the growing conviction among conservative wage-earners that the mass-production industries of the Middle West have passed through the trial period and are now stable enough to tie to for good and all. Socially these New Englanders 'shake down' without a ripple into a community which still reveals unmistakable signs of having been pioneered by New England stock, via New York and the Western Reserve.

Of the British, whether coming direct from the British Isles or by way of Canada, only fair words are spoken in quarters where I expected to find some of that adverse criticism of the cockney so frequently overheard in Canada. Perhaps the reason for this difference in the welcoming note is to be explained by the fact that Canada seeks immigrants who will go on the land, a location as much in disfavor with the urban Britisher as with the urban American. In our Michigan cities this consideration does not apply; they want shop men, and these newcomers from Britain fill that bill admirably. Moreover, it is significant that in this so-called 'open shop' town, a somewhat euphemistic term in view of the penetrating questions that are asked about union affiliations in advance of hiring, employers are entirely satisfied with their new British hands on the score of unionism. No doubt the latter were union men in tightly organized Britain, no doubt going on strike is an old experience for them, but they have left all that behind them. This is a new deal and a better deal, from the standpoint both of wages in hand and of opportunities in sight, and the newcomers are accepting the terms as offered, apparently without reservation. All of which fortifies the view that labor unionism is a defense reaction; even he who is a bitter unionist in a severe economic environment loses interest in the cause when he strikes better pickings. The unions have never made any headway in the automobile trade, for the good reason that they have nothing to offer which will appeal to these highly paid men as worth the bother of going after.

Canada's contribution to the citizenry of Motorland consists chiefly of Scots and English stock from near-by Ontario, with a smattering of French Canadians not yet important numerically. The Order of the Scottish Clans has chapters in all the automobile towns, and the birthday of Robert Burns is coming to be celebrated with almost as much feeling by Americans

of Scotch blood as St. Patrick's Day is celebrated by Americans of Irish blood. But, except on these festival occasions, the Canadians are indistinguishable from the native population.

Not so, however, with the sons of that other border beneficiary of our immigration laws — Mexico. Six years ago one heard of Mexicans in Detroit, but nowhere else in the automobile belt. All through the war period the quiet little brown brother worked his way north and east along the railroads, supplying the demand for section hands which the Italians met earlier, not only on the 'Delaware Lackawan',' as the popular song runs, but also far into the Southwest, where rival Mexican and Italian gangs gave economic, and occasionally knife, battle. Now every Michigan automobile town has its Mexican colony, the only foreign colony of recent origin. Among three hundred men whom I saw applying for work one morning at a single plant, twenty-four were born in Mexico, and eight with Mexican names were born in the border states of the Southwest. With employers they have earned a good name as substitutes for the Italians, under foremen who know how to handle roustabouts in gangs. Patient and enduring though they have proved themselves to be, it is not thought they can stand the gaff of rapid and continuous production in the shops. Race does not seem to enter into the calculation at all; one of the top engineers in this same plant is a Japanese. Altogether the employers incline to be hopeful of the Mexicans, and the other workmen tolerant of them. Their manual dexterity, upon which the new educational system in Mexico is so largely based, has already attracted attention in these Northern factories; one employment manager said that he was continually being surprised by the beauty of Mexican handwriting as he saw it on applications for work. So it is possible that the Mexicans may find their way to production jobs and even to white-collar jobs. However, white-collar jobs rate little if any higher here than shop jobs — a healthy sign!

This testimony bears out precisely an opinion I frequently have met with among American employers of Mexican labor in Mexico — to the effect that, while Mexicans are not the world's best workers, they assuredly are not the world's worst. The fictitious 'greaser' villain of the films, fortunately, has not migrated from wherever he does his dirty work.

II

Come we now to the South, third largest contributor to the population of this thriving Middle Western city. Of the three hundred applicants for work at the plant on the January morning when I visited the employment office, ninety-nine were born south of a line drawn east and west through Indianapolis. There were considerable quotas from southern Indiana and Illinois, and small delegations from as far away as Texas and Louisiana, but the large blocks were from Tennessee and the Ozark country of southern Missouri and northern Arkansas. The superintendent of schools, after running hastily over the returns of the recent school census, lists Missouri directly after the two Michigan districts mentioned earlier as leading sources of the new population. The head of the Social Service Bureau, the Poor Commissioner, and a home missionary in one of the poorer sections of the city spoke, more in sorrow than anger, of 'poor white trash' when I asked them which element in the newer population required most public relief. So, beyond a doubt, the Southern contingent is growing.

The Southern drive on Northern industrial centres is no new phenomenon; but its present complexion is lighter than before. Southern negroes came north in droves after the war, but many have now returned to warmer climes, leaving the residue in Black Belts usually sandwiched between tolerant foreign groups. The movement continues, but the blacks have definitely yielded precedence in it to whites. Of the ninety-nine Southerners applying for work that day, only fourteen were negroes.

Local industrial testimony on the value of this Southern white labor is a little disconcerting to one who is at all prejudiced in favor of his own color and racial type. The Ozarks are frequently described as one of the two breeding basins of pure-blood Anglo-Saxons in the United States. Here are men of the good old stock, whose forefathers no doubt fought in the Revolution; and yet, on the basis of the record, they are the least satisfactory men to hire of the extremely mixed population which presents itself at the gate.

A company lawyer, in charge of compensation cases, described these Southern whites as 'physically and intellectually sluggish. They get hurt more easily and stay hurt longer than any other class of labor we have.' When I protested that this might be due merely to industrial inexperience and the difficulty of acclimating themselves, he said: 'Then they ought to break in as easily as Italian peasants, but they don't.'

The employment manager was more specific, but equally condemning. He said: 'When I first encountered the Southern mountaineer type, during the war shortage of labor, I thought, "Here is just what the country needs in this emergency — an untouched labor reserve of tall, rangy American citizens, hundred-per-centers." So we sent down to Tennessee for a batch. I soon saw they were not so strong as they looked. We tried to correct that by good feeding, since the men were housed in barracks and fed from a company kitchen. But you can't correct the results of years of underfeeding by stuffing the victims to-day and to-morrow and the day after to-morrow. We did fill up the hollows in some of the gaunt frames, but we could not fill the hollows in their minds. They never seemed to get the idea that work is a serious business. They dawdled, laid off, played off, sulked, and in general behaved like irresponsible children. I think they might do better, a great deal better, at industrial labor in their own country, being greatly attached to kin and boyhood scenes. Southern industry appears to be doing well with labor we can't use. One trouble with them in the North is homesickness. Of course there are exceptions, but they are too few to bank on.

'This industry — in fact every mass-production industry — must accent reliability. When one man lays off or shirks he slows down output along the line. For the mass of our workers a high degree of skill is not important; but steadiness is all-important. Consequently my experience has taught me to put almost any other sort of man on the job in preference to a white Southerner. He lacks the patience of a green European peasant, who will stick by a stiff, disagreeable task in order to get a foothold in this country, or the rough-and-ready good humor of the Southern negro, which helps the latter to bear many disappointments during his first weeks in the North.

'I have been hiring men for twenty years. After testing theories found in books and presented in conferences on employment psychology, I have arrived at a simple little theory of my

own which has the merit of working nine times out of ten. It is simply this: cold weather makes the best men for our business. While I was under the influence of Mrs. Blackford, I used to study an applicant's features; now I study the answers on his questionnaire. Where was he born? What stock is he? Where did he work? If he was born north of Saginaw Bay he is almost certain to develop into a reliable worker and a good citizen.

'One time years ago I brought three hundred and fifty men down here in a body from the upper peninsula of Michigan. All but fifty of them are still working in this plant. At least one hundred and fifty of them bought dwellings in one of our company subdivisions and live within eight or ten blocks of my home. They are downright good citizens; no town could ask for better citizens, and no employer deserves better employees than those men are. Not one of the whole three hundred and fifty ever fastened himself like a leech on the city's poor fund or its charity. In fact, it's a rare thing to be disappointed in a man from up State or any other place where the frost hangs on a long time. That's why I say latitude counts.'

After this testimony to the correctness of one of the major premises of Buckle's *History of Civilization*, I talked to the church worker in charge of a mission in a creek bottom. One of the most encouraging things about this busy city is that it grows too fast to let a slum come to foul maturity. Real-estate values change quickly, and a progressive building code prevents the worst evils of overcrowding. In general the housing is far better than the Eastern level for industrial labor, the standard dwelling being an isolated one-family house standing on its own lot. But occasionally and temporarily one may find a neighborhood that gives every indication of becoming a slum if allowed to fester a few years more. Such was the creek bottom; each house stood on its lot, all right, but most of them were shacks and the others showed grievous neglect.

'Our neighborhood,' said this church worker, 'seems to be especially favored just now by incoming Southern whites. They take one another in with the utmost hospitality. Frequently I find myself wondering where the duties of hospitality end and those of thrift begin. You will find it hard to believe the backwardness of these kindly people; their coming has been a revelation to me of the illiteracy and domestic sloth prevailing in the regions they still call home.

'Recently I visited a young woman who is the mother of three children and is hourly expecting a fourth. "I hope," I said, "that you know Jesus." "Lady," she replied, earnestly, "I kain't say I do know that party. I'm so busy with my brats I kain't get out much."

'In another house I asked the mother if she had a Bible. "Lawsy, yes," she replied proudly; and going from the room she brought back a medical almanac, saying, "This is the book, miss." At first I was completely mystified. Then it dawned on me that she could not read and came from the section where the Bible is "the book," the only book in any house. Any book of any sort meant "Bible" to her.'

The secretary of the Social Service Bureau is equally unimpressed by these newcomers. 'The best thing I can say for them,' she observed, 'is that a good many of them ask for help before they have been here long enough to earn a legal residence; that enables us to buy half-fare paupers' tickets and send the whole family back home. There usually is a family, you know. A man of

twenty-four motored into town from the Ozarks in a battered car with less than a dollar in his pocket. This is a busy town, all right, but no one ought to bring a family here with less than one hundred dollars in hand. Even when jobs are plenty a few days may be required to find one. Yet, as the factories are rather chary of Southerners, most of them become day laborers on construction jobs subject to frequent lay-offs. South of the Mason and Dixon line the idea seems to prevail that our streets are paved with pay checks. Would you care to look over these recent cases?'

Running through the typed records of indigence, I was not surprised to find, among many new names, several of the old stand-bys. Eight years ago I had administered Red Cross relief to these same families, enabling them to weather what seemed to be a temporary slump in their fortunes, due to the absence of a breadwinner. At least that was always the plea; yet here were some of the old faithfuls just as hungry and cold and ill-starred as if peace had not been declared nine years ago. While I sat musing on the vanity of human charity, and the stability, for better or worse, of character, in came the Poor Commissioner, sputtering, as befits a guardian of the public purse during an economy régime.

'Here's a case I'll let you decide. Woman wants coal and groceries. House half paid for. Says her husband has taken the car and gone to Florida. I say automobiles and charity don't mix. If there's a car in the family, no free coal. Is n't that a sound rule?'

I had to admit that it was; furthermore, I was almost ready to admit the futility of charity in general. Here is a city which, compared to the country at large, has reveled in prosperity. Wages are high and work is relatively steady. Moreover the local custom of selling real estate on contract with small down-payments, coupled with a thundering propaganda to 'own your own home,' makes it easy for a man to get a start. A stake in the community, so secured, is more likely to increase in value than decrease — will surely increase in the hands of a dogged man who hangs on to it through a temporary slump. A veritable stream of wealth has been pouring through this town for twenty years, occasionally slowing up, but coming back with renewed force later. Old families have grown richer, and newcomers have acquired riches; hundreds of rank-and-file workers have built up snug little fortunes in real estate; even outsiders, who have never set foot in the town itself, have cashed in on its earnings. But still there is a backwash of poverty on the shores of this golden flood; here are some who are just where they were eight years ago, just where their parents were twenty years ago — on the rocks. If ever chronic poverty could be cured by prosperity, these poor-relief rolls would be blank.

III

Unquestionably, however, the general level of well-being has risen. The men look better fed, better clothed, better satisfied. Unrest has pretty much departed from their conversation and demeanor. Since I saw them last they have had six more years of drilling under highly competent, and withal just, leadership. Many of them, through a joint savings fund under company control, have come into possession of stock in the enterprise. The operation of the savings fund, in which a dollar saved grows into eight or nine dollars in five years' time, gives general satisfaction. It is not unusual to find ordinary production men of no particular skill whose dividends and profits from the savings fund run to

a third of their annual wages. The result is a distinctly higher morale; what these workmen have lost in power to command their own destinies seems to have been compensated, not only by money, but also by the acquiring of just pride in a joint undertaking. Their confidence has deepened, and dread of the future has gradually given way to a sense of security. Five years ago these men, drawn from diverse regions, circumstances, and occupations, were in the midst of a difficult social readjustment. There is no longer any chance to doubt that they have now made that adjustment, and on the whole have made it willingly, after weighing the personal costs and advantages.

One sees this clearly in the prevalent attitude toward welfare work, which used to be one of suspicion. 'Put it in the pay envelope and let us spend it ourselves, instead of hiring white-collar boys to help real men who want nobody's help.' That was the old cry, with its unspoken appeal to the American tradition of independence. But now experience has shown that, in this particular town, welfare work is not a substitute for wages earned but not paid. The cash has come. Consequently the welfare workers get kindlier welcomes when they inject themselves into personal and domestic problems of employees. Among the older employees it is now generally understood that this particular welfare work is something more than a way of building company morale; it is an effort to bring the standards of living of the whole industrial group up to those which the more competent of the employees maintain for themselves, without guidance or assistance.

There is a legend hereabouts that little children, their noses glued to the windows while they wait for Father, rush to the door to ask him, 'What's G. M. to-day?' That, however, is merely the hearty Middle Western way of exaggerating a good thing. The truth is that an extraordinary number of citizens, from factory roustabouts to bankers, hold stock in the foundation industry of their community. Some of these stockholders have risen to wealth thereby and take their new-found affluence rather boisterously; but the majority just plug along in the old ways. Saddle horses grow more numerous and there is talk of fox hounds and hunting; yet few quit work when fortune comes. After all, theirs is a civilization and prosperity founded upon hard work, and as such less given to exuberances than those founded on play in a blissful climate. Moreover the city is fortunate in that the social responsibilities of wealth have been emphasized repeatedly by local leaders. So, while one hears overmuch of money when General Motors is fluctuating briskly, at other times one hears far more of the new junior high school, the rising technical college, and the extension of the park system. During my last visit the scholastic triumph of two recent high-school graduates in passing the Eastern college board examinations was heralded as big and bracing news, which it was. Verily there is a strong and wistful spirit brooding behind the formidable mechanisms of Automobileland. These folk are going so fast that they neglect some things worth doing, but they will get around to those in time, never fear.

Perhaps the most heartening of all the movements under way in this dynamic environment is that which has accepted and now builds upon the thesis of the first Iron Man paper — the recognition that mass production involves such limitations on human nature that the fullest expressions of personality, for the routine worker, must come during his leisure time.

The city, at this stage, gives every evidence of conviction on that point. Against the hindrances of sparse natural advantages, the park system has been pushed forward steadily, mopping up dumps and other eyesores in its progress. In the parks, which are connected by boulevards, are swimming pools, baseball diamonds, and a municipal golf course, which has proved so popular that two more are being added. The existing municipal course, crowded from dawn to dusk on holidays and Sundays, is self-supported on a modest schedule of fees. The two new links in prospect are coming in answer to agitation for them in the factories. A comprehensive city plan, prepared by a noted expert and administered by a local board almost completely divorced from politics, guides this whole general development. In summer a vast deal of loving care is lavished on lawns and gardens, as might be expected where the ordinary house occupies an individual lot. There is also brisk travel every fair week-end to lakes and camps and cottages, for these well-paid workingmen are steady buyers of their own products, and not a few of them possess country nests as well as urban real estate.

Winter entertainment runs strongly to movies, but each year sees more enthusiasm and more provision for active winter sports, both indoor and outdoor. The amount of athletic activity generated in this hard-working population is prodigious, and, unlike many industrial centres, this community emphasizes the amateur side rather than the professional. The city never has supported professional baseball well enough to let it endure, and at present it has no league team; but there are literally hundreds of shop and neighborhood teams which carry through long schedules. These activities are largely guided by a mutual association of the city's workers, whose clubrooms occupy five floors of the largest office building in town, devoted to recreation and education.

Compared with the tidy, well-groomed industrial towns of the East, this city always looks a bit unkempt, but that is because it keeps growing so fast that it never quite catches up with its needs. Yet I fancy one can see what it will be like a hundred years hence by stepping into the newest of its huge plants. Every industrial city, I think, follows in its social development the economic processes which provide the bread of life for the community and fix the habits of its producers. What one sees in these plants is industrial housekeeping of a high order, cleanly, systematic, coöperative, a mighty rhythm of toil in which tens of thousands of disciplined individuals keep step. Eventually the town will be like that, will be run as well as that, and will produce social boons to satisfy the common man just as regularly and as certainly as these plants produce goods to satisfy their customers.

The indiscriminate hiring of mere hands and muscles is no more; selection of employees proceeds upon the basis of character, upon the adaptability of the applicant to fit into a system which demands steadfastness and dependability. These, be it noted, are moral qualities, and as serviceable in citizens as in employees. The trend toward automatic production, while decreasing the responsibility of the individual, as a physical being, for the product, has increased his responsibility as a social being for that same product. The town depends on the works, and the works depend on the men, less as doers of this or that particular thing, because substitutions become less difficult, than as men of good intent who do what they have to do with a will.

An industrial school of this sort — and every manufacturing plant is partly that from the social point of view — is even more successful than a university in taking human material of all sorts, from widely diverse sections, and moulding men into a type. If, as seems likely, mass production becomes the paramount expression of our national energy, the process in which our science and organization find their most fruitful union, this Middle West type of factory man may become the typical American. There is cheer in that prospect. Compounded of many racial strains, he will stand forth distinctly against the background of his huge machines as a man who insists on good leadership and a good living, and, having these, will do a full day's work without whimpering, looking to his leisure to satisfy those whims and crotchets of his nature which find no outlets in his disciplined, coöperative toil. His may not be the most inspiring environment in the world, but it will fit the type in both its advantages and its limitations, and consequently will produce a good deal of solid contentment — at least as much as man can stand without growing soft.

LETTERS FROM CHINA

BY NORA WALN

At Sea
From Belawan to Singapore
Third Month 20–26, 1927

We anchored in mid-harbor at Belawan. We have taken on only a few new passengers, among them an ardent Chinese revolutionist, now a member of the Kuomintang. He spoke to me yesterday on the upper deck, where it is my custom to read, and he has had his chair placed next to mine permanently — that is, as far as Singapore, which is his destination. He is in the Malay Peninsula to collect funds from the 400,000 Chinese resident there, who, he tells me, have been the financial backbone of the revolution since before 1911. His concern, an anti-Russian campaign in China. He speaks in staccato Mandarin, I suppose for privacy, although on this boat, where German is the language understood, English would be equally secretive. His discourse is about as follows: —

'Papers have come into the hands of some of us in Hankow which make a break with Soviet Russia imperative — if China is to live as a separate entity. These papers show that the Russians look upon us Chinese with the utmost contempt and have offered us their friendship only that they may use the Kuomintang for the furtherance of their own aggressive scheme to annex China under Moscow.

'Our leader, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, accepted the extended hand of Russia, with gold in the clasp, shortly before his death, to bring new power into the Nationalistic cause. In the beginning our Russian visitors were cautious. They pretended to believe in our ideals. With insidious cunning they wormed their way into our innermost circles.

Once in, they slowly shouldered us Chinese from positions of leadership and usurped control of our Nationalistic activities.

'Secret meetings are held by Borodin, Galen, Petroff, Rolland, and their confederates in which decisions are made and orders which we have never seen are drawn up and issued under the Chinese Kuomintang seal. The posters, leaflets, and general propaganda, the most important feature of our campaign, have been taken out of our control by our "advisers." In Hankow no Chinese can enter the propaganda-preparation factory without the approval of Mr. Borodin — consequently thousands of ideas are spread broadcast which are not our ideals. More than three hundred confederates have come from Russia to help the original advisers; they are all kindly paid from Moscow, through the Soviet Legation at Peking. The attitude of "non-interference" on the part of the other Powers leaves Russia a clear field.'

I could not resist asking him if 'non-interference' is not the only possible attitude, and stressing the fact that China can emerge as a strong nation only if she works out her own problem.

Two days later

The astounding news of the Nanking disaster reached us by wireless to-day. Almost immediately our new Chinese friend came, with tears in his eyes, to offer us his assurance that he speaks in the tongue of thousands of his countrymen when he says that it is an incident deeply regrettable.

I find it almost impossible of belief. Nanking is my best beloved of all the Chinese cities in which I have lived. There are no foreign concessions. All races have lived in harmony within the walls, and friendships have been without barriers of creed. Most mystifying is the list of the dead: Mr. Williams, Dr. Sachell Smith, Mr. Huber. All men of long residence in China, and all personally known to me as men strongly pro-Chinese in sympathy. Mr. Huber was with us in Canton and was one of the few men who went freely about that city during the months of tension.

MANILA, *Fourth Month 2, '27*

We have had six smooth hot days from Singapore. I revel in tropic heat, so quite enjoyed it.

At tea we heard the rumor that the Chinese Nationalist Party, right wing, has two representatives here scouting about for American trained officers to drill their soldiers — West Point graduates preferred and a good price paid for them, Filipinos taken as second choice. Half an hour later I met one of them, a cheery young man in Canton in the spring of 1926, but very much depressed now. He tells me that the Nationalist Party is in a sorry plight, betrayed by Russia, and that, although the right wing of the party now holds Nanking and Shanghai, it has not been able to shake off seven Russian military advisers who pretend to side with General Chiang Kai-shek in his quarrel with Borodin; but that Chiang Kai-shek has agreed to dismiss them if they can be replaced by advisers similarly efficient in the art of war.

HONGKONG, *Fourth Month 6, '27*

We came into Hongkong harbor at daybreak. The trim neatness of this English city perched on the rocky heights of Victoria Island never fails to thrill me.

Anne had her trunks packed to transship to the Canton boat, but Robin failed to meet her. We learned that trouble brewed at Canton and he was on duty with the Volunteers. She made an attempt to get upriver, but a shipping strike was imminent and no boat possible that day. While we were

at lunch a wireless came through from the American gunboat at Canton with greetings and word that Robin had started down by train.

The train is due to make the trip in four hours. Anne refused my companionship when she met Robin, and spent the rest of the afternoon and evening between the boat and the railway station, where she asked the whereabouts of the train at half-hour intervals.

The young horn-rimmed-spectacled Chinese clerk was most kind, telephoning up the line continuously. His messages went about like this: 'Engine trouble — train no can come to-day. Englishman on board makee much fuss.' — 'Can do. Have fix piece of wire. Quick come.' — 'Engine break down. Englishman take sleep.' — 'Engine one lung all right. Can come slow.' — 'Lung finish. Train dead.' Then at last, 'All right now. Hongkong have lend one engine.' Robin arrived at something after eleven.

While Anne was meeting the train I went to the Hongkong Hotel and was surprised to find the upstairs tearoom, where the orchestra plays, filled with Chinese. The steward told me he had n't a table. I was turning away when people began waving to me and calling greetings and I realized that the room was filled with Chinese friends from up the West River. People who never went away from home formerly now at an English hotel tea dance! They were there in full body — grandmothers and babies in arms as well as mothers and fathers and grown-up daughters and sons.

I had a delightful time going from table to table. They have all come to Hongkong to await the outcome of political conditions — frightened by Communism. They were thoroughly enjoying their holiday. Old Madame Kwong, from Samsui, told me that she has put all her money safely in the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank. I twitted her on her former very emphatic views against the rightness of the British holding Hongkong. She laughed and answered, 'Confucius says, "Concern yourselves only with your own affairs; he who meddles in politics walks in a dangerous place."'

SHANGHAI, *Fourth Month* 12, '27

I have been in Shanghai four days and go on to Tientsin to-morrow. The city is crammed with refugees from the Yangtze valley — Chinese as well as Westerners. All passages on vessels to Europe and America are booked for the next three months.

The streets are thronged with people who have arrived here, after unpleasant experiences in Chinese mobs, by hazardous journeys overland and by native river craft. A Refugee Committee has combed the city for every available private bed. The shops and the local residents have done their utmost in replenishing depleted wardrobes. Many people were unable to bring anything save the clothes they wore, and often were forced en route to give up garments which pleased some passing bandit.

Everywhere I hear tales of wanton destruction of property — drugs thrown away by looters, surgical instruments smashed by demoniac mobs, schoolbooks burned, furniture broken. Every individual with whom I have talked is more concerned about the fate of Chinese friends who could not get away than about material property.

Mrs. Su Ling-fu told me that the wells of her native village are filled with suicides following rape; that the gray-haired elders were paraded through the streets in grotesque high hats with nasty placards hung from their necks,

and that her uncle was killed by the checkerboard death — a square of flesh cut away daily. Anyone possessed of property to the value of more than seventy-five dollars was labeled a capitalist and the property seized. She says that the Nationalists preceded their arrival with propaganda and came into the village without bloodshed. She was one of a committee to welcome them. For one week they gave promise of a splendid future. The village breathed a sigh of relief that the day of war lords was over. Then the contingent was changed. The first soldiers went forward to new territory and men came instigating the reign of terror. With antiforeign demonstrations, parades, and meetings they stirred the mass to a fever — then turned the excited mob on local citizens.

I went to see a medical missionary from upcountry who, I had heard, came from the district where Mai-da's maternal grandmother lives. I found her ill in bed in a large dormitory-like room where there were ten camp beds, and half a dozen children fretting in one corner. She had no news for me — her hospital was looted and she escaped in a boat, hidden under a load of hay by a farmer on whom she had operated for cataracts last winter. She also said that the Nationalists had been met with enthusiasm in her district — she had taken part in a joyous demonstration. Then a reign of terror had been instigated by agitators not native to that place.

I went to tea dances at the Astor House on two afternoons. There I saw the same type of crowd as in Hongkong, with a more liberal sprinkling of Westerners. Not many local residents, but nervous refugees who feel the need of constant activity to keep sane. All have the same glassy eyes — as though they had experienced horrors of which they dare not think.

The Shanghai Settlement and the French Concession are surrounded by trenches and barricades of barbed wire with soldiers at every point of entry, but I felt that I must see Zung-wei's baby, so I went into the native city. She is hoping to get a flat in the Settlement before long, as she does not feel safe outside. Her baby is a chubby darling just learning to crawl. She said that all modern Chinese, like herself, are in a curious predicament — theoretically they are against foreign concessions, and yet these are the only refuge in the present upheaval.

She says that the Nanking disaster is clear to Chinese intelligence! General Chiang Kai-shek had a quarrel with Mr. Borodin at Hankow, voicing the resentment felt by all Chinese at the character of the Russian advisers. He departed downriver, and ahead of him went the command, by wireless, that each port at which he touched was to be disturbed by an antiforeign demonstration which would discredit him with the Western Powers. A score of Mr. Borodin's Russian confederates were in Nanking; the most rabid of Chinese Communists was head of the political bureau. General Chen Chien was temporarily in charge of the army there. He is senior to General Chiang in the Kuomintang and in the Nationalists' army, and embittered by the latter's rapid rise to power.

When General Chiang's boat reached Nanking the antiforeign disaster began. Chiang did not land and seek to seize control, but went on to Shanghai, where he gathered about him C. C. Wu, the son of Wu Ting-fang, the popular Chinese minister, Hu Han-min, and other conservative members of the Kuomintang who have been at variance with the left wing since the early days in Canton. Orders similar to those sent to Nanking were sent from Hankow for a demonstration at Shanghai,

but were not carried out. Chiang returned to Nanking with his cabinet and succeeded in assuming control.

TIENTSIN, *Fourth Month* 20, '27

I arrived at Taku Bar about five o'clock last Fifth-day afternoon. When the pilot came aboard to steer us to a safe anchorage, he told me that his office had received word I was to wait on the ship until my husband came for me. I waited until ten the following morning, and then went up-river on the ship's tender. The Hai Ho is very narrow; one can almost reach out and touch the bank on either side in places. We had to draw up in widened harbors at intervals to allow ocean-going craft to pass. Many of these vessels were loaded with Chinese farmers and their wives en route to Manchuria. It was three o'clock when we neared Tientsin, to find both banks of the river lined with soldiers in the uniform of Marshal Chang Tso-lin's army.

They did not appear to be engaged in actual warfare, although it is difficult sometimes to tell in this country, where warriors put up their umbrellas or brew a cup of tea at need regardless of orders to charge. They had stuck their flagstaffs in the ground and some of them were asleep. Our boat pressed on between the lines until we sighted a Japanese oil-burner, and saw that soldiers fired into the water in front of her every time she moved. Just as we stopped I saw my husband walking along the bund and waved to him. He came to the bank and explained that the now ex-governor was suspected by Chang Tso-lin of a plot to hand Tientsin over to the Nationalists, had fled from his residence, and was thought to be on the Japanese boat.

We walked to our house, which is in the ex-German concession, now Chinese territory. The place is surrounded by high walls, and has two entrance gates and a drive which curves up under stone pillars which reach to the roof. We have lovely old trees and a good-sized garden, entered through moon gates, with a cool summerhouse at the far end. There is a hedge of white lilac in full bloom.

I found the house full of refugees — all old friends, so it is very nice. We have had a doctor from the interior, but he is gone. He wrapped many of his surgical instruments in small packets and hid them in the roof of his hospital; all property in his section has been systematically looted, but he hopes to have tools for work when he returns.

A Chinese who has left Changsha is with us now. He told me that the 'grand old man' of Hunan, a scholar much beloved by all Chinese people, famous for his library of classic literature which has always been open to public use, was killed by the government which is in authority there, and his library burned, because he would not put his personal seal to a proclamation advocating Communism.

And in Peking twenty students suspected of an interest in Communism, many of them under twenty years of age, have been strangled by the old method, without trial. This is a cruel death — the victim is made to stand against a board on which a rope is passed through two holes; with his neck in the noose, a lever is pulled and he is partially killed, then revived, then choked and revived alternately for twenty minutes. The condemned are made to stand and watch their fellows die — the one most seriously condemned to wait until last for death.

As a Chinese friend who called on me yesterday said, 'Confucius taught that the government which gave the largest personal liberty to the largest number of people was the ideal — but the day of Confucius is dead.'

TIENTSIN, *Fifth Month* 1, '27

The little Manchu Emperor, Pu Yi, — or John, as he prefers to be called in English, — was at the St. George's dinner dance at the Country Club, accompanied by one Empress. He is a pleasant lad of twenty-two years, but looks weak, no doubt the result of royal inbreeding. His favorite pastime is trick bicycling. The Empress is a wax doll — a creamy skin, soft brown eyes, brows like the arch of a butterfly's wings, and masses of glossy black hair. She is very slender.

Mai-da has explained to me that when the Emperor receives invitations from Westerners his two Empresses take turns in accepting, as they are aware of the foreign custom which makes it bad form to fetch two wives. She says that few people can distinguish between two Manchu ladies of equal slimness and corresponding age. In response to Chinese invitations they both go. They were both at Kissling's this morning buying chocolates, and are equally lovely. They have a modern house in the Japanese Concession and are going up to Peking next week on a sight-seeing tour, as they had no opportunity to see the city when they were confined to the routine of palace life. They are much interested in America and keen to visit there, 'if travel were not so expensive.'

On the twenty-seventh we went to a dinner given by the Minister of Finance and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Chwang King-ko at Foh Loh Lin. The tables were decorated with colored seeds sprinkled to depict historical scenes. I must learn to do it. As usual with official dinners, the menu was most tedious — I kept count to twelve courses. After dinner we had a gorgeous time. They took us to a Chinese theatre at which Mei Lan Fang was performing.

A Chinese theatre is a combination of social club and stage. The play continues for many hours. It pleases my senses better than the timed precision of the Western stage, where the plot clicks to an arranged climax.

Yesterday our house steward spoke to me about the gardener, who he said would have to go. In the early days of my marriage I had ideas as to who should control matters domestic, but I was politely broken to the yoke of Chinese control, so I could only nod assent. To-day he is gone. Lee the younger, for many years gardener to the tupan of Shantung, son of Lee the elder, our gateman, has been summoned. It will be a matter of three weeks before he can receive his father's letter, close his Shantung affairs, and arrive here. In the meantime our seedlings must be transplanted. I discovered Mou, an upstairs 'helper,' who has a flair for gardening, at work on them this morning, and have been helping him. At the same time I have gleaned some knowledge of Chinese secret societies.

Mou has friends in four: Red Spears, Yellow Sands, Flower Basket, and Heavenly Gate. He, as well as his father, two uncles, and a brother, belongs to the latter. He explained that for years the gods have been anxious because of incessant warfare. They see how difficult it is for the honest, industrious people to plant their crops, gather their harvest, and keep their shops. So the gods take pity on a district and drop a sacred stone tablet with commands written on it, which if obeyed give the people strength and courage to protect their homes.

The tablet of the Heavenly Gate was found on the hillside near his native place one week after a Russian, two Cantonese men, and a woman had come to distribute leaflets and make speeches about a new government.

He says that his people have heard plenty of 'dragon's breath' and do not want a government. They want peace to worship their ancestors and beget children. The tablet gave instructions as to how to drive away all intruders. He says that all that the Red Spears are doing in Honan is to protect their native places. They do not care which side wins the war, but the gods help them to prevent its being fought on their farms.

Our acacia trees are a mass of buds which send forth a fragrant perfume.

TIENTSIN, *Fifth Month* 25, '27

On First day we were the guests of the Hai Ho Conservancy for an all-day launch picnic. The party was international: Chinese, Italians, French, Germans, Japanese, Swiss, Belgians, Danish, British, and Americans to the number of perhaps fifty. The purpose, a review and discussion of the silted condition of the river, which threatens to flood the adjacent country during the rainy season of July and August.

The country is so harassed with taxes, for the purposes of war, that funds for public benefit such as adequate river dredging are not available. There is a watermark on the first floor of our house made by the flood level a few years ago. Such a disaster means the destruction of villages where houses are made of adobe, the drowning of the winter food crop, and many deaths. Engineers are agreed that this river could be made a splendid entry from the sea, and a system of irrigation could be made which would refresh the crops during the long dry season.

The day was notable for me because I rediscovered Chang Ming-lee after a separation of eight years. She has given up portraiture, and found her motive in the revival of native arts and their application to modern Chinese use. With her private fortune she is able to give occupation to craftsmen who have been idle since the fall of the throne. Many processes are carefully guarded family treasures, and in danger of loss unless used. She is having lacquer made again on linen foundation by the slow process which does not crack, as the modern imitation invariably does. She has just finished the interior decoration of a Chinese hotel in Tientsin and is busy with sketches for a café in Tsingtao, in addition to several private houses. She is not interested in export, but in Chinese use of what her workmen produce. Her particular flair has always been dress — on the river she wore a harmonious costume in shades of russet, brown, and gold. Mai-da tells me that her influence in the revival of the ancient Han costume is evident everywhere in smart Chinese circles.

I spent this morning idling about the Chinese city. I sat for a time in the workshop of a coppersmith who was hammering an elaborate design on a brazier, without pattern other than that in his head. It is restful to be back in this country where one need have no excuse for sitting beside a stranger other than the desire for companionship.

He told me that the city officials are praying for rain twice daily, at nine and at four, in the Temple of the Supreme God. The Commissioner of Civil Affairs leads the procession, followed by an official from every other department in the government; they start from the Chief Station of the Fire Brigade, and walk carrying burning tapers. They offer the god five dishes each of fruit and vegetables each time of prayer, burn paper petitions in the urn, and fall prostrate nine times before the image of the god, knocking the head on the floor three times in each kotow.

From the threatened famine he went on to the Dragon Festival, which falls

on the fourth of Sixth month, our count, and is one of the three dates each year when all Chinese accounts must be balanced, in accord with custom. He told me that times are very bad, the city filled with war refugees from Shantung and the Yangtze valley who can get no work and are dependent upon the charity of local laborers who are also in a precarious condition. The licorice-root trade, employing several thousand men, is closed down by exorbitant taxes; the carpet tax has stopped all the Chinese weavers and all but one foreign-owned establishment, putting eight thousand people out of work, while a tobacco tax is rumored which will make it impossible to continue business.

A little way along the street I met a young student who told me that local conditions were such that the people would welcome a change in government, and that the Nationalists could come in without bloodshed — if they could rid themselves of the Communists first.

In the Hall of Classics the attendant, who had just returned from a week's holiday at his native place, told me that the people of the interior have gone back to primitive man-power methods of transporting their goods, even where the railways are running, because of the frequency with which soldiers make off with engines and loaded cars. He said that the retreating Fengtien troops destroyed the railway tunnel south of the Yellow River and took away all the imported ironwork of the bridge. He is firm in his belief that a new prophet is to be given to China to revive the truths of Confucius, who taught men to live in peace and harmony. He declares that it is very foolish for the Christians to run away now, if they really have a message from a great prophet, as they claim. I pointed out that they had been badly treated and certainly would suffer death in angry mobs if they remained in the interior. He only shook his head and said, 'The disciples of a great prophet do not fear physical death — only death of the spirit.'

I said that I was glad to know that he would stay in his place and admonish the mob, if it came, in the language of Confucius. But he answered, 'I should run away. I am only an attendant who sweeps the floor in times of peace.'

I enclose Anne's letter.

CANTON, *Fifth Month* 19, '27

DEAREST SISTER,

We went down to Hongkong on Fifth day and spent the week-end at Cheng-chow island. Great excitement coming back on the Lungshan Second-day morning! I was asleep when Robin dashed into the cabin, woke me, pulled off my rings, and pushed me down on the floor, whispering, 'We are fired on by the Whampoa Cadets.' I lay flat under the porthole listening to my watch tick off the minutes from seven until seven-twenty to the accompaniment of the whizz of bullets, punctuated by the thud when they struck. One went through the bathroom. When all was quiet we slipped out to investigate — a bullet went through the funnel; several were embedded in the deck, and three near portholes. Luckily most passengers were asleep and no one was hurt. The river passenger boats are now escorted by gunboats.

The Consuls consider it unsafe for us to live at the White Heron's Nest, so we have taken a flat on Shameen — the Nicklemans' flat. There is hardly ever a lighted house on Shameen after eleven. The Volunteers drill, drill, drill. Coolies no longer lounge and spit insolently on the front bund. The benches are clean and fit to sit on.

Canton City is quiet and almost unbelievably clean. There are still some antiforeign posters about, but the attitude of the people is friendly. There was much more 'hot air' and publicity about the anti-Red clean-up here than actual doing, but it had the desired effect of quietening the trouble-makers and giving the people confidence to come out of hiding and go on with trade. A number of really sensible Western-educated students are here and they have good modern ideas for sanitation and improvement — if peace continues. I go about the city quite unmolested.

Things look fairly prosperous in Chinese households, and even the people in the streets look well fed. The market is full of produce; prices are high, but wages have gone up, so the level is about the same. There is considerable furor about the disbandment of the 'strikers,' who wish the merchants to pour four millions into their headquarters' coffers to pay them off. In reality most of the workers went to work long ago and the names on the strikers' lists are idlers who never did work, so the merchants are not hustling to comply. They are too busy trying to recoup what they lost during the enforced curtailment of trade. The Chinese merchants are a fine lot of people and it is a shame the way they are harassed, worried, and taxed.

We have been up the West River, in a launch, for an all-day picnic, the first picnic trip up in two years. We went ashore and played tag with some country kids — they are fleet of foot and impossible to catch. I like the country people — they are so wholesome and have such a delicious primitive sense of what is a joke.

It is ten to twelve now and I must go swimming before lunch. We have a swimming gala on Sixth month sixteenth, so I must get some diving practice. At present I am jolly rotten.

Dearest love to thee,

ANNE

TIENTSIN, *Sixth Month* 18, 1927

Our garden is a bower of roses. We have tea there and I have made friends, over the wall, with two Chinese children who live in the next place. They have pushed a garden table, on which to stand, up on their side. I often catch them peering at us, but they never 'come up' until all guests are gone — then they shyly accept gifts of little cakes.

The boy has twice worn a sailor costume, but the girl invariably has pink silk trousers and coat. They tell me that they have five mothers and one father. Father has gone to Dairen to find a house and they were to follow, but now the 'number one mother' will not move because she says it will be quite safe here, as the U. S. A. marines are coming to protect all the people.

Since then the marines have arrived and we have dined with General Castner, in charge of the American army in China, and met General Smedley Butler, commander of the marines.

We have also dined at the French, Belgian, and German Consulates this week, as well as been the guests of the Italian Consul to hear General Mobile, the Italian aviator, tell of his flight over the North Pole. At one dinner I sat next to the Chinese Commissioner of Foreign Affairs, who proved a charming light-hearted companion. He does not speak English and holds no brief for anything modern; he has 'forbidden' his wife to bob her hair. Mr. Tao, a young Chinese secretary of the Foreign Office, is popular everywhere. He is modern, with a wide smile and a chirpy manner. Last year when he was

sent to negotiate with the Japanese about the firing from the Taku forts on a Japanese gunboat, he swung into the office and said abruptly, 'I hate you — I hate you Japanese. You are always making me trouble. I was just off to the Western Hills for a holiday with my wife — you just stir up trouble to annoy me.' He is often at dinners at the Japanese Consulate and in private houses. Hostesses treasure him because he is sure to enliven the conversation.

Old customs and new jostle here. As I write, a Chinese wedding procession passes, a red-and-gold pageant with gayly dressed banner-bearers and musicians strumming instruments to which the bearers of the bride's canopied and sealed chair keep time. Two or three such processions pass weekly, and at the Café Riche, National Grand Hotel, Jazz Gardens, and the Olympic Roof the descendants of other ancient families can be seen every evening dancing modern steps to Western tunes. Not only young returned students, but silk-skirted rotund fathers are caught in the swirl of syncopation.

Modern electrical appliances are popular. Every tiny shop has electric light. Mai-da, who was married from a canopied chair, has an electric cooking stove, and the doors of her new garage, built to accommodate the Packard limousine her husband gave her for her birthday, are replicas of the doors of an English cathedral. When I failed to praise them, she pricked me with the information that they are no more sacrilegious than the use of an image of Kuan Yin as the base of a lamp, which her husband saw in a Philadelphia drawing-room.

Wellington Koo's family came down from Peking to their house on Race Course Road on the fifth. He is resigning from the government. Several Chinese officials have removed their families from Peking recently, and on the eighth Marshal Chang Tso-lin issued a mandate forbidding such changes of residence, as it excites the mass of people. He sent to his house at Mukden for his fifth concubine, enlarged his staff of servants, and generally gave his residence permanency to offset the rumor that he holds himself in readiness for flight.

Rumors of an impending collapse of the Peking government have been in the mouths of street venders, fish sellers, hot-cake men, tea-house minstrels, and like purveyors of gossip to the illiterate public for two weeks. Substance was given to the rumor by the absence of General Sutton's ponies from the races, where they have formerly been favorites, the public sale of his motor cars, and his sudden departure from China, because of a disagreement, so the gossipers retail, over the pocketing by a Chinese general of funds meant for war purposes. General Sutton, a tall, daring adventurer, is a blond hero to the common people of the North. Since his departure the action of Generals Chang Chih-kung and Tien Wei-chin, who came north for conference and received arms and money to push the line southward, but turned face and joined the Southern cause when they reached the firing line, has increased alarm.

The people have lost faith in the paper money and wait day and night in the courtyard of the government bank here hoping to change their notes for silver. It is pitiful to see them.

The Nankai and Peiyang Universities closed early to permit their students to return home 'before trouble broke out,' and precipitated a sudden closing of all middle and lower schools, thus further tightening public tension.

Marshal Chang Tso-lin sent out a circular telegram a few days ago querying his generals and Tupan Yen

Hsi-shan, of Shansi, as to their opinion of the wisdom of his assuming a dictatorship to restore confidence. To-day he assumed office with much pomp and ceremony, without waiting for the opinions of those who did not answer promptly.

TIENTSIN, *Seventh Month* 1, '27

The thermometer registers 109 in the shade. The officials continue to walk through the dusty streets twice daily, carrying burning tapers, to the Temple of the Supreme God, to petition for rain.

Chinese friends caution Westerners against venturing away from the protection of their armies and gunboats, warning them that the voice of conservative China is gagged in all political councils; and at the same time they evince alarm that Westerners are closing their affairs and returning to their native lands by every steamer, and cry that this exodus will push progress back hundreds of years both materially and spiritually.

I have seen figures compiled by a young Chinese economist which show that the Chinese small farmer is migrating north in unprecedented numbers — and taking with him his chattels and his family. This man has returned from Manchuria, where he says the roads are filled with homestead seekers from Shantung and the Yangtze valley who sleep under the stars by night and trek by day, carrying their possessions as best they can. A large percentage of the women trudge on bound feet and have never been ten miles from home before. He reports a similar exodus from South China into the Philippines, Indo-China, and the Malay Peninsula. He shows that more than 900,000 Chinese have left their native land in the past four months.

Rumor is current that the coming election in the United States will make politic the withdrawal of at least a number of the marines from China as a vote-securing measure.

Murmurs that the English taxpayer is not in favor of his country continuing to stand sponsor for and thereby incur the expense of policing those strips of land placed under her jurisdiction, as places of segregation for Westerners, and into which peoples of all nations, including Chinese, have crowded, have been given substance by the alacrity with which the British Concession at Hankow was relinquished and the readiness with which negotiations for the return of the Tientsin Concession were undertaken.

I wrote you last on the day Marshal Chang Tso-lin assumed office as Dictator. His first move was a declaration of adherence to the San Min principles, a statement of lifelong friendship with Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and the inauguration of a campaign to clear out Communism. Seventy-five students have been arrested for radicalism, suspected of distributing Soviet propaganda. The chief of police has pasted placards cautioning women and girls to appear in public in modest attire — bobbed hair is forbidden, sleeves and trousers must reach to wrist and ankle. Amah has just read with excitement the news that the police have arrested a girl today in Central Park who wore elbow sleeves.

The street sellers now confine their cries to the advertisement of their wares. A hot-cake man below my study window is shouting, 'Fresh-baked dough for henpecked husbands.' There has been no lessening in taxes, but there is a general lessening in apprehension on the part of the people. Dictator Chang Tso-lin has announced that he will use his salary to relieve the poor. Wu, the fan-maker, tells me that he has bought six months' supplies and is again employing his

full staff of workers. He is confident of six months of peace. He says the future beyond is 'a mirror with the face to the wall.'

The Chinese press is to-day filled with conjecture as to the next move of Tupan Yen Hsi-shan, of Shansi, who failed to respond to Marshal Chang Tso-lin's telegram of query regarding the wisdom of assuming the dictatorship. A man who has just come from Tianyuanfu says that delegates from Feng Yu-hsiang, Chiang Kai-shek, two American publicists attached to the Hankow government, and a representative from Chang Tso-lin are all at the Shansi hotel hoping each to influence him to throw his strength with his particular party. The blue-and-white flags of the South float peacefully with the five-barred flags of the North on the Shansi border, while the soldiers fraternize with each other and with the villagers.

I visited at the home of Yen Hsi-shan, in Shansi, seven years ago. He is a native of the province, born there in 1882, and attended college in Japan. He raised a local army and was a leader in the revolution of 1911, distinguishing himself by being the first general to propose the disbandment of troops to curtail expenses. He set an example by sending 30,000 of his men back to their farms and workshops. He has been tupan since 1916.

I remember thinking him very like many thrifty Quaker farmers we know. He had a solid, substantial appearance and carried himself with an unassuming self-respect. He talked principally of building barns, the breeding of draft horses, and the rotation of crops. He seemed to regret the presence of neighboring war lords who made necessary the maintenance of a standing army to protect his province, and had a project for the distribution of imported seed wheat to the farmers. His household was old-fashioned, clean, and without display.

Seventh Month 22, '27

A Chinese friend has warned me against the use of names, even in letters. She gave me the sad instance of one of her relatives who wrote of conditions in his city and has died in prison for the offense. A member of the American consular service told me that they now employ naval couriers, in all territory under the Nationalists, because of the censorship.

I have seen a Chinese girl, one of the blithest members of the Kuomintang when I was in Canton, who has just come away from Hankow a broken nervous wreck. She says that all the young idealists followed the movement to Hankow, by special invitation. She worked at the designing of colored posters, as she had done in Canton, and was not much interested in the subject so long as she could use plenty of color. In the beginning she was happy, because she was young and able to use her talent and at the same time further a national cause. She liked to see her posters pasted on the walls and think of them spread through many villages. One day she was distressed by continued cries of pain and asked aloud what it could be. Her friend, who worked near her, stopped her queries by popping a hand over her mouth and making a funny joke. When they were in private she explained that she feared the cries were the screams of victims tortured in prison. Day after day the cries continued, and young Chinese men and women began to talk quietly among themselves. The rumor spread that the adviser Petroff, assisted by a pock-marked Chinese, Chien, had instituted a house of torture to force merchants to give up their money to the government.

A much-liked Chinese disappeared

and word leaked out that he had been dropped into the river with stones tied about him. Groups of idealists huddled together and discussed the situation. Young Chinese men formed a secret society to assassinate Mr. Borodin and free the Kuomintang from Russian influence. Foreigners were gone, and with them their restraining influence. A reign of terror set in. Coolies out of work roamed the streets, looting and behaving in frightening ways.

The girl became ill and friends got her away. She still believes that the right must eventually conquer, and young China must find her leadership among her own nationals — not turn again to advisers from another land.

General Nan Kuei-hsin arrived in Peking on Saturday afternoon to lay before Chang Tso-lin proposals from Tupan Yen Hsi-shan for a national truce between all Chinese military factions, to rid the country of Russian interference and Communism. The following day Ho Cheng, a personal friend of General Chiang Kai-shek, arrived and was closeted with them. At the end it was given out that a grave menace is 'eating at the stomach of China' and that all men must unite to exterminate it.

On Monday, General Sun Chuan-fang hurried up from Shantung and announced his opposition to a cessation of the Southern drive just when he has made arrangements to pay a quarter of a million dollars monthly to a 'White' Russian general for competent soldiers with whom to recapture Nanking and Shanghai. He cautioned Chang Tso-lin against trusting Chiang Kai-shek, who he says is in league with General Feng Yu-shiang, whose confederacy with the Russians was exposed by the documents seized in the raid in Peking. Dictator Chang has expressed himself as strongly against the buying of 'White' Russian soldiers, which can only complicate an already complicated situation.

In the meantime General Feng has been shouting, 'Down with the Reds!' Mr. Borodin and his party have gone into retirement at Kuling, and are living uninvited in the houses of Westerners.

The Chinese press is filled with the record of innumerable suicides, who leave statements that they die because of sorrow for their country.

The Lama priests have begun a sixty-day period of prayer to Heaven for peace.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ANSWER ONE TO TEN

I AM an introvert. I am not altogether sure that it is wise for me to publish the fact; perhaps it would be as well to keep it within the family circle. It sounds as if it were a condition demanding six months' rest and the ministrations of a trained psychiatrist. But I have been reading up the subject, and I find that it is really nothing to be ashamed of. I find that some quite eminent persons have also been introverts. It appears that we must all of us be either introverts, extroverts, or ambiverts, and there is apparently little to choose. An ambivert would seem to be a rather characterless individual, neither one thing nor the other. An introvert is slightly more intellectual than an extrovert, but an extrovert usually makes more money. On the whole, I am quite content to be an introvert.

I did not know until yesterday that I was an introvert. In fact, I did not know that I had to be any one of the three. I found out my condition by means of what the psychologist terms an emotional hygiene test. I found it out by placing forty-eight crosses in carefully thought-out positions, by translating, with the aid of an ingenious table, the crosses into yes's and no's, and finally by adding the resultant affirmatives. Since I had twenty yes's to my credit, and since I am a female, I am an introvert.

I answered the questions very slowly and carefully; 'with thought,' as the directions bade. I did not look ahead to see to what my answers were committing me; I tried to answer with the utmost honesty. It was a difficult test.

Each of the forty-eight questions had to be answered by placing a cross against a number from one to ten inclusive. The first question read: 'How steadily have you worked at the ordinary task of the day? Answer one to ten.' I considered carefully and finally gave myself a rating of five. I went on: 'How well have you remembered most of the errands and details of your daily routine? Answer one to ten.' I was just about to put a large cross under ten when conscience whispered, 'Ought you to call it remembering when you write everything down?' and added, 'What about your blue silk umbrella?' and I put a small cross under four. 'How have you acted and felt at social affairs? Answer one to ten.' But 'acted' and 'felt' are two different things. And just what do you mean by social affairs? 'How high a value have you placed on yourself and your abilities?' Oh, come, that's hardly fair. 'Do you like to argue?' That's an easy one. 'How have you met the obligations of your conscience?' Answer 'with thought.' 'Do you make friends with the opposite sex? Answer one to ten.' And so on for forty-eight questions.

The psychologist has the most abiding faith in the inherent value of questions and answers. He has the most touching confidence in the infallibility of figures. And if he can translate answers into figures, and especially if he can then translate the figures into graphs, he feels himself competent to compute and weigh the imponderable, to measure the immeasurable, almost

to unscrew the inscrutable. He remembers that in the days of his childhood he was told that 'figures don't lie,' but he forgets that he was also told that 'you cannot add apples and pears.' The psychologist knows that figures don't lie. He has found a way to add apples and pears. He not only adds apples and pears, but he adds plums as well, and he divides the result by cherries and he produces his final answer in terms of tomatoes. In that emotional hygiene test the psychologist adds physical facts and mental states, and he brings out an answer in terms of occupations. For that emotional hygiene test is an aptitude test. The answers to those forty-eight questions tell you whether or not you are properly fitted to your job. An introvert, it appears, needs one type of job; an extrovert, another; an ambivert, a third.

And I am an introvert. For I am a female, and I have twenty yes's to my credit. For some strange reason, a male needs but fifteen yes's to be an introvert. In my case the decision was close. Had I but nineteen yes's to my credit, I, being still a female, should be an ambivert. How much depends on how little! My fitness for my position, my happiness in my life's work, all dependent upon the answer to one single question! Now I answered those questions thoughtfully and honestly. It may, however, be wise for me to go over them again. I may find that there was room for reasonable doubt. 'Do you keep a diary?' Since the answer was no, I allowed myself but one on that. But I *used* to keep a diary. I kept a diary for five consecutive years once. They were formative years, too; and five years is a long time. Ought I not to give myself some credit for that? Suppose I change that cross from one to three. Then my conscience bothers me a bit about question number thirty-one: 'How have you been at selling things? Answer one to ten.' Yesterday I rated myself seven on that, though I could n't remember that I'd ever sold much of anything except tickets to church suppers. I gave myself that seven because I remembered the reputation I once acquired of being the only person in town who'd ever thought of selling tickets to a sleigh ride. Since that action turned our customary deficit into a substantial balance, I felt that I had, along the line of salesmanship, latent ability which ought to be recognized. So I put my cross under seven. I feel a little guilty about that; perhaps the estimate was too generous. A careful revision of that questionnaire may show that I am not an introvert after all.

Of course I should have seen that questionnaire years ago. It is rather late now. When one is already trained and established in a job, it is not wise to begin wondering whether or not it is the right job, whether or not one would be happier or more successful somewhere else. And yet, that emotional hygiene test sets me to thinking. I am sure that five years ago I should not have answered those forty-eight questions as I answered them yesterday. If my job fitted me then, does it fit me now? And five years from now? Who can say? Aptitude is only a combination of inherited factors acted upon by environment. Environment is a shifting thing. And the centre of one's interests surely changes with the years. Will the job I chose at twenty be the job I shall have the most aptitude for at forty? Can a man always choose wisely for his future? Must he content himself with being at times a square peg? Shall he change his job every few years? Such questions as these challenge thought.

The psychologist assumes that all questions can be answered either

categorically, by yes and no, or numerically, by one to ten. He allows no counterquestions; he admits neither 'if' nor 'but.' He makes no allowance for 'that depends' or 'other things being equal.' But in life, if not in questionnaires, much does depend, and other things seldom are equal. Take that first question, for instance. 'How steadily have you worked at the ordinary task of the day?' How very, very largely the answer depends (1) on the task, (2) on the day! 'Do you prefer to work alone or with others?' How can one generalize? The honest answer here is 'It depends (1) on the work, (2) on the others.' 'How have your likes for things intellectual and things athletic compared?' Again, it depends. It depends upon the mood; it depends upon the weather. It depends upon the answers to other questions: 'Who's going?' and 'What's the book?' The answer cannot be three or five or seven. The answer to that question depends upon circumstances which, psychologists to the contrary notwithstanding, are very rarely equal.

Next month, when I shall have forgotten just where I put those forty-eight crosses, I shall try that test again. And I may find that I am not an introvert, after all.

DISCOVERING THE GREAT ADAIR

I MET the man who told me this story on a Great Lakes liner en route from Detroit to Buffalo. A liner called, with true Middle Western modesty, a boat. We sat on deck in the cool of an autumn evening, talking crops, animals, fertilizers, and men in relation thereto, while the shore lights faded and the moon touched the wavelets of Erie as pleasantly as she does those of Como.

I've been judging wool sheep (said he) at the Michigan State Fair; that's why I'm so far from home. But day after to-morrow I'll be on the hills again with my pets. That's the best part of life to me. Take a clear day in April and I can get more fun out of lambing ewes than a millionaire can get out of a yacht. Trudge home at night so tired I can hardly lift my feet, yet contented with everything. It gives me what the preachers call the peace 'which passeth all understanding.'

The judge of mutton sheep out there was old William Adair; maybe you've heard of him. I've known the Adairs from boyhood on; they're from our state, and we often met up with them at fairs and stock shows. Then I roomed with Charlie Adair at agricultural college. Occasionally he'd take me home with him for a visit. A grand family, the Adairs — eight children, four of them still at home and the others settled in the neighborhood.

When Charlie and I finished college we accepted what looked like a big chance to get into farm-bureau work in adjoining counties in Ohio. Later on we switched to a farmers' coöperative at more money. Selling coöperation to the American farmer is a real job; it means talking, pleading, bullying, organizing, writing, and getting your name into the papers as often as possible. In two years I'd had enough of that, and quit to go back sheep-raising, sheep being easier to handle than men and more appreciative. But Charlie hung on and made his way bit by bit to a responsible position in the coöperative movement. At thirty-five he was one of its big men, drawing twelve thousand dollars a year up in Minnesota. Then he died — burned out. When I saw Charlie in his coffin — worn thin and bald — you can figure I was glad I had gone back to sheep in time.

The Adairs took his death hard. Charlie had been too busy to get home

often, but they had followed his upward march with pride every step of the way. He would have been surprised to know how frequently he was quoted and his opinions deferred to in the daily routine of the farm. 'Charlie always said this.' 'Charlie would do that this way.' 'I allow Charlie would cross these critters and send those to market.'

After Charlie died — burned out, as I say — the old man and the boys seemed to fall more and more under the influence of his memory. Their regard was deep and real, all right, but a little unhealthy at that. I never went there without hearing Old Bill say, with a shake of his noble gray head, 'Well, Charlie was the man of the family. We lost the great Adair when Charlie died.' The other boys, too, harped on that string too much for their own good; it kept them thinking they never would amount to much. 'We're just plodders,' Young Bill said to me once; 'but Charlie had ideas. He was the man of our family, all right.'

Young Bill — he's always been called that, though he is nearing fifty now — had his wool sheep at this fair where his father was judging muttons, so I've just been seeing a good deal of them both. Their talk was all of Charlie even yet. Old Bill, after drawing me out on my comradeship with Charlie at school and work, would end each conversation on the same melancholy note: 'Well, Charlie was a man. Even as a boy he was a man. We lost the great Adair when we lost Charlie.' And Young Bill would echo Old Bill — Charlie, Charlie, Charlie.

Old Bill and I judged in relays; I'd take the wools for an hour and then he'd take the muttons. Leaving the ring one day, I stopped by Young Bill's pens, which, as usual wherever the Adairs showed, were plentifully decorated with the ribbons announcing victory in this or that class.

'Bill,' I said, 'I notice that the famous Adair merinos seem to be holding their own, in spite of the fact that I'm leaning over backward agin' you to give the other fellows a square deal. What you've won is on strict merit, for I've been downright careful to avoid criticism on the ground of old friendship. This is my first job of judging in the Middle West, and I'm taking no chances. But you've got the blood lines, and the condition is close to prime.'

Bill looked pleased for a moment; then habit conquered him. 'Why,' he replied, 'they're fair enough, but nothing to what they would be if Charlie could have lived and taken a squint at them now and then. There was a man with an eye for a sheep — for everything, in fact. Just went out and made good every minute. That was Charlie wherever you put him. He was the great Adair, all right.'

I boiled over at that. 'Bunkum,' said I. 'Your sheep could n't be in much better shape, and if Charlie had been tending 'em they would probably be in worse. Listen to me, Bill, and listen hard. You're overdoing this Charlie business. It's all right up to a certain point; but you folks have passed that point. I knew Charlie better after he left home than any of you did, and I tell you he never knew a quarter as much about sheep as you do to-day. He knew how to dictate letters, and make speeches, and solicit money, and get laws passed, and drive people hither and yon — but his sheep knowledge had pretty much oozed out of him. So why give credit to Charlie for the good points of a flock founded before he was born, all the while taking the blame yourself for its bad points, which are mighty few? You're humbling yourself out of all proportion; I don't like it and neither would Charlie.

'What's more,' I said, warming up to the subject, 'you're always setting Charlie up as the great Adair. Charlie was O. K., no doubt of that; but, if you really want to see the great Adair, come here and I'll show him to you.' With that I whisked Young Bill out of the barn door and pointed toward the show ring. 'There,' I said, 'right there in the centre of that ring stands the great Adair. Take a good long look at him.'

I suppose I have an aggravated case of what the sociologists call the rural mind; but to me that morning William Adair, Sr., standing in the sunshine like a patriarch of old, firm as a rock on his seventy-eight-year-old legs, seemed the exact image of what God intends a man to be toward the end of the experience we call life. There was fire in his eye and snap in his voice as he questioned the exhibitors; when he bent over to feel out a ewe you could see his heavy back-and-shoulder muscles quarrel with his shirt; his touch was as sure and tender as ever, the touch of love an animal instantly quiets under.

A practised eye could see all that; but this rural mind of mine saw a good deal more. It took in all the vast good that rugged veteran had done in his many years — all the life, literally multitudes of lives, he had brought forth and nurtured, all the lambs he had tended and saved in foul weather, all the human backs he had clothed and the hungers he had fed, all the toil he had done and the glory he had won without thought of praise or expectation of great reward.

What drove him day by day — duty or love? I say love.

'There,' I said over and over to his son in as many ways as I could think of, 'there's the great Adair. There's a greater man than Charlie would have been at the same age; maybe a greater man at any age, in the sight of God and eternity, than Charlie ever was or ever could be. There's Man practically as he would have been through all history if Adam and Eve had never sinned in the Garden of Eden. And the best thing about him is that he does n't even suspect he's a great man. Now, Bill, I've done some thinking on this theme, and I tell you flat that nothing under heaven can keep you from being the great Adair in your turn if you quit writing yourself down as a loss and brace up to your opportunity. Ours is the greatest life in the world, and don't you forget it.'

The great Adair looked at his watch, dismissed the exhibitors with a lordly sweep of the hand, tugged on his coat, and strode majestically toward us. As he came he wiped the sweat from his broad brow with a gay bandanna; it crossed my mind that, saving Sundays and holidays, Old Bill had enjoyed the luxury of a hearty, life-preserving sweat every day since his babyhood.

'Your turn,' he said to me. 'I was just thinking that Charlie could have done single-handed the work it takes both of us to do. He always was the best man of our family.'

I lingered a minute, waiting for Young Bill to speak. When he did n't do so, I gave the old man a slap on the shoulder and said, 'There's two opinions about that,' and went away. After all, when you find a great man, the way to keep him great is not to put any disturbing notions into his head.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WOMEN'S colleges are nearing a crisis. They must attain equality with the colleges for men or be condemned to permanent inferiority. So serious are the facts, so pressing the situation, that the heads of the seven most famous women's colleges in the country make in the *Atlantic* a combined appeal to thinking men and women. **James Truslow Adams** is a ceaseless traveler, a student of history, and the author of a standard work on New England. He thinks his own thoughts and speaks out loud. ¶At the risk of a superlative, and in full cognizance of our partiality, we venture to say that the present story of **Margaret Prescott Montague** is one of her very best — a peer to her prize-winning 'England to America.' Miss Montague writes that she has been flying daily this summer, but only vicariously, and, as it were, on the wings of the morning newspaper. **Williams Haynes** tells us that silk is cotton, furs are cat, wool, shoddy, pearls, synthetic — and, as a prominent New York chemist, he ought to know. ¶For more than eleven years **Lieutenant Commander Bruce G. Leighton** has been actively engaged in flying. A member of the Bureau of Aeronautics at Washington, he has also been closely associated with aeronautical engineering development. We have not seen elsewhere so informal or so sagacious a discussion. **Mark Barr,** who is at present acting in an advisory capacity with the Harvard Business School, had the good fortune to take a trip with William Beebe.

* * *

The status of Christian Missions is under question to-day, not only in China, but in India, Persia, and Turkey. **Dr. R. C. Hutchison,** Dean of the American College of Teheran, faces the problem of proselytism and frankly gives us the opinion of a worker in the field. **Humbert Wolfe** is an English poet who has found steady satisfaction in civil service. Between poems, as it were, he is Principal Assistant Secretary in the Ministry of Labor. Incidentally, his latest volume is reviewed in this number. ¶Those who are about to die should salute **Raymond Edwards Huntington,** who gives generously of his counsel as one of the leading tax experts in New England. ¶The countryside is an open and delightful book to **Henry Williamson,** a young Englishman who is carrying on the tradition of Jefferies and W. H. Hudson. ¶**Joseph Husband** is the author of *Americans by Adoption,* and a series of studies of the industries of the country.

* * *

Virginia Woolf, perhaps the most accomplished woman novelist of to-day, pays tribute to the genius of her countryman, E. M. Forster. **Amy S. Jennings** has had several years' practical experience on the Hollywood 'lots.' **Morris Gray, Jr.,** made himself welcome with his first story, 'Off His Beat,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for August 1926. ¶The Atlantic is nothing new to **Roderick Morison.** On a Cunard liner he crosses it every month as the editor in charge of the wireless edition of the *Daily Mail.* ¶Few men living know more about the Mississippi than **Arthur E. Morgan,** President of Antioch College. In earlier days he made raft trips on the river (as recounted in his diaries, *My World* and *Finding His World*) and for many years he has given intensive study to the major problem of its control. The engineering company of which he is the head has planned and supervised the building of between two and three hundred miles of levees on tributaries of the Mississippi in the flooded region, all of which are still holding, and has engineered about two thousand miles of drainage canals in the same district, as well. Men think of him as the president of a pioneer college, but when Dayton was overtaken by disaster in the flood of 1913 it was to Mr. Morgan that the helm was given. In the course of his career

he has had an active hand in the planning and construction of seventy-five water-control projects. Here is an authority to be consulted.

* * *

Francis Bowes Sayre is Professor of Comparative Law at the Harvard Law School. Granted a leave of absence in 1923–24, Professor Sayre served as adviser in foreign affairs to the Siamese Government, and both there and in Europe was called on to make such a single-handed fight for Siamese sovereignty as has no counterpart in modern diplomacy. ¶Writer and economist, **Arthur Pound** lived for many years in the Middle West, where his book, *The Iron Man in Industry*, took shape. **Nora Waln**, an American by birth, and the wife of an English Civil Servant, has been at her husband's side through all the late turbulence in China.

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HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

We life-insurance men are certainly indebted to the *Atlantic* and to Mr. Calkins for a view of ourselves as the advertising man sees us, and he sees us as a poor customer. We learn that 'no important industry is so archaic, so remote from modern life,' that we do not insure our own business 'against the destructive power of silence,' and that we 'have no right to withhold from the public the real story of insurance.' As Mr. Calkins correctly states, the advisability of advertising has been brought before the insurance companies frequently. We have had it talked to us day in and day out for twenty-five years, and I would like the privilege of shyly stating a few of the considerations which have deterred at least one insurance company from entering into a general advertising campaign.

Mr. Calkins's theory, if I correctly understand it, is that if we spent enough money on what he calls advertising we could spend less on other forms of what I call advertising, and that the result on the whole would be beneficial.

I am reminded of a story that was told me some years ago of an effort which was made in a certain city by some of the leading citizens to raise a guarantee fund which would enable them to procure the services of a high-grade orchestra. There were business men of various branches on the committee, and each man was given his own branch to canvass in any way he saw fit. When the committee met, the general reports indicated a response in the neighborhood of five per cent of those who had been called upon to help. There was, however, one tailor who reported that out of seventy prospects he had secured sixty-seven, and they asked him if they might see the letter that he wrote. He looked at them in some surprise and stated, 'I called on every man once, and those that I did n't get the first time I called on a second time, and those that I did n't get the second time I called on a third time, and the three men I did n't get are going to receive another call from me.'

Of course that was n't advertising, because advertising, as I take it from Mr. Calkins, is only in the printed word put in the pages of a periodical, or possibly on unsightly billboards. I don't know just what to call what the tailor did, but, in spite of Mr. Calkins, I suspect it was advertising. Certainly his prospects did not suffer from 'the destructive power of silence.'

Now, without disputing the great advantages there are to some kinds of business in mass production (and a certain amount of mass production, of course, is necessary in insurance), I can hardly see that insurance companies would benefit in the same way by growth that an automobile factory might benefit.

Upon what does the cost of life insurance depend? First of all, upon the mortality table. The mortality table is the same for a hundred thousand as it is for a million lives. The same proportion are going to die this year and next year and the year after. The second thing to consider is the rate of interest to be received this year and for years to come on the funds in the possession of the insurance company. It is certainly no easier to keep a billion dollars invested safely at a remunerative rate of interest than it is to keep ten millions. In fact, it is not as easy, and, speaking generally, the smaller companies have had in the past on the whole a higher rate of interest returns than the larger ones. Thus we are brought down to the expense of selling as the only place where advertising might make a difference in the cost if we, for the purposes of the argument, assume that the home offices and the expenses thereof are being reasonably economically handled.

I do not think that any insurance man would take issue with Mr. Calkins on the theory that it would be easier for the agent to sell insurance if in some way the mind of the public could be made more receptive to the insurance idea. His article virtually admits that we could not sell insurance direct by advertising. This has been tried in the past, and I do not think I am in error in stating that it has not been found to be an inexpensive way of selling insurance, or a method by which large amounts of insurance could be sold. People stand in line to buy

postage stamps or railroad tickets because they have got to have a postage stamp or a railroad ticket. It is not habit, as Mr. Calkins says. It is necessity, and they have got to have it now. If we persuaded them through advertising that they would have to have insurance, they would n't have to have it now. They would have to have it at a more convenient season. Insurance is, as he says, an intangible, an idea, a service. There is never a time, except when it is too late, when you can't do without an intangible. Insurance makes a high appeal — that is, an appeal toward providing for the future of yourself and your family. But the average young man is much more confident than the circumstances warrant of the continuance of his health and strength and ability to earn money.

We have a great deal of printed matter over which infinite pains has been taken to make it readable, attractive, human — in other words, to make it tell the story of insurance as Mr. Calkins would have it told. We have newspaper advertisements which we furnish to our agents, and which, when conditions seem favorable, we encourage them to use and to pay for; and we believe in advertising, but we have got to put our advertising where we think it will bring the greatest returns per dollar spent, and it would be suicidal, not only legally but actually, for us to embark on any great campaign of national advertising, because it would in our case raise and not lower the price of insurance. And if we charge more for insurance than other people do, we are lost. So we have got to advertise in a way that will really come home to the average young man, and the way we do it is sometimes by sending him printed matter through the mails and following it up by a call from a man who can tell him about insurance, and who can fit him with insurance, and do it now. Unlike Mr. Calkins's company, we try to keep, as well as we may be able to, the human touch with this young man after he has taken insurance with us. We do send him a little advertising matter with the notices of his premium due. We do try to be polite. We do congratulate him when he has made his last payment, and, incidentally, try to sell him some more insurance at this time. We do try to get him, through our agents, to tell us of more men who he thinks might be interested in insurance. We believe that this is the way to sell insurance.

We are not in a conspiracy of silence. In fact, it has sometimes seemed to me that we were in a conspiracy of talk; only our talk does not happen to be through the particular channels which interest Mr. Calkins, but it is a great deal more effective, and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it costs less in the end than it would if we followed Mr. Calkins's notions. There is n't any body of men who are more interested in furnishing widely the product which they have for sale and in furnishing it at the lowest possible price than the life-insurance men. There is n't any body of men who are more enthusiastic about what they are selling, to whom the human part of it is more appealing. I don't know a single life-insurance man who is not enthusiastic over his calling, not because of the statistics, and the algebra, and the calculus, and the adding machines, and the Hollerith machines that he uses, but because it is filling a real need, because it is something that helps the civilized world to keep together, something without which it would n't keep together. We want to sell insurance largely and cheaply more than Mr. Calkins wants to have us. We are investigating all the time with the one idea in our minds of doing our business more economically and efficiently. We are not any different from Mr. Calkins, or from the automobile manufacturers, or from any other class of business men, but it just happens that his kind of advertising is expensive for most insurance companies, and so we do not use very much of it.

Very truly yours,
R. W. Huntington
President, Connecticut General Life Insurance Co.

* * *

Friends of Hilda Rose, the last installment of whose letters appeared in the September *Atlantic*, will be interested in this cheery letter from our northernmost contributor.

Fort Vermilion, Alberta

Dear Atlantic, —

Have just received your good letter and check. We will get through the coming winter in good shape. The check finished up what was still needed for the grubstake. That means food ahead for one year. I wish everybody in the world could say the same.

I counted the years that are left if I live to be seventy, and find there are twenty-two. I wonder how many hopes will come true in these precious years. Daddy reached the Promised Land — that dream came true. Brain food — the pile of books in the corner of the cabin. Friends — a box full of letters to read over this winter.

Daddy's favorite song used to be 'There's a long, long trail awinding, To the land of my dreams.' Here is the song he sings now, to the tune of 'Where the River Shannon Flows': —

There's a river that is flowing
Up to the northern sea.
'T is not famed in song nor story,
But it has a charm for me.

It has brought me from the Southland
Where the Starry Banner blows,
And I've settled down forever
Where the great Peace River flows.

I've a little moss-chinked cabin
Just by the northern shore,
Where I hope to live contented
Till the span of life is o'er.
May life's cares pass lightly o'er me,
Its troubles and its woes
Be to me a fleeting shadow,
Where the great Peace River flows.

How contented and happy he is. It's no wonder. Every seed he puts in the ground grows. It may be a long time before you get this letter. May I send a Christmas message to your readers?

If you leave the concrete highways
And go in the lanes and byways,
You'll find many Hilda Roses
Digging spuds and picking posies.

Thank you for your kind wishes and sympathy. It gives me a happy feeling, and the winter won't seem so cold nor long.

Faithfully yours,
HILDA ROSE

* * *

In the words of Bairnsfather, 'Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it!'

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is interesting to note that your glutton for punishment, Hilda Rose, has gone into new pastures where the hardships are really abounding.

If, however, she finds the life up there too soft, I might suggest a new line of endeavor — growing table grapes for the Eastern market in Fresno County, California. Here she will find a rich field, beset with all the hardships and disappointments to satisfy the most exacting readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* — intense heat, bitter toil, harassing labor troubles, scarcity of water, *no* remuneration, and plenty of wolves in the form of fresh-fruit dealers.

Sincerely,
HAZEL FARMER STITT

* * *

A friendly reader draws our attention to an omission in Willis Sharp's much discussed paper which we are glad to correct.

LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I desire to express my very great appreciation of Mr. Sharp's article in the August *Atlantic* entitled 'President and Press.' He presents a much-needed rebuke both of the attitude of the President and the newspapers. It is a public service of great value in a period when, as a result of the war and prosperity, the value of criticism and opposition seems to have almost ceased to be recognized.

The statement of the attitude of the press is, though, too broad. The Scripps Howard newspapers have taken issue with the President's attitude. I feel quite sure that you will find much the same view that Mr. Sharp expressed appearing in the *Cleveland Press, Denver Evening News* or *Rocky Mountain News, San Francisco News,* and other Scripps Howard newspapers. In fact, my understanding is that the President's address before the United Press Association last April was because of the critical attitude that the United Press and the Scripps Howard newspapers had taken toward the Administration's course in Nicaragua and Mexico. I am sure you will find in the Scripps Howard newspapers a protest against the President's view as expressed in that address, as well as his attitude on previous occasions.

I thought you would be glad to have your attention called to the unintentional error which you made in dealing with the attitude of the press.

* * * J. C. HARPER

How many of our contemporary readers remember the name of Robert Bonner, famous in the days of our youth? The New York *Ledger*, 'devoted to choice literature, romance, the news, and commerce,' paid handsomely in its day for Mr. Bonner's racing stable. He had a way with him, did Mr. Bonner, in all public utterances. We recall an advertisement placing his estate on Long Island for sale. It began, in display type,

IN THE HEART OF THE MALARIAL DISTRICT

A sale (advertisers please notice) promptly followed.

A friend now sends us a copy of the *Ledger* for March 15, 1862, from which we extract the following kindly notice of the *Atlantic Monthly* of that day: —

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, a magazine which has been published for some time with varying fortunes, is attempting to increase its circulation, and has, as we perceive by an evening paper, advertised a single article by one of the numerous list of distinguished contributors to the

LEDGER; though most of our writers never send anything to other publications. We should be glad to see the magazine literature of the country in a more flourishing condition. Our good wishes, however, or those of anybody else, will do it no good. The only way to obtain success is to deserve it. The active, vigorous mind of our people requires more substance and greater variety. People soon sicken of the same dish, even at the breakfast-table; though it be successively boiled, broiled, roasted, fried, stewed, hashed and re-hashed, with all the artistic skill of a French cook. The secret of the LEDGER'S prosperity is, that we avail ourselves of all the highest talent which money can command; (besides keeping the fastest horses in the country.) — Read the article by Dr. Windship, 'the strong man of Boston,' who, the other day, lifted upwards of two thousand pounds, Avoirdupois, and expects to lift three thousand before he gets through writing for the LEDGER.

* * *

'Something in the Eye,' in the Contributors' Club for August, has reminded this disillusioned patient of a treatment which she believes to be far too common.

Briefly, one of my experiences was with a skin specialist of St. Louis, to whom I went for treatment of my hands. This same specialist had treated a sister before me for some time. When I reached his office I sat in the waiting room quite a while; then a stenographer entered by one of the three doors in this room and took my name, address, and so forth, and left the room. I sat a while longer and then another door opened and my name was called and I was ushered into a small treatment room, where I sat another while. The physician came, looked at my hands, asked two questions, then handed me a diet list and a prescription. He had given me not the slightest word as to my trouble or even the slightest information, and, feeling I should know what I came for, I asked him a few questions, but got only very brief replies. Next I was told to go into another room for a treatment of the hands and I assumed it was X-ray, but do not know for certain. As I was leaving this room I inquired of the first stenographer I had seen what the charges would be, and she pertly replied, 'You'll get a statement at the end of the month.' I said, 'Well, I want to know now.' She advised that I could speak with the doctor again if I wished, so I did and was told after a little wait that if I was a wage earner the charge would be 'three and five.' This ended my call on this specialist, and I left his office feeling I never wanted to seek his services again.

AMALIA KRUMREICH

When the cat's away —

SOUTH LYME, CONN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Not long ago I was looking over some back numbers of the *Atlantic* prior to disposing of them; being in a hurry, I stacked them on the floor of a closet. A few days later I went to get them and discovered small pieces of several of the leading articles strewn about the floor. Peering closely, I found on top of the pile of *Atlantics* a small mouse, flat on his back, his toes turned up to heaven — quite dead.

Too much thought for food?

MARGARET DE R. LITTLE

* * *

And some of them can speak English.

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Are typewriters people? When my little Rem (Remington Portable), first came to me, it was like adopting a baby. He weighed just eleven pounds, he had to have his little mat to play on, he must be carefully covered, he needed new ribbons, he came down with childish disorders. It used to seem to me sometimes that he needed everything but a bottle and a gocart — as it was, I carried him. He has been doing very badly lately, and yesterday he grew worse and worse, so there was nothing for it but to telephone to the Service Office. In an hour or two an automobile drew up, and a young man, with a bag, stepped out and walked briskly to my door. I introduced the patient, described the symptoms, and hung around with all the solicitude of a mother, while the young M.D. (M. can stand for mechanics as well as medicine) poked and prodded, just as it has been done to me a hundred times. Then he did something, somewhere, and the little invalid was a cure. But what made it all so human was that, when I asked anxiously, 'What was the trouble?' (I *think* I said 'Doctor') he looked grave and said, 'It was the lever.'

ALICE GRAY TRUSLOW

* * *

You can put your money — or your feet — on them any time.

Not long ago, writes a correspondent, there was a lady in Boston whose job it was in part to drive about town in a Ford car. A friend one day noticed on the floor a stout bundle of *Atlantics* tied with a string, and asked what it was for. 'Well,' the lady said, 'you see I'm rather short and they make a good foot rest. I used to take any kind of magazines, but they were always stolen, in garages and even on the streets, so I tried the *Atlantics* and they have n't been touched. I've used these for more than a year!'

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Dr. Willis Fletcher Johnson *(Literary Editor, North American Review).*

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("Aguecheek") Foreword by Henry Garrity

NOTE: When you travel at home or abroad "My Unknown Chum" (if you've read it) will surely go with you — and return with you. If your son, your daughter, are at University or College send them "My Unknown Chum." They will like it — need it, now, and surely so when later they begin life's battles with our fast decaying civilization. Read the book yourself first and return if not an ideal comrade for them and you.

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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

A Blessed Companion Is a Book

Appreciating the national popularity of reading clubs and circulating libraries, the Editor of the Bookshelf has compiled a list of the most prominent books, fiction and non-fiction, that have appeared in the last twelvemonth. This list has been selected from the suggestions of the nine librarian advisers of the Atlantic; it will be sent with our compliments to committees and members of reading clubs and other interested persons. Requests should be addressed to the Editor of the Bookshelf, Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Men of Destiny, by Walter Lippmann. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. 12mo. x+ 244 pp. Illus. $2.50.

Mr. Walter Lippmann guides what is on the whole the best editorial page in any American newspaper, that of the *New York World*. He also writes occasionally articles for the magazines, and in *Men of Destiny* he has collected a number of these papers and added a few new ones. I liked these observations on the current American scene when they first appeared; I like them even better assembled between the covers of a book, where the parts of the mosaic are put together to show the pattern of Mr. Lippmann's mind.

This author has a characteristic which in itself makes him almost unique: he is an intelligent man who is nevertheless interested in American political life. For nearly two generations now it has been unfashionable for intellectual leaders to pay attention to politics. First there was a long period of domination by the radical theory that economic power is all that matters, that political life is unreal and therefore unimportant; and of late, especially since the war, the popular doctrine has been that beauty alone endures, that intelligence should turn its back on the hurly-burly and contemplate loveliness. Mr. Lippmann has refused to succumb to either of these theories; and, while still under forty, he is by way of becoming chief of a school of realistic writers who use the political approach as a clue to the understanding of the mass mind in America.

Mr. Lippmann's other chief distinction is that he exhibits the attitude which is described as 'scientific,' though far too few scientific men are able to claim it. He is willing to be convinced by the facts even if they fall counter to the previous trend of his ideas. His intellectual history since his brilliant beginning with *A Preface to Politics* in 1913 has been one of steady departure from belief in the efficacy of a simple democratic organization of society, as he has become convinced by the evidence that aroused public opinion does not necessarily rectify wrongs, that there is not one public but many, each interested in its own set of affairs and more or less insulated against others, that the technique of propaganda has been perfected faster than, if not in the complete absence of, machinery to counteract it. It is an interesting road which Mr. Lippmann is thus candidly traveling. It is leading him, in my guess, not toward Mussolini, but toward the necessity for something like Mr. H. G. Wells's 'new order of samurai,' an aristocracy of mind and character, whose members are dedicated to making democracy work for the best, whether the populace wants it or not.

In this volume, Mr. Lippmann's philosophy serves as footlights for a stage peopled with the chief political figures of our day: Smith, Coolidge, Borah, Wilson, House, McAdoo, Harding, Mellon, and Kellogg. He includes a sound and hearty criticism of Mr. Mencken (not written, mirabile dictu, in Menckenese) and an excellent putting of Mr. Sinclair Lewis in his proper place, as an adolescent Main Streeter gone sour. With these personalities as points of departure, we learn of the new America which is arising among the sons of the recent immigrants in our great cities, for whom Al Smith is prototype and hero; of the coming conflict between urban and rural groups; of the probable overthrow of small-town Protestant Fundamentalism with the death of the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. Lippmann argues that the new industrial organization, with its great prosperity for the middle classes and comparative ease even for many workingmen, has created a situation which has outrun our political thinking, leaving conservative spokesmen defending practices which big business has abandoned, and liberals uttering criticisms which were correct a quarter of a century ago but are now as out of date as the whatnot. He thinks the new American civilization is most inadequately reported by our newspapers and magazines, a statement with which I think all who know anything about that civilization must agree. He uses his realistic litmus paper also on the nonsense talked by some advocates of the outlawry of war; on Mr. Mellon as 'the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton'; on the notion that our Latin American trade and investments can be forwarded by keeping the Latin Americans afraid of us; on the excessive use of the psychological doctrine of rationalization by those who thereby seek to escape all

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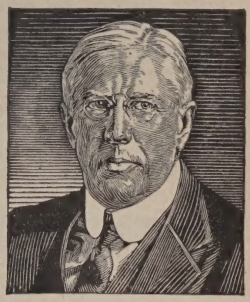
AMERICA FINDING HERSELF

By

Mark Sullivan



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moral responsibility. And he ends with a charming birthday bouquet for Mr. Justice Holmes.

Some of these pieces are journalistic enough to have begun already to yellow; and necessarily a book of reprint has not the solid weight and velocity of a work like *Public Opinion* or *The Phantom Public*. Yet even such casual and occasional papers have much in them which the thoughtful American cannot overlook. And he will find them a welcome relief from the bad writing, shallow thinking, suppression, and distortion which nowadays characterize most discussion of political affairs in this republic.

BRUCE BLIVEN

Death Comes for the Archbishop, by Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. 12mo. viii+301 pp. $2.50.

ONE who has followed with admiration the writing of Miss Cather through the past decade is impressed first of all by the evidence on every page of her new book of her own interest and pleasure. If Pater's dictum be true, that to know when one's self is interested is the first condition of interesting others, then the readers of *Death Comes for the Archbishop* should be absorbed from the meeting of the Churchmen on the terrace of the Sabine Hills to the quiet last paragraph which leaves the Archbishop lying before the high altar of his own cathedral in Santa Fe. For obviously the author *is* interested. And, fortunately for herself, she is in this book held by none of those criteria which in the writing of novels so nag and harass an author given by disposition to wandering from the straight and narrow way.

From the outset Miss Cather makes it clear that her book is not a novel. It is a chronicle, a piece of historical narrative, a biography, a sketch, a tale; and it quite justly affords her all those rights and privileges which the construction of the novel is bound to deny. Since she is concerned with the life histories of Father Latour and of his intrepid vicar, Father Vaillant, rather than with their destinies as determined by circumstance and situation, she may with perfect propriety and with entire charm indulge herself in character sketches for their own sake, in the recital of miracles and of saints' legends, and in the exposition of historical incidents. Thus the displeasure which many felt upon reading in *The Professor's House* the chapters dealing with Tom's discovery of the pueblo, chapters fascinating in themselves but certainly intrusive in a novel of situation, must be wholly absent from this new book. Indeed, one shares the author's delight in the quaint and the marvelous, the instructive and the curious, and gladly wanders with her into any of the bypaths she chooses to explore.

The style of the book is beautiful in its simplicity and orderliness. One feels that the author often restrains her desire to be lyrical or rhythmic in order not to obscure the impressiveness or the power of her narrative. This is especially well illustrated in the closing paragraph, which the reviewer, for one, immediately contrasted with a similar situation in an early chapter of *My Mortal Enemy*, the latter memorable for its gorgeous imagery, this more memorable for the very lack of it. The value of the book as a chronicle of the history of our Southwestern states, then 'bright edges of the world,' can hardly be overestimated. The characters of Jean Marie Latour, priest, bishop, and archbishop, and of Father Vaillant, vicar and bishop, hold tenacious sway over memory and imagination. Indeed, Father Vaillant with his zeal for souls and his practical faith in God, who gave him feather beds and an oxcart for his missionarying in Colorado, recalls Parson Adams with his much-tried faith in human kindness, and should, with Fielding's parson and Goldsmith's vicar, complete a never-to-be-forgotten ecclesiastical trio.

But perhaps in this abundance of riches there will linger most clearly the beauty of the descriptive passages. Surely Miss Cather, even in *My Antonia*, has never surpassed them. The violet mantle of the purple verbena, which held within itself 'all the shades that the dyers and weavers of Italy and France strove for through centuries'; the long lavender brooms of the old and twisted tamarisks against sun-baked adobe walls; the towers of the cathedral in Santa Fe which seemed to leap out of the rose-covered hills — these with many others make for us Keats's 'endless fountain of immortal drink.'

MARY ELLEN CHASE

Black Stream, by Nathalie Sedgwick Colby. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. 12mo. vi+310 pp. $2.50.

IN Mrs. Colby's new novel, *Black Stream*, one misses the glitter of sunshine and sea that colors *Green Forest*, but the second book is strikingly like the first. It uses the same psychological method, and chooses the same sharp limitations of time and space — for two days cover the events of the story, and the stage on which the action takes place is almost as restricted a one as the Atlantic liner. Emotionally, the second novel is pitched in a still higher key than the first, but with less success. The swift succession of crashes at the end makes one feel a little like a child at a performance of the fifth act of *Hamlet;* and though there is nothing unplausible about it — when one considers the tendency of disasters to come in carrion flocks — it misses the effect of the single blow that falls at the end of *Green Forest*.

The conflict in the book is between the ideal and the material. This motive is developed in the situation of Dr. John Farraday, whose profession is medicine but whose passion is research; who is driven on and up by his ardor for science, pulled back and down by the rapacity of his family; who is helped and encouraged only by

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During the past few years these portraits and studies have aroused wide attention upon their appearance in *Harpers*, *The Saturday Review of Literature* and elsewhere. Shrewd and entertaining, they discuss such topics as The Age of Impotence, Censorship, anti-semitism, the present state of Indiana, and canonization of H. L. Mencken. The book also contains the famous Portrait of a Cleric, and a study of William Hale Thompson, entitled Portrait of an Elected Person. $2.50

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his eager young acolyte, a girl 'too noticeable to be at all respectable,' in the opinion of his women patients. The same motive is echoed in the situation of Jim Brazee, the millionaire stockbroker, once a high-minded boy full of dreams, now the cynical keeper of that greedy, beautiful animal, his wife.

Black Stream is a bitter book, but it is also a very amusing one — both in the continuous swift flick of its style and in its episodes. One must turn back to Rose Macaulay's *Crewe Train*, to that admirable chapter called 'The Fisherman's Child,' for an equal to Mrs. Colby's picture of the spontaneous generation and the lightning growth of a scandal. There is fine comedy in the drawing of some of Dr. Farraday's rather more than mature women patients, and their rivalry over the young assistant doctor who is so skillful at getting up flirtations with their souls. There is comedy of a more obvious sort, as in the comment of the caterer's kitchen boys, on the day of Agatha Farraday's début: 'Them swell guys will punish the chickens good.' And if it were not that one would rather go to the stake than add an iota to the discussion of that fluidly defined class, the younger generation, one might say much of Mrs. Colby's treatment of her minors — which, except for her portrait of that excellent little boy, Mary Ellen, with her spectacles, and the expensive gold brace on her teeth, is pungent.

As the Green Forest stands for the enchanted world into which two fine spirits perfectly attuned may pass together, so the Black Stream stands for the pain that must wash through and through a heart before it is really alive. Contempt for the terror of pain is the core of this book. Mrs. Colby is somewhat like Mrs. Wharton in her hatred of greed and earthy-mindedness and stupidity, but above all of cowardice; and in her sense of the high and cold reward, enduring beyond catastrophe, of courage and an unrelinquished ideal.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

Requiem, by Humbert Wolfe. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1927. 12mo. xvi+105 pp. $1.50.

Ballads for Sale, by Amy Lowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. 16mo. xiv+309 pp. $2.25.

THE *Atlantic* may felicitate itself on having been among the early magazines to welcome the work of Humbert Wolfe. The promise of that rather astonishing poem, 'Tidings of the Devil,' is quite fulfilled in the present volume. Whether the fuel of Mr. Wolfe's verse be satire, philosophy, or religious conviction, it has been kindled and transmuted into steady incandescence by the sacred flame. In a generation which gropes self-consciously for the revealing word, and often mistakes its defiantly recorded thrill of nerve for a universal emotion, there is refreshment in verse like this. Sometimes the verse is obscure, but the obscurity is 'a deep and dazzling darkness,' not a riddle. It is a darkness in which definite meanings are shrouded; and one recalls that Browning, who certainly presents no difficulty to-day except that at his worst he is smothered in his own rush of speech, was deemed obscure twenty-five years ago.

Mr. Wolfe is original, both in form and in substance. His technique, sophisticated and interesting, is of to-morrow; but the associations it arouses are drawn from the riches of our heritage. Evincing close intimacy with the workmanship of certain masters, it is yet full of grave new haunting beauty.

As to substance, the book is made up of independent lyrics, but these lyrics form a sequence, of which the closely knit unity becomes apparent as one rereads; and this is a volume to read many times. It deals with Losers and Winners — the Losers, ever presenting their apologia to the fallen archangels, Lucifer and Azrael (let us never mention their harsher names, of Sin and Death); the Winners, who do not reject or pervert life, but become its recipients and its glorious revealers. And the Losers are the common man and woman, the soldier, the harlot, the huckster, the anarchist, and, in bitter climax, the respectable woman, while the Winners are the lovers, the builders, the teachers, the saints, and the uncommon man and woman; but at the end, Losers and Winners alike, but especially the Losers, are shown as those who

> . . . Having died,
> Of life eternal are the Bridegroom and the Bride.

There is scant space to mention detail. But attention may be called to the variety of the poems, even of those written in uniform metre; to the wild ultimate negation expressed in 'The Anarchist,' to the relentless tenderness of 'The Harlot,' to the utter piteousness of 'The Soldier' —'Be very gentle, God, to soldiers.' He is viewed at the present moment when, thank God, heroism manifest in destruction begins to be discredited, while yet the defense of its sacrificial passion can throb with actuality.

These are the Losers — and perhaps they are rendered with deeper insight than the Winners. But at long last the book conveys apprehension of life in its wholeness — an apprehension broad, disillusioned, yet unfaltering in faith. Mr. Wolfe's genius is at once satirical and mystical — a rare combination. His use of Christian motifs is startlingly fresh; they are used, not for æsthetic effect, after a fashion long current, but for their unique power to meet human need. The book is a vision of life as seen by a new generation, emerging out of a great darkness into what we trust shall prove a more assured if sadder light than that of ages past.

There are other poets than Mr. Wolfe, poets of an earlier stage in transition — and here is another posthumous volume by Amy Lowell. It is to be welcomed. Yet alas! As one turns to

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No more "doss house" days! No more "philanthropy!"—for over 50,000 copies of his remarkable true romance of wildest Africa, "Trader Horn," have now been sold. It is now earning royalties of $2000 a week, and its 73-year-old author is assured that the rest of his life's evening will be spent in comfort and content.

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TRADER HORN in the flesh—a camera portrait by Leon Lerson, Johannesburg.

ALL the reading world has now heard how this best-selling book leaped from a peddler's pack—how Alfred Aloysius Horn, an aged hawker of home-made wire gridirons and toast-forks, one morning mounted the stoep of Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, the South African novelist, and talked so vividly of cannibals, of elephant hunts, of weird voodoo rites, that she encouraged him to set down his brilliant memories of his early days as a trader on the Ivory Coast.

But while the success of his book has spread, to use his own words, "a blazon of sunshine on an old man's path," and given much needed insurance of comfort in his life's evening, we maintain that the world is still Trader Horn's debtor—and that thousands of additional persons, who have not yet read his fascinating volume, will agree with Martin Johnson, the celebrated African explorer of a newer day, in his enthusiasm for it.

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Prof. William Lyon Phelps says:

"A unique masterpiece of literature. Every chapter is thrilling. The book is worth more to humanity than diamond mines, and equally indestructible."

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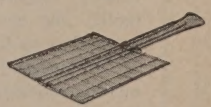
Rarely, all the critics agree, have there been put between covers such enthralling and racy anecdotes of weird native happenings, such exciting accounts of primitive adventure, such moments of pure, poetic beauty. But get a copy of "Trader Horn," devour it yourself, and know why this volume is delighting and amazing lovers of the strong brew of life that is real literature.

Mrs. Lewis' now famous "stoep" in Johannesburg—up which Trader Horn unconsciously climbed to fame.

Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, the novelist, whose sympathetic guidance gave Alfred Aloysius Horn's story to the world.



The home-made wire gridiron, bought by Mrs. Lewis out of pity, which brought Trader Horn and his editress together.

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SIMON AND SCHUSTER, *Publishers,* 37 West 57th St., New York

this book from the other, the adjective which seems to express her central quality is rather a terrible one to apply to poetry. These verses are so clever! Now Mr. Wolfe is clever, too, when one comes to think of it, but the cleverness is embedded so deep in the imaginative passion that it does not obtrude itself. With Miss Lowell it does. It imparts at times an unpleasant self-awareness to the verse, which inhibits our surrender to it. Moreover, her work as a whole lacks any breadth or unity of vision. Is it cruel to accept her own statement?

Double-flowering trees bear no fruit, they say,
And I have many blossoms
With petals shrewdly whirled about an empty centre,
White as paper, falling at a whiff of wind.

Yet, when these severe things are said, there is much in her work to appreciate and enjoy. For one thing, the amazing versatility which can follow the weird romantic note of 'Apotheosis' by the dainty strain of 'Behind Time,' and the other eighteenth-century studies, or can deftly render the quality of Pueblo Indians or Chinese. Then there is the admirable phrase-making (one longs to quote), the occasional fine enthusiasm, and — be it said swiftly, eagerly — something now and then which quite transcends cleverness. Intensity enough is here, albeit of the artist rather than the woman. Miss Lowell is at her most successful when she blends the sardonic and the romantic, as Mr. Wolfe when he blends the sardonic and the mystical. And again she is at her best, despite her delightful range of sensibility, when she treats of her own New England.

VIDA D. SCUDDER

A Good Woman, by Louis Bromfield. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1927. 12mo. v+432 pp. $2.50.

'I WILL be *good*,' said Victoria, when they told her she was Queen. That Victorian 'goodness' may become decadent; that conventional morality may be exploited in the interests of ambition; this is what Louis Bromfield pronounces in *A Good Woman*. He feels the theme strongly: his dedication goes 'To all the "Good Women" of America, which has more than its share of them.'

Emma Downes, the 'good woman,' is of a type common in America. She is resourceful, industrious, and an important member of her church. Apparently a prop to respectability, in reality she encourages her virtues merely because they sustain her pride. After the desertion of her husband her vanity demanded conspicuous approbation from her community. She attained it by means of the Methodist congregation, the local branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and her son Philip.

The story of Philip's rebellion, told with Mr. Bromfield's customary fervor, is crowded with portraits. Philip fights not only his domineering mother, but also a shrewd uncle, a bovine aunt, and his thwarted wife Naomi. Naomi's portrait is the best of the lot; at all times, even in spectacular tragedy, she is convincing. But Philip has been docile too long for so striking a transformation. Though made engagingly pathetic, he is often a little unreal. Completely unreal is the woman he loves. Except when acting as *deus ex machina*, it is impossible to believe that she exists.

Behind Emma is The Town that meddles; The Town that gives Jason no 'room to breathe and think . . . no room for a fella to do as he wants . . . always somebody a-watchin' of 'im.' Its transition from intimate village to industrial centre Mr. Bromfield related in *The Green Bay Tree* and *Possession*. By means of the title 'Escape' he would now hinge together these two earlier novels with the later *Early Autumn* and *A Good Woman* to form a screen revealing, from various angles, the struggle against the ugliness, intolerance, and falseness that is often significant of American life.

A Good Woman exposes the meddling of a pious hypocrite, one who capitalizes religious observance. During the Victorian era such a character doubtless achieved material reward. But surely she has no vogue at present. In America the proportion of 'good women' may still be large, but they have lost the authority to meddle. To paste warnings against obsolescent sins seems platitudinous.

Not in the portrait of a recognizable but passing type are to be found signs of the author's increase of power, but rather in the nature of the revolt against it. Unlike his predecessors, who escaped from forces obviously alien, Philip fights his own blood; he demands release from himself. This is rebellion more profound. Were there less frequent scrutiny of the family album and more of Philip's incipient regeneration, possibly his substance would seem less shadowy. Whenever described, his reactions are credible. Even memorable is the occasion of the family dinner, his shame of the petty boasting and lying, his shame of himself for being ashamed, and his 'sickening sort of torture.'

HARRIET SAMPSON

Gallions Reach, by H. M. Tomlinson. New York: Harper and Bros. 1927. 12mo. xii+283 pp. Illus. $2.50.

BAEDEKER tells you that Gallions Reach is a stretch of the Thames beyond Woolwich. 'On the left are the east entrances to the Victoria and Albert Docks, and then Beckton, with its gas works, close to Barking Creek.' But to Mr. Tomlinson Gallions Reach is more than a bit of turbid river lined with docks and gas works and decayed buildings and mean streets. There are ships and strange cargoes and traffickings with remote places — Borneo, Penang, Colombo, Rangoon; and there are dreams. So Gallions Reach is a symbol of romance.

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It is an unusual romance that is here presented. The hero is fundamentally unheroic; not gay, audacious, dominant over circumstance, according to precedent, but contemplative, almost without exception passive, the recorder, not the maker, of events. The heroine is shadowy, and soon fades into unlamented oblivion. The characteristic turbulence of the older romances is not lacking; but murder, shipwreck, and tropical adventure take on a curiously casual and incidental aspect as they are seen reflected in the hero's mind, and there are subdued to the tone of accompanying meditations upon words, and seamen, and crowds, and books, and ancient fables, and gods.

However, to characterize the novel as unusual is not by any means to condemn it, but merely to try to come to an understanding of it. Mr. Tomlinson's essential task is to acquaint the reader with a romantic personality — the personality of James Colet, for a long time a clerk in the shipping office of Perriam, Limited, then a refugee on an ocean freighter, one of a group of castaways on the glaring Arabian Sea, an explorer in the Siamese jungle. Colet is a romantic personality, not so much because he is submitted to extraordinary experiences as because he is responsive to the mysterious elements in all experience. He is not weakly romantic, but he perceives and ponders the hidden, the enigmatical, the magical in life. For him these exist none the less in the dreary alleys of London slums than in the gloom of tropical forests. He broods over the tantalizingly elusive significance of things. For him there is always something unexplained around the corner, or over the horizon, that challenges him, discourages him, inspires him. It is in the excitements of this inner life that the real romance is to be found.

In selecting such a theme for his first novel Mr. Tomlinson was wise, for he is thereby enabled to be most like himself. The subtle and discriminating knowledge of the great seaport that was displayed in *London River*, the descriptive skill that was revealed in *Tide Marks* with its pageantry of the Orient, the contemplative penetration of the earlier essayist, and his ability to fashion for his use a medium of prose at once delicate and strong and beautiful — all these find fitting place in *Gallions Reach*. If the various elements are not completely fused, if promise exceeds achievement and luminosity is not quite attained, none the less the novel is more interesting and significant than many a story that slides securely over the surfaces of human existence.

GEORGE B. DUTTON

The books selected for review in the *Atlantic* are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board: —

Non-Fiction

John Paul Jones, by Phillips Russell — BRENTANO'S — Illus. — $5.00
The colorful life of our foremost seaman-adventurer

What's Ahead and Meanwhile, by E. S. Martin — HARPER & BROS. — $2.50
Contemporary essays by one who is known for his editorials in *Harper's* and *Life*

Alfred E. Smith, by Henry F. Pringle — MACY-MASIUS — $3.00
A biography that is informative, political, and partisan

Journal of Katherine Mansfield, edited by J. Middleton Murry — ALFRED A. KNOPF — $3.50
These sketches in prose are formed into an autobiographical sequence by the husband of the gifted writer

O Rare Ben Jonson, by Byron Steel — ALFRED A. KNOPF — $3.50
A romantic portrait set against a probable Elizabethan background

Fiction

Dusty Answer, by Rosamund Lehmann — HENRY HOLT & CO. — $2.50
A first novel remarkable for its study of thwarted youth

Blue Voyage, by Conrad Aiken — CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS — $2.50
The 'modern' analysis of a young writer's emotions on a transatlantic voyage

Alas, Poor Yorick! by Alfred H. Bill — LITTLE, BROWN & CO. (ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS) — $2.50
Imaginary episodes in the life of Laurence Sterne

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THE BATS OF WALL STREET

BY RAYMOND EDWARDS HUNTINGTON

I THINK of them as Bats, because they hate the light. Theirs is the jargon of Wall Street. They like you to believe their reputation and standing are unquestioned, and that they are indifferent to the publicity arising from the activities of the Attorney-General's office in New York, under the Martin Fraud Act, which have driven some of them from New York to Boston, while the Better Business Bureau has speeded their flight from Boston to Canada.

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities have made it hot for these vampires, but their activities continue. For years mining stocks were their favorite vehicle. Then came fake oil stocks, next Florida or other real estate, then emerald mines, and more recently the tipster sheets, now in full bloom. That these tipster sheets are profitable may be surmised from the fact that the postage on one, which uses first-class mail, amounts to $30,000 a week. This one is mailed gratis for months at a time. Another, less voluminous, is sold at the rate of a dollar a month and promises huge profits if the investor will but purchase stocks it has picked for a rapid rise.

There is small danger that the experienced investor will be misled by these vicious papers. They all have certain earmarks which rouse suspicion. Several columns are devoted to a discussion of the market as a whole and to the action and price trend of two or three stocks which are listed on the New York Exchange — all orthodox and sound. A page or more is given over to what purports to be correspondence with subscribers in answering questions regarding holdings. Subscribers are urged to send in their lists of holdings for free analysis. It is significant in this page of correspondence that a certain stock is insistently and especially recommended for purchase. Either on the front page or in double column on the second page appears an article with bold headlines telling in glowing terms of a bargain which will make history, and fortunes for those who rush their orders to buy. Note that these tipster sheets are exceptionally accommodating. They will not only analyze your list of holdings and tell you to sell your good securities in order to get the cash to buy their worthless paper, but they will also brush aside their own business and see to it 'personally' that your order is executed, saving you the bother of consulting a reputable broker.

Why do these gigantic frauds continue to thrive through the use of the mails? The silence of the victims is the answer. They are ashamed to admit that they have been duped. They will not take the matter up with the Post Office Department, and, until a definite complaint with all the facts in the case is filed, the Government has nothing upon which to base an action.

Supplementing the tipster sheet is the telegraph. Only the other day a successful investor handed me a telegram so typical of the methods of these Bats of Wall Street that I give the reader the advantage of the tip: —

Tidal-wave buying sweeping in from Canadian interests sends PDQ to two dollars in short session to-day with orders for thousands of shares unfilled at the close. From what I know I now predict this avalanche of demand will make PDQ sell at ten dollars in even less time than previously predicted, possibly sixty days hence. Assays from PDQ properties show PDQ as one of the biggest bonanzas of modern mining history. For gigantic profits buy it with both hands. Dig deep, but do it instantly. Wire your order now.

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The cautious investor asks himself, 'Why, if orders are coming in so fast, do they use the wires to get more orders?'

The telephone is another indispensable tool of these gentlemen. A friend occupying a position of responsibility in Cleveland was called the other day on 'long distance' and urged to buy a certain copper stock, said to be due for a remarkable advance. The fact that he had been called by an entire stranger from a distance and urged to buy in haste made him suspicious. He wisely did not purchase. It is common for these promoters to put in calls halfway across the continent and farther. They have found it pays. The telephone is also safe. In case of court proceedings the man who made the call cannot be identified.

Haste is always an outstanding earmark of this type of promoter. This urge for haste is the danger signal. The fake promoter is in a hurry because he must make his clean-up and disappear. Time presses.

One point regarding these 'blue-sky' securities should be borne in mind. The promoter usually pays almost nothing for his stock; often he merely buys an option at ten or twenty cents a share. The stock may be worth what he pays for it as a pure gamble in an unproven property. It may be worthless. The viciousness of the practice lies in the pricing and sales methods by which these securities are unloaded on a gullible public. To sell a ten-cent stock at thirteen cents on the basis of pure speculation would be to call a spade a spade, but to sell it at one, two, or three dollars and more, predict prices of ten dollars a share, and attempt to gloss over a theft by calling it an investment — there lies the mischief.

Perhaps one of the stumblingblocks is the fact that so many people fail to distinguish between an investment and a speculation. The fact that a security is a stock or a bond is not the determining factor. There are bonds that are nothing more than speculations, just as there are stocks that have earned the classification of investments. It is the financial record of the company that determines the status of its securities.

Our banks and investment bankers, chambers of commerce, and better-business bureaus have spent thousands to educate the public on this single point, yet this same public eagerly pours out over one billion dollars a year to fatten these Bats of Wall Street.

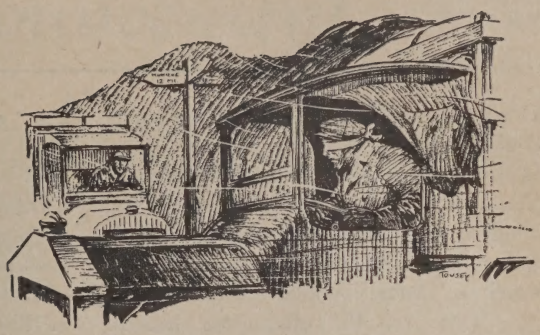
Safety of principal is the cardinal and distinguishing characteristic one should demand of investments. A low yield on an investment is the natural corollary to this safety of principal, and the Simon-pure investor asks for no higher yield than is consistent with the degree of safety he demands.

The speculator, on the other hand, cares little for yield. He is concerned with profit. If, during his brief period of ownership, his security pays him something in the way of interest, or dividends, well and good. Often he buys a stock which has never paid a dividend, because he has reason to believe that dividends are just over the horizon. Once the first dividend is declared, he may sell that same stock, take his profit, and look for another stock, or a defaulted bond which may show him another profit.

There is a large group of securities which combine the characteristics of both investment and speculation, and should be properly considered as speculative investments. The factor of safety is sufficient to satisfy many business men and there is at the same time a possibility of appreciation in principal.

The Bats of Wall Street play upon the desire of those of modest means to improve their financial position, trick them into believing they are investing, and thus rob them of savings which should be either in the bank or in bonds of the highest grade. Millions would be saved if we would consult the cashiers of our banks, our investment bankers, or chambers of commerce or investment counsel, before making the purchase of any security, however attractive it may appear.

Why let your men drive blindfolded?



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HOW TO BUY INVESTMENTS

THIS is a "how to" story—how to buy bonds and how to buy stocks.

Bonds and stocks are just like other merchandise. You don't buy shoes at a factory; you buy through an intermediary merchant. Investment bankers are merchants who deal in investment securities. Some bankers are also manufacturers. They are the originating houses. Hundreds of "dealers" (merchants) sell the securities for them. On the other hand, some of these merchant-dealers are brokers only. They do not carry any merchandise of their own, but pick and choose in the investment market for their customers on a commission basis.

One of the great questions is whether it is better for an investor to ally himself with a large issuing house or one of its dealers, or with several dealers, rather than with any one, or to rely on a broker who has no particular relationship to the original sources of securities. Included in this latter merchant-broker type is the newer investment counsel, who is neither a broker nor a banker. This is each investor's most important problem and he solves it as he thinks best for himself.

You need either a bond merchant or a bond broker to begin with. You locate him in the same way you find a reliable jeweler. You are going to make a considerable investment in a watch or a diamond and you want to be sure to buy from a merchant whose word means something. You don't deal with someone who just happens along. It's the same in buying bonds and stocks. One's investments are too important to risk with any house which is not well and favorably known. This is the point Judge Gary stressed in his will. The first step, then, is to select a bond house which is well and favorably known. In dealing with a merchant-salesman when he calls on you, put it up to him to establish the "well and favorably known" part in your mind. Don't hesitate to do some of the talking. How long has the house been in business? Does it belong to the Investment Bankers Association of America? After the salesman establishes his position, then you buy by the old-fashioned way of selecting your merchandise with some native intelligence and paying the price.

In buying stocks, there should be still greater vigilance and even more intelligence. Here you are becoming a partner in an enterprise. In buying a concern's bonds, they owe you money. In buying their stock, you just become a co-owner, with the chance of sharing their prosperity, if any, if and when the directors decide to disburse profits. Some have a long dividend-paying record. Ask about that. The more serious questions you ask about stocks the safer you are.

The question of from whom to buy stocks is more important than from whom to buy bonds. Your merchant in this case should be a member of the New York Stock Exchange, as well as of the Investment Bankers Association; at least, one or the other. Out of some 700 houses in the Investment Bankers Association and the 600 odd firms in the New York Stock Exchange one should always be able to find a proper and agreeable bond and stock merchant. The more there are in these two organizations the better it is for investors. Such houses are under more or less control, and that is what firms which don't "belong" are not. There are exceptions in everything, and in this case we know there are exceptions, but in general, investors cannot be too careful. Most of the time they are not "hard boiled" enough.

A study of bank and investment advertisements in this magazine will assist investors in selecting reliable sources of good securities.

No. 3 in this series will be "Selling Investments"

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The new 20,000 gross ton quadruple-screw motor liner "BERMUDA," 550 feet long, 74 feet wide, will make her maiden voyage

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Accommodations for 600 first-class passengers. 80 rooms with baths. Ample accommodation for maids and valets.

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The Cruise of the "Scythia" is the Annual Mediterranean classic. The unusually large and comfortable cabins—all with hot and cold running water—the suites and private baths, the spacious decks, the passenger elevators, the famous Cunard cuisine and service and the reasonable rates, all combine to offer the most attractive of all Cruises to the Mediterranean.

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MUSIC AND RADIO

Record Season Ahead In Music and Entertainment

IN many ways the winter months just ahead promise to set new records in musical entertainment, private as well as public.

Greater numbers than ever before will participate in the study of music and of musical instruments. But greater still will be the increase in the multitude of appreciative listeners to the best in music as produced by others.

In connection with the latter, the radio as well as the phonograph and other reproducing instruments, will play a larger part than ever before.

There can be no question as to the service the phonograph has rendered in the past in behalf of fine music, nor of the still greater service it is rendering to-day with greatly improved tonal qualities, delighting even the most critical.

Even more pronounced has been the rapid improvement both in the broadcasting and in the reception of worth while music by radio. The first modest programs have given way to more and more elaborate ones, enlisting the finest musical talent, and delivered by powerful transmission right to the door-step of the listener-in.

This is one of the reasons why, in this nation of music-lovers, radio receivers have already been installed in more than six million homes with other millions earnestly considering purchase in the near future.

Not only have broadcasting programs and methods been greatly improved, but receiving equipment as well—improvement in tonal qualities, in ease of operation, in reliability, in attractiveness of design and appearance.

No longer is the radio an unsightly junk pile with batteries and parts exposed, but a piece of modern living-room furniture. Encasements are provided that are noteworthy specimens of the cabinet-maker's art, and that leave nothing further to be desired in the way of attractive appearance.

Receiving sets that are operated direct from the electric-light socket are making rapid progress and gaining more and more in favor. Battery-operated sets, however, still produce excellent results and continue to share in the general demand.

Improvements and refinements, having reached their present advanced stage, there is no longer the tendency to expect revolutionary changes in the models available, and the general public is being guided accordingly.

If the radio did no more than merely help to carry fine music into the home it would still be rendering a service of great value. For the musical taste of radio listeners to-day is very much higher than is commonly supposed. According to the results of a recent and widely circulated questionnaire among radio listeners, out of a total of nearly 80,000 votes for fifty composers Beethoven received the most votes, Schubert ranked second, and Victor Herbert third. The next in order were Richard Wagner, Felix Mendelssohn, Fritz Kreisler, Franz Liszt and Charles Gounod. Johann Strauss, the Vienna waltz-master, ranked fifteenth. Equally significant was the vote on favorite musical compositions and the fact, too, that for every one who voted for jazz there were more than four who voted against.

It is not surprising therefore to be assured that the music to be broadcast this season from the leading stations will fully meet the increasing demand throughout America for the very best that music has to offer.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER

1927

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Mistress Joachim. *A Study in Browns* . . . . . GRACE ZARING STONE 736
A Missionary Audit . . . . . MARK M. JONES 750
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The Paradox of Humanism . . . . . JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH 756
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A Footnote to the Controversy

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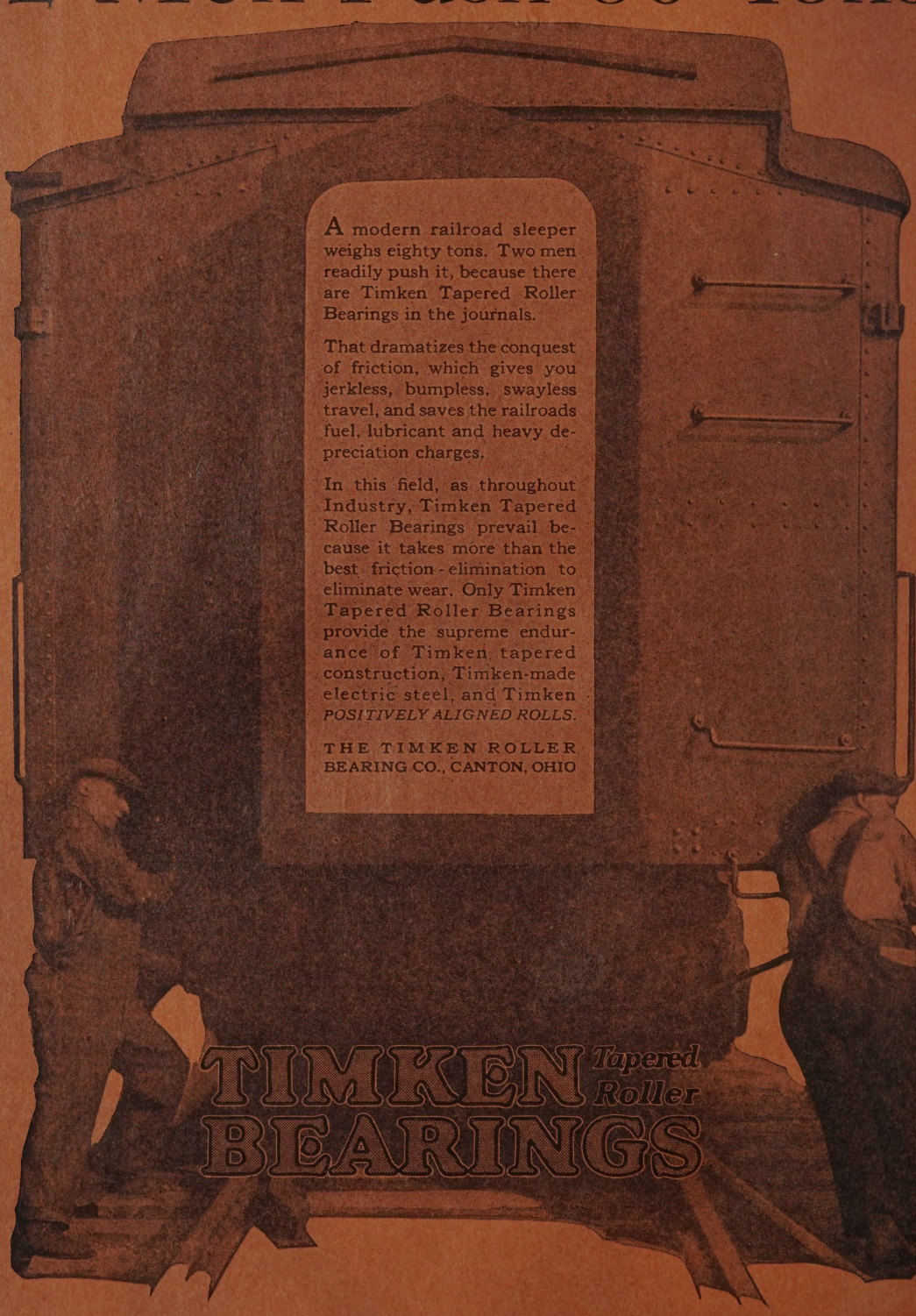

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1927

RICH MEN AND KEY MEN

BY SAMUEL STRAUSS

A NEW kind of man has come to the top of the time. He is the man who is going to run this new industrial age of ours. We — that is to say, all of us here in America — are relieved. We had been worried. We had been apprehensive. We were afraid it was the old-fashioned rich men, the money-makers, the profit-takers, who would be in charge. These new men make fortunes as big as, even bigger than, those of the money-makers, the profit-takers. We do not care about that.

It is a remarkable change. But then, these new men are remarkable.

I

For a long century we struggled against inordinate wealth. We fought the money power, swollen fortunes, the trusts, big business. And yet all the while, despite everything that we could do to control them, the accumulations of wealth grew more and more immoderate. No matter how many seeming victories we gained over this hydra-headed monster, no matter how joyously the bonfires burned on election night, no matter what sweeping decisions the people gained in the courts, still, when we came to cast up the accounts at the end of each decade, we found trusts more solidly entrenched than before, big business bigger, great fortunes greater. Toward the end of our struggle, despair took hold upon us. Laws, eternal vigilance, all the prescriptions of the Founders for keeping wealth within bounds, had failed us. Where the grandfathers had fought to hold off democracy's traditional enemies, the grandchildren already saw plutocrats in the ascendant; where the former had cried out lustily against corruption and bribery, the latter gathered close together and sang martial hymns out of the hymnal. Toward the end we could not have said whether it was to preserve our liberty that we were fighting riches, or to prevent Wall Street and monopoly and 'the malefactors of great wealth' from gouging us. We were struggling blindly, with the desperation of those who feel themselves surrounded; we had come to believe our very existence in danger.

And then what happened? How did the struggle issue? How did the fight come out? That was all only a little while ago; where do we stand to-day? To-day our children are coming home from school proud to recite for us the names of America's billion-dollar companies. Our great fortunes of twenty-five years past struck us with terror; to-day fortunes that are many times

larger give us not the least apprehension. Not even so long as twenty-five years ago the people were cheering a conservative Senator who was reported to have said that no man could gain a million dollars and do it honestly; now popular lecturers declare a fortune of a thousand millions to have been honorably acquired. Once we found consolation in the rule that it was only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves; now we are comforted with the knowledge that companies have become so large and powerful that they cannot go to pieces. Only a few years ago we were ready to cry 'Amen!' to the prophets who came saying, 'Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field'; to-day we ask whether the country would not be better off if there were more large farms and not so many little ones, not so many little coal mines, not so many separate railroads. Once a corporation official, or any very rich man, was not to be thought of for public office; to-day some of us mention as our choice for President this or that rich head of a great company and are surprised that anybody should wonder.

Some day the annalists are going to write a chapter to explain what happened between yesterday and to-day to cause the amazing reversal in our attitude toward great wealth, and it will be one of the most interesting and illuminating expositions in our history book, we may be sure of that. It is too early to write this explanatory chapter now, write it as the historian must write it. But it is not too early to see what the gist of it will be, to catch the drift and emphasis of it.

II

It will not be a difficult chapter. But it will be a long and full one. It will commence with the coming together of democracy and machinery in a virgin land flowing with milk and honey. Never before had there been such a juncture as this. That there must result from it enough to go around went without saying; at least as much as sufficient, as much as would satisfy — that was taken for granted. This was not to say that an equal share for everybody must result — America never entertained that particular notion; we were born not only into the age of freedom, but into the age of capitalism as well. Out of the extraordinary combination of our virgin acres with freedom and machinery we expected to flow, not the same for all, but enough for all, enough for the poor as well as for the rich, enough for the poor to be as independent as the rich, enough to go around.

Was that all we expected? Enough to go around? Two or three times before in this world there had been enough to go around. And what had we here in America? Merely a repetition of those conditions under which sufficiency had previously occurred? No, we had something additional which made our circumstance unparalleled. We had machinery. That was new in the world. That had never happened before. That was bound to make a power of difference, and we sensed it. We sensed that we here in this New World had something to look forward to that no other people of any other time ever had — we sensed it only; we could not have framed in words what it was we expected, but in the very air we breathed we took it in, the import of it shaped and colored all our feelings and inclinations.

We waited watchfully for this unparalleled dispensation from the American circumstance. We strained our gaze confidently to the horizon. But the expectation did not materialize; we

began to experience a feeling of disappointment. The fields, the mines, the forests, had commenced to pour out their rich gifts; the wheels of the machines had begun to turn. In terms of food and clothing and shelter we were doing well enough. But the well-being did not give us satisfaction. We were uneasy. Something did not seem right. We had enough to eat and drink, and a good bed to sleep in, but had not the subjects of King Solomon as much? Palestine had been only a land flowing with milk and honey; America was a land flowing with milk and honey to which machinery had been added. Plainly something was not going according to schedule; something was missing; the new dispensation was overdue.

What was the matter? There was patently nothing wrong with the mechanicals of the circumstance. Invention was treading on the heels of invention, more powerful machines were crowding into the places of less powerful, electricity had followed steam — every child knows that triumphant progression. Whatever was wrong must be on the human side. We had a feeling the trouble lay with our rich men.

Did we know just what that trouble was? No. We had the political fear of riches and rich men which is inherent in the democratic idea; the fear, not of moderate, but of immoderate inequalities of property; the fear of wealth's power to corrupt the electorate, tempt the legislatures, bribe the courts, subsidize the newspapers. We had in addition the economic fear that grew out of the simple pot-of-gold notion; there was just so much wealth for the lot of us, rich and poor, and unless we fought for it the rich would contrive to get not only their own share of the pot but our share too.

But we stopped fighting the rich men. We abandoned our opposition to the great accumulations of wealth. Without making any explanations, without giving any reasons, with no expressions of chagrin or surprise or apology, we executed a *volte-face;* we laid down our weapons; we quit. Why did we do it? Something must have occurred; what was it? Was it that we had concluded we were helpless? Had we decided to be good sports and give in? Or was it that we had come to a better sense of the value, to us, of other men's great wealth, that we had been educated, that we had ceased to be 'economic illiterates'? Or was it our prosperity, the economic revolution, the new and wide distribution of property, the fact that millions of us had ourselves become bondholders and shareholders, owners of bank books, holders of insurance policies — had this altered our outlook on wealth? Or had the rich man himself altered — had the leopard changed his spots? Had the trend toward 'better business' satisfied us, the adoption of codes of business ethics, the substitution of 'the public be pleased' for 'the public be damned,' removed our apprehensions?

All these account for some things. But they do not make clear the main thing; they are not enough to explain the astonishing change in our behavior toward riches and rich men. For how prodigious a change it is! Think of it. No other people in any other age had ever feared the rich as we here in America had come to fear them at the end of the last century, and no other people in all of history has ever been less worried over them than are we only a short quarter of a century later.

And yet we have not changed our minds about the talents or habits or the nature of the money-makers — not at all. It is not that we find ourselves mistaken in our estimate of them. We have discovered nothing in them now that we did not know before; we do not

see their peculiar qualities now in any different light from that in which we saw them a generation ago, or, for that matter, in any different light from that in which all generations have seen them, in which Isaiah and the son of Sirach saw them in their time.

We see the money-makers the same as we did. But we do not see them in the same place we had been seeing them. We made a mistake as to the place they were to occupy. We discovered that the money-makers were not to be in the dominant position from which, in our baffled state of mind, we had felt ourselves helpless to keep them. They were not to occupy the new seat of command — this was the substance of the revelation which came to cut through our fears as easily and definitely as the knife cuts through the knot.

It had seemed to us inevitable that the money-maker hold this new place of command in our progress. Events, inventions, the ever faster turning of the machinery, the emphasis on prosperity, the decline of agriculture, the growth of cities, the changing outlook of the nation, the course of education and politics, the altered position of the Church, of the State itself — all combined to inform us that a strange kind of life was developing here in America. For want of a better name we called it the 'industrial life'; the age that was opening we called the 'Industrial Age.' We did not know what an industrial age was; there never had been one, but we could see that manufacturing and distributing, buying and selling, were to be chief functions in it. Who could be the men to show us the way in such an age? Who could perform the offices in it? Who were fitted to this new job? Not the churchmen — that was obvious. Not the military men — that was of all things certain. Not the political men, though there were some who for a time tried to make themselves and the rest of us believe it.

The process of exclusion led relentlessly to the money-maker. What other man existed whose talents ran to manufacturing and distributing, to buying and selling, profiting and saving? Only the money-maker — it seemed mercilessly plain, yet we struggled to resist the recognition of it.

Our resistance was in itself full of meaning. The true guides in any age are welcomed by the people, acclaimed by them; the dominant men in any time automatically inspire the trust and confidence of the time, not its fear and hatred and resentment. It seems as if some prophet in the generation that is just past might have seen this, might have put two and two together and foretold what was in the wind. But no prophet did.

And so the new men who began to make their appearance among us came all unheralded. They took us by surprise. For they were a sort of men who never had got their heads above the water of events, had never been called into action by the needs of any previous time, had never corresponded to any time that is known to us. They corresponded exactly to our time. They were the key men of our age. They were the men fitted for the new job. They were the men designed to fill the places we had feared must be occupied by the money-makers. They had scarcely begun to act before we felt their significance.

And so soon as we did, almost overnight our whole outlook changed and our behavior with it. We were no longer afraid. We were no longer resentful. The frightening money-makers receded into the hinterland of our calculations. They were still in the orchestra, but they were to play only second fiddle. They were not to announce the theme. The curtain had

lifted now on the play itself, and we realized that what we had been witnessing was only prologue; we realized that the money-makers were not, as we had thought, destined to play the chief parts — they were to fill the minor rôles only, hold the stage until the leading actors came on.

These latter had never had the first parts since the stage was set for civilization. Why do they have them now? Why are they the key men of the time? They are the key men because they are the dominant men of industry and industry is the key establishment of our time. In this new age of ours it is not religion, it is not politics, it is not the military establishment, which gives the shape to our whole society. It is industry. The needs of industry have become the mould for our politics and our pieties; the aims of industry color our education and our ethics, dictate our books and our buildings — it is thus that the dominant men of industry have become the key men of the age.

I shall try to show how the temperaments of these new men design them for the dominance in our industry. To this end let me talk a little about the new leisure. The most deep-reaching of the changes in our life flow from industry's need of our leisure.

III

For what reason, through the ages, have men been given rest from work? They have been given rest in order that they might come back refreshed to do more work. 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' The more sweat, the more bread. The more work and the less rest, the more goods to use. These rules have held from the very beginning until just yesterday. These laws have governed throughout all the ages of scarcity; they have obtained during all this time that there was not enough to go around. America was destined to make the first change in the laws. Amalthæa's horn fitted with electric motors, a power plant installed in the cornucopia, machinery set up in a land of milk and honey — the result was bound to be profusion, more than enough to go around. New conditions teach new laws; there are bound to be new rules to fit the new condition of more than enough to go around.

In the profusion circumstance, work is no longer the chief necessity. Leisure becomes a necessity, too, a necessity that is at least coördinate with work. Leisure is no longer important just in terms of work. It is important on its own account. To-day there are two pillars to industry where yesterday there was but one; one pillar is still the worker's work, the other is the worker's leisure.

No matter what our workers think to get with their eight-hour day, their seven-hour day, whether it be time for physical recreation, whether they want mere negative escape from the grind of machinery or opportunity for reading and general culture — whatever the conscious aims, we can be sure of one thing their leisure is to bring. There is no longer any question what is the purpose that will be served when they have succeeded in setting the Creator an example and resting from their labors on two days out of the seven instead of only one. The five-day worker will have two full days in which to use the goods he has been making, to wear out his automobile, to use up tires and gas, making place for more automobiles, tires, and gas, and all those other things, vegetable and mineral, which industry must keep on turning out, which must be taken away from the mouth of the machine if the energy stored there is not to be dammed

up and an explosion to follow. We can no longer spare the spare time. Leisure efficiency is to be as important as labor efficiency — there can be no doubt of that.

The money-maker could operate labor efficiency. It is impossible for him to operate leisure efficiency. The money-maker's talents matched the scarcity circumstance. He knew how to function usefully, even if ignobly, in the periods when work was the thing to which an employer kept his eye ever single. An economic age in which leisure is an asset is as different from an economic age in which leisure is a liability as politics is different from navigation. The talents to the front of industry when the highest prosperity is conditioned on the most possible work to be got out of men are not the talents to show the way when the highest prosperity depends on the most possible leisure to be allowed men.

How the money-makers have resisted the leisure movement! They had to resist it; according to their make-up, they could not help but fight it. It ran against the very grain of their nature. For consider what they made its meaning out to be. It showed, they cried, that workers no longer had any interest in the job: they watched the clock, they were growing lazy, irresponsible, shiftless; they purposed a tyranny through sabotage — what was the world coming to! But could the money-makers turn their temperaments upside down, inside out? Oh yes, they could reconcile themselves to the new situation — to any situation. That has ever been the money-maker's talent — his ability to adjust himself to the time's changing demands.

But the key men of a period are not those who adjust themselves; they are adjusted to the period by their very nature. Reconciled to the movement for leisure? To these new men I am describing, leisure appears so right and natural that they are not conscious of it any more than a fish is conscious of the water or a bird of the air. The parts in them are geared to this driving force of the Industrial Age. They could not function at all — indeed, they did not function at all — in any other age. They were born with the leisure sense, the profusion sense, the new industrial sense. It will never bother them that workers watch the clock, for when the hand marks the end of the production day it is also pointing to the beginning of the consumption day. It will not fret them if men come to work only four hours and rest twelve hours out of the day, if four-twelve be the combination which opens the door of the profusion chest.

Already enough of these key men of the new time are scattered here and there through industry, in manufacturing, in the engineering fields, in the new forms of retail trade, in the public utilities — not so many of them outstanding yet, but still enough of them for us to recognize the breed. It will help us to see them if we can clear out of the way one thing that has particularly obstructed our view. That is their wealth.

For they are 'successful' men even as the money-makers are successful men. These key men of our time have sometimes even more income to report than our money-makers; more income to report, and sometimes more losses to report, too. In short, from the point of view of the income-tax collector, there is nothing to distinguish the key men from the money-makers. But dominant men have nearly always been wealthy men. Augustus possessed an enormous fortune; Sixtus was an unparalleled success in filling his treasury; Charlemagne had immense properties. Yet none of these was a money-maker,

none was what we should call a man of the acquisitive talent. Nobody would have confused these dominant men with the merely rich men of their times — nobody would have confused Augustus with Trimalchio. There was nothing to associate the kings and the merchant princes together in anybody's mind. If for no other reason, they were employed in widely different places. Kings were in the castles, or priests were in the churches, or generals were on the field of battle, while money-makers were in the market place. Kings wore crowns, or priests mitres, or soldiers swords, whereas rich men wore business clothes. The latter could be told apart from the others as easily as, on the chessboard, knight and bishop can be separated from pawns. But in our modern time the key men and the money-makers both alike are to be found in the market place; both alike wear business clothes; in their ordinary comings and goings one resembles the other as, among the chessmen, the pawns resemble each other.

Yet despite their agreements, which, for the purposes of this piece, may be called accidental, the function of our key men is even more different from the function of the money-makers than was the action which is natural to king or priest or warrior different from the action which is natural to a money-maker. There is even more difference between the outlook of our key men and that of the money-makers than between the outlook of money-makers and that of the dominant men of political, religious, or military ages.

For the kings and popes and great soldiers had this at least in common with the merchants and bankers of their day, as they had it in common with each other: they were all talented for working in the human material, overcoming the inherent difficulties of it. Nature had constructed all of them alike in this, so that when they were called to act it was always to manipulate their fellow men. One of them was gifted for building states out of men, another for building churches out of men, still another for building armies out of men — out of men with their various hopes and fears, their needs and desires, their appetites and prejudices, apathies and ambitions. The money-maker's talent was for building fortunes out of men. All, the dominant talents no less than the money-makers, saw man in the centre of life, saw the social institution to consist first of all of souls, of minds, of individuals, of men and women and children, of fathers and mothers, sons and daughters.

But the new kind of man, our key man, opens his strange eyes and sees another order of world altogether. Men and women are in it, more of them than ever the kings saw, or the churchmen, or the military men. For in the new man's eyes there is no one, man, woman, or child, who is not a potential unit in the new universe; no matter of what country, faith, or color, all count equally — the brave and the cowards, the weak and the strong, the believers and the unbelievers, the patriots and the scorners, those who can pass the intelligence tests and those who cannot. But although the numbers of human beings that he sees are infinitely larger, his perception of them is much less vivid; they take up a much less important place in his mental view. People are not in the foreground for him; they compose a nebulous design in the background. The new man sees the human creatures in the world, sees them even as the sands upon the seashore, in multitude, but it is not they that touch his imagination; it is not they that inspire him; it is not

people that move him to action; by and in themselves, they leave him cold. In his scheme they count, not as individual souls, workable material, but only as a great mass of physical items, receptive units, whose common denominator is no higher than the atom.

But this does not mean that he turns back in the book of civilization to the first difficult chapters and begins to write over again what was set down there. This is not history repeating itself; this is history that never before was written.

This man does not see himself a lord over multitudes of willing serfs; he does not see people as slaves bought and sold. He is not obsessed with any notions of responsibility to his fellow men, either; he does not believe himself to be a trustee for them; he is no philanthropist, no reformer — nothing of this familiar sort. For to the key man the centre of life is not men, but that which in itself has no life. The world he looks upon is not anthropocentric. Men and women are not at the middle of it.

IV

The new kind of man sees, not human beings, but things at the centre of life. He is the prophet of things. He is at home among things. He is in his element among things. He hears the voices of things and can tell what they are saying. His talents force him into the service of things. When he acts, there are happenings among things. To lead things, to rule them, to guide them, to show things the way — this is the principle of his existence. To set things free, to liberate them from their age-old prisons — this is his passion, this is his genius. But things have been here always. Where has the prophet of things been all this time? Why does he only now forge to the front?

The machine was his opportunity. The machine was the signal that the new man's hour had come. It was the machine summoned him. The machine was fire stolen from Heaven to animate things. Now at last things, which through all the ages, slaves of inexorable time, had lain bound in the deep dungeons of earth, had been chained in lonely forests, had been entombed in the seas, confined in the atmosphere, could be set free. The machine would break the shackles of things. Ore from the mines, wood from the forests, sand and clay from the pits, stone from the quarries — machines would give them wings, would change them as by magic into bathtubs and oil burners, refrigerators and vacuum cleaners, houses and theatres, railroads and airplanes. Education was the condition of the freedom of man; as education was to the freedom of man, so was machinery to the freedom of things. But things could not be free unless men were free to receive them, to use them. And that is where leisure comes in. Machinery and leisure, each was useless without the other. The new man did not bring this leisure to men. He was not the prophet of leisure, but he was the priest of leisure.

The money-maker had seen machinery as his ally. It would help him in his function of exploiting men. Machinery would multiply the goods he had to sell. How dispose of those goods then? The money-maker responded to high-power production by putting the emphasis of his energies on high-power salesmanship, on organized persuasion, on service. The new man, on the other hand, sees machinery as the instrument of things; the emphasis of his energies is thus upon efficiency, standardization, mass production, mass distribution. High-power salesmanship,

service, you see, was the response of the temperament which fulfills itself by exploiting men. The response of the temperament which fulfills itself by exploiting things was standardization, mass production. The money-maker saw the multiplying power of the machine, saw the extra product pouring out of the mouth of machinery, and immediately he turned to the people, immediately he increased his efforts to manipulate them, to enlarge the field of their wants, to convert more of their luxuries into necessities, to work upon their vanities, to play upon their fears — in short, to make them buy the goods. But when the new man came upon the scene, when he saw the multiplying power of the machine, he saw just that and nothing else. This is how the lenses of his eyes were ground. He gave his whole attention to the things to be produced. He did not turn about and give a part of his thought to the men who were to buy the things. His business was to set things free; he did that, and the things did the rest; he standardized, he manufactured in mass, he retailed in mass — he dumped the goods down in big heaps of small parcels for the people to take away. He made it possible for things to bring into operation their own laws, to make their own way in the world; he left it for the things to do the work.

Naturally our fear of great wealth left us. Spontaneously our distrust of rich men dissolved. We saw that it was not the money-makers who were to be the key men. We saw now that the power of machinery was not to be used to exploit us. It was not the money-makers who were to point the direction for the new time. We saw that those who were to point the direction had no designs upon our liberty; their eyes were not on our pockets; they had no interest in 'taking the bread out of our children's mouths,' in 'enslaving us.' For that matter they had no interest in keeping us free, either, except as we must be free to consume goods. Their business, their aims, ambitions, purposes, passions, their function — all were in terms of things, all were centred in things. Their interest was in things and not in us. Their power was over things and not over us.

V

Is it good? Is it bad? Where will it end? What kind of future is this we are looking into now? Men whose interest it is to release things — must not the resulting profusion defeat itself, overleap its banks, drown everything — freedom, opportunity, law, order, justice, even profusion itself?

Some people fear this. Perhaps they are right. Let us hope not.

SHALL WE SEND OUR CHILDREN TO CHURCH?

BY M'CREADY SYKES

I

An appeal was published last winter calling on parents to send their children to church. American fathers and mothers were reproached for not bringing their children, as the appeal put it, to the 'house of God.' The committee, which included names distinguished in the religious world, deplored the growing neglect by parents of the habit of formal public worship. The younger generation was growing up, it was said, without the familiar and habitual religious contacts afforded by church services, and this was quite evidently regarded by the distinguished authors as reflecting a drifting away, passive rather than active — as an almost unconscious submergence of the sense of spiritual values. The world was too much with us.

It may be questioned whether the underlying assumption of the churches' appeal is well founded. If one were to try to fix some past time in our history when the ethical appeal was more potent, when the men and women on whom leadership is cast were more responsive to appeals based on spiritual rather than material considerations, it would be extremely difficult to do it. It is doubtful whether at any past time so many of our ablest men have given themselves with anything like the devotion of our own age to the causes that make for truth and righteousness rather than for the rewards of a materialistic society. True, the reaction may be less emotional; it may be revealed in the steady and prosaic searching out of causes and conditions rather than in a vague emotional glow. Frequently it almost goes out of its way to avoid a too definite avowal even of a spiritual or idealistic purpose. It is part of the heritage of the English-speaking peoples that they should not wear their heart on their sleeve. Not everyone that sayeth 'Lord, Lord' shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

After we have allowed for all the worldliness, the silliness, the striving to be in the swim, the vogue of the great god Splurge — after we have allowed for all that, we have still the unquestionable potency, simply overwhelming on any fair perspective, of the sense of spiritual values, of the imponderables, of a dominating ethical concept that in greater and greater degree inspires men of light and leading and sooner or later is translated into action.

Nevertheless, it is undeniably true in the families of intelligent men and women, of those upon whom is thrust the responsibility of doing that part of the world's work that has to be thought out, among our business and professional men, scientists, university professors, and in general the families of recognized intelligence and leadership, that the children are not being sent to church to anything like the extent that children in families of that sort were sent, say, a generation ago. The churches' complaint is well founded on the facts.

It may be that this tendency is to be deplored. It is no part of my purpose to maintain that it is not. Even among those who find themselves not altogether in sympathy with the church's pronouncements, it is a commonplace that nothing is at hand to take its place. Most of the men past middle life who are now carrying on the actual responsible work of their generation grew up in an atmosphere where long association, the most appealing traditions, and a veneration inspired in their most impressionable years united to inculcate an affectionate loyalty which will last throughout their life. But they do not, habitually and universally, send their children to church. Last winter's organized appeal, altogether typical of appeals made constantly, reflects the obvious fact that for the younger generation the church does not march with the leadership and inspiration it had for that generation's fathers.

It is not a question of numbers, nor is the truth of it impaired by the results of the recent rather doctrinal and theoretical questionnaire sent out under church auspices. The annual Thanksgiving proclamation follows the traditional form. Sessions of Congress and of the state legislatures are still opened with prayer. The church still asserts its authority to declare the sanctions of matrimony and of its dissolution. Lawmaking bodies still discuss, and occasionally enact, statutes forbidding the teaching in public schools of anything inconsistent with Genesis. In outward speech the recitals of submission to the pronouncements of the infallible book which Protestantism substituted for an infallible church continue almost unchanged. Nor, indeed, is it to be doubted that behind it rises a popular sentiment potent to a terrific degree. What in England they used to call the 'nonconformist conscience' is with us approximately represented by that congeries of emotions, mental reactions, traditions, convictions, and aspirations which, to take a familiar instance, functions vigorously in response to such appeals as that made by the late Mr. Bryan when he fought for his faith in Tennessee. It may well be that if we were to count heads we should find among our own people a clear numerical majority in sympathy with Mr. Bryan's well-known theological views. It is not to this majority that the appeal to send its children to church is addressed.

That appeal goes out to professional men, to the leaders in industry, to engineers, to university professors, to the better educated and more intelligent. Again marking our group by a characteristic instance, we might identify it as including those of the community who would find inspiration in Eliot's *Religion of the Future* rather than in Bryan's defense of the anti-evolution law of Tennessee. The immediate problem is not the attitude and approach of which group are in closer accord with truth or radiate higher spiritual values. It is rather to answer the question of why it is that among the former, among intelligent men and women whom one could hardly accuse of failing to lead lives of inspiration and service to their time, there is a growing disinclination to bring up their children in intimate and sympathetic contact with the rites and services of the church.

For suppose the ministers and the evangelical alliances and the committees for reviving church attendance have erred in their diagnosis? Suppose the disinclination on the part of these parents to send their children to church reflects not an unwillingness to have them attend the 'house of God,' but a profound doubt whether the church

may always fairly be described as the house of God or the pulpit deliverances as utterances inspired by God? Then indeed should we have a quite different problem; one that might perhaps call for a searching of heart on the part of the church rather than a more dutiful submission on the part of the parents the faces of whose children are missed from the congregation. And that such searching of the heart is plainly enough in progress illustrates perhaps the enduring vitality of the church. The ministry is full of men fired with the spirit of devotion and sacrifice, eager at all times to learn wherein the church may more vitally and efficiently minister to the needs of humanity.

II

It is a far cry from the fierce disputes of science and theology of the seventies. The voices of Huxley and the embattled divines have long been hushed. But the instinct of Gladstone and his bishops, of the men who fought so valiantly against the new science, was a sound instinct. The methods of science were devastating to Christian theology. I know it is altogether the fashion to say otherwise, but the very currency of the polite phrase that between science and revealed religion there is no conflict is but an illustration of the overpowering potency, in the folk ways of the race, exercised by the priests and spokesmen of a dominant religion.

There is nothing to be gained by obscuring the issue. To a generation grown up under the influence of the scientific spirit, one that has seen the whole content of the interpretation of phenomena transformed almost beneath its eyes and has rewritten human history in terms of spiritual values, there is one prime virtue demanded of those who would expound the meaning of the universe. That virtue is intellectual integrity, and that virtue, one must with reluctance and disappointment confess, is precisely the virtue for which the methods and traditions of a church claiming authority, or expounding writings claimed to be authoritative, are not a favoring environment.

Parents sympathetic by personal association and tradition with the church are, it is complained, nevertheless not strongly moved to take their children regularly and habitually to its services. To answer that in many cases one reason for this indifference is not blindness to spiritual values, but rather an uncomfortable realization that in its authoritative pronouncements the church frequently flouts the obligations of intellectual integrity, is indeed not the pleasantest kind of answer to have to make, but it is far better that we should declare it frankly. The overwhelming majority of intelligent men are sympathetic with the church, but they have little confidence that it will appeal to their children as it has done to them unless it thoroughly and whole-heartedly makes its formal pronouncements square with the requirements of reason and intelligence.

It is not only in such matters of dogmatic theology as the reiteration of the historicity of the virgin birth, of the miracles as a whole, of the bodily resurrection of Jesus, that offending is evident. The formal declarations on such things are bad enough. If, for example, one chooses to believe in the virgin birth because it is a dogma of the church, he has manifestly already accepted the major premise that all dogmas of the church are to be believed. But that major premise no longer finds easy acceptance; so from the pulpit we hear curious defenses of the historic accuracy of the story of the virgin birth — arguments so preposterous, so

tenuous and pitiful, so childish in method, as to be beneath contempt. What can we say for the intellectual integrity of the preacher who seriously cites as a prophecy of the virgin birth the familiar passage from Isaiah, a passage which in private conversation any educated clergyman will agree had, as indeed the context plainly shows, a purely local and temporal reference, one whose subject was fully exhausted within a few months from the time the words were spoken? The question is not of the importance of the historicity of the virgin birth. The disquieting feature is that men who by intensive education should be best qualified to speak with authority should pervert their office to presentation of arguments unworthy of a schoolboy.

Any educated clergyman will say freely enough in the seclusion of his study that the Hexateuch is blended of the Elohistic and Jahvistic writings, with large additions of a Deuteronomic author and a portion known as the Priestly Law, that these were not gathered together until long after the time of the earlier Jewish kings, and that they are largely legendary; but if he talks too much of this from his pulpit he knows that he is quite likely to get into trouble. So, too, no educated clergyman thinks of the Synoptic Gospels as narratives of eye-witnesses; neither is he ignorant of the vast time that elapsed before the author of the Fourth Gospel began to write down his strange, mystical interpretation of the Jesus who had lived generations before. He is acquainted with the profound gulf that separates the actual life and work of Jesus of Nazareth from the involved Pauline theology that succeeded it. All these things have long been thoroughly comprehended in the highest places of the church; nor, one may safely believe, does the most obscurant theological seminary fail to make its students acquainted with them. And the more intelligent of the clergy would not dream of disputing at least the more striking and elementary of the conclusions reached in the historical searching of sources that has been part of recognized Biblical scholarship for the past fifty or seventy-five years.

Let us be quite frank about it. The church has not been fair with its own people. Its spokesmen have not on the whole given its own people a fair or comprehensive picture of the very subject matter of the gospel it was preaching.

They must have known better, for example, than to declare that, if the results of research in geology and biology did not square with the creation legends set down in Genesis, they should be rejected. Yet one does not have to be very old to remember how bitter were the fulminations directed against Darwin and Huxley and Tyndall; how terribly the bishops thundered in the seventies. That seems a long time ago; but it was that tradition, that way of looking at new facts, at research, from which survive the fierce resentments, the angry intolerance, the implacable fixed ideas that find voice in such laws as the Tennessee statute under which it was forbidden to teach in the public schools anything in biology or geology not in accord with Genesis.

That, let us thankfully assume, may be a belated survival, the defiant gesture of entrenched ignorance, not truly representative of the church. But the trouble is not with this detail or that. The church may have been laughed out of its insistence that the Babylonian myths preserved in the Jahvistic and Elohistic writings from which the Hebrew Scriptures were derived are to be taken as authentic history. The trouble is not with the particular conclusion

reached; it is with the whole method and approach. The disquieting fact that troubles the parents is that in investigating and interpreting the facts of the universe the method and approach are often not consistent with intellectual integrity.

'Ah, but the church is not, and never was, the organ or instrument in the search for truth in the scientific field! Its world is the spiritual world. It is spiritual values that it seeks out and holds before us. It is in ethics, in conduct, in the spiritual interpretation of the universe, that it speaks with authoritative voice. There its light is the illumination of divine truth.' Such is the consoling reconciliation so much in fashion. 'There is no conflict between science and revealed religion. Each has its own sphere.'

The church was in the wrong when it condemned the men who said there were antipodes. It was wrong when it condemned Galileo and Copernicus. It was wrong when it declared that any deliverances of palæontology or biology contrary to the scriptural records of special creation were to be spewed from men's mouths as unholy and impious. Men have suffered ostracism, exile, torture, and death for opposing in these things the church's pronouncement of a divine mandate. How are we to know that its methods and processes come with more authentic inspiration when we pass into the field of ethics, of morals, of conduct, and the whole plan of spiritual things?

III

It may well be that in the eager and reverent study of the life of Jesus of Nazareth our children will find a living gospel potent with spiritual values ample for the making over of the world. By our earliest and most powerful associations, by tradition and the living force of the most appealing ideals and aspirations of Western civilization, we parents are for the most part willing that the Christian church should be, if it will, the chief instrument for organizing the spiritual life of the younger generation. But how can we look with hope, or indeed with anything but dread of sorrowful disillusion, to a propaganda whose methods conflict with intellectual integrity and whose most definitely organized and formal arguments and pronouncements are so frequently beneath contempt?

For we should not lay the flattering unction to our souls that there is the remotest chance of our children working into their spiritual life the mystical heritage of theological concepts that no longer have correspondence with any reality we know. Even in the Episcopal Church, in whose tradition there has always been a powerful protest against the submergence of reason, we begin our service with the servile declaration that we are all miserable offenders and that there is no health in us. Were our children to begin their weekday tasks with any such whining of a morbid defeatism we should realize that they needed an instant change of environment.

Do our children believe, as they are told a few moments later, that God hath given power to his ministers to declare and pronounce to his people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins, and that such absolution is limited to those who 'unfeignedly believe his holy Gospel'? What is their reaction to the dreadful commination in the Catechism, where, in defining the nature and effect of infant baptism, it is said of baptized children that 'being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath,' they are thereby 'made the children of grace'?

Have we any expectation that our children will take these things seriously, or believe them? Are we content

that they should take them seriously, or believe them?

But, it is said, we need not trouble with dogma. For the millions reared in the traditional faith the historic doctrines of the church have been sources, not only of inspiration and righteousness of life, but of abiding strength and serenity of spirit. It is by their fruits that we shall know them. True, and none realize this more profoundly than these same parents to whom the appeal of the churches comes. It is because of this that their attitude is in no way antagonistic. They would have the church live and flourish. Nor is it merely the church as a social institution with which they would gladly see their children united in close and vital fellowship. They have traditionally looked to the church for spiritual leadership, but they can have but faint hope of the enduring spiritual leadership of those who, week in and week out with monotonous iteration, ring the changes on formularies so utterly divorced from reality that their denunciations no longer terrify and their promises no longer allure.

The fundamental appeal of Christianity is as a way of life. It is the spiritual interpretation of the universe in the light of a great personality. The perpetual freshness and vitality of its appeal have survived the incrustation of creeds and dogmas that men have erected about it. Why then do we fear that after all these centuries attendance upon its established rites and services will alienate from it the younger generation, or at least dull their ears to its appeal? We fear it because until very modern times indeed there has been no sharp cleavage between the content of our knowledge of the universe and the authoritative deliverances of the church. More or less — never altogether, never quite with complete frankness, but more or less — the church has in past generations been in part the spokesman of what there was of scholarship, of patient research, of searching for the truth of the universe. In the method, approach, and deliverances of the spokesmen of revealed religion there was nothing hopelessly and irreconcilably in conflict with reason or abhorrent to truth so far as truth had been learned of men. Now there is, and that's the pity of it.

The virgin birth is not inherently important. Miracles are not inherently important. The legends of the fall, the diagnosis of the divine decrees of the supralapsarian Trinitarians, the involutions of the Pauline theology, the metamorphosis of the radiant figure of the Synoptics into the mystical theologian of the Fourth Gospel, are perhaps not inherently important. But when the priests and spokesmen of a powerful institution, the men chosen to represent its judgment and scholarship, maintain these things by unsound and hopelessly discredited formulas of evaluation and the perversion of rational judgments, it is exceedingly important.

Do these things awaken the spiritual consciousness of the children? Do they, indeed, arouse their interest? Do they stimulate in the house of God more than a drowsy fuddling of the mental and spiritual powers of the attendants? Are we quite sure that these somnolent stirrings of the children's spiritual nature, these rituals of formularies discarded by reason, impotent to interest the children or vitalize their faculties, are altogether an appealing offering to the Almighty? Should not the churches try to make their services potent to arouse the interest of the children, to awaken their noblest intellectual and spiritual reactions, rather than ask us to run the risk of forcing on the Lord an unwilling and unintelligent worship?

To come back to our fundamental complaint, in too many places in the church its spokesmen do not meet us with intellectual integrity. We should be shocked to have our children follow along their path. Down that path we cannot discern a clear light.

Whether Protestantism can so interpret the life and work of Jesus of Nazareth as to restore the radiance of a personality that it is not hard to think of as yet potent to transform and save the world — this is the momentous question that our churches have at their door. Is there hope of it in dogma, in the reverent repetition of manuscripts, however sacred, in the traditional prayerful recitals of thanksgiving and avowals of utter unworthiness, in the ecstasy of assurance of personal salvation by acceptance of a vicarious sacrifice — is there hope of it in these, or indeed is there hope that these will appreciably impress the spiritual consciousness of our children? Frankly, we should not like to see our children led or inspired by them.

Yet here are the children, waiting outside the church door. Impelled by the most powerful of traditions and the affections of a lifetime, most of us, perhaps, too old now to be eager to break the ancient ties, send our children within the door. How long will they stay there?

MISTRESS JOACHIM

BY GRACE ZARING STONE

I

When Father Kinkaid, the Moravian pastor, went into his study after his siesta he found on his desk a pink envelope addressed to him and marked 'urgent.' He had not heard anyone bring it. Far from feeling a desire to tear it open, he sat down to enjoy a speculation as to what it might contain. The possibilities of things urgent in Frederiksted seemed to him simple and limited. At this hour of the day the little town was just stirring languorously from slumber, a few *jalousies* were opening, the streets were silent and empty under heavy sunlight; beyond lay the tranquil countryside, great houses moored in seas of cane stubble; in the fields negroes, impersonal as ants, moved about their accustomed toil.

He picked up the envelope and examined the handwriting. It was rather childish, unformed. A perfume, probably French and expensive, floated up from it, bringing to his mind that detestable Haitian poet, Dumenisl, with his crinkly imperial, and a Cape jasmine in his buttonhole. That fellow was always odorous with some scent or other; he left a trail behind him in the street. But it was extremely unlikely that Dumenisl should be writing him a note. They had never spoken except to salute in passing. It was unlikely indeed that anyone should write him such a note. If he had not believed himself to know intimately everyone in Frederiksted, or at least to know all about everyone, he would have imagined that,

like some box of Pandora, it contained extraordinary passions and terrors. It was probably a request for the loan of five francs. And one thing was certain — it was more amusing unopened than read.

A step sounded in his doorway. 'Come in, Vashti,' he said, looking up. A negress stood there in her bright madras, topped by a big straw hat. She was barefoot and carried a wooden tray of little rolls covered by a napkin. She stood uneasily shifting her weight from foot to foot.

'Father,' she began in an incredibly nasal voice, 'Father' — and stopped.

'Go on, Vashti. Has he been beating you again?'

'Yes, Father. Last week he break my mouth with a rock,' — she pointed to a swollen jaw, — 'and then he climb up in the turpentine tree, so to harass I before the neighbors and make a far-away scandal. But that is not the trouble I come about. He does do bad things — plenty bad.'

'Perhaps he feels you have not been too good to him, Vashti.'

Her voice climbed without transition to a shout. 'Me bad! My soul! With he t'iefing my best fowls to give to that hussy, that Eglantine living by the market? No, man! It is not I who is bad.' The blaze in her eyes died; she took a wheedling tone. 'He does do something plenty bad, though. They put him in the fort for it, please God.'

Father Kinkaid leaned back in his chair. 'Well, I don't want to hear about it. I don't believe in women bearing tales against their lawful husbands.' He felt the weakness of the refusal. What he really wanted was to avoid the dreariness of a domestic recital. 'Well, tell me then, if you must,' he said resignedly. 'I may be able to help you.'

But his refusal had checked her. He could watch, like the struggle of a beetle on the floor, all her indecision suddenly roused by unlooked-for opposition. She rubbed her forehead with a large-knuckled hand and frowned at him. He waited a moment, but her tongue was locked.

'Where does Joseph work now?' he prompted.

She still hesitated, a bit sullen because he had confused her.

'At La Grange,' she said reluctantly.

'Well, it is a good thing he is working there. They are splendid people to work for. They must be very busy too just now.'

She looked away with something furtive in her eyes. 'La Grange don't see that fellow long.'

'See here, Vashti!' He banged his fist on the table. 'If you have any mind to practise tricks on him or on Eglantine you will suffer for it. Can you people never learn to control yourselves? Don't you know what makes you different from those swine out there in the street? It is your power to exercise control over your functions, over your reason. The moment you cease to do that you become like them again. Don't you see?'

'Father, I put no obeah on he or anybody. I kiss my hand to Jesus, it is so!' She kissed it and tilted her straw hat forward on her head. 'Father, I would not have the *pre*-sumption to come to you, but you does be so good to a poor girl, and I don't want harm coming to you.'

'No harm is coming to me, Vashti.'

She lowered her eyes almost coquettishly. 'No one knows what the Lord have in store for us, Father.'

'Quite true,' he murmured. 'Well, go think it over, Vashti. Send Joseph to me and I'll talk to him. And by the way, have you any bread for me?'

She lifted her napkin and took out six little rolls on a cardboard. She put them on the desk while he looked in

the drawer and discovered two Danish francs. 'Here,' he said. 'An exorbitant price for you — be off with it.' He put it in her hand and added, 'And be good.'

She turned to go, stupidity, bewilderment, and a little relief on her face. At the door she suddenly stepped aside to make way for the tall figure of a woman, who brushed past into the room.

Father Kinkaid looked up. He did not recognize the woman, but she turned to speak to Vashti a moment.

'Are you Joseph's wife?' she asked.

'Yes, Mistress.'

The woman continued to stare at her, then said shortly, 'Go home. Do not talk so much.'

'Yes, Mistress — at your service, Mistress.' Vashti drew her hat farther across her eyes and slipped out the door.

Father Kinkaid recognized her now. She was Mistress Joachim, and if he had picked the least likely visitor from the island it would have been she. He frowned at her a moment without rising. The sun had come to the line of his desk and struck all his scattered papers, casting a glow on his rather small face, which was without beauty and had only a wide, humorous nose to give it strength.

'Good afternoon, Father,' she said a bit sharply, as if to call herself to his attention.

'You wanted to see me?' he asked, standing up at last.

'Yes. Is it so surprising? Let us go into the garden. Your study is so close, and I should like to see your plants.' She rustled ahead of him into the open space between houses which was his garden. It was paved in tiles, and against the yellow plaster walls bloomed a splendid little forest of crotons in jars, copper-leaved, bronzed, gilded, or stained as with wine. There was a well in the centre of the court; painted iron chairs, and an old Danish lamp turning green. They sat down facing each other, while Father Kinkaid looked keenly at his visitor.

She was, in her blue-gray silk dress covered by a black lace shawl, quite monumental; his own small, elegant figure seemed to shrink as he looked at her. She carried a black carriage parasol, wore a French hat with plumes, French gloves; but, despite the sober colors she had chosen, her cheeks and lips, her throat, glowed with the exuberant brilliance of tropical fruit. He recalled various things he had heard of her: that her grandmother was a 'tie-head' and squatted in the market place of Charlotte Amalie selling vegetables from a wooden tray; that she herself had passed from lover to lover, beginning with a steward in Government House and progressing by way of a Danish sailor from one of the warships (and goodness knows how many others) to one of the wealthiest Jewish merchants of Charlotte Amalie. This Joachim, already an old man, had left her a considerable portion of his fortune. His name she had brazenly appropriated after his death. She had only recently come to St. Croix, where she lived in a big house and, among a certain society of the place, passed for a lady of consequence and great elegance. It was true that of late she was talked about for associating with some of the element that was provoking unrest among the negroes on the estates. She was even suspected of supplying them with funds and of lodging certain persons from Haiti and Santo Domingo in her house. Probably, however, this was all market gossip. She was a regular attendant at church. On one occasion, when he had given her the Communion, tears had streamed down her face. He had said to himself that for the moment she probably fancied herself a repentant Magdalen.

While he continued to look at her keenly and not too kindly, she took out a black fan and fanned herself in a manner which was irritating, as being, like the rest of her, an imitation of elegance. 'Does she wish me to suppose,' he said to himself, 'that she is unaccustomed to the heat?'

'Mistress Joachim,' he said briskly, 'I am sure you have come to see me on some important matter.'

'Are you in a hurry?' she asked languidly. Her voice had the singsong of the Creole, but it was richer-toned, with a romantic sort of huskiness, from rum probably, and she was short of breath so that she was obliged to stop every now and then, even in the midst of sentences, to draw a sharp sigh. 'Because if you are, I can come again.' But she settled back more deeply.

He was still amazed that she should have come to see him. Was there to be a discussion of her religious progress, or, most likely, was she presuming on her only possible trespass into that luminous world of white respectability?

'I am sure your errand is of sufficient importance to detain me.'

'Why must it be so important?' She smiled at him, and her teeth were large and white. 'But what is this great work you would do if I were not here?'

He shrugged his shoulders as if urging her to abandon flippancy.

'Suppose, Father, you estimate for me the importance of saving a human soul — mine, for instance.' She caught her breath in a sigh, then added suddenly, 'Or your own.'

'So you have come to save souls between tea and sundown,' he said pleasantly. 'I am afraid it cannot be done in that manner.'

'But in what manner?' she insisted. 'That is just what I came here to find out.'

'Mistress Joachim, you are proposing your question to me as an all-embracing generality, after the manner of Pontius Pilate and all the rest of those who have no desire or expectation of being answered. What, exactly, is the advice you want? Tell me and I will do my best to help you.'

'I do not see why it could not be discussed a bit more impersonally. You priests are so annoying. You are all alike: you demand instant confession, and you then have us at such an inconceivable disadvantage.'

In order not to give way to an increasing irritation he kept silent. He had a method of saying to himself, 'This is of no importance whatsoever,' and then attempting to focus his mind on something colossal — the great scheme of God's redemption, for instance. On the occasions when this attempt failed, and this was one of them, he then felt justified in depending for his equilibrium on his sense of humor.

'There are a number of valuable and trustworthy books on ethics and religion which I will be glad to place at your disposal, Mistress Joachim. You will find in them rules which can be applied to every conceivable problem.'

'You think so! What do your Christian Fathers know of my problems!'

She might well ask, he thought, as he considered the blood that flowed fantastically in her veins — blood of many like himself, blood of many Vashtis.

'The wisdom of God covers all,' he told her vaguely, realizing that she would scarcely be specifically comforted by that statement.

'You are like them all — you do not really want to help me!'

'But I do. Only we cannot get anywhere like this. You must tell me frankly what you want, what troubles you.'

'Father,' she said, leaning forward, her strange hazel eyes alight, 'I cannot seek help from you, or perhaps bring it,

without first finding out if you are worthy.'

'So you intend to test me first?' he asked as lightly as he could. He wished she were not quite so unexpected, that her face were not so vividly emotional.

'I must find out!' she cried.

'Well, after all that is a wise precaution. Would that more of my parishioners would take it — I should have more time to myself.'

Mistress Joachim rose and began to walk about, examining his plants. He could not help that it had become a contest between them. He watched her and observed that she was decidedly corpulent and too tightly laced to move with the grace of native women who carry loads on their heads. But it was easy to imagine what she had been at sixteen.

'Your crotons thrive in a diabolical manner,' she observed. 'And do tell me what the little eggshells are doing there in the tubs?'

'To protect the young shoots. Surely you know all these little tricks of the country. Your own garden is famous. Do you pack charcoal in the roots?'

'I really don't know. My roses are fine, but my gardener attends to them.'

She turned and looked at him with what seemed a trace of mockery.

'A thousand apologies! I had supposed your own fair fingers tended them.'

'Oh no, indeed. I lead a very lazy life. I shall wake up some morning to find my figure gone entirely. But what can I do about it? What activities are open to me? My servants do everything, and when I leave my house I do not set foot to the ground.'

'The oppression of riches,' he murmured.

'But my figure really worries me. I can assure you it used to be worth looking at.'

'I do not doubt it. But which is it we are trying to save, your figure or your soul?'

She stopped in front of him and laughed. 'You are the most amusing man! I always tell all my friends that you are certainly the wit of Frederiksted. Why, even in the midst of your sermons I sometimes feel an irresistible impulse to burst out laughing.'

'You are flattering me! Especially as my sermons are not intended to be amusing.'

'Perhaps not. But is n't it nice that they are? They are the one bright spot in the dry, reformed ritual. Now in church I want to be enveloped in music, jeweled lights, incense, as one is in the cathedrals I saw in France — only more than that, much more. I want to see you in a robe of cloth of gold; I want what you say to be lively, moving, dramatic.'

'You want an opera' — and, despite the diverting suggestion of himself in a cloth-of-gold robe, he felt discouraged. 'But seriously, why not join Rome, or,' he added with conscious malice, 'try the religion of the late Joachim — a dash of Oriental gorgeousness — '

'You enrage me!' she cried in a voice much too loud. 'Why is not what I want as valid as what you want?'

'Probably it is.'

'But you don't really think it is!'

He did not answer. She leaned back and half shut her eyes as though studying something at a distance.

'Perhaps it will be I who will see the heavens open like a scroll, and the saints singing inside in the glory of God.'

The unrestrained expression of her face made him instinctively turn away his eyes.

'You do not want that?' she asked.

'No,' he answered quietly. 'I distrust visions, ecstasies, the trances of the saints. They seem to me unbridled indulgence, a sensuality of the soul.'

He glanced at her and saw her standing before him with eyes fixed. He determined not to say any more.

'Please sit down.' She dropped heavily into a chair. Her face relaxed and she unfurled her small black fan and began to fan herself.

'Oh, by the way, Father.' Her husky voice had lost its touch of wildness, though there was still a trace of it in her kindled eyes. 'By the way, could I persuade you to adorn one of my simple little gatherings some evening? I have spoken so much about you that I want some of my friends to meet you.'

It flashed over him that this was what she had come for. He was surprised to find that he was disappointed in her.

'I go about scarcely at all,' he said kindly, 'and my evenings are all taken up with work.'

'But if it were important for you to come — very important indeed.'

He glanced at her hands and saw that her knuckles were blue from clenching her fan so tightly.

'Why do you ask me?' he demanded.

Her face reddened as if a hand had struck it. 'Why should I not ask you? Is there any reason why you should not come? As a matter of fact you will meet in my little salon more entertaining people than you are accustomed to. Sometimes Sieur Rosmer plays very brilliant concert pieces for us; I have a good piano — a Gaveau. Or Monsieur Dumenisl recites his verses. They are very well thought of in Paris, I assure you, among people who know.'

Mistress Joachim leaned forward and touched his arm with her tightly clenched fan. 'Come this evening,' she urged. 'Come with me now and dine with us. You will not repent of it, I assure you.'

'I really cannot come,' he said, with absolute finality.

She unfurled her fan and leaned backward, holding it across her face, to hide what he supposed to be a convulsion of rage.

'Come, come,' he said, 'do pull yourself together.'

She bowed her head, still holding the fan across her face.

Suddenly she got up, drawing her lace shawl about her. He purposely did not look at her, and when her parasol fell he was glad to stoop for it. As he held it out to her all her big white teeth flashed in a smile.

'Good-bye, Father.' Her voice was once more husky and seductive. 'I will never trouble you again. It seems we cannot help each other after all.'

'I will take you to the door,' he said, relief obvious in his voice.

'Rest, then, in your immeasurable pride and superiority.' She kicked her skirt aside viciously with one foot and moved across the court. He followed her to the door. There she turned.

'Remember me when you come into your kingdom,' she mocked. 'It will not be long, I promise you.'

She was gone.

II

Father Kinkaid sat down to the quiet of his garden in the soft afternoon light. He tried to dismiss Mistress Joachim from his mind. But the irritation she had produced remained. Threats and reproaches! What in the devil was she driving at? And as to her soul — 'I wonder,' he said to himself, 'if I have saved one soul in my ten years' work here.' Behind this doubt hovered an always unacknowledged one: can any soul be saved, or, worst of all, can it really be lost? He got up and began to walk restlessly about. 'I am tired and need a vacation among my own people. Twelve years here is too much. These people are getting on my nerves. All this superfervid faith, the

miracle, the vision, they seem to be for the ignorant, but for me — for me — what!'

He went into his study and sat down at his desk. There lay the pink envelope where he had left it. He saw the word 'urgent' and smelled the perfume that had suggested the Haitian poet Dumenisl. He tore it open and stared at the illiterate scrawl it contained.

'Father, I believe you to be a good man and worthy to be saved. Even the great city of Sodom would have been saved for ten just men, and it is in your power to save all. There is destruction planned for to-night. A hurricane of fire and blood will pass over the island. If you are like the rest of them, full of false pride and scorn, then perish with them. If you are humble, save them and be saved with them. I will be with you in less than an hour.'

No more.

Involuntarily, when he had finished it, he cried aloud, 'Mistress Joachim!'

Well, after all it must be studied. There might be a grain of sanity in it. It was not the first threatening letter he had received. 'But,' he thought, 'she does go in a bit more for drama and bloodshed. Really her manner does not prepare one for the violences of her epistolary style. But I cannot understand how a woman of her vigorous mind and experience of the world could write such a thing — unless there were some grain of truth in it.' How much truth, he wondered. A slight and disagreeable feeling of uneasiness touched him for the first time. There was Vashti and her evident desire to tell him something; all he had heard of serious unrest among the plantation labor, rumors of Mistress Joachim's connection with it; the absence of the Governor from St. Croix, the known weakness of the commander of the small garrison at Frederiksted. And yet nothing had happened for years, and to give a warning based on the note of an unbalanced woman was not to be thought of. He tore the paper into little bits, took up his hat, and went out.

Mistress Joachim's house was but a short walk from his own. As he made his way there it seemed to him that, for the cool of the day, the streets were unusually empty. Only a few old women squatted under the arcades selling pink and white sweets. He stood outside the door for a moment surprised that it was so difficult for him to concentrate. 'Now, when I need perfect equilibrium, I pray God may give it to me.'

He pulled the cord on her door and a bell jangled inside the house. He rang a second time, but no one came. As he rang a third time the clamor of the bell, dying slowly, suggested great empty rooms shrouded in shadow; he thought of a place suddenly abandoned, with perhaps a chair overturned, an air of disorder and flight, all poignantly suggested in the strange, unnatural stillness. He was convinced that there was no one there. But just then he heard steps; the door opened and the black face of Mistress Joachim's butler appeared. His voice was like stale molasses; his smile was insolent. 'Mistress Joachim is not receiving this afternoon.'

'But' — the door closed on him. He shook it fiercely, but it was securely bolted. He seized the cord and pulled it again and again, setting up a din as alarming as though someone had unexpectedly commenced to scream. 'That will disturb her siesta,' he thought. Suddenly it ceased; the cord had been cut or detached from the inside. He mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. 'See here, this is serious. No temper.' He looked about him. The town was still bathed in dreamy light, and at the end of the

street lay the purple sea, but in less than an hour it would be black night. What was all this about, anyway? A mad woman! Forget all about it. Go home and enjoy a good supper. Someone had sent him wild wood doves — a delectable dish.

For a second he hesitated; then he walked around to the back of the house and into the gate leading to the kitchens. The door of the dining room was open and he could see a maid, who was one of his parishioners, setting Sheffield candlesticks on the table and laying out silver for many people.

'Good evening, Lucy,' he said casually as he walked in. 'Madame upstairs?'

She nodded, in her surprise unable to close her mouth. He found the stairs in the gloom of the hallway and went up them slowly. He was in the salon of Mistress Joachim.

It was flooded with level primrose light; all the gilt mirrors, the polished tops of tables, the crystal candle shades, were shining. Mistress Joachim sat with her back to the light before a mahogany card table, holding a pack of playing cards in her hands. She was without a hat and her sculpturesque curls were caught in a knot and fell from it to her shoulders. She looked, without a hat, more mature, less European, a dark Demeter. Her eyes were dilated and fixed on the door as he came in; the hand holding a card was poised. They stared at each other for a full moment, till she exclaimed slowly and with contempt, 'You would make a good thief!' She turned her head from him and began to rearrange the bright cards as if he no longer existed.

'I am accepting your invitation.' He drew up a chair and seated himself across the table from her. 'You cannot deny that you urged me to come.'

'Or that you refused.' Her voice was a murmur, husky, indifferent. Her cards held all her attention. As she turned up an unfavorable one she clicked her tongue in apparent annoyance.

He waited.

Finally she spoke without looking at him. 'What has caused your change of heart — was it terror?'

'Did you mean to alarm me dreadfully? Well, a man should never boast of any virtue till he is proven — least of all, courage.'

He folded his arms and cocked his head on one side, looking at her like an impertinent sparrow. She was controlling herself pretty well. Her large hands, well kept and covered with expensive rings, did not even shake. He would have to stir her up a bit to get any information from her.

'And so you are the authoress of my anonymous letter! Perhaps it is a pity that I did not read it before you came — it might have prepared me for some things. But truly, Mistress Joachim, that letter — so naïve, so artlessly full of horrors — it was unworthy of you. You do not write as well as you talk; you should definitely abandon literature.'

She gave the cards an involuntary sharp slam, though her face lost none of its indifference.

'I made a mistake in writing you,' — her voice had no special intonation of bitterness, — 'or in coming to see you. I am ready to admit it. God knows why I should care what happens to you! I suppose I came because of all I had heard of you, of your goodness to the poor and the unfortunate, your charities, your understanding. Some people, poor old women chiefly, seem to regard you as second only to the Saviour Himself.' She turned up a card and stared at it. 'It pleases some people to play the saviour to others; the more wretched, the blacker, those who are helped, the more bountiful, the

more exalted, the whiter is the saviour. Is n't that so?'

Father Kinkaid shrugged his shoulders.

'But with me,' she continued, bitterness rising in her voice, 'with me it is different. Me you come to insult. Because I have dragged myself out of the mud without your help, because I am rich and have power of a sort — more, perhaps, than you have.'

'It is precisely your power that I have come to talk about, Mistress Joachim. You do not know what a dangerous thing it is to have. It is a high explosive — you must use it cautiously. And let me tell you one thing, apropos of this power you boast of: it consists first of all of money that you have extracted from white men. If you will forgive my saying so, whatever charm or beauty you have comes from white men also. I believe everything which you count as power is due in some measure, greater or smaller, to them. Do you think it is fair to use these things to stir up ignorant black people against us? I say it is above all unfair; but, secondly, it is a futile and stupid gesture, for you injure the whites not too much, while in the end the blacks suffer immeasurably.'

Mistress Joachim reshuffled the pack with fingers which were agitated enough to spill a few cards.

'It has never been recorded that the victims of violence approved of it.'

'Probably not, but you cannot base an argument for violence exclusively on that fact. The real truth is that it gets you nowhere.'

'The French Revolution,' murmured Mistress Joachim.

'Oh, come, come,' cried Father Kinkaid, 'pray spare me the French Revolution! It is so tiresome to talk to people who do not think for themselves, but forever quote clichés they have gathered from someone else. I recognize here the words of your friend the poet, Monsieur Dumenisl, even though I have never spoken to him. He is a Haitian. Where did his revolution get him? Has he told you that? He prefers not to live in Haiti. Let us consider your own case. What do you expect from this? When your connection with it is known, you will be fined to the full limit of your properties. You will probably spend ten years in jail and emerge an old woman. Where will your power be then?'

'You cannot frighten me,' she interrupted him. 'I know you are talking to save your skin.'

He disregarded her. 'In another moment,' he continued, 'you will speak to me about the wrongs of your race, or, say, part of your race — slavery and all of that. My dear woman, the injuries done your race and the good done it are universal, the experience of all of us. What are a few hundred years of slavery as against what you have received? Think of yourself here now, and a kraal in Africa. What a long way you have come! Slavery was a stepping-stone, one among many. Because of a difference in color, you people imagine that everything which happens to you has a spècial and awful significance. All of it has happened also to us. How many bankers do you suppose are the descendants of feudal serfs?'

Her eyes wavered, but she repeated obstinately, 'You are talking to save your skin.'

'I am talking to save your soul, Mistress Joachim, and you realize it. You realized without my help that it was in danger or you would not have come to me in the first place. Do not plunge yourself back into the mud you spoke of. You have climbed far, and all credit to you for it. Climb further still. You are on a perilous rung of the ladder. You are thinking of wrongs and injuries you have received, not

thinking of the good. But for God's sake control yourself now if ever. Make the civilized, the Christian act of faith, and hang on to the rung. Climb higher.'

Suddenly she burst into tears and dropped her head forward on her arms. Though he had hoped to disturb her calm, he was a bit disconcerted as he watched the top of her head and listened to her violent sobbing. At last the sobs passed into long-drawn sighs. She raised her head and he was astonished at the sudden beauty of her eyes, moist and glistening with tears — astonished more, and uneasy, that their beauty should trouble him.

'Father,' she said unexpectedly, 'when you were in Charlotte Amalie did you ever see my mother?' She dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief and frankly blew her nose like a child after tears. All of her face had changed — it was younger, gentle, almost stupid.

'She was cook for Mistress Petersen, the harbor master's wife. She was such a pretty woman, and a very religious one. She used to put lard on her hands every night to keep them soft.'

Mistress Joachim leaned back in her chair, her eyes still tear-filled, fixed heavily on Father Kinkaid. He felt her slipping through his grasp again.

The sun had set and the sky was afire behind her head; only bright surfaces in the room shone out of the swarming dusty darkness — brass, crystal, polished wood, and Mistress Joachim's eyes in her shadowed face. 'There were two things she always said to me, once every day at least. One was "Pray, Talie, pray, and one day you will see the heavens rolling back like a shining scroll."'

'And the other?' he asked.

She looked up at him. Even in the gloom he sensed bitterness and an irony that flashed for all her placidity.

'The other was "Wear your hat, Talie, or you'll get so burned people will think you are black."'

A clock on one of her console tables struck once. It was six-thirty. In a half hour it would be dark. He leaned toward her.

'Mistress Joachim, what is going to happen to-night and what can we do to prevent it?'

'It is too late,' she said softly. She had withdrawn herself from any concern over the moment. She might be almost going off to sleep.

'Not too late,' he urged. 'Tell me what it is.'

She answered, 'The laborers of the whole island are rising. By morning there won't be a sugar mill or a great house or a white man left on the island.'

Horses' hoofs sounded in the soft dirt of the street outside. They stopped in front of the house. Someone knocked on the door. He heard the steps of the butler going down the hall. He peered forward into her face, but it was emptied idiotically of all expression. One hand lay loosely on the table. The front door banged shut; voices came from below. Someone was mounting the stairs.

'Come now.' He gripped her relaxed hand. It was like ice. 'You know what we can do. Tell me.'

She looked suddenly down at his hand gripping hers. 'Oh, I am in torment!' She sighed painfully. 'Why did you come?'

She tried to stand, but he dragged her back by the hand. She let herself be pulled forward, collapsing suddenly with both arms spread across the table. The newcomer was in the door.

'You are tired,' Father Kinkaid said clearly, to explain the abandonment of her attitude.

Her voice rang through the room with unexpected loudness, as if voicing

the final word of despair: 'I am in love!'

Father Kinkaid turned to the man in the doorway. 'Not with Monsieur Dumenisl, I hope,' he said pleasantly.

The Haitian poet stepped into the room. He was a fat man, fatter even than Father Kinkaid remembered, with a Cape jasmine in his buttonhole and pomaded, crinkly hair.

'Am I early?' he asked hurriedly in a nervous, sputtering voice. 'Do I perhaps intrude?'

As he came closer Father Kinkaid saw that he was in a flutter of rage. He was like an enraged fowl. It was difficult not to smile at him. Mistress Joachim was indifferent to his presence, perhaps unconscious of it; she did not lift her head from her arm.

'Do I perhaps intrude?' he repeated, his eyes bulging at Father Kinkaid as if they demanded some explanation from him. 'Am I perhaps indiscreet?'

'The poetic license,' Father Kinkaid assured him, reaching for his hat under the chair. 'As a matter of fact, Madame and I were just going out for a breath of air. You will excuse us, I am sure.'

The poet, balanced absurdly on the balls of his feet, swayed back and forth. He looked from Father Kinkaid to the bowed head of Mistress Joachim. 'But, Madame,' he protested, 'your dinner — your guests — the little matter we had in hand — surely —' Suddenly he lost control. He shouted, 'Have you lost your mind?'

'He is so fat,' thought Father Kinkaid, 'that if we come to blows I don't see what I could do to him. He would probably fall on me for a starter.'

He turned to the bowed head on the table, unresponsive as a bronze idol of Benin.

'Well, what about it? Are you coming?'

She rose hastily. She seemed to have come to life with a jerk, and in a surprisingly clear voice said, 'My shawl?'

He took it from the back of her chair and dropped it about her massive shoulders. Then, taking her arm, he set her in motion, as one releases a boat from the shore. She looked ahead of her, at neither of them, but Dumenisl moved forward, swayed rather, and clutched at her arm.

'Natalie — you — you — ' he choked.

But with one thrust of her arm, a thrust somehow startlingly ferocious, she threw him aside. He reeled backward, and she and Father Kinkaid left the room together.

In the hall below, the butler was standing. He had been looking anxiously upward, wondering perhaps if he should interfere.

'Wait,' said Father Kinkaid. He tore a leaf from a notebook he carried, scribbled on it, and folded it up. 'Take this down to the fort to the Commandant. Be quick about it. Run!'

The butler was looking at his mistress; she was staring ahead of her out of the doorway.

'Tell him,' said Father Kinkaid.

She turned. 'If you fail to do as you are told — ' she said.

He made off in great haste.

III

Outside, in the twilight, the carriage of Monsieur Dumenisl was waiting. His initials were blazoned on the door; a lantern was lit by the coachman. There was no one visible up or down the street but the form of the retreating butler. Without even consulting each other they climbed in.

'Drive first to Hannah's Rest,' said Father Kinkaid, 'and drive fast.'

Presently they were in the open country, with the dim emptiness of cane fields on either side of them. The stars were coming out overhead. It

was too dark to see anything but each other's outline. Father Kinkaid could feel his fingers twitching.

'Where does it start?' he asked.

'They will be starting now near King's Hill; all the estates will blaze shortly. Then they will march on Frederiksted.'

'Frederiksted will be all right. You saw the note I sent?'

She shrugged her shoulders. 'He is a weak and obstinate man.'

Unfortunately she was right. His fingers went on twitching.

'I am going to warn each estate as we pass. Then when we catch up with the rioters — if there really are any — I shall speak to them. I count on your presence somewhat, but I know most of them. They have come to me for help at one time or another, and I have done what I could for them. I believe I can turn them back.'

'Oh, do you!' She lapsed into heavy silence.

They drove on, and in the darkening earth that held them, roofed over by a silent abyss of stars, it was impossible to think of danger. He even grew accustomed to the disordered clatter of their horse's hoofs. As they turned in at Hannah's Rest their furious pace brought the startled owner to the door. Father Kinkaid climbed out and drew him aside, out of earshot of the few negroes who stood about, knowing perhaps already what he had come to tell. He explained in whispers.

'Warn all those near you, Camporico, Concordia, as far as Carlton. I must press on beyond. I left word at Frederiksted and they 'll send out to the North End.'

He climbed back beside the dark shadow that was Mistress Joachim. She awaited him impassively, as though they were not both perhaps wrecking all she had striven for. Suddenly she said, 'This morning I found a little image of myself on my doorstep. It was spattered with blood. That is why I knew I should have to die.'

'Oh, please don't,' he murmured. He did not wish her to revert to savagery before his eyes. He felt that if she did so it might be more than his reason could endure.

'Do you think,' she said, 'that we can wipe out a lifetime of sin in one moment, if that moment is great enough?'

'Perhaps.'

'Don't you know?' she demanded, turning toward him.

'You are terribly disconcerting.' He smiled at her, hoping to recall her cherished attitude of a woman of the world. But, after staring at him for a moment, she began to talk to herself, native fashion, an indistinguishable murmur of words, shaking her head from time to time and sighing heavily.

At Golden Grove the owner urged them to turn back. 'They will tear you piecemeal,' he said. 'You are mad to try to stop them. Ride back as fast as you can gallop. I 'll give you a fresh horse.' He ignored the presence of Mistress Joachim; he knew well enough who she was.

'Do you really think they'll kill me?' asked Father Kinkaid. 'At any rate I've got to try. I've preached control to them daily for twelve years and this will be my swan song, apparently.'

They looked up to the hill, where a glow was gathering like moonrise. As they looked it sharpened to red, climbed higher. Then bells on estates ahead of them began to peal out, and for several minutes kept up a wild clangor. They stopped, began again, and, in the intervals between, the night was filled by a sound like the murmur in a hollow shell held to the ear.

Father Kinkaid and the planter looked at each other.

'Well,' said the planter.

'I'd better go on,' said Father Kinkaid.

'If you change your mind there are horses in my stable.' The planter swung up to the saddle and galloped off.

Their driver drove them slowly up the main road. A few carriages driven furiously and men on horseback passed them in the direction of Frederiksted. Father Kinkaid hailed those he recognized. Then they were alone again on the road, bright now with the reflection from the red sky. He tried to prepare what he would say, but he knew that cool reason would not be listened to. He must be the priest robed in gold and tearing open before them the great scroll of Heaven.

He could not do it. He was not the priest of Mistress Joachim or of this people. He would speak his few words, he would reason a little, and they would swarm over him; but his last feeling would be not fear, not pity, not even forgiveness for them, but contempt. The driver was reluctant to go on; nevertheless he drove them, with some urging, toward King's Hill. Then he stopped. The road was empty, but they were not alone — the night was filled now with flame, with sound, with menace. Father Kinkaid felt a purely physical shrinking of the flesh and nerves. He saw already in imagination distorted ape faces and cane bills running blood.

'Drive up to the hill,' he commanded. The harshness of his own voice surprised him. But Mistress Joachim caught his arm.

'Wait. Don't you hear that?'

'I hear,' he replied.

'No, no. I mean behind us.'

He turned his head, listened.

'There must be a horse coming our way.'

'Yes, it is close.' She clutched her shawl about her, tried to stumble out.

'You are not going to get out?' he demanded.

'Yes, yes, at once. Come, let us not waste time.' She was on the ground beside the carriage. She leaned toward him so that her face was directly below his and whispered, 'It is Dumenisl. He will catch up with us.'

The vision of the fat poet galloping made him smile, though a bit uneasily.

'Do not smile,' she said between set teeth. 'Do not dare to smile. He will be armed. Are you?'

'Oh,' he exclaimed slowly. 'How extraordinary women are!'

That it should be she who would realize at once what Dumenisl would do — for of course the efficient, brutal directness of the action made it inevitable. And yet he had never once thought of it.

'Get out,' she persisted. 'Send the driver on. He will follow the carriage.' Without wasting more precious time she turned to urge the driver. But he was sullen. After all he was Dumenisl's.

Father Kinkaid got out reluctantly, feeling smaller than ever, less protected with his feet on the ground. Suddenly Mistress Joachim stripped off her rings and handed them to the driver.

'Oh, really I can't let you do that' — but he knew he was ridiculous before her look of scorn answered him. The driver examined the rings, said something Father Kinkaid could not understand, and drove off slowly. They had barely time to reach the cane field before the horseman appeared. Just before them was a stone watch-house, dark and empty. They went under the low door and stood inside together quite still. There was a pungent odor of sugar from some near-by mill. It was stiflingly hot and mosquitoes swarmed about their heads. In the light from the burning cane fields they could see the solitary horseman. He was slowing up his fagged horse, sagging

forward in the saddle and perhaps peering from right to left.

But Father Kinkaid could not be sure it was Dumenisl. 'What do you think?' he asked. 'Is it he?'

'It is he,' she replied with conviction.

He could feel his hands twitching again. The noise had split now into separate, more significant sounds. It was very near.

'When he passes,' he said, 'I will go out and meet them as they come. I'll speak to them — with God's help,' for he no longer counted on Mistress Joachim or even on himself.

The rider passed behind a line of trees. Shortly he would be over the hill.

Father Kinkaid tried to think impersonally of the eternity now so close, of communion with God. He could think of nothing. Mistress Joachim stirred beside him. He turned to look at her; her eyes were dilated, her lips drawn back from her teeth. He touched her and found her rigid as stone. She was in ecstasy. In spite of himself he began to shudder. What had his world become? A mob of savages, a man bent on murdering him, and beside him a woman locked in a religious trance.

'But,' he told himself, 'don't forget God.'

He closed his eyes and tried to think of Him serenely, but with perfect faith.

A cry from Mistress Joachim made him open his eyes. In the doorway of the watch-house stood Dumenisl. He had crept up on them.

Father Kinkaid was thankful that he could not see his face.

'So this is how one feels,' he thought, 'at the moment of death.'

There was a flash and a report which almost burst the narrow stone walls. He felt a sting like a knife prick high on his shoulder. Then a momentary vertigo blinded him, a great weight hurled against him, and another flash, another report. He was carried to his knees.

When he could see clearly the door was empty. He could hear a man running and, in the silence that followed, heavy breathing like a stricken animal.

He knew he must do something for Mistress Joachim. He realized how completely she had saved him, not only from the second bullet, but from the necessity of meeting the rioters, who would most certainly have slaughtered him. He half lifted her heavy weight from the floor. All her silk ruffles and shawls billowed over and entangled him, her loosened hair fell across his neck, her warm flesh smothered him. He felt drowned in her immense vitality, though in that moment he knew her to be dying. Warm blood, from whose wound he could not tell, streamed down his arms. He knew that in a moment he would faint, but he managed to lift her up.

Through the low doorway a rosy flame reached to the top of the hill, brightened and shot across the sky. Then smoke, fiery and voluptuously curling, mounted in columns like the twisted portals of a gateway.

'Oh, look, Father!'

He could barely hear her voice.

'Look!' She raised one arm.

In his weakening consciousness he saw with her, for one moment of perfect accord, a troubled vision of the splendor of eternal cities; but as he slipped to the floor beside her he managed to deny himself even that final indulgence.

A MISSIONARY AUDIT

BY MARK M. JONES

ARE the times ripe for a fundamental reconstruction of the strategy and policies of Protestant Christianity in respect to foreign missions? My own study of the missionary situation from data available in the United States leaves me skeptical, not only of the basic strategy of the Protestant missionary forces, but also of the necessity for maintaining so many organizations. I question whether there is not unnecessary overlapping and duplication, whether the business and financial management is as good as might reasonably be expected in view of the millions now involved, and whether the mission boards in the United States responsible for the work can or do exercise effective control.

As a missionary problem the world situation presents a genuine challenge to Christians, if we assume that there has been sufficient success in establishing Christianity and perfecting it in practice in the United States to warrant the attempt to Christianize the 66 per cent of the world's population who are not Christians at this time. Recent estimates indicate that, of a total world population of 1800 million, 625 million may be classed as Christians. Of the total number of Christians, the three main divisions are estimated to consist of 175 million Protestants, 300 million Roman Catholics, and 125 million adherents of Eastern Orthodox churches.

The 1175 million non-Christians were estimated to consist of 225 million Mohammedans, 215 million Hindus, 300 million Confucianists and Taoists, 140 million Buddhists, 20 million Shintoists, 160 million Animists, and 15 million Jews, with the remainder adherents of miscellaneous faiths.

I

The present phase in China's attempt to establish a stable social system on a more democratic basis has given prominence to the work of foreign missionary societies in that country. The reports indicate that the Protestant Christian community in China numbers less than 800,000 persons, although the work of most of the missionary societies dates back many years, in some cases more than seventy-five. If, looking forward, we assume that these 800,000 have become adherents in the last twenty years, the estimate indicates that we shall need at least 2500 years and more than fifty billion dollars to Christianize but one fourth of the population of China.

The *World Missionary Atlas*, published in 1925 under the supervision of organizations representing Protestant denominations in the United States, presents the statistics of more than one hundred Protestant missionary societies maintaining work of some kind in China. The societies included report the number of their communicants to be 402,539, thus indicating that after more than seventy-five years of effort less than one per cent of the population of China have become communicants of Protestant Christian churches.

The same authority also indicates that, of 130 different missionary societies, 70 were projected by constituencies in the United States and Canada, 24 from the British Isles, 20 from Continental Europe, and 4 from Australia. In addition, 18 societies represented constituencies in China, one in Korea, and one an international group.

At least nineteen separate Protestant denominations of the United States alone were shown as carrying on missionary work in China, and in addition numerous interdenominational and nondenominational projects were reported. No attempt was made to study or estimate the nature and extent of the work of the Roman Catholic Church in the same field in connection with this review.

The information available naturally makes me wonder if this multiplicity of organizations, offering at least nineteen different kinds of Protestant Christianity, may not be confusing to the Chinese; if the variations between Protestant denominations have any important significance for the Chinese; and therefore if the time has not arrived for the leaders in the United States frankly to face the situation and effect a fundamental readjustment looking to more rapid progress and greater results.

More than 130 separate missionary societies in China means that 130 headquarters must be maintained in the United States and 130 general secretaries must be paid salaries, traveling and other expenses, and that at least 130 money-raising organizations must be maintained within the United States. There must be 130 or more treasury and accounting systems in the United States, and there must be travel to and from China as well as travel within China of the employed personnel of 130 societies. There must also be some form of treasury and accounting system in China for each organization.

With at least nineteen separate denominations and at least six times as many missionary societies, it seems inevitable that there will be unwarranted competition between Protestant agencies alone, not to mention the competition with the other and older religious faiths which now number their adherents in China in the hundreds of millions. At the same time this plethora of denominations and societies must necessitate an almost endless round of travel and conferences and conventions, with results not at all in proportion to the outlays in time, energy, and money.

The fact that there were 1149 resident stations of Protestant missionary societies in China, of which 43 per cent were under American societies, has given me further reason to question a policy which would seem to be diffusing effort over a large number of small projects rather than concentrating upon a small number of large projects. Are not the Protestant denominations in need of demonstrators and engineers to interpret and advise, rather than of executives to maintain and operate local projects?

There also appear to be grounds for questioning whether the societies should aim at reaching numbers of persons or should concentrate upon the relatively few leaders of wide influence. Possibly there may be justification for activity along both lines simultaneously, but with proper coördination.

Further, we need to be assured that reasonable progress is being made in nationalizing local projects by turning them over to the management of the Chinese. It would be interesting to know just how many separate pieces of local missionary work in China were completely turned over to local responsibility and management during the past five years by each important denomination.

One gets the impression, not only

that a critical analysis of each missionary project in the light of 1927 conditions would be desirable, but also that such an analysis might indicate that at least one half of the total number of projects could be discontinued at no great loss to Protestant Christianity.

II

When the progress of the societies in China is considered, one finds that at the time the *Atlas* figures were taken, three or four years ago, 124 societies reported 5424 organized churches. Of these, 2315, or 43 per cent, were under American auspices. Only 6 per cent of the churches under American auspices were self-supporting.

Contributions for the work of all the Protestant churches in China from sources in China during one year were estimated to have been $741,080. Of this amount 48 per cent was reported by the churches under American auspices. Against this we have figures to show that, of the 35,067 communicants added during the year, 69 per cent were added to the churches under American auspices.

In considering facts such as these we should have in mind that there is a divergence of opinion as to just what properly may be considered results in foreign mission work. It is difficult to estimate whether results secured are in proportion to the outlay in time and expense, and one of the reasons for this is the tendency of so many to side-step the problem of measuring results. It is so easy to be impatient of the necessity for rendering an accounting. In missionary circles this impatience betrays itself in the statement that statistics do not measure the spiritual values and that spiritual values are really the most important part of the work. Now although this view, that statistics do not measure spiritual values, may have been acceptable in former years, there is a sense in which it does not carry conviction to the understanding and confidence of a large and scattered supporting constituency to-day.

Many supporters of missionary work have told me that vague generalities about the spiritual results of missionary effort can no longer be accepted as an adequate accounting for the stewardship of seventy American societies which spend millions of dollars each year in China. And it seems to me that in view of present-day conditions the thousands of supporters of missionary work are entitled to some light from disinterested sources on the question whether the progress toward a more Christian China is at all in proportion to the increase in missionary endeavor in that country during the past twenty-five years, and whether great improvements and economies can be effected with no diminution in effectiveness. The material now available gives little definite, accurate, and adequate information.

In taking up the personnel aspect of the missionary problem, we find that 138 Protestant missionary societies reported a foreign staff of 7663 at work in China. Seventy American societies were reported to have a total staff of 4492, of whom 919 were ordained men, 706 unordained men, 1423 wives, and 1444 unmarried men and widows. In addition to the foreign staff, 124 Protestant societies also had a native staff of 27,133, while 59 American societies had a total native staff of 16,431. Of the total missionary staff in China composed of foreigners, 59 per cent were under the supervision of American societies. Sixty-one per cent of the native staff were related to the work of these same American societies. Thus it appears that in point of numbers the American societies are further advanced than the societies from other

countries in arranging a large participation in the work by the Chinese.

Of the many questions which are being raised with respect to the personnel problem, the most important have relation to the quality of personnel; to the extent to which theological principles having no important bearing on problems of organizations are confused with organization principles; to whether missionaries are paid reasonable compensation, whether the training given missionaries is adequate, whether the qualifications and accomplishments of missionaries are given due consideration, and whether the abler persons are advanced to the more important and responsible projects.

Certainly, when comparison is made with the past twenty-five years, we see that different training and supervision will be necessary for missionary work in China in the future. Whether the older missionaries will be able to retire to the necessary advisory relationship and to work effectively, after having spent so many years in positions of control and direction, is a serious question. Nationalization of religious work involves fundamental alterations in policy, and of these the primary one is the inevitable relinquishment of control and the retreat to a position which involves only counsel. When China is making an endeavor to bring about greater unity, and on a more democratic basis, missionary societies no less than foreign governments and foreign business corporations are confronted by serious problems.

Because of insufficient data the financial aspects of the missionary problem cannot be adequately treated. While it appears that approximately fifty-five million dollars a year is now being sent from the United States to foreign countries to cover a part of the cost of missionary work being done as the result of the initiative of American agencies, more than ten million of this is estimated as going for Protestant work in China. Against this we have the figures in the *Missionary Atlas* which indicate that the amount contributed in China for church work under the auspices of 59 American societies during one year was $357,896, or approximately 3.5 per cent of the payments from American sources.

The support of church work in China from local sources is not as large as might reasonably be expected in view of more than seventy-five years' work and a total outlay on the part of United States contributors during that time estimated to exceed three hundred million dollars. One naturally wonders also whether the amounts from American sources go to support individual projects or are applied to the promotional and advisory services necessary for the general management and supervision of projects which are otherwise entirely supported and managed by the Chinese.

Then there is the very difficult question as to whether the amounts expended for educational, medical, and evangelical work are in the proper relative proportions. This is a basic question because of the possible effect of the answer upon contributors who give as a rule without an adequate understanding of conditions in China or of the programme of the society to which their contributions are made. A great many give in order to support work which they visualize as comparable with that of the local churches in the United States of which they are members. Others give because of confidence in an individual missionary who seldom has a background of knowledge of the work and programme of the society sufficient to provide the necessary substantiation for the sweeping assurance given as to the value and importance of missionary work.

Such information as I have been able to obtain has not convinced me that there is an adequate record of the amounts received in the field from local sources, and I have been led to believe that the control of expenditures in the field and the means of transferring funds between the United States and points in China might be studied to advantage. Certainly there are grounds for doubt as to the necessity of many separate accounting and disbursing agents in China.

In addition to its reference to churches and their communicants, the *Atlas* also refers to general education, higher education, medical education, medical work, and philanthropic activities.

While those in the United States who are interested in foreign missionary work have perhaps given more attention to these activities than to other aspects of the missionary problem, I believe that a thoroughgoing review of the entire situation ought to yield something in terms of progress on this side also.

One cannot escape a feeling of confusion upon examining the statements of purpose of many of the missionary societies. In most cases these statements are either so broad as to be meaningless or so narrow that they obviously lag far behind the programmes reflected by the reports of the society.

Sometimes the aim of the missionary organizations as stated is the creation of Christian communities. But such an aim has very broad implications and may now include far more than was intended during the early years when these large organizations were growing up. Naturally the purely religious work cannot be carried on under present-day conditions in the same proportions as formerly. Missionaries are called upon to perform tasks very different from those which were necessary during the early history of the work, and often more difficult. Whether they are going about it the right way, and whether the departures from traditional methods are sufficiently understood and approved by supporters of the work, are questions which need to be answered for the sake of stability and progress.

Supporters usually have little knowledge of the implications of the great differences between conditions in China and the missionary societies on the one hand and their own city and church on the other. In the average city in the United States a church programme is largely limited to so-called church work. In China the task often calls for a broad cultural reorganization plan, with political, economic, and social problems requiring attention before there is a foundation for a religious-work programme. It is necessarily a far cry from so-called religious work, for which so many United States supporters think they are giving money for use in China, to the political, economic, social, and religious engineering and management tasks which usually must precede anything effective in the nature of religious work.

III

To consider the situation in China alone is, of course, to ignore the other half of the problem, which is Christianity at home. The conditions confronting religious denominations and their problems in this country have a direct bearing upon the situation in China.

Whether there is sufficient unity of purpose within Protestant Christian circles in the United States to provide the necessary foundation for a working programme in China seems a fair question. While theological differences have no logical relation to questions of organization and management, they have an important effect upon the

purpose of a missionary organization, and this purpose in turn is reflected in the kind of work done and the policies applied in China. To the outsider the foreign missionary programmes of most religious denominations appear out of proportion to the size, effectiveness, resources, and present standing of the denominations in the United States.

The tendency to improve the control and supervision of financial affairs in social and religious work in the United States appears to have special significance from the standpoint of foreign missionary work. Missionaries are impatient in the face of so-called 'bookkeeping requirements.' This seems to result from little or no understanding of the fact that this movement for an accounting is one part of a process of which the aim is to maintain the understanding and approval of a large constituency in a more economical way. It is a movement that affects all forms of social and religious effort. Certainly if some progress can be made in improving the financial and business management the difficulties in raising money for missionary work should not be so great.

The decreasing power of expansion and influence in so many local churches in the United States presents what some believe to be the most important problem of the Protestant denominations to-day, and we cannot ignore its possible effects upon foreign missionary work. The most immediate effect is already apparent, in that it is one of several causes for the decline in amounts available for foreign missionary work, notwithstanding the great efforts of the societies to secure increased support. It is obvious that the Church must maintain itself at home as well as in foreign fields. If Protestantism is not holding its ground at home it cannot expect to enlarge programmes in foreign fields, and it should frankly face that fact and alter its policies accordingly.

The insecurity of foreign mission work so far as conditions at the so-called home base are concerned is further accentuated by a condition respecting the managing boards in the United States. With but few exceptions these seem to be little more than financing committees. All interested are entitled to the greater security which should emerge through more effective methods of supervision of work at points so far remote from the headquarters of the organization. The problem is a difficult one at best, but certainly it is reasonable to expect greater progress in working out ways and means by which the home boards may exercise the minimum control necessary to direct the effort in the field and secure results at remote points more economically. The tendency to commit substantial amounts to the management of persons of good repute and the best of intentions without demanding from them an adequate accounting for results, progress, and businesslike procedure is rapidly being checked in other lines of endeavor. Foreign mission work would have less trouble in securing and maintaining financial support if it effected the improvements along these lines for which there appear to be many opportunities.

In submitting this brief review, I would, in conclusion, sound a note of warning. The relaxation of giving for missionary work in China is not here advocated. My aim is to stress the need for a comprehensive review of the whole situation on a basis that will not overvalue established projects and measures, but will assure a better economy. Many of the leaders in foreign missionary work are earnestly striving for something better; but, while some progress has been made recently, it is utterly inadequate. It is

too much to expect that the employed personnel, who are more in control than any other single group, will go as far as is necessary. There are too many employees whose incomes might be affected by changes. Aside from that fact, many hundreds of church members and ministers must agree upon the necessary reforms of basic nature before even employed personnel can go very far toward any objectives that may be set.

In thinking to the future, it is to be hoped that the missionary organizations of Protestant Christianity may effect a unification of their programmes in China, and that the Protestant denominations may come to present a united front to those in China whom they are asking to accept their beliefs. More basic still, it is to be hoped that Protestants in the United States will approve and encourage this kind of joint effort in China.

THE PARADOX OF HUMANISM

A DISCUSSION OF THE MODERN TEMPER

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

Words which are spelled with a capital letter are peculiarly dangerous to thought. One commonly uses them to designate a complex of ideas which has never been adequately analyzed, and their meaning varies from age to age as well as from person to person. A whole volume might profitably be devoted to trace, for example, the history of the various senses in which the term 'Nature' has been employed, and in a chapter of his *Reconstruction in Philosophy* John Dewey has, indeed, sketched the outline of a part of such a volume. He has shown how the eighteenth century habitually employed it in reference to a closed system of logical ideas, and how it referred thereby to a hypothetical order of values which has no connection whatever with the Nature which it is the scientist's business to investigate. Dewey might have gone on to inquire by what confusion the contemporaries of Mozart were led to praise as 'natural' musical compositions as elaborately formal as his, and by what perversion the same adjective was used to praise the strained artificial romanticism of Kotzebue's lugubrious dramas. But at least he carries the analysis far enough for his own purpose as well as for ours, which is merely to illustrate how dangerous it is to use such a word without a most exacting investigation of its content.

In the present instance we are to be concerned with another capitalized word, 'Humanism,' a word which has undergone similar variations of meaning; which has been used in similarly opposed senses; and which, like 'Nature,' has been most frequently

employed rather because of certain affective connotations than because of any exact meaning. The Renaissance scholars who introduced it did so in order to define a culture which was not theological, and the contrast chiefly implied was a contrast between that which is human and that which is divine. The modern use of the term arose, on the other hand, as a result of the theory of evolution, and it is chiefly employed by those who feel some temperamental repugnance to the nineteenth century's tendency to study man chiefly as a form of animal life. It has managed, moreover, to get itself confused with semireligious protests against the radical tendencies of contemporary society, and so vague has it become that, if we are to talk of humanism and its paradox, we must define our term.

But if 'human' and the words formed from it can have an exact meaning, as distinguished from the vague connotation of a complex of ideas and attitudes, that meaning must refer to those qualities, characteristics, and powers which distinguish the human being from the rest of animate nature, and which, if they exist, justify us in making a distinction between Man and Nature, even though we are naturalistic enough in our thought to agree that what we really mean is no more than a distinction between man and the rest of nature. It is in that sense that it will be here employed, and the purpose of this essay is to investigate some of these distinctions and to comment upon the problems which they present to those who are concerned with the potentialities of life. It will arrive at conclusions somewhat at variance with those upon which both the expansive optimistic naturalist and the cautious exponent of dualistic humanism base their respective conceptions of the art of life.

II

First of all we must be careful to give to the beasts their due, for your self-styled humanist has a churlish habit of calling the most characteristic human vices 'animal.' In particular he is inclined to describe any sexual indulgence of which he does not approve as 'bestial,' and more especially still to say of a man or woman who makes the pleasures of sense the chief business of life that he is yielding to his 'animal nature.' But while such a description may serve a useful homiletic purpose, and while it may, since man is by nature proud of his humanity and anxious to distinguish himself from his humbler cousins, sometimes incline him to struggle against tendencies thus cavalierly labeled, it can hardly satisfy the philosopher, who will recognize its injustice.

A century and a half ago man was first described as the only animal who loves all the year around, and in general the distinction will still hold. Not only is it true that the animals rigidly subordinate sex to the function of reproduction, but it is also, among anthropologists, notoriously true that the more primitive races of men closely resemble animals in this respect. Early superficial observers who watched the rites with which savages celebrate the act of physical union and who noted the elaborate sexual symbolism which runs through certain of their dances leaped to the conclusion that they were obsessed with sexual ideas and labeled them 'obscene.' But a more intimate investigation of primitive society and the primitive mind has reversed this idea. In comparison with civilized man the savage is, like the animal, what we should be tempted to call singularly sexless. His mind does not turn readily or habitually in that direction; his passions require an extraordinary amount of stimulation before

they are aroused; and his 'obscene' dances are not the result of fantastic corruption, but are, on the contrary, necessary to stimulate in him a sufficient interest in the sexual functions adequately to reproduce his kind. The Don Juan, on the other hand, is characteristically human, and complexly human at that. Neither the animal nor the primitive man could 'live for love' in the physical sense, although both, as will be indicated later, can realize more perfectly perhaps than civilized man that selflessness which is sometimes also called love and which is not infrequently spoken of as the highest achievement of the human spirit.

Chastity is not, then, human in the sense in which we have defined the term. To man and to man alone belong both that exaggeration of the sexual impulse which makes it possible, in certain cases, for him to subordinate everything else to it, and also that unfortunate disharmony which leads him, in other cases, to devote his chief attention to maintaining and celebrating his resistance to similar impulses. But chastity, in the sense of an inherent tendency to avoid an absorption in the sexual instinct, is rather animal than human. And if, then, debauchery rather than abstinence is 'humanistic' we may proceed to examine certain of the other virtues, and we need not be too much surprised if we find that many are, at best, not part of that which particularly distinguishes man from the rest of Nature.

Certainly paternal or maternal love is nowhere more perfectly illustrated than among the animals. A devotion to the welfare of children, a complete absorption in the business of parenthood, and a willingness not only to subordinate all other interests to those of the offspring, but, if necessary, to lay down life itself upon the altar of family duty — such devotion, which, in the case of human beings, would be celebrated as an unusual and shining example of the heights to which human nature can on rare occasions rise, is a common occurrence among animals and it is not the occasion of any special wonder. But on the other hand that unwillingness on the part of the parent to subordinate himself entirely to the welfare of his children, that tendency to go on 'living one's own life' which certain 'humanists' denounce as the result of 'naturalistic' literature and thought, is, on the contrary, quite distinctly human. Our kind has, in addition, developed that particular perversion which sometimes leads mothers or fathers selfishly to indulge the luxury of their parental emotions to a harmful degree and to pursue their grown children with a fatal solicitude of which no animal would be capable; but devotion which perfectly fulfills its function is — shall we say — 'bestial.'

It is hardly necessary to pursue this painful inquiry further, but in general it may be remarked that those virtues whose tendency it is to promote the welfare of the species without regard to the welfare of the individual, and which result in the complete subordination of any real or fancied 'self-realization,' are conspicuously animal, while the revolt against them is distinctly human. Even the more complex social virtues grow from roots which may be traced in animal nature more readily than the roots of many human vices; and, since it is upon the social virtues that the modern humanist lays greatest stress, it would be more appropriate for him to call himself by some name which would suggest that the fear lying behind his protestations is in reality a fear lest man should become too exclusively 'human' and lest, detaching himself too completely from animal tendencies, he should become no longer willing to

live in a fashion that would make possible the continuity of society.

Perhaps, on the other hand, the inclusive term 'individualism' is the one which will best describe the attitude toward living which is most characteristically human. The animal, absorbed as he is in the business of arranging for the survival of himself and his kind, seems far less capable than man of distinguishing between himself and his race. We need not naïvely attribute to him any philosophy in order to explain his behavior, but it is evident that he *acts* as though he had arrived at that attitude which is accounted by some exponents of social ethics as the ultimate human ideal, and which consists in an identification with society so close as to make meaningless any distinction between private and public good. He does not ask what he gets out of life, nor why he should sacrifice himself in the laborious business of continuing it. The lair or the nest is prepared, and the young are born. They are nourished, defended, given such education as they need, and then, when the time comes, the parents die quietly, quite as though they were as completely aware as Mr. Shaw's Ancients that the important thing is, not that any individual should have arrived at any 'fulfillment' of his own, but that life should go on. Yet, though something of this kind has been often enough described as the highest human virtue, the human being seems incapable of consciously achieving what the animal possesses as part of his natural endowment.

Doubtless the more primitive races come nearest to it, and in civilized communities it is the simplest people who, at least according to the literature of wholesome sentiment, most conspicuously exhibit this willingness to refrain from any demand that life should justify itself in their own person by being worth while to them as individuals, and who are therefore most perfect in the social virtues. But even among those who acquiesce most patiently in the burdens of life there are usually moments of analysis and rebellion. 'Quiet desperation,' that famous phrase which Thoreau used to describe the mood of the average man, is the result of an impotent protest against the realization that he is playing the animal's part without being blessed with the animal's unconscious acquiescence; and the more highly developed the reflective powers of the individual become, the more likely is that quiet desperation to become an active rebellion which expresses itself in self-regarding vices.

The fact that the belief in immortality is practically coextensive with the human race does not, unfortunately, prove that the belief is well founded, but it does prove that the desire for a life beyond this life is universal, and that, in turn, may be used to show that individualism is one of the most fundamental human traits, since the desire for immortality is an expression of the human protest against the scheme of nature which takes so little account of man and his demands. When first he dimly perceives that his chief function is merely to see that others like himself shall carry life on after he has had his busy and futile hour of consciousness, he, as an individual, revolts against the natural order, and in imagination he projects himself forward into another existence in which that consciousness, so he assures himself, shall continue to exist. He is no longer willing, as the animal is, to accept the fate which makes him only a part of something larger than himself, and thus religion, in so far as it is essentially a belief in immortality, is merely the first stage in the process by which man detaches himself from Nature, asserts

the importance of himself as an individual, and proposes to himself ends and values which do not exist for her.

And if the belief in immortality be so regarded, its chief function will appear to depend upon the power which it has of enabling the human being to continue in the practice of the animal virtues. The heightened consciousness which makes him aware of himself as an individual leads him to demand some adequate motive which will take the place of the instinct which is by itself sufficient for the beast. In him the will to live is not so nearly unconditional, and neither does it discriminate so little between individual and racial survival. But by promising himself an eternal life he achieves a conscious substitute for the animal's unconscious concern for the species, and by associating the animal virtues with his eternal welfare he obtains a motive for their practice.

Hence it is that those for whom the belief in immortality is most vivid are the most likely to practise the virtues which have a survival value and the least likely to deviate into either those virtues or those vices which are exclusively human. But, as skepticism grows, the pattern of human conduct inevitably changes. The demand that life justify itself can no longer be postponed, and hence there begins the search for values which shall have meaning for the individual consciousness as opposed to those which have meaning only for Nature and her inscrutable appetite for mere life in itself. The simpler man, caught in a meaningless but exacting round of duties, does no more than fall into that 'quiet desperation' which we must again thank Thoreau for having so exactly named. Probably he comforts himself with some vague dream concerning some future fulfillment on the part of his children, and he does not dare to realize that their happiness will be, at best, as shadowy as his — that it too will consist in a projection forward upon still another generation, and that his children too will receive his own illusory sense of achievement when they have in reality done no more than pass the problem on to fresh bodies which are doomed to the same futile exhaustion. But minds which are keener and wills which are stronger than the average do not rest in 'quiet desperation' palliated by illusion. They demand of life some meaning comprehensible to them, and they set themselves up against Nature because they have come to realize that her values are not for them and her contentment not theirs.

Thus even the Don Juan is characteristically human, because he has seized upon something which Nature has instituted for her purposes and has tried to utilize it for his own. However dangerous he may be to society, and however great his own failure may ultimately seem even, perhaps, to himself, his effort is the type of all purely human effort because it is essentially an attempt to make some process of life significant and valuable in itself; and it is doubtless the fact that he presents so readily comprehensible a symbol of the humanizing process which has made him so eternally popular in imaginative literature. Yet, however easily understandable his effort may be from a human standpoint, it will serve to illustrate most strikingly how this standpoint may be diametrically opposed to that of Nature, upon whom, nevertheless, even man must depend for the health of his own body and the welfare of his race. The Don Juan may find himself comprehended and pardoned by his fellow men, but Nature takes no account of even the most reasonable of human excuses.

III

To those who study her, this Nature reveals herself as extraordinarily fertile and ingenious in devising *means*, but she has no *ends* which the human mind has been able to discover or comprehend. Perhaps, indeed, the very conception of an end or ultimate purpose is exclusively human; but at least it must be said that the most characteristically human effort is that to transform a means into an end, and that it is such an effort which explains the Don Juan, as well as the more complex forms assumed by that curiously modified animal which is described as human. The artist and the philosopher have been generally recognized as representing the most highly developed type of that intelligence which we admire as something beyond mere animal instinct or animal cunning, but the concern of both is not with the *means* of Nature but with the *ends* of man. By thought the philosopher attempts to discover what these may be, and the artist, who is thus closely parallel to the Don Juan, attempts to achieve them by arresting the attention upon certain moments in life and proclaiming that it is for them as ends in themselves that life exists.

Yet the plain man has always, and not without reason, distrusted the philosopher and the artist. Observation has taught him that the latter, especially, is likely to be too ferociously intent upon his own ends to be other than a bad father and an unreliable citizen; and more obscurely he realizes that, even when this cannot be specifically charged, both are too detached from animal impulses to carry on the business of survival and propagation with that single-minded intensity which has populated every cranny of the earth. Nor can the philosopher or the artist himself fail to recognize the justice of this distrust. At one moment he might be inclined to suppose the evolution of humanity to be in his direction, but at the next he is compelled to realize that a world of philosophers and artists is unthinkable. The foundations of the society in which he exists were built up and are sustained by people who were active in a way in which he can never be. He is not, in the most fundamental or necessary sense, useful or productive; he is parasitic upon a society which depends upon those endowed with an unquestioning animal vigor, and without them he could not exist. A decadent society, he realizes, is merely one in which too large a proportion of the population is concerned with 'ends' and with self-realization. While some pursue pleasure and end in debauchery, the others create works of art or lose themselves in speculation concerning the elusive *summum bonum*, but too few are left to sustain the natural substructure with that energy which is drawn from instinct alone. While the bush blossoms all too profusely, the roots die away, and before long the whole organism is dead. And thus the artist-philosopher, who, correctly enough, considers himself as the most exclusively human of human beings, is left in a dilemma, for he is compelled to recognize humanism as the ultimate enemy of those natural impulses which have made the human animal possible.

Sensibility and intelligence arose in the animal in order to serve animal purposes, for through the first it was able to distinguish those things which favor the survival of it and its race and through the second it was able to go about in a more efficient manner to secure them. Both were, like all things in Nature, merely means toward the achievement of that humanly incomprehensible end, mere survival; but the philosopher-artist has detached both from their natural places as mere

devices, and in attempting to make each an end in itself he has discovered that when they are so detached they are capable of becoming impediments to the attainment of the superhuman aims they were developed to promote. When sensibility has been detached from its animal setting it may, in its crudest form, become the erotomania of the Don Juan, or, in a more exalted form, it may develop into a quest for that self-justifying Beauty which is humanly valuable but biologically useless and which it is the artist's chief effort to capture; when intelligence is detached, it not only tends to paralyze natural impulse by criticizing natural aims, but develops certain intellectual virtues which are biologic vices. We are, for example, inclined to regard skepticism, irony, and above all the power of dispassionate analysis, as the marks of the most distinctly human intelligence. We admire the man whose reason is capable of more than scheming, whose logic is not the mere rationalization of his desires, and who can follow through an argument to its conclusion even though that conclusion is not one favorable to himself, his party, his country, or his species. But intelligence as detached as this is a vital liability. It puts the man or the race which possesses it at a disadvantage in dealing with those whose intelligence faithfully serves their purpose by enabling them to scheme for their ends and to justify to themselves their desires. Such is the animal function of intelligence, and whenever it develops beyond this it is useful for contemplation and it has a beauty of its own, but it is only humanly valuable and it inhibits rather than aids that effective action in the pursuit of natural ends which was the original function of mind.

And incidentally it may be remarked that the dilemma here indicated is the largest aspect of the one which in a more immediately insistent way pins between its horns every nation which has developed a national mind capable of detachment. Thanks to this mind, the nation is compelled to criticize that naïve patriotism which leads every race to regard itself as evidently superior to every other; it hesitates to embark upon a career of imperialism and to subject the surrounding people to its dominion because it has passed beyond that stage of invigorating delusion which could make it fancy itself master by right of an inherent superiority; and it sees both sides. And yet it must purchase this intellectual and moral superiority at the price of a gradual decline, and it is well that it should do so in a full consciousness of the price. One after another the great nations of history have founded upon aggression the civilization which then supported for a time, but for a time only, great periods of human culture which flourished at their height just as the substructure crumbled. Animals made men possible and conquerors prepared the way for poets and philosophers, but neither poet nor philosopher can survive long after he has parted company with his progenitor and opponent.

Nor need we be surprised to see races enfeebled by civilization as though by disease, for the distinction between the vices and the virtues of the complexly organized man is a human, not a natural, distinction, and the two develop together as he humanizes himself. That detachment of mind from its function which makes philosophy possible and which encourages dispassionate analysis is exactly parallel to the detachment of the sexual functions from their purposes which results in the cult of the senses. Thought for thought's sake is a kind of perversion whose essential character is not changed because it happens to illustrate the

fact that human virtues may be biologic vices, and there is no reason to suppose that from a strictly biological standpoint one detachment is not as bad as the other. Civilizations die from philosophical calm, irony, and the sense of fair play quite as surely as they die of debauchery.

IV

Whatever we may think of the recurrent 'live dangerously' of Nietzsche's various testaments, the injunction is one which in certain spiritual senses we cannot choose but obey, for, the higher the mental organization which men achieve, the more precariously is it poised. The simple automatic responses of the amœba serve it with dependable regularity. It may die a physical death, but it may neither lose its mind nor sink to depths of moral degradation; and what is true of the amœba is so largely true throughout the whole range of animal life that the difference between it and the highest ape is not in that respect so great as the difference between the ape and man. Consciousness, understanding, and the powers of judgment and choice, even though these may be, as the behavioristic psychologists maintain, only a sort of illusion, are accompanied by capacities for ghastly failure unknown to the animal. To live humanly is, in that sense, to live dangerously; and the more completely human we are, the less our motives, our impulses, and our values are those which we have in common with the other animals, the more dangerous our lives come perforce to be.

To renounce Nature and natural ends, to go even so far as to find them insufficient, is to renounce at the same time the sure guidance which she gives to those who are content to accept it without question. Upon ourselves we impose both the task of conceiving ends independent of hers and the task of devising means to attain them. Equipped with certain capacities capable of certain developments, we pervert them from their uses, and we suffer as a result from a permanent maladjustment. Both mind and body are subjected to abuses, and both are thereby corrupted. Even when our efforts are momentarily successful, even when some great man or some resplendent civilization seems to justify the effort to transcend Nature, the equilibrium achieved is an unstable one. The great mind and the great culture are alike poised over an abyss and are in perpetual danger of tumbling headlong. Civilization has been called a dance, but the feet of the dancers do not rest upon terra firma. It is danced upon a tight rope that sways in the breeze. The nerves and muscles of the performers are tense. They wave reckless defiance to the force of gravity, but they are in truth ill equipped for the airy stunt. Their feet are designed to rest upon the earth; it is even at the expense of a certain strain upon their bodies that they walk upright rather than upon all fours, and their balance is far from sure.

The ant who crawls unnoticed in the grass below is much older than they, and in the eyes of Nature he has made a much greater success in life. Long before they felt the first stirrings of proud superiority he was fixed in wise habits that have never varied. For thousands of years his frozen perfection has endured and, if he has no art and no philosophy, he is perfect in social virtue. He has merged his own interests completely with those of his kind, and he makes no demands for himself which will interfere with the prosperity of the colony which he inhabits.

His industry and his foresight have always been admired, but only patient

observation has revealed how much more complex his virtues are. Not only does he perform without question the part assigned him in the division of labor, but he has even achieved a control over the processes of reproduction which enables him to see to it that just the right number of each type of citizen shall be born; and, far from allowing himself to be disturbed by the distractions of love, he has consented, in the interests of efficiency, to remain sexless, while certain specialists are endowed with powers of reproduction. He is not primitive or simple, but he has let Nature have her way with him and she has rewarded him with a peaceful security which her more rebellious children can never hope to obtain.

But when a man looks at an ant he realizes the meaning of his humanity. If he happens to be one of those whose thought has concerned itself much with sociology he may be struck by the fact that the ant hill represents something very close to that communistic Utopia generally evolved by the imagination which busies itself with picturing an ideal society, and yet the contemplation of this realized and eternal perfection strikes a chill to his heart, because it seems to have no meaning or value and because he perceives that, so far as he is concerned, Nature's masterpiece might be destroyed without causing him to feel that anything valuable had passed away.

This perfected society is, that is to say, utterly devoid of human values, and its perfection is made possible by that very fact. It owes both its stability and its efficient harmony to the absence of any tendency on the part of individuals either to question the value of existence or to demand anything for themselves. Students of its evolution tell us that the automatic and yet cunning elaborateness of the life habits which it reveals are explainable only on the theory that insects were once more variable, perhaps we can say more 'intelligent,' than they are now, but that, as perfection of adjustment was reached, habit became all-sufficient, and hence the biologically useless consciousness faded away until they are probably now not aware of their actions in any fashion analogous to the awareness of the mammals who are in certain respects so much less perfect than they.

And yet who, however weary he may be of human instability and discontent and violence, would exchange his state for that of the ant? However much he may admire the social virtues and however much he may be repelled by the selfish disorder of modern individualistic society, he must realize that whatever gives to life the qualities which make him cling to it resides somewhere in that region from whence spring the protests which make the regularity and peace of the ant hill impossible for man. Complete non-being seems to him scarcely less ghastly than the automatic existence which its citizens lead, and so it is ultimately to the biologic vices of the human being that he clings.

It is through these latter that he suffers, and through them that he, as an animal, fails. They are the source of the *tædium vitæ* which oppresses him when he realizes that he is leading a purely natural life and accomplishing only natural aims; they inspire him also to those rebellions which are impotent because they bring him face to face with the limitations he cannot transcend; and they exact as the penalty of indulgence the ills of mind or flesh which oppress the wearied brain of the thinker or the exhausted body of the debauchee. Yet they constitute his humanity, and it is only as a human being that he cares to live.

V

It would appear, then, that that complex of ideas and preferences which passes current under the name of humanism may be separated into two distinct parts. The complex includes on the one hand a tendency to stress the importance of the social virtues set up in opposition to the destructive, anarchistic tendencies of what it mistakenly calls the 'natural' man, and it includes on the other hand a sympathy with the attempt to create human, as opposed to natural, values. Yet these social virtues are, as we have seen, themselves animal, and among men they flourish most in those societies where the genuinely human tendencies — both virtuous and vicious — are least prominent. 'Humanism' in this popular sense is thus obviously at war with itself, for the simple reason that, the closer it comes to a realization of one half its ideal, the further it is bound to be from the possibility of achieving the other, since the second demands a detachment from the aims of Nature and the first a harmony with them.

The virtues of half-legendary Spartans will stand as a fitting symbol of the more austere half of the idea. The Spartan commonwealth, if we may trust the image of it which has exercised a continuous fascination on the imagination of mankind for the very reason that it does serve as a symbol, was not unlike a community of insects. It was marked by the discipline, the regularity, and the patriotism of the ant hill. It subordinated the individual to the state, and it regarded posterity as the chief of that state's concern. But it was thus a 'natural' society and it maintained its uncorrupted animality by a stern contempt for the virtues as well as the vices which together constituted the humanism of its great neighbor. A little later 'Roman virtue' looked with a perfectly justified suspicion upon Athenian culture, and the Catos were shrewd enough to perceive what most moderns do not dare to admit: namely, that a choice must ultimately be made between a stable, essentially animal existence and the dangerous — ultimately fatal — life of the society which starts out in pursuit of purely human values.

Historians looking back upon the rise and fall of civilization have always been perplexed by the fact that societies are most admirable just before they collapse. They have been embarrassed by the necessity of interrupting the description of every golden age in order to point a warning finger at the signs of decay which have a way of manifesting themselves just at the moment when perfection seems about to be reached. To escape from a dilemma they have assumed that the association so often noted between the flowering of the intellect and the decline of national vigor is merely fortuitous, but it may very well be that it is instead the inevitable result of that detachment from Nature which we have been describing and which is at once the condition of human greatness and the destruction of animal health.

The antithesis between human and natural ends is thus ultimately irreconcilable, and the most that man can hope for is a recurrent defiance recurrently subdued. He can deviate so far but no further from the animal norm. He can make himself into an artist or a philosopher, but there are limits set both to the perfection of those types and to the extent to which the bulk of any population can be allowed to approach either, for individuals and races alike fall victim to their humanity. In the search for human values they first lose interest in those natural virtues which serve to keep the structure of the ant hill sound; and then

when they discover that, even for them as individuals, life has no purpose which their intellects can accept, even they perish of a *tædium vitæ* and leave the world to simpler peoples who have still some distance to go before they reach the end of the tether which attaches them to Nature. In the drama of history barbarians are always appearing in the rôle of the *deus ex machina*, and the historian is always laying great stress upon 'fresh blood' brought in from the provinces or infused by primitive conquerors. And yet he has seldom cared to draw the pessimistic conclusion which alone seems deductible from the facts in his possession.

Nor can it be said that to understand this paradox of humanism helps us in any way to solve it. The analysis which we perform is, indeed, itself an example of one of those exercises of the mind which is perverse because it does not serve as a means toward a natural end, and when we have admitted that the human ideal is one which the human animal cannot even approach without tending to destroy himself as he does so, we have, by that very admission, both diminished our biological fitness and desolated our human feelings. Hence it is that many a man with trained mind, developed sensibilities, and even as much good will toward society as can be expected of a creature who has lost the animal's innate talent for caring more for his race than for himself, stands paralyzed in the midst of a world that has learned so many things which do not help it toward any ultimate solution of its problems, but which tend, on the contrary, rather to make him suspect that they are insoluble. These men cannot strive with a missionary zeal for the development and spread of pure science, philosophy, and art because they have come to believe that these things are either ultimately satisfying or conducive to a vigorous national life, but neither can they cast their lot with the 'plain man,' the 'sturdy citizen,' or the Spartan patriot, because it is the detachment of which these are enemies that gives human life whatever of even doubtful value it seems to the pure humanist to have. To the latter it appears that there is no choice to be made, except that between an antlike stability and an eternal recurrence which condemns humanity to a recurrent death at the top, to be followed once more by a fresh growth from the roots.

And, difficult as it seems to him to choose between such unsatisfactory alternatives, he is still further perplexed by an uneasy sense that the decision is one which the moment makes particularly pressing. Something in the state of his own soul as well as in the state of the world about him warns him that he is living in one of those periods which has about reached the limits set by Nature. He has already envisaged the possibility of seeing civilization destroy itself in a gigantic war, and that irony directed against himself which is one of the signs of the extent to which he has detached himself from the animal has even enabled him to feel some amusement at the thought of a race which should, by way of achieving the crowning triumph of its mechanical ingenuity, blow itself to bits. But, even if this possibility should be avoided, the impasse to which his thought has led him seems capable of leading the society of which he is a part to an end as certain even though less spectacular, since it is already too completely human in both its virtues and its vices to live either comfortably or safely in the universe of Nature.

TWO SONNETS

I

When I am gone — and I shall go before you —
Think of me not as your disconsolate lover;
Think of the joy it gave me to adore you,
Of sun and stars you helped me to discover.
And if at night in dreams my spirit hovers
And shadows of the memoried past enfold you,
A merry ghost will sit upon the covers
And tell again some flippant tale I told you;
Will sing again some long-forgotten song,
Some artless, tender rhyme I wrote about you,
When moments spent with you made sweet the long,
Slow, desolate days and nights I lived without you.
Then all on earth that Death has left behind
Will be the merry part of me within your mind.

II

My face, before the turn of many years,
Will be as brown and wrinkled as old leather,
With ruts of passion, furrows worn by tears,
And seams of ribald laughter close together.
The voice with which I sang to you of love
Will croak and squeak, and children laugh to hear it;
And these straight limbs, that once I boasted of,
Trembling will seek the fire and chain me near it.
My eyes that, from the foremasthead, at dawn,
Have swept the burnished seas and fading stars,
Gaze inward now at things forever gone
That once were aching wounds — now shrunken scars.
But in the withered spirit, none the less,
A melody will sing your loveliness.

R. S.

COLLECTIVE UNREASON

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

THREE years ago the *Atlantic Monthly* published in two numbers a clever fantasy called 'Utopia Interpreted.' It was presumably written in 1995, and set forth the methods by which the social conditions of the civilized world had been wholly and permanently changed.

'The suicidal patience of the poor had come to an end,' and with it poverty had ended. 'The screaming horrors of the Strenuous Age' were over, and had taken with them, let us hope, all needless noises, long-distance noises especially. 'The Institute of Sharing' had made life pleasant for everybody. The last criminal had been hanged, the last child spanked. All was well with the wrongdoers of the world.

This kind of writing holds a fascination for sanguine souls. They have only to conceive of human nature as radically changed, and life changes with it. But what gave Miss Cleghorn's work its value to attentive readers was the depth of her insight into mental contagion, and her heroic boldness in delineating it.

Her first 'Sharers' begin — with a show of reason — by leaving their homes and going to live among the poor, to share the burden of poverty. As the movement spreads, 'Prison Sharers' make their appearance. These, being harshly excluded from jails, confine themselves in cellars or in 'area enclosures,' and refuse to be liberated until the prisons are emptied. Next come along the 'Death Sharers' (women all of them), who propose to commit suicide, one by one, whenever a lawbreaker is lynched. Finally a band of Frenchwomen pledge themselves to die by their own hands whenever their soldier husbands cause, 'by direct slaughter or by blockade,' the death of an enemy. These last Sharers strike such a popular note that their numbers swell to many thousands throughout Europe, Asia, and South America.

It sounds mad; but the threat to commit suicide if soldiers fight is akin to the threat of refusing to bear children unless war be 'outlawed.' To be sure the Utopian Frenchwomen, being fictitious, really did the deed, whereas the agitated Americans, being real, made no appreciable dent in the birth rate of their prolific country. Nevertheless any form of hysteria carries its peril. What gives perverted emotions their strength is that they are immune from reason and from logic.

Miss Cleghorn demonstrated the perfection of her analysis by the skill with which she detached her Sharers from normal or primitive sympathies. They were brimful of pity for the imprisoned or the lynched criminal, but not for his innocent victim. The 'fighting jeweler,' that poor little New York Jew, who, having been twice robbed, had the desperate courage to fire at the third

band of assailants, and fell, riddled by bullets, at the door of his ravaged shop, would have made no appeal to their sensibilities. The death of an enemy in battle could be expiated only by suicide. The death of a countryman went for nothing. This twisted passion of pity is the essence of the abnormal. It finds a typical expression in Mr. D. H. Lawrence's annoyance with Christ because Judas betrayed Him with a kiss.

II

The impulse to take our own lives, or to outrage our own bodies, by way of atonement, by way of resistance, by way of argument or entreaty, is as old as the East, where it has known many phases and has been duly honored. Even now a Japanese officer or diplomat will commit hara-kiri to mark his just grief and resentment at an insult offered to his country. The deed is done with dignity and dispatch; and we are left marveling at a sense of honor we do not understand, a physical courage we do not share, a process of reasoning we cannot follow, and a neatness of execution which, in the unavoidable absence of practice, savors of the miraculous.

It is in Russia, where the mind is receptive and the will plastic, that collective unreason has oftenest taken the form of suicide or self-inflicted injuries. M. Maurice Paléologue, whose opportunities for study and observation were fairly adequate, says that in no other country except the Mohammedan East are the masses so incapable of resisting this species of contagion. Nowhere else do psychic waves travel so fast and so far. He cites strange frenzies that for centuries have seized upon the peasantry, driving them to deeds of horror. The Red Death followed the trail of an illiterate muzhik named Basil Volosatz, who was born in Sokolsk in 1630. A sombre man, thoughtful, observant, and devout, he passionately resented the poverty of the serfs, the violence of the nobles, the subservience of the Church. Now what was the remedy he proposed? A crusade? A rising, like that of the Jacquerie in France, or the Bundschuh in Germany? A brave fight and a faint, thin chance of victory? No, his counsel was for self-destruction — death by fire, because fire purified the soul of sin. 'We shall burn away all that is gross. We shall die unsullied, and with holy faith.' So welcome was this grim suggestion, so highly acceptable to his brother muzhiks, that whole villages proceeded to carry out his design. In 1685 a group of seven hundred men, women, and children burned themselves in one vast and terrible holocaust.

The severest edicts were issued by Peter the Great, an irascible monarch, against this form of revolt; but a charred body defies the processes of the law. Moreover the stake had been for centuries the supreme penalty imposed by the courts of the world (it was in this very year, 1685, that Elizabeth Gaunt was burned at Tyburn), and when such a death became desirable and desired, there was little left to threaten. Vigorous preachers were dispatched over the country with better results. The unpardonable nature of the sin of suicide was used as a sledge-hammer argument; and the possibility of eternal damnation, of going 'roaring out of one fire into another,' as Cotton Mather kindly expressed it thirty years later when a drunken woman was accidentally burned to death, stifled the ardor of fanaticism. Nevertheless, sporadic instances of the Red Death

kept reappearing from time to time. As late as 1860 a number of people in Olonetz killed themselves in this awful manner.

More recent and more incredible was the conduct of the peasant population of the village of Tarnov on the Dniester. In 1897 a census was ordered. By some mysterious process of reasoning, the inhabitants of Tarnov associated this census with the approaching reign of Antichrist, an event never remote from the illiterate Russian mind. To avoid being classified as subjects of the lord of evil, the men of the village dug deep pits into which the women, children, and old people entered, and were buried alive. The survivors were then interned, and helped heroically to fill up their own graves. Finally the last man took his place with the dying and the dead. The census, so far as the village of Tarnov was concerned, had no names to enter, and Antichrist was cheated of his prey.

The hunger strike has been generally supposed to be of Russian origin. It bears the hallmark of Slavonic melancholy, is more dignified, if less courageous, than making a bonfire of one's self, and has enjoyed a weird popularity among Occidentals who have been temporarily deprived of reason. There is a story (apocryphal, I am sure) of an American tourist who was shown the Hunger Tower of Pisa, and who asked his guide what prisoners had gone on a strike. Those four bleak roofless walls that tell the world their tale of unrelenting cruelty suggested to his mind only resentful captives refusing to eat their dinners, and solicitous jailors devising ways and means of feeding them.

Indeed, the consternation caused by the hunger strikes was the most singular part of their history. It is a canon of civilization that people may not be permitted to commit suicide. The employees of insane asylums spend their time seeing to it that the inmates are given no chance to take their own unhappy and valueless lives.

An unwarranted attempt was made to claim hunger striking as an inspiration of the English militant suffragists. A Miss Wallace-Dunlop was lauded as a pioneer comparable to Captain Scott of Antarctic fame and tragic memory, because she was 'the fragile inventor of the hunger strike.' But apart from the relative merits of the two exploits, Miss Wallace-Dunlop merely adopted a device familiar for centuries to Russia, and which, according to antiquarians, was an ancient and honorable Celtic institution. It flourished in Ireland for centuries before Russia had emerged from barbarism, or could boast of any annalist to report her irrationalities.

A mediæval Irishman who cherished a grievance 'fasted against' his hostile neighbor until the grievance was redressed. Mostly he carried his point, because the neighbor feared one of those amazingly fluent curses on which a dying Celt expended his last breath. Strange stories have been told of landless men who fasted until estates were granted them; of a father who fasted against three rebellious sons until he had reduced them to order; of saints who fasted against unjust princes and chieftains; of sinners who fasted against the blessed saints, to wring concessions from them. It was even whispered that Saint Columba fasted against God, and was punished for his presumption by being exiled from Ireland to the bleak Hebrides, there to work out his salvation and bring Iona to the faith.

Perhaps it was the absence of such interesting traditions that made the hunger strike so ineffective in our sentimental but unimaginative land.

Perhaps our tormenting sense of humor weakened its authority. Perhaps we do not set so high a value upon life — which is snuffed out daily on a liberal scale by motors — as do older and less reckless nations. Moreover, the American hunger strikers were few in number, and never achieved the notoriety which rewarded similar efforts in Great Britain and Ireland. When George Lansbury fasted against His Majesty's harassed government, he was quickly released to save trouble in the East End. When the Irish prisoners of 1923 fasted against the deeply perplexed authorities, twenty thousand people assembled outside of Mountjoy jail and prayed aloud for them, a highly dramatic episode, and a perfect illustration of the mental unity which is the law of crowds. Even Mrs. Pankhurst, although her adventures seem puerile to us now, managed in her day to focus public attention. She threw civilization into the discard, and went straight back to the old, old instinct which has made countless human beings assault themselves by way of coercing their neighbors. She did this, being a very able woman, with great efficiency and a steady eye to effect. Her example was necessarily contagious. It had all the qualities which make for contagion — courage, emotionalism, and unreason.

Mr. Zangwill is responsible for the statement that in the winter of 1913 'a lady militant of wealth and station' marked her sense of injustice by committing suicide at the entrance of the Derby. He was himself much moved by the incident he related, asserting that 'Englishmen were not so brutish that they could bear the sight of martyred innocence' — a curious choice of words.

As a rule, however, the militants wisely preferred injuring their neighbors' property to injuring themselves. They were few in numbers, they operated for only a short time; but they managed in that time to do an incredible amount of mischief. It was unfortunate that they were as a rule women of education who knew what was valuable and beautiful; and who, after the first wild outbreaks of window-smashing, turned their attention to the destruction of things best worth preserving. If they went for a church, it was a church of dignified tradition. There were hundreds of pictures in the Royal Academy that called for demolition; but the iconoclasts passed them by in favor of Sargent's incomparable portrait of Henry James — a choice bitterly resented by Americans. So loud indeed was our indignation that Mr. James expressed a fleeting hope that it might find a practical vent in the purchase of his books. The large surfaces of the Albert Memorial were left unscratched; but the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey was blown up, and the famous Stone of Scone on which Saint Columba pillowed his blessed head, and which holds the fortunes of the British monarchy in its keeping, was wrecked, with no visible consequences.

The two marvelous things about English militancy were its abrupt cessation with the proclamation of war, and the fact that it never leaped the seas. It stopped as suddenly as if a strong wind had blown away a miasmal mist, or a cold douche had cured hysteria. The call to arms, the peril which beset England, the stern realities she faced, left no room for artificial excitements in the minds of English men or women. But I never understood why the contagion, while it lasted, made no longer strides. Americans failed to catch it. The French seemed immune. They gazed at their undesecrated treasures, they listened to the tale of England's

misfortunes, and they echoed Tennyson's thanksgiving with a complacency which matched his own: —

God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off!

III

The long, long history of the Church has given us countless instances of saints — and very great saints — who courted ill health and pain as assets in the spiritual life, and as weapons in the warfare against sin. There were others of a more robust nature who valued their bodies as working partners. When Saint Theresa, in a moment of pardonable petulance, bade her novices keep their shoes and mend their wits, she was not decrying asceticism. The order of Discalced Carmelites was of her foundation. The nuns were expected to walk barefooted through the world. But the mental attitude which lifted the absence of shoes from a sign and a symbol to the reality of the thing it represented was singularly trying to this brilliant and holy woman. She had the distaste of the balanced mind for superlatives.

And superlatives were the order of her day; a fierce, cruel, sincere, and ardent day that had barely emerged from the emotional instabilities of the Middle Ages. Only thirty years before Saint Theresa was born, the last of the Flagellants were slowly disappearing in northern Europe. For two centuries these self-tormentors had cropped up intermittently in Italy, Spain, Flanders, Holland, and Bohemia. Coldly received in England, they had swept Germany into a religious frenzy. Thousands of men, women, and children moved in processions through the towns, scourging themselves with leather thongs. The streets were red with their blood. For thirty-three days they were sworn to endure these tortures; and every day brought fresh aspirants to share their honors and their pain.

Bishops fulminated decrees against this dramatic fanaticism. Popes condemned it. Civil authorities strove to close their streets to the offenders. It was of no more use than when the King of France, backed by the University of Paris, brought all the authority of Church and State to halt the Children's Crusade. A mediæval crowd took a fearful joy in the Flagellants, and endorsed the protest it embodied, a protest against the too manifest imperfections of rulers and of ruled. The thing was as contagious as the plague, and, like the plague, it kept reappearing decade after decade, wherever the seeds of the disease had germinated.

There must have been people then as now with soft hearts and tender flesh to whom the sight of suffering was abhorrent. There must have been people then as now with an inborn and ineradicable sanity. But, as Henry Adams mildly observed five centuries later, 'perfect balance does not greatly interest the world.' It did not interest the fasters of Ireland, or the Russian peasants busily preparing to burn themselves. It did not interest the Spanish cross-bearers of New Mexico, or the *penitentes* who bound themselves to crosses in defiance of civil and ecclesiastical mandates. It can never interest the collective mind, that dim jungle, penetrable to rays of pity, generosity, and emotionalism, but not to the north light of reason.

As a matter of fact it has been observed by psychologists that a crowd is most to be feared when it takes to reasoning. An instance occasionally quoted is the action of the French Revolutionists who, in September 1792, were employed to clear out the prisons of Paris, and who, in the

discharge of this duty, killed fifty children, detained for what is now known as juvenile delinquency. No especial animosity was felt toward these children as toward the unfortunate aristocrats, or still more unfortunate bourgeoisie, who were savagely slashed to death. No sympathy was felt for them, as for some lucky prisoners found guiltless of offense, and escorted to freedom amid cries of rejoicing and good will. The rude court that sat in judgment decided coldly and with considerable acumen that the youthful offenders, who ranged from twelve years of age to seventeen, would probably make trouble later on, and to save the Republic from future annoyance they were butchered then and there.

This kind of calculation was, happily, rare during the Reign of Terror. For an illustration of the true mob spirit we must turn to Delphine de Custine, the lovely daughter of Madame de Sabran, who came out of the Hall of the Tribunal to face an infuriated mob, and was saved from assault by a fishwoman who — simplest of devices — lent her a baby to carry. The throng, swept by sentiment as a field of grain is swept by the wind, parted to let her pass. That was not one of its lapses into reason.

IV

It has been frequently said that the World War was a case of contagion, a sort of mental measles on a large scale. I have seen it casually alluded to as 'war neurosis,' as 'national nervousness,' as 'alarm-engendered disorder' (which sounds mild), and as 'a spontaneous combustion resulting from excessive fears and hatreds.'

It is so much easier to write in this fashion than to study facts and balance evidence that humanitarians may be forgiven for rejecting details that are not to their taste. A great deal has been forgotten in thirteen years; the reluctance with which England roused herself to battle, the piteous protests of Russia, the careful calculations of Italy. As for the invaded countries, they needed no hypnotism. Neither does the word 'nervousness' exactly describe their condition. The reaction of an assaulted nation is as automatic as the reaction of an assaulted man, or the reaction of an assaulted cat. Out goes the arm of the man. Up goes the back of the cat. Hence the fortunate survival of the human and of the feline race.

The prolonged and brave defense of hearth and home is something more than a primitive instinct. It is the development of that instinct into the highest form of reasoned activity. It is man's sacrifice of self, and his supreme dedication to duty. All hope of peace, all aspiration toward goodness and conciliating kindness, must rest on this sure foundation. That 'odd weakness for the enemies of their country,' which Mr. Guedalla has observed in 'progressive persons,' fails of its influence when men and women hear the rattling of guns at their gates, or see the destroyers' aircraft overhead. The Daughters of the Dove of Peace would forget their spiritual parentage under such conditions. The awful necessity of 'holding on' lifted unheroic French soldiers to incredible heights of heroism. 'The moral triumph of Belgium,' said Cardinal Mercier, 'is an ever memorable tale for history and civilization.'

With a few unforgettable facts firmly fixed in our minds, and with a few formidable situations irremovable from our present outlook, the wave of sentiment which assumes that confidence will create good will seems without substance or support. 'Les nations n'ont

pas de cousins,' and Russia and China make no coy claim to relationship. Neither of these countries is living under reasonably successful conditions, neither of them is fulfilling its own artistic, intellectual, and spiritual nature. Consequently to neither is war the anomaly it should be to nations that have achieved some sparse measure of serenity. China's far-flung and legitimate aspirations have not united her people, or modified the uncivilized cruelty that has been part of her civil code. Russia's grievances are as thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa. Her public utterances are shrill with resentment. Her great principle of shifting blame has developed an astounding ingenuity in domestic as well as in foreign affairs. It has permeated her law courts, which are probably the most dramatic in the world.

Two years ago a woman was tried in Yaroslavl for beating her three-year-old child to death. Judge, jury, and counsel all were women. A throng of women crowded the courtroom. The defense offered was that the conditions of misery and oppression under which the working classes had lived during the old régime had deadened all human feeling in the mother's heart. Consequently, seven years after the slaughter of the Tsar, she had killed her child with unexampled brutality. The fault, if fault there were, must be laid at the Romanovs' door. The jury, moved to tears by the thought of what the woman had endured seven years earlier, forgot the more recent suffering of the child, and recommended clemency. The sympathetic judge modified the penalty to sixteen months' imprisonment. The crowd wept freely when sentence was pronounced. It was no more disposed to waste pity on that bruised and battered baby than the London militants were disposed to waste pity on the humble East Side undertaker whose window Mrs. Pankhurst smashed to vindicate her rights.

V

Americans, having positive and practical minds, and being saved from too much thinking by habits of phenomenal activity, are not prone to emotional epidemics. Yet in the past year the suicides among students in schools and colleges grew to disturbing proportions. They verified Gustave Le Bon's assurance that personal contact is not essential to the spread of such contagion. The self-destroyers were scattered over the length and breadth of the country. Their numbers were relatively small, but each case reported gave us a painful shock because it was so incredible.

A boy seems the last creature on God's earth to kill himself. That he should ever do it proves that we do not know him yet. It is true that the publication of *Werther* was followed by a little wave of student suicide in Germany. It is true that overwork has been known to drive German schoolboys to taking their own lives. But from such sources of peril young Americans are wholly and happily exempt.

The publicity given to youthful suicides in this country did all the harm it could. Parents blamed schools, schools blamed parents, clergymen blamed schools and parents, newspapers reported this voluminous censure. A commentator in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine did his best to encourage the contagion by informing his readers that the commoner sort of mind was not subject to this temptation, and that the one thing clear to our understanding was 'the exceptionally sensitive natures of these brave adventurers between two worlds,' these boys and girls 'infatuated with infinity.'

The unbalanced mind may be sensitive, but it knows nothing of the strength that lies in delicacy. The foolish egotism of the letters left by these 'adventurers' showed the sapping of their moral vitality. They had failed to develop character or will. Nothing is less likely than that the youths who committed suicide could ever have grown into intelligent and useful manhood. Just as the feeble body is unable to resist the germs of physical disease, so the feeble spirit is unable to resist the germs of mental disease. It is said that boys who were forcibly prevented from joining the Children's Crusade, which was at least a nobly conceived infatuation, sickened and died — so imperious was the call.

Among the youngest of American suicides was a New York lad of thirteen, a quiet, fairly studious boy who had been decently reared, and who was not sick, nor seemingly unhappy. He wasted no time writing morbid and high-flown letters to his family; but hanged himself quietly one Sunday afternoon when he was alone in the house. No motive could be assigned for the deed. The child was too young to suffer from 'celibacy unduly prolonged,' a plight to which the *Cosmopolitan* sage ascribed some such deaths. The Assistant Medical Examiner pronounced the case to be one of 'imitation student suicide.'

VI

We are told that self-destruction was a crime unknown to the Middle Ages when men had too much trouble keeping alive to doubt the desirability of living. An instinct deeper and wiser than reason kept them from balancing profit and loss. The 'Open Door' of Epictetus was closed to them by the Church, and it was the only one of her mandates which cost them no pains to obey. The early Irish fasters meant to break down opposition, not to die of hunger. The Flagellants appear to have invariably survived their stripes. Fantastic penances were as much a part of existence as were riotous sinning, and virtue undefiled. The reiterated reminder of the mediæval monks, 'Brother, we must die,' meant that even in the cloister men's hearts were set on life. The inscription on the bronze base of the tomb of the Black Prince at Canterbury reads: 'De la mort ne pensaije mye.' It is the expression of the will of his day.

PAST AND PRESENT

BY EDWIN MUIR

I

THE most interesting literary question of the present is the question whether there exists a new literature of some importance which is unlike any that has been written before. This question has never been considered objectively; perhaps by a contemporary it cannot be. In a book of essays called *Transition* and published about a year ago, I made an attempt, with but indifferent success, to do so; but when I wrote it I was too much under the influence of current hopes and judgments, and my arguments were consequently falsified. I cannot pretend that in the ensuing essay I attain impartiality; but any attempt to be impartial is salutary, and at present attempts of this kind seem to be singularly few.

Trying to be objective, then, one sees that there are two bodies of opinion on the subject. There are the critics, such as Mr. T. S. Eliot, Mr. Ezra Pound, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, Mr. Herbert Read, and Mr. Ford Madox Ford, who assume with more or less confidence that there is a new literature, and disdain, either fiercely like Mr. Pound, or with reasonable reservations like Mrs. Woolf, those who are not in it or on the side of it. On the other hand are those, like Mr. J. C. Squire, Sir Edmund Gosse, and Mr. Edward Shanks, who either ignore this new literature or consider it so unimportant that a jest can dispose of it. Apart from these schools are one or two critics, of whom Mr. Van Wyck Brooks in America and Mr. Middleton Murry in England are the chief, who are not prejudiced against the new, but are too much concerned with other problems, perhaps more important, to give their attention to it.

Characteristic of the first school are such declarations as Mr. Pound's that 'Mr. Wyndham Lewis has in *Timon* gathered together his age, or at least our age, our generation,' and such acts as Mr. Eliot's drawing up of a list showing which writers exemplify the spirit of the age and which do not. The second school will not be too unfairly represented by Sir Edmund Gosse's reported answer to a French journalist who asked whether so-and-so was the greatest living English writer: 'Never heard of him. I suppose he's one of those young writers. There are so many of them!' The third pair need not detain us, for they are not implicated in the dispute, or the illusion, if it is such.

Considering these two sets of opposing critics, one may say that what distinguishes the first is fanaticism, accompanied as fanaticism often is by a strict dogmatism, this dogmatism producing in turn a peculiarly intellectual arrogance not incompatible with shyness in its holders, and involving with it a necessary blindness to everything not covered by the dogma. The critic of this school will have sweeping antipathies, which he will transform into principles of evil. For instance, he will

see romanticism, which he dislikes, not as a legitimate expression of the human spirit, or as almost the half of literature, but as an error. We shall find in him, that is to say, an obstinacy firm enough to damn a whole body of literature, combined with a blindness so remarkable that he does not see the greatness of this literature, and a narrowness so exclusive that he has no desire to share in it.

Turning to the second set of critics, we shall find that, while in considering past literature they evince a mood of enthusiasm or of satisfaction, to all contemporary literature which does not sufficiently resemble the productions of the past they are essentially indifferent. Narrow fanaticism and blank indifference — these are the moods of the two hostile bodies of opinion. Both sides are blinded — the one by their hopes, the other by their fears. Standing outside, one can accept Mr. Eliot's strict dogmatism as little as Sir Edmund Gosse's easy obscurantism. The one is as sectarian as the other.

II

Ignoring, then, these two camps who, ever hostile, ever ignore each other, — ignoring them not because their observations are shallow or irrelevant, but because they are either esoteric and intended for a few, or else popular and intended for nobody, — let us take a small definite test and try to discover as nearly as possible, first whether there is anything new in contemporary literature, and then whether that is of much importance. Mr. James Joyce will serve admirably as a representative of the new; for the traditional, both ancient and modern, we shall take a random lot of writers of various degrees of merit. Then, if there is no very salient difference among these, and a perceptible difference between them and Mr. Joyce, we may decide that in some sense there is an existent new literature. Afterward we may consider wherein the novelty of this literature consists, and finally we may try to judge of its importance and guess at what it is making toward.

The following are the passages, taken at random from five writers: —

1. In this perturbed state of mind, with thoughts that could rest on nothing, she walked on; but it would not do; in half a minute the letter was unfolded again, and collecting herself as well as she could, she again began the mortifying perusal of all that related to Wickham, and commanded herself so far as to examine the meaning of every sentence. . . . After wandering along the lane for two hours, giving way to every variety of thought — reconsidering events, determining probabilities, and reconciling herself, as well as she could, to a change so sudden and so important, fatigue, and a recollection of her long absence, made her at length return home; and she entered the house with the wish of appearing cheerful as usual, and the resolution of repressing such reflections as must make her unfit for conversation.

2. He thought her in fact the most disagreeable young person whom he had ever met. He was accustomed to see women of very much greater consequence than this girl show at any rate a certain gratification at being thought worthy of his attentions. She would not, he felt, have dared to treat him so rudely but for the present eclipse of his fortunes. He was not used to being regarded so lightly, and it upset him. . . . Suddenly one of the cords of the screen of state behind which she was sitting fell across her zithern, making as it did so a sort of casual tune. As she bent over the instrument he saw her for an instant just as she must look when carelessly and at ease she swept an idle plectrum over the strings. He was captivated.

3. He had taken hold of her, and she liked that; it warmed her as much as any-

thing could warm her, but there was nothing about her holding on to him if presently he let go. She was, I had long realised, a creature of fine secondary shades and complicated shynesses and reserves, and I have never known anyone with a less voracious will to live.

I doubted from the first whether he appreciated her fine shades. His natural disposition was towards poster colourings more suitable for display. But gradually I came to see that it was not the delicacy nor the fine shades that he cared about. He had a profound unshakeable belief in her honesty, loyalty, and commonsense, and she justified his belief. Whatever else she may or may not have been to him, she was, so to speak, his treasury, his brake, his wary councillor. And though she was never a brilliant talker in society, I noted that when he quoted her sayings and cited her opinions, there came out a shrewd individuality quite different from his own.

4. Nurse Andrews was simply fearful about butter. Really they could not help feeling that about butter, at least, she took advantage of their kindness. And she had that maddening habit of asking for just an inch more bread to finish what she had on her plate, and then, at the last mouthful, absentmindedly — of course it was n't absentmindedly — taking another helping. Josephine got very red when this happened, and she fastened her small, bead-like eyes on the tablecloth as if she saw a minute strange insect creeping through the web of it. But Constantia's long, pale face lengthened and set, and she gazed away — away — far over the desert to where that line of camels unwound like a thread of wool.

5. He looked at the cattle, blurred in silver heat. Silver powdered olive-trees. Quiet long days: pruning ripening. Olives are packed in jars, eh? I have a few left from Andrews. Molly spitting them out. Knows the taste of them now. Oranges in tissue paper packed in crates. Citrons too. Wonder is poor Citron still alive in Saint Kevin's parade. And Mastiansky with the old cither. Pleasant evenings we had then. Molly in Citron's basketchair. Nice to hold, cool waxen fruit, hold in the hand, lift it to the nostrils and smell the perfume. Like that, heavy, sweet, wild perfume. Always the same, year after year. They fetched high prices too Moisel told me. Arbutus place; Pleasants street: pleasant old times. Must be without a flaw, he said. Coming all that way: Spain, Gibraltar, Mediterranean, the Levant. Crates lined up on the quayside at Jaffa, chap ticking them off in a book, navvies handling them in soiled dungarees. There's whatdoyoucallhim out of. How do you? Does n't see. Chap you know just to salute bit of a bore. His back is like the Norwegian captain's. Wonder if I'll meet him to-day. Watering cart. To provoke the rain. On earth as it is in heaven.

These, then, are the five passages which may serve as a rough test, necessarily tentative. If in our examination of them we succeed in showing that the difference between the first four and the fifth implies other differences between them which do seem to exist, we shall have started an inquiry which might be taken up again.

In the first four we shall see that, in spite of many individual differences, the aim of the writers, and consequently their methods, are much the same. That aim I shall call concentration, and the method synthesis. Everything that may serve to make the mood or situation more definite is massed and oriented, until an intense point is reached which makes all the surrounding detail clear. The passages show that this method has been pursued for a long time, and has persisted as the main tradition until recently.

The first passage is from Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, written a century ago. The second is from Lady Murasaki's *The Sacred Tree*, written in Japan nine hundred years ago, and now available in Mr. Arthur Waley's translation. The third is from Mr. H. G. Wells's *The World of William Clissold*, the fourth from Katherine Mansfield's *The Garden Party*, the fifth from Mr.

James Joyce's *Ulysses*. The first two passages are very alike, except for the zithern; in aim and method they are essentially the same. The third passage is looser; the method remains the same, but it is disintegrating; we have the confused questioning of such phrases as 'fine secondary shades and complicated shynesses and reserves'; vague adjectives take the place of concrete delineation. The fourth passage, though resembling Jane Austen, inaugurates in the last sentence a new method which begins where Mr. Wells left off. Yet essentially the aim and method in all these passages are the same: concentration is sought by means of synthesis.

We come now to the fifth passage. It certainly differs from the other four passages in a sense in which they do not differ from each other. For here the aim is not concentration but diffusion, the method not synthesis but analysis. Seeing cattle pass, Mr. Joyce's character thinks of olive trees; these suggest various kinds of fruit; the word 'citron' calls up the memory of a man called Citron; he in turn evokes other recollections; then external things, an acquaintance passing, a watering cart, cut across the associations, starting others, until the irrelevant but accounted-for phrase is reached, 'On earth as it is in heaven.' The first three writers I have quoted never attempted to follow the turns of the disengaged mind in this way; reading them, one might easily conclude that they were unaware of these floating thoughts, or considered them not worth attending to. The fourth writer was aware of them, and as she developed made more and more use of them. Mr. Joyce has exploited them thoroughly and at great length. But he is not the only contemporary who has done this; in different ways it has been done by Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, Mrs. Dorothy Richardson, Mr. Aldous Huxley, and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell in *All Summer in a Day*. In poetry one might mention Mr. T. S. Eliot, Miss Edith Sitwell, Mr. Robert Graves, and a number of others.

This coming to prominence of the floating images of the mind may be called new, then. These images have been used before, of course, preeminently by such writers as Sterne and Jean Paul Richter, but generally for the ends of comedy. Never till now has such serious attention been concentrated upon them, nor till now have they seemed so important.

The next question is whether this serious concentration on the apparently irrelevant responses of the mind is a significant novelty. This is at present, with the evidence at our disposal, unanswerable. Those who consider Mr. Joyce a great writer will be in little doubt about it. Those who hold that he has failed, and failed because the attempt was impossible, will have even less doubt. Nothing that one could write at present would do much more than confirm both parties in their opinion.

But, leaving this aside, there is one sense, at any rate, in which the new attempt is significant. It is significant as the expression of a growing attitude. In no other age could *Ulysses* have appeared, or on its appearance have been understood by the small number of people who at present understand it. The interest was lacking even thirty years ago, and only since that time has it come to the front. This interest is general; during the same time science has shown it perceptibly; and the works of Dr. Freud and Dr. Jung belong to the same current as those of Mr. Joyce and Mr. Lawrence. Psychoanalysis is still in its infancy; but it is working itself out, and as it does this the situation will change, and the literary response necessarily change with it.

The present literary tendency, then, has some importance for us; but it has a possible importance also, given to it by a goal in the future which it is making toward and may reach.

III

In speculating upon what it is making toward I can no longer point to verifiable facts, and the rest of this essay must be tentative. I will start with the axiom that the new element in literature has not modified literature decisively enough to produce a 'new form.' The last two decades have seen many attempts to create one; it has actually seen none valid even to the few who desire it to appear. Take *Ulysses* again. In its imaginative pattern it is no more necessarily one work than it is ten. One can take one section, such as the scene in the pub, or the nightmare scene, or Mrs. Bloom's soliloquy, and it will actually have a greater unity than the work as a whole. One can combine several chapters — the first three, for example — and the effect will be as congruous without the succeeding chapters as with them. There is, indeed, nothing to make the book the size it is except Mr. Joyce's determination to record a day of Dublin life. The plan of *Ulysses*, of which so much has been said, is mechanical purely; it is imposed from the outside without reference to the drama which should really determine the structure of the book. Useful to the author doubtless, as helping him to keep the formlessness of the book within bounds, it is no more an element in the novel itself than the papers and inks of different colors which Mr. Joyce is supposed to have used.

Turning to *The Waste Land* of Mr. Eliot, we see that its plan, too, is external. This plan had a use to the author; it has no significance for the reader. Again like *Ulysses*, this poem is as validly several works as one. Any construction Mr. Eliot may say it has is a construction without development, which is an absurdity. The design is not worked out in the poem; it is an ideal scheme referring to it. This scheme is only an explanation of the work itself, somewhat like the answers to problems at the end of an arithmetic book.

Here, then, is the point where the new attempt has failed most disastrously. A new construction, a new form, has not been worked out; but construction of some kind a work of art must have, so the old traditional construction is pressed into service, though it is quite unsuitable, and we have only the authors' conviction that it is there. The problem created by the inclusion of the new element has, in other words, not been solved at all.

That new element is the subconscious as modern knowledge has modified it. How much do we know about it? The one thing which Freud has demonstrated conclusively is that our most apparently irrelevant thoughts have a logic and a meaning; that there is nothing one thinks, voluntarily or involuntarily, asleep or awake, which is not related to one's personality, and for that reason to one's actions. If we turn to Mr. Joyce now, we shall see that the subconscious as he portrays it has hardly any relation to the actions of his characters at all; it changes without meaning or aim, and changing in this way it really makes all deliberate action meaningless. It may have moods which vary with external events, but there is no value or significance in its alterations, any more than there is in the behavior of the stomach, which may be equally deranged by overeating or by a disappointment in love. Everything is made blunt and vague rather than emphasized and pointed. One action is

as important as another, and all actions are in a sense irrelevant, seeing that a whole series of them, of very different value to the conscious personality, are here indistinguishable in their effects. Action, in everything that gives it meaning, is out of place in *Ulysses*, and consequently development, crisis, catharsis, all that constitutes construction, is equally so. But to say that is to say that *Ulysses* has never been integrated at all, has never been created as a work of art.

When we read Freud we discover that the subconscious is subtle, exact, and necessitated; when we read Mr. Joyce we get the impression that it is blunt, vague, and irrelevant. Freud shows it determining our smallest actions, our gestures, our health, our ideas, our aims; Mr. Joyce shows it going away on a journey of its own in a studied disregard for us. In this picture of an arbitrary conscious on the one hand and an irrelevant unconscious on the other, nothing important is accounted for, neither personality, nor action, nor feeling, nor thought, all of which require both factors to be conceivable; and we feel that the author has been merely interested in the subconscious, or alert to exploit it, but that he has had no more serious aim. The synthesis of intuitions which gives the artist his starting point he has avoided with great skill and at inordinate length; and his plethora of styles in *Ulysses* is a device to hide the fact that he is merely playing with his theme and has not tackled it decisively.

The gaping fault in works such as *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land* should now be clear enough. It is that the subconscious as shown in them is never squared with the conscious. These two elements of personality are set down side by side, and each makes the other incomprehensible. They are unrelated, like raw facts before the scientist has seen the connection between them; yet it is clear that they must be related before the artist can begin to write with understanding of human experience. If he writes without relating them, it means literally that he has not accounted for anything he writes about; for conduct, feeling, thought, egoism, desire, continuity of personality; for the elementary facts of human life. And when he writes, not having accounted for them, his work will inevitably have something of the quality of automatic writing. In some of the sequences in *The Waste Land* there is the dreamlike irrelevance of automatic writing, and since he finished *Ulysses* Mr. Joyce's writing has become almost entirely automatic. He has not tried to grasp the issues of life; he has nothing consciously to say, therefore; and the only relief is to let the subconscious speak for itself, whether it can be understood or not.

The intensified concern with the subconscious, then, is responsible for both what is new and what is disastrous in contemporary literature. The problem that awaits the future writer is whether, given as much prominence as Mr. Joyce and Mr. Eliot give it, the subconscious can be integrated with the conscious. If that can be done, personality, action, cause and effect, will come back into literature, and with them a new construction, a new form. In saying this I assume that the present literary experiment can be carried further, and is not an impossible one. This, of course, cannot be demonstrated, but it is not improbable. On the other hand it is possible that the whole experiment will prove abortive; but even so it is bound to leave some effect behind.

I have tried to prove that the attempt is in one sense new. The presumption, I think, is that it is potentially important.

HAIG OF BEMERSYDE

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

When Britain for the first time in her history waged war not with a small professional army but with the nation in arms, it was characteristic of her nature that, instead of a genius, the man called to lead her armies should be the embodiment of her normal virtues and defects. Military genius has occasionally flowered on her soil, but it has been an exotic growth. Haig, in contrast, was distilled essence of Britain. Calm, unimaginative acceptance of whatever fate may have in store, serene faith that all will come right in the end, resisting power deep-rooted in the tradition of centuries — these combine to produce that inexhaustible endurance which has ever been the despair of Britain's foes, sapping their own will to conquer. Marvelously apt, both for Haig and for the men of whom he was the leader and type, was the family motto of the Haigs — 'Tyde what may.'

Born on June 19, 1861, at Cameronbridge, Fifeshire, Douglas Haig sprang from a branch of the famous border Haigs of Bemersyde. He conformed to the national tradition from the first. In his school and university days, at Clifton and at Oxford, he was known for his athletic powers and character but not for any academic promise or achievements. From Oxford he went to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, — not direct to a commission like the present-day university entrant, — and here revealed the first signs of distinction. Industry is the proverbial birthright of the Lowland Scot, and heredity may have asserted itself to give his mind a serious bent, coupled with the fact that he entered later and thus was several years older than his fellows. It is at least certain that one of his officers, in answer to an inquiry, said: 'There is a cadet here called Douglas Haig, who is top at everything — books, drill, riding, sports, and games; he is to go into the Cavalry; and what is more, he will be top of the Army before he has finished.' He actually passed first out of Sandhurst, and was commissioned in the 7th Hussars. The Cavalry, in those days particularly, did not take soldiering too seriously, and an officer with a zest for work could be sure of receiving the grateful surrender of others' modest portion so long as he did not disturb their tranquillity. Thus after barely three years' service he became adjutant of his regiment, and this position, backed by his strong character, enabled him to disturb others to such good effect that the training of the 7th Hussars began to set new standards in India. He was helped by his skill at polo, for the fact that on joining he went straight into the 7th Hussars team, then the finest in the Army, dissipated the prejudice which attaches to that unpopular species, the bookworm.

Polo, greatest of all games, is undoubtedly good training for a cavalry troop or squadron leader. But in the British Army it is more, for any one who attends regimental dinners knows

that a good polo player is ipso facto a good general. The reason apparently does not lie, however, in the rapidity and skill of manœuvre which it induces, for I recall an interchange of such sentiments and compliments between two distinguished cavalry generals, one of whom then went on to deliver the interesting if unhistorical dictum that 'a great army can only be worn down by hard fighting; it cannot be outmanœuvred.' As, under Haig, he was primarily responsible for the offensive at Ypres in 1917, — hard enough in cost and result, — he ought to know.

Haig's strenuous time as adjutant merely gave him a greater thirst for military experience, and he spent his subsequent leave in visits to the German Army and the French Cavalry School at Saumur, his report on which brought him to wider notice. But for a moment his career was in jeopardy through the discovery that he was color-blind. Rejected in the medical examination for the Staff College, he managed to enlist the sympathy and influence of the Duke of Cambridge, who secured his entry as an exception to the rule. Haig was fortunate, for, if 'hard cases make bad law,' an uncompromising insistence on red-tape regulations has lost the Army many good soldiers.

At the Staff College, prophecy from many quarters forecast for him a great career, and fortune befriended him by providing in the quick succession of the Sudan and South African campaigns not merely a chance to win his spurs, but an extended opportunity for distinction. Coming back from the Sudan in 1899, to become brigade major to the cavalry brigade under Sir John French, he naturally found a place on his staff when the South African War broke out a few months later. Soon he became Chief Staff Officer to French in the Cavalry Division, where his methodical instincts, caution, and sagacity acted as ballast to his impetuous commander. Brevet promotions came rapidly, and in the later phase of the war he became commander of a group of columns during the 'sweeping' operations. Here he did useful work, but the thoroughness and method which made him an ideal staff officer were not all-sufficient qualities in the chase of slippery bands of Boer partisans.

Among many honors which the campaign had brought him was that of extra aide-de-camp to the King. Although his spells of home service had been short, he had won the personal regard of King Edward, and the royal interest in his career was strengthened by his marriage in 1905 to the Honorable Dorothy Vivian, one of Queen Alexandra's maids of honor. When this took place he was once more holding an appointment abroad, for in the autumn of 1903 he was appointed Inspector General of Cavalry in India, at the direct request of Kitchener, then Commander in Chief, on whom his work in the Sudan campaign had made a lasting impression. The appointment was exceptional for one who was only a brevet colonel, and coupled with his substantive promotion he was made temporary major general. Next year this rank was made permanent — an amazing rise for a man of forty-two who had only entered the Army at twenty-three. He was commonly called 'Lucky' Haig and, marked as was his ability, he was the favorite of fortune not merely in his escapes from death but in the combination of circumstances which gave him such a close series of opportunities to win distinction and attract notice.

In 1906 he came home to be successively Director of Military Training and Director of Staff Duties at the War Office. Three years later he went

out to India again, as Chief of the Staff, although very reluctant to take the post because of his conviction that a war with Germany was inevitable and imminent, and his wish to be on hand to take part. It was a relief to him when in 1912 he was again brought back, this time to receive the blue ribbon of home commands — the Aldershot command. Aldershot was the main training ground of the Expeditionary Force, containing its first two divisions, and fate gave him only two years in which to prepare this force for its great test.

II

On the declaration of war Haig took up his assigned position as commander of one of the two army corps of the British Expeditionary Force. Grierson had the other, but, upon his sudden death in the train, his command was given to Smith-Dorrien, Haig's predecessor at Aldershot. In the opening clash at Mons and the subsequent retreat, Haig, on the right wing, bore a less severe strain than the 2d Army Corps on the left wing, where the brunt of the German onslaught fell. And history has shown that the strain on Smith-Dorrien's corps was partly owing to the action — or inaction — of Haig's corps. The major responsibility, however, rested with General Headquarters, which failed to keep control of the operations and to coordinate the movements of the two army corps. This failure in turn had its main source in the collapse of Sir John French's Chief of Staff, General Murray, who fainted in an inn at St. Quentin on August 26, the day of the Le Cateau battle. Worse still, he recovered sufficiently to think that he was functioning, when actually he was still unfit. Thus during critical days there was no firm hand on the helm.

The danger, as well as the subsequent difficulties, was immensely aggravated by the fact that, at the outset, the British retreat was split into two portions by the forest of Mormal. This large and dense obstacle was so close to the starting point of the retreat that there was hardly time or space to withdraw the whole force by one flank, and Sir John French decided, on receiving an inaccurate cavalry report that there were no roads through the forest, to divide his force, leaving Haig to retire by the east side of the forest while Smith-Dorrien retired by the west.

The divergence was almost fatal, for, separating on August 24, it was not until September 1 that the two army corps joined up once more, — there was at times a gap of fifteen miles between their inner flanks, — and during that interval the 2d Army Corps (Smith-Dorrien) came desperately close to disaster at Le Cateau. Isolated and unaided, except for the welcome reënforcements of a fresh division, Smith-Dorrien was compelled by the closeness of the enemy and the fatigue of his own troops to stand and fight at Le Cateau on August 26, disregarding the orders for a continuance of the retreat. After the check to the German advance caused by this rear-guard action, the further retirement of the Expeditionary Force was never seriously threatened. But it was fortunate for the British troops, exhausted and disordered, that the Germans were slow to begin the pursuit and then took the wrong direction in the belief that the British were retreating westward instead of southward. This German delusion, held even before Le Cateau, was strengthened by the very fact that they met resistance only on the left wing, as Haig's corps had continued its retreat while Smith-Dorrien was standing to fight. In consequence the

Germans not only attacked Smith-Dorrien's front from the north, believing that it was his flank, but passed round his right and attacked his exposed flank, believing that it was his front.

Why had Haig laid bare his neighbor's flank and why was he too far away to support him when attacked? It has long been one of the mysteries of the war. The cause lay partly in French's failure to keep in touch with and control over his two corps, partly in Haig's failure to fulfill French's orders. On the eve of Le Cateau, French had ordered both corps to continue the retreat next day in a *southwestward* direction. Smith-Dorrien, as we have seen, disobeyed these orders by stopping to fight, compelled to take the decision on his own initiative because of the difficulty of communicating with French in time. Haig disobeyed these orders by retiring *southward* next day, instead of southwestward, a course which took him hour by hour farther from Smith-Dorrien. If his decision lacked Smith-Dorrien's justification, we need to remember that in war the commander on the spot often finds that circumstances alter plans, and the root cause of the trouble was that the Commander in Chief was too far away for consultation or control. French had moved his headquarters back to St. Quentin, twenty-two miles distant even from Smith-Dorrien at Bertry, and with no direct telephone communication except through the railway station there.

Liaison was, indeed, the weak joint of the command, not merely inside the British force, but between it and the French. At the first meeting between Sir John French and General Lanrezac, commanding the Fifth French Army on his eastern flank, a mutual antipathy had sprung up, accentuated by the barrier of language, and thereafter each took his own course without consideration of the other. If Lanrezac gave the first cause for complaint, French, after Le Cateau, thought for a moment of cutting adrift from his allies altogether, to fall back and fortify 'Torres Vedras' lines near the coast, a project from which he was only dissuaded by Sir Henry Wilson's timely use of his inimitable powers of humor and cajolery.

This lack of liaison between the Allies throughout the retreat would have been worse but for Haig's influence. As his corps was the material link between the two armies, so he himself was the personal link, and so quickly did the French liaison officers realize this that all made a point of calling first at his headquarters on their journeys to and fro between two greater headquarters. His disregard of orders in moving southward on the day of Le Cateau may have been due to his desire to keep in touch with the French.

Similarly, when the French Fifth Army halted its retreat on August 28, Haig sent a message to Lanrezac that his troops were perfectly fit to attack and that he wished to coöperate with the French in a counterstroke. His willingness was overruled and reprimanded, however, by Sir John French, who, in face of the appeals of the French commanders, insisted on continuing the retreat, leaving the French to fight alone and lose the fruits of their success. Let it be said in fairness to Sir John French that, seeing only the local situation, he may have found it difficult to understand why Lanrezac had left him in the lurch at Mons.

Haig had a cooler temperament and a more balanced view, as well as a better understanding of the French mind. He maintained this spirit of helpfulness when in supreme command,

and none had a better grasp of the vital importance of coöperation between the Allies. If General Headquarters was sometimes as notorious for its criticisms against the French as was Grand Quartier Général against the British, such tendencies were due not to Haig but to his subordinates.

In the Battle of the Marne, which turned the tide of the war, the British force had an important indirect influence, but its direct influence was small, owing to the fact that it had made an extra day's march to the south when its allies halted for the counter-offensive. But after the subsequent advance to the Aisne and the check there, the British Expeditionary Force assumed a leading rôle and was the decisive factor in thwarting the Germans' second bid for victory. The immortal resistance of Ypres was primarily a soldiers' battle, depending on the courage, endurance, and musketry skill of the regimental officers and men, and on timely counter-attacks carried out by battalion or brigade commanders. The rôle of the Higher Command was perforce limited to their moral influence and to their efforts to cement the crumbling parts of the front by scraping reserves from other parts. Within these limits Haig proved himself an ideal defensive general. On him fell the whole conduct of the battle. His Chief still had the delusion that he was attacking when the troops were barely holding their ground, and later, when enlightenment came, was equally insistent on retreat, only to be dissuaded by the greater will power and perhaps the greater self-delusion of Foch, who had been given the rôle of coördinating the action of the Allied forces around Ypres.

Haig's economic distribution of his slender strength, and his success in 'puttying up' the strained and cracking front, owed much both to his cool calculation and to the forward location of his headquarters, close to the battle-front. Invaluable also was the moral influence of the calm which his bearing diffused. And on the most critical day of the struggle he revived for a moment that personal element of leadership which so often turned the scale of battle in the past, before the days of scientific killing at long range. News had just come back that the Germans had made a breach in the front at Gheluvelt; the guns were necessarily falling back, stragglers and wounded trickling down the Menin road. Up the road, moving 'at a slow trot, with part of his staff behind him as at an inspection,' Haig was seen riding forward toward Hooge, and the sight did much to restore confidence.

When the German tide of attack at last ebbed, and the sorely depleted British ranks were refilled and expanded, the Expeditionary Force was divided into two armies, and Haig received command of the First. In this capacity he was in executive command of all the abortive attempts in 1915 to break through the trench barrier. The first was at Neuve-Chapelle in March. Here a heavy concentration of artillery was secretly assembled, and an intense bombardment of half an hour's duration delivered on the German trenches, after which the artillery lengthened their range and dropped a curtain of fire to prevent the reënforcement of the enemy's battered trenches, which were rapidly overrun by the infantry. Complete surprise was obtained and most of the first positions captured, but control broke down, reserves were late in coming up, and the opportunity of exploiting the initial success vanished. A further factor was that the narrow frontage of attack made the breach more easy for the defenders to close; this defect was unavoidable, owing to the general shortage of munitions.

The cost of this experiment might have been offset by the benefit of its experience. But both Haig and the Allied Command as a whole missed the true lesson, which was the surprise obtainable by a short bombardment that compensated its brevity by its intensity. And only partially did they appreciate that the sector attacked must be sufficiently wide to prevent the defender's artillery commanding, or his reserves closing, the breach. Instead, they drew the superficial deduction that mere volume of shell fire was the key to success. Not until late in the war did they revert to the Neuve-Chapelle method, and meanwhile it was left to the Germans to turn it to profit at the expense of the Russians, in the Tarnow-Gorlice breakthrough in May 1915.

The British offensive at Loos, in September, was a more costly failure and without any experimental value. One fault was that it was too far away from the joint French offensive in Champagne for either to react on the other, but a worse was that the British Command tried to reconcile two irreconcilable factors; they aimed at a break-through, but preceded it with a prolonged bombardment which gave away all chance of surprise. But as the initial and fundamental mistake was appreciated only by a few, the brunt of the criticism fell on Sir John French, who had held the reserves too far back and handed them over to Haig too late for the brief opening success to be exploited.

While making all allowances for the new problems created by trench-warfare conditions, — which, however, had been foreshadowed by the Russo-Japanese War and prophesied by Monsieur Bloch, a Polish banker, twenty years earlier, — the historians of the future will find it difficult to understand the slowness of the Allied generals to grasp the defensive strength of barbed wire and machine guns. They refuted the old proverb, 'Once bitten, twice shy,' for bite after bite failed to make them shy of prognosticating success, far less of their offensive efforts. More curious still, in a generation of soldiers nurtured on military history, was their utter disregard of military history. On the one hand, they disdained the principles of surprise and concentration, which have ever been the master keys of the Great Captains, announcing their intentions to the enemy by days of prolonged bombardment and attacking with a tiny fraction of their force while the rest remained inactive. On the other hand, while violating the principles of normal warfare, they refused to treat their operations as siege warfare. The Messines attack in 1917 was the first, and almost the only, British operation which was framed on a true siege-warfare basis.

III

The aftermath of Loos saw Sir John French relieved of his command of the British Expeditionary Force, and replaced by Sir Douglas Haig. The record of his career and every outward qualification except personal magnetism marked him out for this selection. If the miscarried offensives of 1915 had brought him no credit, they had not been signalized by the appearance of any possible rival. Haig's first task was to forge the molten ore of the New Armies, which was flowing out to France, into an offensive weapon, and to sharpen its edge by trench experience and training behind the lines. To gain the time required all his strength of character, and the strain became greater when the Germans attacked Verdun and in that long-drawn-out attrition offensive gradually bled the fighting strength of France.

To release French reserves Haig relieved the French army which was holding the sector around Arras, sandwiched between the British First and Third Armies. But he refused to be hurried into a relief offensive before his forces and resources were ready. Even before Verdun was assailed he had objected to Joffre's plan for partial offensives in April and May as preparatory steps to a general Allied offensive, simultaneously with the Russians, in midsummer. It was a pity that Haig's clear sight and sound attitude in resisting the many-sided pressure and clamor for a premature stroke in aid of the French were not maintained in the conduct of his own offensive. The original plan had been for the French to attack with forty divisions on a twenty-five-mile front south of the Somme, and the British to attack with twenty-five divisions if possible on a fourteen-mile front north of the Somme. But as the French were drained of their strength at Verdun, so did their share in the Somme plan evaporate. Ultimately their front of attack shrank to eight miles and their force to sixteen divisions, of which only five took part at the outset. Thus the main burden was shifted to the British and remained on their shoulders for the rest of the war.

Yet Haig's aims do not seem to have been reduced in proportion to the shrinkage of his resources. True, his orders no longer ordained the unlimited objectives of Loos nor foresaw quite so rapid a break-through as had then proved a mirage. But the ultimate objectives were as far-reaching. What possible ground was there for such ambitious dreams? The plan, while disdaining the old master keys of concentration and surprise, made no pretense to provide any new key. The Fourth Army, which was to make the attack, had only seventeen divisions, with three more in reserve under Haig. The artillery concentration, of 1500 guns, was barely the equal of that of the Germans in May 1915 for their Tarnow-Gorlice break-through, and the defenses on the Russian front a year earlier could not be compared with the German network of wire and trenches on the Somme. The Fourth Army Command made a vain protest that with the artillery available the scheme was too ambitious. Worse still, the British had not only to attack uphill against an enemy holding the high ground, but they had strengthened their own obstacle by their short-sighted policy of harassing the enemy continuously as a normal trench routine. For when the Germans held the dominating positions, as well as a superiority in equipment and ammunition, these 'worrying' tactics wore down the British troops more than the enemy — attrition on the wrong side of the balance sheet. Further, they stirred the Germans to strengthen their trench defenses, to develop by art the advantages of nature, so that the British offensive came against an almost impregnable fortress instead of the relatively weak defense system which had faced the French when they held this part of the front. For the French policy, except when engaged in active operations, was 'live and let live,' and when their 'war-weariness' troubles of 1917 are recalled, it is the highest tribute to the endurance of British troops that they endured the policy of their leaders so long.

Finally, any chance of surprise was given away, not only by the neglect to conceal the vast preparations, but by a seven-days-long bombardment.

July 1, 1916, dawned with a promise of broiling heat, and at 7 A.M. the bombardment rose to its height. Half an hour later the infantry rose from

their trenches, and thousands fell, strewing No Man's Land with their bodies, before the German front trench was even reached. For their opponents were the Germans of 1916, most stubborn and skillful fighters, quick to exploit their defensive assets; while the British shells flattened their trenches, they sheltered in dugouts or shell holes and then, as the barrage lifted, dragged out their machine guns to pour an unslackening hail of bullets into the dense and rigid waves of the attackers. The Somme marked the nadir of infantry tactics, the revival of formations that were akin to those of the eighteenth century in their formalism and lack of manœuvring power. Only as the upstanding waves were broken up by the fire, and human nature, reasserting itself, formed little groups which worked forward by rushes from shell hole to shell hole, did advance become possible. The British losses on this terrible day were 60,000, the worst day's loss in the whole history of the British Army, although only fourteen divisions were engaged. The only credit was earned by the skill and fortitude of the German defenders and the unquenchable courage of the New Armies of Britain. All along the attacking line these quondam civilians bore a percentage of losses such as no professional army of past wars had ever been deemed capable of suffering without being broken as an effective instrument. Yet they carried on an equally bitter struggle for another five months.

Two months of costly 'nibbling' followed before the crest of the ridge, so near and yet so far, was gained. By that time a fresh network of trenches had been woven in the rear, and with the early onset of the autumn rains vanished the last dim hope of a breakthrough. The British losses in this inverted attrition campaign had been double the German, and the only tangible result was that, with the capture of the ridge, the British had obtained the commanding observation by which their enemy had so long profited. But, once more overruling the opinion of the executive Army Command, the Commander in Chief threw away this advantage by spending the next month in fighting his way down into the valley beyond, and so doomed the troops to the misery of a winter in flooded trenches. If the German resistance was also strained, it did not prevent them from withdrawing troops to crush Rumania.

To the tragedy of lost lines and lost chances was added that of lost potentialities. For on September 15 the premature use of a handful of tanks gave away the jealously guarded secret of this newly forged key to the trench deadlock, sacrificing its birthright of decisive strategic surprise for the mess of pottage of a local success. The metaphor has a satirical aptness, for military ignorance has never made a worse mess of any new weapon. The progenitors of the tank had long before sounded the warning, in a memorandum, that the secret must be preserved until masses of machines could be launched in a great surprise stroke, and that on no account should they be used in driblets as manufactured. As Haig had expressed his agreement with this memorandum in the spring of 1916, the military historian is driven to the conclusion that the tanks were literally 'pawned for a song' — of illusory triumph over a local success. If so, the greater prize thus lost beyond recall was a heavy forfeit to pay for an attempt to redeem some fragment of the failure on the Somme. A mere fifty-nine were used in tiny detachments of two or three tanks, their drivers insufficiently trained, the infantry untaught how to coöperate

with them, the rear preparations scant and mismanaged, the very machines themselves obsolescent, because this early model was designed in accordance with specifications based on the trenches of 1915. It was little wonder that the majority broke down or became 'ditched.' Yet those that came into action proved such a life-saving factor and moral tonic as to reveal to discerning eyes that here was the key which, when properly used, would unlock the trench barrier. But the folly did not end with their misuse. Haig reported so dubiously upon them, and in letters expressed so low an opinion of their value, that Sir William Robertson, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff at home, hastened to cancel the programme of construction, and was only prevented by political intervention.

The story of 1916, as of 1917, is a painful indictment of the Commander in Chief's lack of vision and obstinate disregard of advice whose truth was borne out by the result. But it cannot be burked by the conscientious historian, even though he recognizes the virtue of this very obstinacy in later crises — to which it had contributed. In Haig, physiognomy was a true index of character: the forehead, though not mean, dominated and eclipsed by the chin. So thought and imagination, although active within strict limits, were dominated by an unswerving determination, which when beneficial was called tenacity, and when harmful was called obstinacy. Haig at least was far more than a Joffre: his obstinacy was due to mental limits, not to pure ignorance; and he was never the cat's-paw of subtler brains. And although his determination was so strong, he was not so insensible to the human cost as some of his coadjutors whose personal resolution was less. In some measure his very defects sprang from virtues. His loyalty to old comrades and long-known subordinates made him slow to remove those who failed under the test of war and its new conditions. His lack of selfish ambition prevented him from cultivating that blend of geniality and fire which in some is natural and in others an artifice, but which is the magnetism of leadership. His remoteness, combined with his inability to argue, tended to discourage all but the most resolute subordinates from pressing contrary opinions; and physical courage is a far more common virtue than moral courage among soldiers long apprenticed to the profession of arms. The Army Commanders — 'the Barons,' as they were commonly termed — might be awe-inspiring war lords in their own domain, but few of them ventured to stand up to Haig. Because of his manner, more than his character, the very subordination which military discipline induces tended to become its own poison.

IV

But public and political criticism had been growing in volume, and at the close of the Somme campaign Haig was lucky to escape the fate of his French colleagues, Joffre and Foch. Nevertheless, the fall in his credit had perhaps worse consequences. For the British Government, now led by Mr. Lloyd George, lacked the courage to depose him or the confidence to support him, and so lent itself to the baneful compromise of subordinating him to the control, in operations, of the new Commander in Chief of the French Army, Nivelle. This violated an axiom of war, and of common sense, for a general cannot effectively direct another army while he is engrossed in the executive command of his own. Moreover, the atmosphere of distrust was a

fertile breeding ground for intrigue. Early in 1917 the French produced, at the Calais conference, a scheme for an amalgamated command, with a French Commander in Chief, a British Chief of Staff, and a mixed Headquarters Staff. When this was rejected through British military opposition, and the other compromise — of subordination — adopted, Nivelle's personal staff began to intrigue in London for Haig's removal. The chief wirepuller was Colonel d'Alenson, who, in the confidential post of *chef de cabinet*, stood ever at his master's elbow and wielded an irregular power far greater than that of the official heads of the French staff. Consumed with ambition and disease, conscious that his career was a race between glory and death, this restless and able schemer urged Nivelle on to an early and supreme gamble to win the war at a stroke. All the more anxious was he to remove any impediments to the fulfillment of his design, and, regarding Haig in this category, he sought to supplement his underground attack by a series of dictatorial instructions — their tone hardly civil — to Haig in the hope that resentment might produce a crisis and Haig's resignation. In this object D'Alenson failed, and even the temporary harm he did to Allied relations was minimized by Haig's own balance of mind; for, if stung to complain, he was not stung to retaliate, and it is one of the highest tributes to him that, although sorely tried, he never let his sense of injury obscure his sense of the need for coöperation between the Allies. It is a question whether a fine sense of duty should have prompted Haig to resign when he felt that he no longer possessed the confidence of his Government or his allies, and that his troops might suffer in consequence — as they did in April 1917 and March 1918. But it is beyond question that no man has shown or maintained greater self-control in face of the storms of criticism and undercurrents of intrigue.

Nivelle's appointment caused a change and, worse still, a delay in the original plan of campaign for 1917. Before it could begin the Germans had disrupted its foundations — by a strategic withdrawal from the huge Somme salient which the Allies had planned to pinch out. Straightening their front by retiring to the newly fortified Hindenburg Line, the Germans left their foes to follow laboriously through the intervening desert which, with immense thoroughness of destruction, they had created. By nullifying the Allies' preparations for attack, this withdrawal dislocated the initial moves in their plan and restricted them to the sectors on the two flanks of the evacuated area. Thus they had to launch their main blows before the enemy's reserves were pinned down by pressure elsewhere.

The British struck first, in the north near Arras, on April 9. The temporary check to the supply of tanks had left a hurricane bombardment as the only means of achieving a surprise, but although Allenby, commanding the Third Army, urged such a course, the timely removal, by promotion, of his artillery adviser cleared the way for the long-drawn-out method which the Higher Command preferred. Three weeks of systematic wire-cutting followed by a five days' bombardment gave the Germans ample warning, and the usual results followed. After sweeping over the forward positions which their shells had razed, the attackers were brought to a stop by intact defenses in rear. South of the evacuated area, the French blow in Champagne on April 16 was equally abortive in strategic results and, because of its greater scale, a greater fiasco. The excessive hopes raised by Nivelle caused the greater reaction, and to the

accompaniment of mutinies among the slaughter-weary French troops Nivelle fell from power, to be replaced by Pétain and a more cautious policy, and for the rest of the year the British bore almost the entire burden of the campaign.

V

With the failure of the French any chance of a beneficial reaction on the dying British offensive at Arras vanished. But Haig decided to continue the operations in order, as he explained at a conference of Army Commanders on April 30, to reach a 'good defensive line.' If these later attacks were modest in scale of force and objective, they were extravagant in lives. Haig's advocates have thrown the blame partly on the faulty tactics of the Third Army Command in face of the new defensive tactics of the Germans — thinly held forward positions with reserves concentrated in rear for prompt counterattack — and partly on the unfulfilled promises of the French to continue their pressure. If there is much truth in these contentions, it is not the whole truth. For the minutes of the conference on April 30 reveal, first, that Haig placed little reliance on the prospect of the French continuing their attacks; and, secondly, that the prolongation of the Arras offensive was based on a local object and not dictated by that of bringing relief to the French.

After the costly failure, early in May, to reach this 'good defensive line,' Haig decided to transfer the main weight of his attack into Belgium, as he had originally intended to do at an earlier date. His loyalty to his allies and his sense of the common interest inspired him to press on with this offensive policy even though French coöperation was lacking. And it is just to recognize that at this juncture the British Prime Minister, who had committed himself to the Nivelle gamble, was equally ardent to pursue the offensive, although on cooler reflection he subsequently tried, in vain, to check the policy which he had countenanced.

But if the ominous situation of the French Army, the crisis at sea caused by the submarine campaign, and the need to second the still possible Russian offensive, combined to justify Haig's decision in May, the situation had changed well before the attack was launched at the end of July. In war all turns on the time factor. By July the French Army was recuperating, if still convalescent; the height of the submarine crisis was past; and the revolutionary paralysis of the Russian Army was clear. Nevertheless Haig would not change his plans.

As a preparatory step, the Messines ridge south of Ypres had been secured by the Second Army, under Plumer, with Harington as Chief of Staff. The explosion of long-prepared mines, the discharge of a great volume of gas, the dovetailed coöperation between artillery, tanks, and infantry, were features of a meticulously organized scheme which by its economical success proved a model example of the true siege-warfare attack. It was above all due to perfect staff work, and thus corresponded with the conditions of what was essentially a staff officers' war, in all armies.

But in the greater operation which followed, not only the principle but the method and the choice of site were open to criticism. The axis of the attack diverged from, instead of converging on, the German main communications, so that the advance could not vitally endanger the security of the enemy's position in France. Haig was to adopt here the same 'eccentric' direction of advance which a year later

his advice prevented Foch and Pershing from taking. And if the advance on the Belgian coast could yield no wide strategic results, the idea that it was necessary in order to capture the German submarine bases on this coast has long since been exploded, for the main submarine campaign was conducted from German ports.

But, worst of all, the Ypres attack was doomed before it began — by its own destruction of the intricate drainage system in this part of Flanders. The British Command had persevered for over two years with the method of a prolonged preparatory bombardment, believing that quantity of shells was the key to success, and that, unlike all the Great Captains of history, they could disregard the principle of surprise. The offensive at Ypres, which was finally submerged in the swamps of Passchendaele in October, threw into stronger relief than ever before the fact that such a bombardment blocked the advance for which it was intended to pave the way, because it made the ground impassable.

The legend has been fostered that these swamps were a piece of ill luck due to the heavy rain, a natural and therefore unavoidable hindrance that could not be foreseen. In reality, before the battle began a memorandum was sent to General Headquarters pointing out that if the Ypres area were destroyed by bombardment the battlefield would become a swamp. In the disregard of this warning is epitomized the cause of that disastrous failure, inevitable from the outset, for the mud was hampering operations in the very first days. But in another quarter the lesson was assimilated in three days, instead of the three months which General Headquarters took before they abandoned the hopeless struggle. On August 3 an alternative project was drawn up at Tank Corps headquarters. Its preface contained this significant example of prevision: 'From a tank point of view the Third Battle of Ypres may be considered dead. To go on using tanks in the present conditions will not only lead to good machines and better personnel being thrown away, but also to a loss of morale in the Infantry and tank crews through constant failure. From an infantry point of view, the Third Battle of Ypres may be considered comatose. It can only be continued at colossal loss and little gain.'

The alternative proposal was for a large-scale raid near Cambrai, where the rolling downland lent itself to tank movement, as a dramatic means of restoring British prestige and an economic means of keeping the Germans occupied. The basic idea was the release of a swarm of tanks without any preparatory bombardment to give warning of the blow. The proposed sector was in the area of the Third Army, now under Byng, who showed himself instantly receptive to the idea, although inclined to expand it from a raid into a definite attack. On August 6 he went to General Headquarters, saw Haig, and suggested an attack with tanks at Cambrai on September 20. The Commander in Chief was favorable, but his Chief of Staff, Kiggell, made strong objection on the ground that the army could not win a decisive battle in two places at once, and should rather concentrate every possible man in the Ypres area. Thus the enlarged idea postponed the raid, as the refusal to recognize the 'writing on the wall' at Ypres postponed the attack at Cambrai until it was too late to gain decisive results.

This damping reception failed to extinguish the scheme, and late in October the growing hopelessness of the Ypres offensive rekindled the smouldering embers; ultimately the Cambrai

operation was fixed for November 20. But it had been transformed into a far-reaching offensive, aimed to penetrate as far as Valenciennes, for which the British had not the resources because of the drain at Ypres. It is extremely difficult to understand what was in mind as to the future, for, without reserves, success could only mean the creation of an excessively deep and narrow salient, requiring many divisions to hold it.

Led by nearly four hundred tanks, but followed by only six infantry divisions, the attack came as a complete surprise, and despite minor checks achieved a penetration far deeper and at less cost than any previous British offensive. But all the available troops and tanks were thrown into the first blow, and the Higher Command failed to give Byng the few reserves they possessed in time to exploit the success. And the cavalry, as always on the Western Front, belied Haig's unfailing faith, proving unable to carry out this rôle. Once more the British Command had failed to fit their end to their means.

The best comment on this lack of reserves was supplied by the commander of the neighboring French Army Group, Franchet d'Espérey. A long motor ride in search of information brought him to a British headquarters at Albert. Entering, he interrogated a senior General Staff officer, flinging at him a string of questions as to the progress of the attack, its frontage, its depth. Then came the final, the vital question: 'And where were your reserves?' 'Mon général, we had none.' The French commander exclaimed, 'Mon Dieu!' turned on his heel, and fled. If the excuse be that the Ypres battles had drained us of reserves, — even so, there were divisions which came up too late, — then it surely reflects on the choice of that swamplike area and the failure to try earlier the method that at Cambrai unlocked the doors to decisive success.

For want of nourishment the advance died away, and on November 30 a German counterstroke nearly turned limited success into unlimited disaster. The sole fruit of Cambrai was the lesson — applied the next year.

But since early in November the stream of German troop trains westward from the Russian front had been steadily swelling, and the British Command suddenly awoke from their offensive dreams to the grim reality that, with Russia out of the war, they and their French allies had to face almost the whole armed strength of Germany. The Italian disaster at Caporetto added to their depression, and their mood veered round to one of sheer defense. But their own extravagant offensive had dissipated their resources and sacrificed their credit. If English action had relieved the strain on French resources, what was the benefit if England had drained her own to the verge of bankruptcy? And because of the loss of credit, reënforcements were withheld by a Government sick of spendthrift strategy and dubious of the military change of mood.

The danger was aggravated by two further developments. Owing to the insistence of Clemenceau, the new French Premier, Haig was forced to extend his line and take over more of the front from the French at the moment when his reserves were at the lowest. This meant that Gough's Fifth Army was dangerously stretched out and took over ill-prepared defenses on the very sector where Ludendorff was about to strike. Secondly, Haig's innate distrust of compromises led him to take the decisive step which nullified the effort to establish a form — if an immature one — of unified control before the threatening storm

broke on the Allied front. The new Supreme War Council of the Allies had planned to create an Interallied general reserve, under the control of its military executive committee, of which Foch was appointed chairman. Haig, however, brought this scheme tumbling to the ground by his reply, when called on by Foch to contribute his quota of seven divisions, that he could spare no troops. He preferred to rely on a working arrangement with Pétain, his French vis-à-vis, for mutual support. But his own almost quixotic sense of loyalty and the common interest led his judgment astray, and when the German blow fell on his own front, as he had rightly forecast, he was speedily disillusioned. Perhaps also he lacked the imagination to put himself in Pétain's shoes and to make allowance for the possibility that the French commander might have an equally fixed, if incorrect, conviction that the real attack was due on his front.

When the German attack was launched on March 21 and the Fifth Army was driven back over the old Somme battlefields, Haig found that his compact with Pétain was inadequate. French reserves were slow to come to his assistance, and, after a comfortless interview with Pétain, Haig sent an urgent call to Lord Milner, the Secretary of State for War. Milner, however, was already on his way and the outcome of his intervention was the emergency conference of Allied ministers and generals at Doullens on March 26. Sinking personal pride in face of the crisis, not only did Haig back Milner's proposal that Foch should be appointed to coördinate the combined action of the British and French armies, but it was on his intervention that the scope of Foch's commission was extended to the whole of the Western Front, instead of merely 'around Amiens.' No one had a more thorough appreciation of the fact that Amiens, the junction point between the Allied armies, was also the joint in the Allied harness which must be covered at all costs. To no one was its security more due. But his instinct for method also taught him that a compromise which gave Foch partial responsibility was impracticable, and he voluntarily subordinated himself in order to give Foch a comprehensive responsibility. This loyal coöperation was maintained throughout the last year, and carried so far that when in July Foch pressed for British reserves to meet the expected German blow in Champagne, Haig complied with his demands although still expecting attack on his own front, and although those previously sent had been sacrificed owing to the blunders of their French commander. And in his loyalty Haig refused the British Government's offer of intervention.

It is perhaps a little difficult to reconcile Haig's emphasis on guarding the Amiens 'joint' with his initial dispositions, wherein he placed most of his reserves in the north, and left to Gough's army not only the longest and most difficult sector to defend, but the lowest proportion of troops to hold it. The reason was probably that he anticipated, rightly, that the heavier weight of the German attack would fall on Byng's Third Army near Arras, and did not anticipate that, if the Germans broke through, they would penetrate so deeply or so rapidly as they did. And whereas the front in the north was unpleasantly close to the vital Channel ports, there was room on Gough's front to fall back some distance. It was only when the distance reached to a forty-mile withdrawal that the danger to Amiens became serious. Moreover, later knowledge reveals that Byng's successful resistance at Arras, combined with the extent of Gough's

enforced retreat south of the Somme, tended to change radically the German plans, and lured Ludendorff on to his ultimate undoing.

Throughout the crisis of the German inroads, first on the Somme and then, in April, on the Lys, Haig proved the same cool and unshakable commander as at Ypres in 1914. If, because of the greater scale of his command, his control could not be so direct as in 1914, he showed the same prudent and calculating use of his reserves to 'putty up' the crumbling parts of the front, and the moral symbol of his ride down the Menin road was reproduced in his immortal order of April 11: 'Many among us now are tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. . . . There is no other course open to us but to fight it out! Every position must be held to the last man; there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end. . . .' The only shadow on these noble sentiments is the reflection that if Haig had refrained earlier from butting frontally at an impassable wall his troops might not now have had their 'backs to the wall.'

In this crisis, however, he strove manfully to husband life; his timely withdrawal of his line in the Ypres salient largely nullified the German blow planned at this point, and he would have made other elastic withdrawals but for Foch's opposition. When the tide turned with the great counterstroke on the Marne in July, Haig had an opportunity to show that in attack he had profited by his repeated hard lessons of earlier years. He had let Foch have British reserves for the Marne battle against the wishes of his staff, and now he was instantly receptive to suggestions from the Fourth Army Command, whom he had overruled so frequently in 1916. A small but ably conceived surprise operation with tanks on July 4 had revealed to Rawlinson and his Chief of Staff, Montgomery, a significant weakening in the enemy's morale and defects in his trench system. After the idea had been broached in conversation, Rawlinson submitted to Haig on July 17 a detailed scheme for a large-scale surprise attack on the Cambrai model. Haig at once approved it in preference to an attack on the Lys, which Foch had proposed as one of a series of local offensives to free his lateral railway communications. Foch accepted the alternative site and placed under Haig the French First Army under Debeney, to extend the front of attack on the south. Rawlinson's army was secretly doubled, and by skillful precautions the enemy was kept in the dark until, on August 8, the surprise attack was launched, led by 450 tanks. Great as a material success, it was still greater as a moral, for it so convinced Ludendorff of the final tilting of the scales that he informed the Kaiser that peace ought to be sought without delay.

VI

On August 10, when the advance was slowing down, but a new attack, by Humbert's army, was beginning on Debeney's right, Foch issued orders to Haig for Rawlinson and Debeney to continue their attack while Byng's army was to prepare to strike in on Rawlinson's left. Haig, now imbued with the principle of economizing life, objected to an immediate continuation of Rawlinson's direct advance against stiffening resistance, but agreed to launch Byng, and proposed also to throw in the right of Horne's First Army, lying next to Byng. After a tussle of wills, Foch gave way. On August 17 Mangin's army struck, south

of Humbert; on August 21 Byng advanced; on the twenty-sixth Horne, and on the same day Rawlinson, began to move forward again. The difference of opinion between Haig and Foch, and its effects, can be and have been exaggerated. For, although marked credit is due to Haig for modifying Foch's method toward economy of life, it is clear that the basic plan of alternate 'shouldering' advances in rapid succession — the keynote of this new strategy — had already been created by Foch. As a result, the whole German front, Soissons to Arras, was in a state of flux, the Germans evacuating under pressure the areas captured in the spring, and falling back on the Hindenburg Line. Could they stand fast here? That was the vital problem. And in solving it Haig's influence was more important than in the earlier question. Method and determination, his permanent assets, were now his valuable contributions to the Allied stock. Further, it is beyond question, if natural, that he had a more correct appreciation of the German decline than the Government at home. At the end of August they sent Haig a cipher telegram expressing their anxiety if further heavy losses were to be incurred in attacking the Hindenburg Line. It is absurd to blame them, as some have done, for not only had the soldiers given the statesmen just cause for anxiety in the past, but, as armed forces are based on the strength of the nation in the rear, strategy must necessarily be the servant of policy. At the same time it is just to recognize the moral courage which Haig showed in accepting responsibility for the attack and staking his reputation on his opinion.

Foch, who had now freed his lateral railways, was able to turn to wider aims and produced his plan for a combined general offensive. A compound British, French, and Belgian force was to attack on the left wing in Flanders; the main British force was to break the Hindenburg Line and advance toward Maubeuge, so threatening to cut the western end of the Germans' main lateral railway and their line of retreat west of the hilly forest region of the Ardennes; the French were to advance against the German centre in Champagne; the Americans to strike toward the Briey coal fields, just west of Metz, and the eastern end of the German lateral railway. If rapidly successful, this last stroke promised decisive results in cutting the German line of retreat east of the Ardennes and turning the possible German line of resistance along the French frontier. But it diverged from the direction of the other attacks and so would not have the same reaction upon them as a converging advance. Haig, more prudent, urged Foch to alter this into a converging advance toward Mézières, and Foch agreed to the change.

Here again, although ardent partisans have exploited the modification to exalt Haig and depreciate Foch, the effect can be exaggerated. For, in the first place, the British broke through the renowned defenses of the Hindenburg Line without the Mézières attack drawing off any material fraction of the German resistance which faced them. At the outset of this battle there were fifty-seven German divisions opposing forty British and two American divisions on the Hindenburg Line. For the Mézières advance there were thirty-one French and thirteen larger-strength American divisions — a total equivalent to at least sixty normal Allied divisions — against twenty enemy divisions.

Secondly, after breaking through the German defenses the Allies' converging advance lost impetus owing to the difficulty of supply over the

destroyed areas, and by the date of the Armistice all hope had vanished of cutting off the main German forces. And when the curtain fell on the long drama of the Western Front, Foch was about to launch, although a little farther east, the Franco-American turning manœuvre which he had originally intended for September, and which was now the only chance of retrieving the hope of a decisive military victory.

It is right to put forward these facts to restore a balanced view, but they in no way depreciate the real services which Haig rendered in his own sphere by directing the vital operations which, by breaking the Hindenburg Line, hastened the German decision to capitulate.

As in an earlier phase his virtue of loyalty had the effect of a vice, so in the last phase his vice of obstinacy became a virtue. Like Foch, he had profited by experience, and, like Foch also, his profit was greatly increased because in the last phase, when the balance of numbers and morale turned definitely in his favor, the conditions at last came to fit his theories even more than his theories moved to meet the conditions.

He was different from Foch in that, while Foch stands out in relief from the background of war, vital in interest as a man apart from his association with great events, Haig is engraved in the face of the war, and because of inherent self-effacement his career must be traced through the course of events.

As an executive commander there has never been a finer defensive general. In contrast, as an offensive general there has perhaps never been a worse one among those who have earned fame. In the last phase he did much to regild his reputation, but the scope for more than method and determination was not wide. His mind was dominated by the instinct of method, a valuable asset; where he failed was in the instinct of surprise, in its widest sense — originality of conception, fertility of resource, receptivity to ideas. And without the instinct of surprise, the key to economic and decisive success in war, no man can take rank among the Great Captains. But as a great gentleman, also in the widest sense, and as a pattern of noble character, Haig will stand out in the roll of history, *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, more spotless by far than most of Britain's national heroes. Most of all, perhaps, because in his qualities and defects he was the very embodiment of the national character and the army tradition.

TELLINGS

BY TACY STOKES PAXTON

We did n't know grown-ups could cry until we heard Mother in the bedroom. Tiptoeing along the porch that ran beneath her window, I moved the shutter. It was dark inside her room. Mollie in the front hall with her eye to the keyhole said she could only see the peep of light I let in when I turned the shutter.

And then we went up to the nursery. Mrs. Clark, who always puts us to bed and things, was n't in it any more. Her clothes did n't bulge out the closet door in the next room any more. Mrs. Clark was gone, and so Mollie and I got up on my bed and we did n't take our shoes off.

I said, 'You don't think she's found out?'

'Oh, no!' Mollie always makes it seem so, when she says it like that. 'Mother would n't cry over kittens!'

You see, we borrowed a nest of kittens when their mother was some place, out of Dr. Whitford's barn, and were growing them up — when we remembered to — in the old tool chest in the stable. Mother does n't like kittens. Mollie said, 'To make Mother cry it would have to be something as big as —' I tried to think what is big enough to make grown-ups cry — 'as death!' And Mollie held the word a long time in her mouth.

One time I asked Katie, out in the kitchen, 'What is death?' Katie makes things that are good, with lots of sugar. I try and not forget to put the plate back on the cooky jar.

Katie was rolling pies when I asked, 'What is death?' She looked up from seeing the pie and shook her head and made a quick move with her hand. The quick move left flour powdered on her waist and there was a white spot on her forehead. She gave me a piece of dough and I made a pie on the corner of her board, and she put a spoonful of sugar in the middle of it.

Mollie and I slid down to dinner very quietly on the banisters. The table was squeezed up now, because Auntie Lou did n't eat with us any more, nor Miss Lizzie who used to give us music lessons, nor Peter who made rabbits out of his fingers for Freddie when he was n't at the flour mill with Father.

Mother and Father were there, but Father forgot to call Freddie 'Chubbins.' Katie came in and fixed Freddie's potato and took a long time.

After dinner Mother went back into the bedroom and shut the door. Father sat in a rocker on the side porch and did n't see Mollie and Freddie and me. We were on the top step.

In a long time Katie came out of the side door with her satchel and Father carried it to the front gate for her. Katie's ma was waiting for her in a buggy. Katie picked Freddie up and put him down right quick and ran with fast steps down to the gate. Mollie and I moved close to Freddie because his face got red, like when he thinks he is going to cry. Once he called, 'Katie!' but Katie was in the buggy and Katie's ma whipped the horse with a stick and

they were n't there any more. Father walked slowly past the Methodist Church and did n't turn around and come back. He did n't hurry like he was going to our flour mill or to our implement store. It was like Sunday. But it was n't. Sunday was yesterday.

Mother got supper and washed the dishes by herself. Father put us to bed and it was light outside. He put Mollie's gown on me and my gown on Mollie, and we just let him. He fixed our pillows nice and got Freddie another drink and said, 'Baby,' when he kissed every one of us. Freddie even is n't a baby any more; he's four years old! And I'm going on seven and Mollie is more 'n nine!

After Father went downstairs Mollie got out of bed and got a peach that was on a tree close to the nursery window. She told me, 'You must n't get up,' and I did n't — neither did Freddie. 'It's a green peach!' and she ate it all herself and picked the threads off the seed. Freddie and I sat up in bed and waited for her to get sick.

The next day Katie was n't back — nor the next — nor ever at all. Mother worked in the kitchen. Sometimes I sat on a stool and watched her hands. Mother's hands are always nice. Sometimes she lets them stay under the covers with us until we go to sleep. We turn her rings round and round. When she worked with the flour dough her hands were like lovely ladies bowing and turning. Once she made twisted ribbons out of flour dough and built a lattice window across the face of a pie.

Mother was very busy for lots of days. She never had time to snuggle us. We felt sorry for the kittens we were growing up and took them back to their mother and father. Men did n't come any more and make Father not have time to eat his dessert; and Father did n't have to go any more to the mill or to the store. Father helped Mother put things in boxes and wrap the Sunday dishes in paper. He said to us, 'We are moving. Must n't bother.'

Sometimes Mother's hands stood still and they looked sorry, like the pictures on the Golden Text of the virgins who forgot their lamps. They did n't have rings on any more. The sparkles in Mother's rings never could keep up with her hands, but hurried on after them. I wished Mother would put her rings on.

Mollie and Freddie and I played out in the stable lot with Old Jen and did n't bother. Old Jen was Father's horse when he was a little boy. We could all get on her at once and not have any halter rope. We used to play with her all morning, and sometimes after Jim put the heavy thing on top of her, that the lines go through, he would let us hitch her to our cart. Sometimes we got Old Jen hitched up just in time to bring Father home from the mill for dinner. But that was a long time ago, before we were moving.

Old Jen was just like an aunt. We told her everything and she never told. We always gave her the frosting off of our birthday cakes. And one time, when everybody was eating breakfast, Mollie got through quick and opened the two doors that stand together in front of the house and led Old Jen into the parlor to see the Christmas tree.

That was a long time ago, too, when Auntie Lou and Miss Lizzie and Peter lived with us. Katie did n't think Mollie ought to have done it.

When we were playing with Old Jen one day and not bothering, some men we did n't know came into the stable lot and felt Father's horses all over. Sometimes they led one away at the back of a buggy. Another man always held the halter rope, and when they

got on the town street Father's horse began trotting. When lots of Father's horses were n't there any more, Mollie went to the stable and got a halter rope. She led Old Jen by the hair to the big gate and climbed up and put the halter rope on her. Then Mollie said, 'Open!' That meant, open the gate. Then she said, 'Follow!' Mollie says one word like that and Freddie and I do it.

Mollie led Old Jen across the railroad cut and to the edge of town, and then we boosted Freddie on top of her, and I held one of his legs, and Mollie led Old Jen to the lake. When we got to the lake, Mollie took all her clothes off and got hold of Old Jen's halter rope and tried to drag her into the water, behind a lot of little trees. Freddie and I poked her with sticks and pretty soon Old Jen went in. Mollie hid her behind the trees until Freddie and I could n't see her any more, and then she came out. Freddie and I watched for snakes. Mollie jumped up and down to dry herself off because there was n't any towel. It was hard to pull her clothes on.

Mollie said, 'It will be over my dead body if they get Old Jen!' And she could only get one stocking on, and we started home, and Mollie said, 'We'll bring her oats to-morrow. It will take her a long time to drink up all this water.' And I said yes and Freddie nodded his head.

And when we got home there were lots and lots of wagons and buggies tied around our picket fence, and so we crept under the cedars where it was almost dark and looked, and men were carrying out our chairs and things. I said, 'Is this moving?' and Mollie said, 'No, movings all go into one wagon.' And everyone was carrying something out of our house and putting it into his own buggy — and wagon, too. And Father was helping a man carry out Sister Osborne, the sofa that hugged us up to the fire in the living room. And he picked up the gate off of the fence and he laid it on the grass. He said, 'Be careful!' when Sister Osborne almost did n't go through the place where the gate was n't any more.

And then, when we saw a man bring out Brother Earnest, — that 's the armchair that holds our too many Christmas presents, — why, then we ran inside the house and held on to Deacon Hargrave, all filled with our storybooks, and Miss Hogan, the shiny, big, flat piano. But no one tried to take them, and right away there was no one there but Mother and Father, and they did n't see us.

That night Mollie heard Father ask one of the stable men, 'Where is Old Jen?' And the stable man just shook his head. And then I heard Father tell Mother that Old Jen had been under the weather. I told Mollie after we were put to bed, and Freddie and I crawled under Mollie's covers and we did n't know what to do. And then Mollie said, 'Let 's go now, and get Old Jen from under the weather.' But Freddie and I don't like nights when the light 's blown out, and Freddie started to cry, and Mollie lifted him into his own bed and covered him all over so Mother would n't hear him.

Next morning when I came downstairs and ran outdoors, Father and Mollie were driving up to the front gate. I screamed out loud, 'Where you been?' and ran to them. Mollie was white like when she eats three dishes of ice cream, and I tagged her up the walk.

Mollie said, 'She 's at the doctor's,' and I knew she meant Old Jen. And I said, 'Was she under the weather?' and Mollie would n't answer, and ran up to the empty nursery and locked the door.

Mollie and Freddie and I went over to Mr. and Mrs. Walker's and ate our dinner, and after we had dessert we went riding with Mr. Walker. He had a cow tied behind his buggy. We rode and rode. The cow would n't trot. We stopped at a white house that was tall and thin. Mr. Walker said, 'This is your new home.' And the windows looked like eyes! We did n't want to get out of the buggy. There was n't any front gate and there were n't any flowers. Freddie's face started to get red; and then the door opened out of the house and Mother was there.

Mother had on a white dress and she looked tall like the pictures of Jehovah in the big Bible on rainy Sundays. She held her arms out, and we got out of the buggy fast and ran to her.

Father came around the house. He had on blue calico clothes like the stable men's. We stayed with Mother.

Mother opened the screen door to the house and we went inside a nearly dark place with a stairs going up. I touched the banister and it waved. We went into a room, and it was tight, like our pantry at home. Miss Hogan and Deacon Hargrave were there, and nothing else was there but our parlor carpet all crumpled up, and it looked like pansies that had n't been put in water.

Mr. Walker came in and took the carpet to his buggy. He tied the cow to a tree. Mollie and Freddie and I came out of the little room and outdoors and went through two gates to the stable. Neither Blackie, nor Midnight, nor the Sunday carriage was there. A man was nailing the stable. Mollie asked the man, 'Where are the horses?' The man said, 'Gone with the rest of your fine things to pay the note your pa signed.' His mouth was full of nails. We did n't like him and we did n't stay in the stable.

We ran around the stable and there stood — Old Jen! Her head was hanging down on the top of a board fence. Freddie crawled through the fence and Mollie and I climbed up it. And then we petted Old Jen, but she did n't open her eyes. Freddie pointed to Old Jen's back leg.

Mollie said, 'That 's what it did to her — the water. It warped her!' And her face did n't smile.

Freddie touched Old Jen's leg. 'Will it walk?'

And Mollie said, 'It sags her, but it will come down again when it gets dried out.' Her voice sounded away off, like she was in the haymow.

We combed Old Jen's hair with our fingers. Mollie turned so she could n't see the pulled-up leg. She told Old Jen, 'Father 's signed a note, and that 's why we are n't home any more.'

Father came out of the house, and he went to the stable and he looked at the ground all the time. The next morning we found Old Jen lying on the grass in the front yard. Someone had not shut the gates. She was all stretched out. Mollie had Freddie and me take turns holding a parasol over Old Jen's head when the sunshine came through the trees. And Mollie put a wet cloth over Old Jen's eyes, like Mother does to Father when he is sick.

Old Jen lay there all day and did n't move and would n't eat any grass. And then after supper Mother and Father came out and petted her and Father called her name in her ear.

We straightened the hair on Old Jen's forehead. Freddie let his hand ride up and down on her side when she breathed. It was only a very little bit that Freddie's hand went up and down. Mother and Father went to sit on the little steps that came out the front door. Father took one of Mother's hands and put it over his eyes and then he held it over his lips. Mollie

got to Mother first and got her other hand. I leaned against Mother's knees. I wanted Mother's hand that Father was holding.

Freddie came running through the almost darkness and he said, 'Her stomach is n't moving any more.' He got up into Father's lap. After a while Mother went into the house. Father carried Freddie in and he was asleep.

Mollie pulled up grass and put it under Old Jen's head. It looked like a long shadow. Mollie reached up and unbuttoned her pinafore and wrapped it around the hurt leg.

Mother called, 'Children!' and we went inside. Mollie closed the screen door, softly.

I HAVE MY DOUBTS

BY ROGER LEWIS

I

I ONCE knew a man who could bear a physical infirmity without growing garrulous about it. But he hardly counts as an exception to the general rule. He had lockjaw. What, indeed, is the solace in suffering if one may not talk about it and command respectful attention from one's able-bodied and commonplace friends? But those of us afflicted with mental disorders seem to be more reticent about them. At any rate one seldom hears a man boast that his faculties are in a state of partial eclipse or announce with pride that his brain is becoming spongy and useless.

And yet, if I may be permitted, I should like to attempt the novelty of such a confession, in the belief that I may find a small minority of readers who share, or at least will understand, my peculiar affliction. That, of course, is the constant hope of the hypochondriac: that he may discover someone else in a like or worse condition — someone with whom he may converse in a common language of suffering and despair and arrange a pleasant camaraderie of symptoms and sensations.

My trouble, briefly diagnosed, is that I am utterly incapable of coming to conclusions, of forming sound convictions, like other people. 'Leaping at conclusions' is to me only a highly incredible phrase; I have difficulty even in crawling toward them. And yet I would keenly resent the implication that in other respects I am of less than ordinary intelligence.

But when I draw near a conclusion of the simplest sort an absolutely opposite conclusion announces itself, entirely uninvited, and, being fresh to the mind, instead of stale with too much consideration, beckons to me more briskly. I can, for instance, come with comparative ease to the tentative conclusion that the League of Nations is a futile organization, accomplishing little if anything in the interests of world peace. But the trouble is I can come just as easily to the opinion that, for all I really know about it, it may be functioning wisely and well

in many ways and is at least the best experiment of the sort that has been tried.

Large matters or small, it makes no difference; my malady embraces them all. I have never ordered a dessert for lunch that I have not looked with envy and despair upon the superior one chosen by my companion. The donkey who starved to death irresolute between two bales of hay, not knowing which to attack first, I can understand like a brother.

Sometimes it is possible to forget my annoying complaint when I am alone, but contact with normal people brings it on at once. For example, I sat the other day in the smoking room of a Pullman, pleasantly oblivious for the moment that I was very different from other people who travel on trains. Then a soap salesman, who, appropriately enough, was lathering his face, shattered this illusion instantly. Mistaking as a friendly overture my look of admiration at his skill in shaving on a moving train, he declared without further provocation that what we needed was a larger merchant marine. Violent twinges of my trouble set in. I felt that I would have given all I possessed if I could stand in a lurching train, with my mouth and ears full of soap, and come so readily to a conclusion about our merchant marine, or anything else. He passed without perceptible transition to the subject of prohibition, which he tersely denounced as a huge joke. Not knowing the agony he was causing me, he went on to inform me with some heat that the Soviet Government was a menace to the world, and said, with the air of a man who knows, that Coolidge was a fine president and that Darwinism was utter rubbish. These pronouncements, bringing so mercilessly the sense of my own deficiency, left me weak and full of self-commiseration.

For these are questions — Heaven help me! — which have revolved in my wobbling mind for years without solution. I have given some of them more than casual consideration and I have had ample opportunity — if I had it in me — to reach some intelligent conclusions. But it seems hopeless.

II

I wish I knew what kind of president Coolidge is. To know whether a man is a strong or a weak president — certainly this would seem to the unafflicted mind a matter of the most elementary sort. Of course, I read about him in the newspapers, but he does n't seem to crystallize into a person of clear outlines. The fact that he is a singularly silent executive who sometimes rides a mechanical horse, goes fishing in the summer, and believes in the protection of American lives and property in foreign countries, does not furnish me with a real key to his usefulness to the country. These things might all be true, might they not, of good or bad presidents? Is the nation prospering under Coolidge? Or is it prospering in spite of him? Or is it prospering? I have n't the faintest idea. He remains to me a somewhat dimly discerned figure, vague as a legend. I do not know half as much about him as I do about Achilles, Galahad, or Nero.

It seems pleasant to have in the White House such a quiet, dignified conservative, entrenched behind good old New England traditions of reserve and caution, a man who, you feel instinctively, would never be hard on the furniture. Still, would n't it be better to have a more dynamic, explosive sort of president? Silence may betoken wisdom, or it may not. Why does n't he do something about the farmers? Or do the farmers really need

help, and why? I wish to goodness I could stand up, a convincing talker before a group of eager listeners, and announce firmly that the farmers must be helped, and to what they must be helped — and know precisely what I was talking about.

I have had more intimate glimpses of other presidents and other presidential nominees, but it did n't seem to do me much good. I had conversations of some length with Harding and Cox, both before and after they were nominated. Here was a good chance to weigh two candidates carefully. Here at least I could stand on the threshold of a conviction with every promise of entering into it. Cox impressed me much more strongly. There was little question in my mind, for the time being, that he would make the better president.

But the moment I began to set down my impressions of these two men in writing, my madness fell upon me. In some perverse way, without any volition on my part, Harding seemed to be getting not only an even break, but almost the better of it. His endearing human faults began to eclipse Cox's colder virtues, and, believe it or not, when I had finished I was well on the road to the conviction that Harding was the right man. Some people, kind but undiscerning, praised the fairness with which I had compared these rivals. What they mistook for fairness was only the prank of a wobbling mind. If I could have pronounced one a superman, as suited for the presidency as if divinely appointed, and the other a total misfit, I should have been happy indeed.

The Soviet Government is another matter I ought to know something about. I spent several years in Russia, observing the causes, effects, and general phenomena of the Revolution. It seemed at the outset that this wreck of the splendor of the Russian Empire, this social and economic chaos into which a great nation had been plunged, could only be regarded as a world tragedy. Gone was one of the most picturesque and imposing aristocracies of Europe, and, with it, all its traditions and culture, to be replaced by a violent social theory which worked immeasurable havoc. The Bolsheviki, obviously, were little better than cutthroats.

That is to say, I held this conviction for the brief fraction of a second. Then I was forced to admit that conditions before the Revolution were worse in most respects than they are now. Want, starvation, brutality, corruption, industrial slavery, an unjust and wicked state of affairs wherein one per cent of the population reveled in luxurious living while the rest suffered the deepest deprivation and misery — certainly these were conditions which called for a desperate remedy. For you do not overthrow despotism with mild pleas or whispered protests. Perhaps the upheaval was necessary; perhaps it will have been justified if it succeeds in awakening a public consciousness in Russia and in educating, however painfully, the heretofore unenlightened masses.

But I doubt it. I do not admit that this is the case at all. I am inclined to believe that nothing short of a millennium could excuse so great a catastrophe. An evil is an evil. Sophistical reasoning may paint it with the colors of virtue, but it remains intrinsically unchanged. Still, all great forward movements have been born out of bitter turmoil and temporary disintegration. You cannot erect a new structure without ruthlessly tearing down the old. Confound it! I wish I could come to some decision about this Soviet business.

Let us come, as one does every so

often, to the subject of prohibition — the pièce de résistance of all conversational repasts. Here is an issue so controversial and inflammatory in its nature that it divides all people into sharply clashing factions. It is scarcely human to remain indifferent or undecided when a question like this is broached. To retain a shred of self-respect, one should feel violently about it, for, unlike many of the things we argue about, this one strikes home. I feel violently about it, myself. But the trouble is, I seem to feel violently on both sides.

I am sure of one thing — or I think I am. Prohibition does n't prohibit. But, you never can tell; perhaps in time it will. You can't put over a reform like this in a day. On the other hand, is it not true that the prohibition of any natural or acquired taste tends to heighten our pleasure in the thing forbidden and makes indulgence in it more frequent? Or is it? Still, I know that many of us would be better off without alcohol in any form, and, since we have n't the moral courage to abstain, why is n't it wise to have some form of outward discipline? Has n't it decreased crime, and is n't that a strong point in its favor? Although I believe, on further reflection, that it has increased crime. There are certainly figures enough to support this contention. But who can attack a measure that has wiped out that pernicious evil, the saloon? Or has it wiped out the saloon? How can we say it has wiped out the saloon when there are over ten thousand of them now running in New York City alone?

Still, weighing all the familiar arguments for and against prohibition, I am of the opinion that it is a mockery and an imposition. But you would never get me to mount a platform and set forth any such argument. As likely as not, before I had gone far, I should be talking with some feeling on the other side of the question.

III

One begins to see, without my floundering further in the fogs of controversy, or inflicting upon others a torment which I must bear alone, that this is no trifling indisposition. Such frailties, as Mack Sennett once indignantly said about his motion-picture comedies, are not to be laughed at. Among sane and positive people who know precisely what they think, it is not pleasant to wander aloof and alone, a wretched outcast from the world of conclusions, without a single staunch conviction to lean upon. If I could only be sure that I preferred blondes. But brunettes —

The disease, unless I am mistaken, has an Eastern origin; for, whereas cases of it are rare in this country, in Russia, which is more than half Oriental, it is as common as the measles. Arguing with a Russian is a nimble and diverting form of mental calisthenics; for the Russian reserves the privilege, whenever the whim seizes him, of bouncing over to your side of the argument, whereupon it is only courteous of you to take up the side he has just abandoned. He loves to set up a case as solidly as he can, and then, scampering to the other end of the arena, to come charging back upon it full tilt, shivering his lances, so to speak, upon the dummy of his own creation. I always feel at home in Russia.

Many years ago Mr. Paul Milyukov, later to become foreign minister of the first revolutionary government, was spending a term in jail, as the result of a revolutionary speech delivered before Russian students. Count Witte, conservative head of the government

at that time, being in some quandary over domestic or foreign affairs, decided, in true Russian fashion, to seek the counsel of a man of views radically opposed to his own. He therefore had Milyukov released from jail and brought to his house, where they enjoyed an evening of amiable controversy. After a while Witte, impressed by the political sagacity of his antagonist, and partly succumbing to his views, offered him a post in the ministry. It was precisely as if President Harding had sent for Eugene Debs, when the latter was in a federal prison, and given him a place in the cabinet. To make the incident perfectly apposite, Milyukov should have come around to Witte's way of thinking, and they should have gone on arguing. But, as a matter of record, Milyukov said he would rather go back to jail than become a member of Witte's government. And back he went.

But I should not be true to the character of the confirmed invalid that I am if I did not try to soften somewhat the asperity of my complaint, and claim for it certain compensations and advantages — translate it perhaps into a virtue. You cannot live for any length of time even with a weakness without becoming in a way attached to it. I suppose that the man with a cast in his eye comes in time to view it in the mirror with something like affection.

Is not, then, something to be said in favor of an honest state of doubt, a twinkling uncertainty in the mind about many things, a pleasure more in the pursuit of knowledge than in the eager apprehension of conclusions? Is there some new Kantian categorical imperative that for the good of our souls we must go around bristling with convictions on every conceivable question?

There are compensations to be found in the unhurried mental journey, which does not race like an express train to a conclusion, but ambles slowly forward, falls into pleasant byways, loses its direction, and finally turns home without reaching its destination. It has n't taken us anywhere in particular, but we have had a lot of fun getting lost. And we have seen many diverting spectacles that do not grow along railroad tracks. Even the sense of frustration is pleasant and stimulating, for it leads to fresh exploration. After all, when a journey is finished or a question is answered, curiosity is stilled, wonder is gone, and the fun is over.

But wait! What drivel is this? How can one seriously attempt to make a virtue out of vacillation? What indeed is the purpose of thinking, if not to take us to conclusions? What a vanity is all the travail of thought, if it bears no offspring! It would probably be better for me to have firm convictions like other people. But I am far from being sure about it.

OVERLAND

BY RALPH LINTON

I

When I told the *chef de province* at Fort Dauphin that I wished to cross from there to Tulear, three hundred miles through one of the wildest parts of Madagascar, he was not enthusiastic. He pointed out that it was the hot season and that the natives were somewhat restless because of a recent increase in the tax on their cattle. In fact they had attacked three wagon trains during the previous three weeks. It would be better for me to wait for a month in Fort Dauphin, where, as he said, the climate was delightful. It would be better still if I waited two months, until the tax collecting was finished. However, if I had determined to go, he would get me Antandroy bearers, the local Tanosy men being of no use in the desert, and give me a military escort.

The afternoon before my departure the bearers came, convoyed by two native soldiers. As I looked them over I thought I had never seen a more mixed lot. All were thin, with the hard, dried-up leanness of desert people the world over, and all had quick, bright eyes with a hint of wildness in them; but their color ranged from light tan to nearly black and their features from the flat nose and thick lips of the pure negro to thin, clear-cut faces that would not have been out of place in Yemen. They were dressed in broad white loin cloths with bands of bright-colored embroidery or beadwork at the ends, and nearly all wore necklaces of charms. Some had curious mitre-shaped hats of woven grass or hide, others were bareheaded, their hair done up in concentric rows of little knots and smeared thick with grease. One wore a belt covered with plates of sheet brass and several had massive silver bracelets, as heavy as handcuffs. Most of them seemed sullen, but the man with the brass belt grinned broadly as he caught my eye and threw up his hand with a '*Salama, Ronga.*' Another man saluted and stepped forward, pointedly ignoring the soldiers. Over six feet tall, with the hawk nose and thin, cruel lips of an Assyrian king, I put him down at once as a person likely to be present whenever there was trouble. Looking me up and down, he demanded: 'How many men will you have to carry you?'

'Twelve.'

'Good! You are too big for eight. Give us each ten francs advance.'

'I will give you five,' I said, 'and the rest at the end of the trip. And remember this is business under the *fansakana* (government). I am no missionary.' He dropped back somewhat crestfallen and the men grumbled, but they became cheerful when they saw that they would receive their advance pay in metal money. They disliked paper and would gladly exchange fifteen francs in bills for five in silver.

The *safari* was a small one, ten baggage bearers and twenty men to carry my interpreter and me in our *filanzanas*, working in shifts of four. The filanzanas are canvas chairs slung between

two twelve-foot poles which the bearers take on their shoulders. It is an unwritten law in Madagascar that a white man must be carried, as the native chiefs were carried in ancient times. To travel on foot would be to confess that one was poor and of no account, and would mean constant trouble with the natives. No respectable European can travel with less than eight filanzana men, while an important, or a heavy, one should have twelve. Baggage is usually divided into two-man loads and carried lashed to poles. I told the baggagemen to make up their bundles that night, so that we could start at dawn.

Next morning I was awakened by the voices of the baggage bearers, who had arrived in advance of the others. They were going over the lashings of their loads and tying on their own luggage: water gourds, mats, and big bunches of dry corn on the cob. As each pair finished they swung the loaded pole to their shoulders and trotted off, determined to cover as much of the way as possible before the heat began. I knew that when we came to the village where we were to halt at noon I should find everything waiting for me. Nothing would be lost or stolen, for each couple is responsible for a load until the end of the journey. On one occasion I found that the bearers who had my canned food had carefully retrieved the empty tins thrown away at each stop and carried them along.

The filanzana men came before I had finished breakfast, and squatted before my door in a compact group, shivering in the dawn chill and wishing I would hurry. The moment I came out they jumped up and brought the filanzanas. I seated myself, and four men lifted me to their shoulders. We were off.

Most of my bearers were experienced men and they made good time, traveling at a fast walk and now and then breaking into a trot. Every thirty or forty yards one of the forward men would thump the pole with his palm and all four would change over to the other shoulder, ducking their heads and sliding under. Every hundred yards or so four fresh men would take the place of the others, waiting poised like basketball players, catching the poles and swinging them to their shoulders without stopping. Presently a man began to sing, the others joining in on the chorus, but they broke off to shout at a boy who was herding cattle beside the road, demanding why he did not salute the *vazaha* (white man). He did so with scared alacrity. They laughed, and became uproarious when I returned the salute in my smartest military manner.

Wayfarers passed — tall men from the forest, dressed like my bearers, disconsolate-looking Hovas and Betsileos in misfit European clothes, carrying their shoes in their hands, and groups of Tanosy women with baskets of vegetables on their heads. These were dressed in long blue cloths that left their arms and shoulders bare, and had many bead necklaces, with big disks of silver or shell hanging on their breasts. The older ones ignored us, but the girls laughed and exchanged spicy repartee with my men. One old woman who carried a huge basket of melons was surrounded and plundered in an instant, in spite of her shrill yells of protest. When I tossed her the equivalent of four cents these turned to equally shrill blessings. The man who had demanded the ten francs advance the night before emerged from the scrimmage with one of the largest melons clasped to his stomach, skillfully cracked it on the filanzana pole, and offered half of it to me with a grin. I thanked him and he nodded slightly, as much as to say, 'Everything is all right again.' I felt that the trip was beginning well.

As the sun rose the heat increased, until by ten o'clock it was like the blast

from a furnace. I later discovered that the noon temperature was usually around one hundred and forty. The bearers dripped sweat, the trickles making lighter-colored patterns on their unwashed backs, and their shadows wavered and danced grotesquely in the heat waves. My eyes smarted in spite of my dark glasses and my lips were beginning to blister. It was with a general sigh of relief that we sighted the village where we were to eat dinner.

The *tranombahiny* (strangers' house) stood at the farther end of the town and the bearers made a good finish, trotting through the village and bringing up at the gate with a jolt that almost unseated me. Then they scattered in all directions, shouting as they went, '*Chefa! Chefa! Avia! Vazaha lebe.*' ('Chief! Chief! Come! Here is a big white man.') The chief came, a withered, poorly dressed old man, who wore a battered sun helmet and carried a spear as a sign of his office. I demanded milk, a chicken, eggs, and melons, and the cook asked for two iron pots, as he never used my own aluminum utensils if he could help it. The bearers returned with borrowed pots and bunches of manioc or bananas, and half a dozen fires sprang up. One man cooked for the bearers from each village, while his companions looked on. The men gorged themselves, returned the pots with a little food in them, as etiquette required, then went to sleep in the shade.

At about three o'clock the baggage-men rose with many grunts, tightened their loin cloths, and started off with their loads. The filanzana men came straggling up and we were soon under way again. They marched heavily and silently at first, but as the sun sank their spirits rose and they began to shout and sing. The man with the brass belt trotted beside me and made me a long speech in a confidential tone. I understood very little of it, for I was not used to the Antandroy dialect, and answered, '*Tsy mahay teny Gasy.*' ('I do not speak Malagasy well.') He looked at me doubtfully, then drew closer and patted the filanzana pole with little fluttering gestures, like a child that strokes an animal of which it is half afraid, and said pleadingly, '*Kadao, Ronga, kadao.*' He was asking for a gift when we should arrive. I promised, and the news was shouted back along the line.

The sun went down, flinging long streamers of gold and purple across the sky. The twilight faded swiftly and great stars came out. The road was a white line between masses of vague shadow. Night birds called, and lemurs laughed and wailed, like hysterical children. The men drew closer together and fell silent. Then, far off, a light appeared. They began to trot, shouting rhythmically. We passed the first houses of the straggling village, the people in their doorways black silhouettes against wavering firelight. The bearers called to them and they called back. The black bulk of the strangers' house loomed before us. The forward men dropped the filanzana poles with a thud and they all clustered around me demanding the promised tip. The moment they had received it they melted into the darkness.

I found that my own baggage had been piled inside the house and that the men had not taken the trouble to unrope it. My cook and interpreter had gone off together to find the chief, and as I struggled with the knots and then assembled my bed and hung my mosquito net I reflected on the disadvantages of being white. The bearers, with no baggage at all, could find the comforts of home everywhere. Immemorial custom prescribed that a householder must take in any stranger who came to the door asking shelter. The traveler might be courteously directed to

another house if the one where he first stopped was full, but he would always find a lodging. Custom also prescribed that he should make a small gift on departure. I once asked a native whether such involuntary guests and hosts ever robbed each other, and he answered indignantly that no human being would do such a thing.

II

The stars were still bright when I was wakened by the bearers calling to each other, and we were well on our way before it became gray in the east. Daylight showed that there were additions to our party, three young women who had found friends among my men the night before, and a wandering Hova, who had attached himself to us for protection. The day was a repetition of the first, except that as we went deeper into the desert the villages and cultivated fields along the way grew fewer and finally disappeared. The few travelers we met were in groups, the men armed and the women carrying the baggage. The road narrowed to a mere lane between unbroken walls of cactus and thorny scrub, with here and there a gigantic bottle-shaped baobab tree. The cactus was a mass of yellow bloom, and there were other flowers — flat pink or white blossoms that looked like wild roses, big pea flowers of a sickly bluish green, like carnations dyed for St. Patrick's Day, and a little creeping plant whose flowers had only two bright blue petals, which stuck up from the top like the ears of an elfin rabbit. By afternoon the baobabs had almost disappeared and we were marching through a forest of bare bright-green poles thirty feet high. Some were as straight and smooth as a flagstaff, others forked into two or three thick, upward-pointing branches. Close inspection showed that the whole tree was covered with close-set alternate rows of short thorns and small crisp leaves. There seemed to be no birds in this forest and little other life. Once a huge tortoise lumbered across the road, and just before sunset we came on a herd of lemurs, big white animals with black heads and incredibly long tails. They stood erect, with their hind feet close together, and fled with awkward bouncing leaps, like boys on pogo sticks. I shot three, thinking to give the bearers some meat, but discovered too late that the flesh was taboo to their tribe.

The evening of the fourth day brought us to Behara, a mud fort perched on the crest of a low hill that rose above the forest of sticks. I had hoped to find a European there, but discovered that he had been carried to Fort Dauphin, dying of black-water fever. The next stage of the journey was said to be the worst, ten hours without water, and, as one of my men had had sunstroke the day before, I decided to stay at the fort until evening and travel through the night. The bearers were delighted at the idea, and it would give me a chance to do some collecting in the village that sprawled at the foot of the hill.

I sent the men away with orders to return at four-thirty, and started out with my interpreter to see what we could find. Five minutes after we entered the village we were both hopelessly lost. The place was a maze of narrow paths running between eight-foot hedges of the green poles. Through the cracks we could catch tantalizing glimpses of houses and people, but we wandered for some time before we found a gate and got inside one of the compounds. Half a dozen little houses were ranged around the enclosure, their backs to the fence, and there were a few granaries raised on high posts. The centre was open and was evidently used as a cattle pen. The only people in sight were a child, who fled yelling,

and an old woman who was weaving in the shade of one of the granaries. Strolling toward her slowly, so as not to frighten her, I squatted down beside the loom and began to examine her work, admiring it and asking a few harmless questions. She gradually became friendly and then voluble.

Two or three men came out of the houses and stood watching us with expressionless faces. Finally one of them sauntered over, squatted beside me, and began to explain the weaving technique in excellent French. He had been in Europe five years, during and after the war. He asked whether I was English, and when I answered, 'American,' he brightened. 'I met lots of American soldiers,' he said. 'They always bought us something to drink.' After a little more talk I asked if I might see his house, and he led me to the best of the huts. The walls were made of hewn planks, set on end and mortised into heavy beams at the top and bottom, and the roof was of clapboards. At either side of the front end there was a little doorway, surrounded by a heavy beaded moulding. One door, he explained, was for himself, the other for his wife. Dropping on all fours and wriggling in, I found myself in a room about twice the size of an ordinary apartment-house cupboard. Standing in the centre, I could easily touch the wall on all sides. At the front, between the two doors, there was a fireplace, and across the rear wall ran a long shelf, edged with a carved plank. This was packed solid with square boxes of equal size, their fronts embroidered with wild silk in simple designs. Most of them, I found, were empty, and when I tried to lift one the rest came with it. They had been sewn together into a single block. Small baskets, rolls of mats, and odds and ends of clothing hung from pegs on the wall. Everything was stained with soot, and long ropes of it hung from the rafters.

I began my real business by asking him whether he would sell a carved wooden spoon that was lying in a dish by the fireplace. He looked surprised, but agreed readily. Other things followed. Neighbors who had poked their heads in to see what was happening slipped away and returned with things of their own. I refused to buy these, saying I would bargain with each of them in his or her own house. When the possibilities of the first hut had been exhausted I passed on to the next, then to another and another. In half an hour I had seen the inside of every house in the compound, even the granaries, and bought some fifteen good objects. Then we moved on to other compounds, the army man leading the way. News of us had, of course, gone ahead, and the work went smoothly and rapidly. By noon I had seen the whole village, except for a few houses whose owners were away, and had a one-man load of specimens. I had also made some notes on technical processes, weaving, mat making, and the preparation of food, and a few photographs. The less obvious parts of the native life, such as the religious beliefs and practices and the social organization, would have to wait until I came to some place where I could settle down for a while and work with the old people.

The afternoon was spent in writing up notes and cataloguing. I noticed that the heat was unusually oppressive and that heavy banks of clouds were gathering in the west. There was a light shower as we started out. An hour to the west of the fort we came to a river. It was rising rapidly and the current was already so swift that the ferryman had to paddle far upstream each trip and then come down on a long diagonal. The canoe was old and cranky and had a large hole in the bow, so that it was necessary to bail it out between trips.

It would carry only six men or two loads at a time, so it was twilight before the whole safari was across.

We had been marching for perhaps twenty minutes when the men began to call to each other excitedly. They were saying something about water, or rain, I could not make out what. Then I saw that the sky ahead had turned almost as black as ebony. A moment later I caught a far-off murmur that grew louder and louder. A black curtain with a silver border was flung suddenly across the road in front of us. The bearers shouted when they saw it, dropped their loads, and scattered in all directions. The curtain came on slowly, hardly faster, it seemed, than a man could walk, and the air was as still as death. As it drew near I saw that the silver border was a belt of spray that leaped back waist-high from the ground, and that writhing arms of foam-flecked water were reaching out to seize the road ahead of it. The murmur suddenly became a roar, a puff of cold air jerked the helmet strap tight against my chin, then I was beaten to my knees by the force of the rain. I struggled to my feet again, realizing that if I fell I should be drowned, for the spray seemed as thick as that of a breaking wave. Even with my head above it and my face sheltered by my hands, I had to gasp for breath. The water was ice-cold, and came with the force of a fire hose, driving through my clothes as though they had been so much tissue paper, and soaking me to the skin in an instant.

The first violence of the storm lasted about ten minutes, then it settled to a steady downpour, as heavy as an ordinary thunder shower. There was no shelter nearer than the next village, four hours ahead, so, after some persuasion and a little mild violence, I got the bearers to take up their loads again and we started on. The road had become an ankle-deep river, with occasional holes into which I dropped to the waist, and it was so dark that I could not see my hand two inches before my eyes. Every few yards some member of the party would blunder off the narrow way and bring up in a cactus or thorn bush, with appropriate remarks. After some two hours of this we came to a better road and I mounted the filanzana. The bearers crawled along and I soon discovered that they were whispering among themselves, usually a sign of trouble. I decided that they must be discussing the feasibility of dropping me and bolting, for I knew they were much too wet and cold for any sort of attack; so I promised that I would give every man a drink of rum when we got in. The whispering ceased, and they struck out at a better pace. After what seemed an eternity they stopped. We had somehow passed the village in the dark. Scouts were sent out, and after much shouting we heard a distant call in answer. A point of light appeared. This resolved itself into a naked man carrying a glowing brand, swinging it back and forth in his attempt to keep it aflame. He led us to the village and showed us the strangers' house. The roof was full of holes, for no one ever spent the night there and the house had been allowed to go to pieces. All baggage and bedding were soaked, of course, but I managed to rig a crude tent with the cover of my bedding roll and turned in, after taking thirty grains of quinine to stave off the fever that would probably follow such a soaking.

III

Next morning it was still raining, with a brisk wind, but we pushed on to the next town, an abandoned army post with a few native huts clustered around the old blockhouse. Here the weather kept us for two days. On the

third morning the clouds had disappeared and the sun seemed to beat down with more than its usual heat. I found that the desert had suddenly leaped to life. The bush, usually so silent, rang with the cries of birds and the shrill notes of insects. Wherever the rain had left a pool, hundreds of little pink and brown toads congregated, frolicking in the warm water and cheeping their delight in a deafening chorus. Gleaming metallic flies rose from the earth in swarms and drunken bees blundered against me as I passed. The miracle of resurrection went on before my eyes. Dozens of trees and bushes that had seemed dead were pushing out buds. By afternoon I had counted six new flowering species, by the next night more than twenty-five. Some trees clothed themselves in soft clouds of yellow or crimson mist, others dropped long sprays of wistaria-like flowers, and still others covered their ungainly branches with row on row of rusty red bells as large as hens' eggs. Even the green poles caught the infection and pushed out long, spidery, dark gray filaments from their tips. There seemed to be no end to the variety of smaller flowering plants. I passed purple bushes, white bushes, bushes pink, yellow, and red, clumps of tall grass sprinkled with stars of half a dozen colors, sprawling vines that rioted in mauve and yellow and blue, and big yellow lilies, stiff and formal, their petals bent back until they met about the stalk. Every turn of the trail brought a new glory and a new fragrance. For three days our march seemed to lead through a great garden, until at last we came to Ambovombe.

Ambovombe was a place of some importance, the capital of a district. It had the usual fort, three or four government buildings, and several broad streets that wandered away and lost themselves in the scrub. There were two Europeans, a *chef de district*, and a government veterinary who was making experiments in crossing European sheep with the native ones. I found that the *chef de district* had been sick in bed for about two weeks as the result of a chigger, a small insect which burrows into the toe, settles down, and proceeds to raise a family. He had not found it in time and his whole leg had become infected, with an abscess in the groin. Fortunately this had broken the night before I arrived and he seemed on the road to recovery. He could not have been more than twenty-two or twenty-three and had a boy's eager eyes and a boy's face, which was set off rather than masked by his thick black beard. He was pathetically friendly and talked incessantly, apologizing again and again for not being able to take me in. I spent most of the afternoon with him and found it hard to get away.

I had been told that if I wished to see the veterinary I should have to visit him that evening, for he was leaving for an outlying station the next day. His farm was about two miles out of town — I should know it by a sign on the gate. After about twenty minutes' walk I came to a huge concrete gateway that loomed in the dusk like a megalithic monument. There was no fence, no gate, and, as far as I could see, no sign of a farm. A weed-grown road led away from it, apparently into the heart of the unbroken scrub. Another ten minutes brought me to a clump of buildings hidden in a hollow, and I was soon chatting with the man I sought. Conversation lagged at first and it gradually dawned on me that he thought I was a missionary. The moment I had set him right on this he took a deep breath and shouted, '*Boto! Apportez les bouteilles!*' When I left he invited me to come to lunch the next day. His trip could easily wait a while. He also insisted on driving me back to town,

for he had a horse, the only one in the district. It was a gentle, middle-aged animal, but all the natives took to the bush when they saw it. I learned that they looked upon it much as we should regard a pet tiger, and the veterinary had a great reputation for courage.

This was my bearers' home district, so I dismissed them, asking the government to provide others five days later. I had hoped to spend this time peacefully working with informants, but the bearers spread the news that I was buying specimens and the first morning found a dozen natives waiting with things to sell. By noon the crowd had grown until it blocked the road and I had to put a bar across my gate and station a soldier there to let them in four or five at a time. The whole population seemed to have been seized by the mood that is known to my profession as a 'selling streak.' People came in from villages twenty miles away bringing anything and everything from the family jewels to the baby's milk gourd. When I had bought enough of the common things and began to turn others away, rare objects came to light, bits of old carving stained a rich brown with the smoke of years, charms, and things used in religious ceremonies.

The charms and sacred objects were usually brought at night, when the owners thought they would be safe from too much publicity. I would hear a low knock at the door, and an old man would slip in with his face half hidden in his *lamba*. From somewhere in its ample folds he would produce a charm, usually a section of carved cow horn with a collar of bright beads around the large end, and hold it out to me silently, waiting to see what I would offer. Most of these things were innocent enough, charms for general good fortune, for safety on a journey, or for the increase of cattle, but one man came three times in succession bringing me charms that I knew to be of evil significance. On the fourth trip he produced from under his lamba a curious wooden image about eighteen inches high, with long human hair attached to the head. A crocodile and snake were carved on the body in low relief and the whole figure was covered with little dots representing figures in the *sikidy*, a native form of divination. He said that it was used for healing the sick, which I did not believe, but after I had paid him for it he added that the natives might think it was something bad and advised me to keep it hidden. A few minutes later another man came in and nearly stepped on the image, lying in the shadow beside my table. When he saw it he jumped back as if it had been a coiled snake and fled in such haste that he had trouble getting out the door. It proved to be a particularly deadly charm for killing enemies.

I had bought so much material that I decided to box my collections on the spot and send them back to Fort Dauphin for shipment to America. Good specimens kept coming in up to the last minute and it was noon of the sixth day before we got under way once more. I found later that it would have been better to wait until the next day, for only the villages which lay at the end of the scheduled days' marches had kept their strangers' houses in repair. My noon start threw me off the regular itinerary so that I had to sleep in bad ones all the way.

IV

Beyond Ambovombe the country changed once more. The soil changed to a fine white sand that reflected the sun like a mirror and blistered my bearers' feet as they ploughed through it. The sea, now many miles away, had been there only a short time before, for in the sand I could still find fragments

of rolled shell and coral. In one place, where the route had been cut through a low dune, I came upon a layer of broken eggshells which had also been rolled and worn by the waves. These shells were an eighth of an inch thick; and, from the largest fragment I found, about as big as the palm of my hand, I judged that the whole egg had been eight to ten times as large as that of an ostrich.[1] The familiar cactus was still massed along the road, but the green poles had been replaced by new trees of weird and incredible shapes. One, a relative of the green poles, was a long club, covered all over with slender outstanding leaves and thorns, so that it looked like the tail of an enraged cat. Another seemed to be a pile of ash-gray balls, each five or six feet across. Each ball was a mass of slender square twigs that crossed and interlaced, presenting a solid front of points. Another had long flat jointed branches, like the legs of a crab. Still another split its short trunk into half a dozen broad palms, each palm edged with a stiff fringe of blobby protuberances that could not be called either twigs or branches. The heat waves made even the bushes close at hand dance and waver as if seen through moving water; it was easy to imagine myself walking on the bottom of some hot sea of a bygone age among gigantic corals, sponges, and algæ.

I was now at the head of a safari of about fifty people, for several of the bearers had been joined by their wives and a number of other natives had attached themselves to us for protection. The escort consisted of two soldiers and I doubted whether even these were necessary, for the country seemed almost deserted. We met no travelers, and the villages at the regular halts dwindled to little groups of ten or a dozen houses fortified by high hedges of prickly pear and a maze of blind paths. I found it increasingly hard to get food, and the only water was a liquid mud the consistency of cream. Once more I had to reflect on the disadvantages of being white, for the natives were getting along very well. The women gathered a few cups of water every morning by beating dew-covered grass or shrubs over calabashes, while the cactus provided them with both food and drink. They would spear the ripe fruit with a pointed stick, break it off with a quick twist, and roll it under their horny feet to break off the spines. Most of the cactus fruit was eaten raw, but some was squeezed and the juice used for boiling other food. I was finally forced to use it and found it mildly sweet and not unpleasant.

Near the end of our fourth day's march I noticed some cactus plants that were yellow and covered with fuzzy white spots as large as a dime. The natives shook their heads when they saw them and said it was the doom of their tribe. It was an insect that had been imported to the west coast from Africa a few years before, and was now spreading eastward, killing out the cactus as it came. When the cactus was gone there would be no food for them or for their cattle in the dry season, and they would have to go away, they did not know where. Rightly or wrongly, they believed that certain white men had imported the pest to help clear their plantations, and this, even more than the increased taxes, was making the tribes ripe for revolt.

The evening of the fifth day's march brought us to an empty house standing alone in the middle of the scrub. The village lay about a mile away, and although I sent off my interpreter at once to call the chief it was over an hour before he appeared. He was sullen and hostile, declaring that there

[1] Undoubtedly Æpyornis eggs. Several whole ones have been found in the south of Madagascar. — Editor

was no food, no water, and no lodging for my men. The last was a breach of all the accepted rules of the road and probably meant that his people had arms or stolen goods in their houses and so were unwilling for strangers to enter them. When I threatened to go to the village myself and requisition what I needed, he promised to bring food and water, but still insisted there was no room for the bearers. I told him that unless he found room I would take him on with me to Tsiombé and turn him over to the officer in charge of the fort there, and he went away muttering. An hour later he returned with four women carrying the supplies I had demanded and an unsolicited gift of milk and melons. He apologized for his conduct, and as the men had already built shelters for themselves I did not press the matter of lodgings. I paid for the food at the usual rates, gave the melons to the bearers, and turned the rest of it over to my cook. A few minutes later he came running in to tell me that the milk had been poisoned. Unfortunately he had thrown it away, but I knew that his tribe were experts in such matters and was ready to take his word. The chief had left the moment he received his money and was probably hanging about somewhere outside the light of our fires, waiting to see whether the trick had been discovered. If he found that it had been, there was a good chance that he would attack us during the night, on the principle that it is as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb. The bearers had been too busy dividing the melons to notice the episode, and I warned the cook to say nothing and to go on and get dinner as usual. As the house had no door I took the precaution of arranging my bed in the middle of the floor, where it would make a good mark for spears, and sleeping in the corner behind a barricade of luggage, but the night passed quietly.

The incident was annoying and white prestige required that the chief should be punished, but I could not see how I was going to catch him. If I sent for him he would take to the bush, and if I went to the village after him there would probably be a fight. This would mean trouble with the French authorities, who were anxious to avoid an open break. I knew that the chief must be consumed by curiosity as to what had happened, and if he thought the attempt had miscarried without being discovered it was possible that he might visit me of his own accord, given a good excuse. Accordingly, when a woman arrived to get the empty gourds, I gave her the poison gourd with the rest and sent word that I needed more milk and a chicken. He brought this food himself, and instantly decided to accompany me to the fort. I took the precaution of roping him to one of the soldiers, but it was really unnecessary, for he was as meek a man as ever walked ahead of a gun.

When we arrived at the fort, difficulties arose. My cook had destroyed the evidence, and if I pressed the poison charge it meant going up to the capital, with a loss of three months' time. The captain said he could give the chief thirty days' prison, on general principles, and I let it go at that. He was sentenced on the spot, and the captain returned to his papers. There had been four attempts to poison him in as many months and he was rather blasé on the subject.

That evening, as we sat over the eternal chicken and rice that begins by being the blessing and ends by being the curse of Madagascar, we agreed that my trip had been a very ordinary and uneventful one. Nothing ever happened in Madagascar. 'Why don't you go to Indo-China?' the captain asked. 'You might find some excitement there. The tiger shooting is excellent.'

ON HOLME[1] MARSHES

BY RODERICK MORISON

On Holme marshes just a while
Ago the sun went down:
I marked the passing of his disc
Beneath Hunstanton Town.
From the pine top I saw him go,
And clambered down,

And heard the music of the sea,
Saw the hard-driven tide,
And fancied old winds whispering,
And many a thing beside:
For visions gathered like the mist
As the light died.

And now, whatever shores may be
More beautiful, it seems
That Holme's most is like the sand
Beside those silver streams
Where I long knelt and prayed, in old
Forgotten dreams.

O God, shut out the world to-night!
And let me kneel alone
To dedicate again to thee
The spurs I never won!

Or may the fey tide rock my sleep
When dreaming's done.

[1] 'Hollum,' as the metre suggests. — Editor

HOW TO SPEAK POETRY

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

We all remember the noble tribute to Oxford paid by Matthew Arnold, himself one of her noblest sons. But let me recall once more that exquisite vision: —

> Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene! . . . Steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who can deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection — to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side? . . . Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties!

For the last few days I have been again a visitant to that beautiful city, once and always my spiritual home, and I have heard her still calling me nearer to that true goal, to the ideal, to perfection, to beauty. Matthew Arnold's words were written nearly sixty years ago — some years before the adorable dreamer took me to her romantic heart; but I have still found in her the example to keep down the Philistine in myself, and to save me from that 'bondage to the commonplace' of which Goethe speaks in his incomparable lines upon the death of Schiller.

My return to this ancient Mother of Youth was due to an invitation from my friend John Masefield, poet and story-teller, well known in America as in England. All the world now knows the strong verse and prose that somehow spring out of that little head, with the wide and dreamy light-brown eyes, the deep and sonorous voice, uttering a language so unusual in a jolly jack-tar, and with a punctilious politeness so unexpected in a former dog of ocean. It was his love and knowledge of the sea that first gave him fame, and now the fertility of genius, cultivated with careful and persistent devotion, has secured him a lasting place in the long and glorious series of our English poets. As were Milton, Pope, Byron, Tennyson, and Swinburne, he is famous though alive. He has set a tone. He has created a form. For the first time in two centuries a poet has penetrated the English country house, and, listening to extracts from *Reynard the Fox*, the squire thinks there may be something in poetry after all, by Gad! Even the fastidious name him the poet of our years.

Living on the low range of hills that look southward far over the Berkshire downs, and northward over the mediæval city herself, it has fallen to him to carry onward that heritage of Oxford's ineffable charm. Not being a son of the University himself, but hardened among the perpetual perils of the sea, he has escaped the precious and supercritical mood with which the mere beauty of her thought and aspect taints her permanent denizens, entering so deeply into their nature that sometimes they

can hardly speak for ecstatic languor and hesitating self-distrust. Not one of them would have had the courage to initiate the enterprise that Masefield has now accomplished. They would have feared ridicule or failure or the charge of that preciosity which is their own besetting weakness. But John and Constance Masefield, though highly cultivated, had the courage to face the risk of ridicule, of failure, and even the paralyzing charge of preciosity. This has been the fifth successful year of their inspiring labor.

The object of the Oxford Recitations is to create or maintain a fine tradition of speaking English verse. There was a time when all verse was necessarily spoken, because writing was not invented. Afterward, for many ages it was still spoken, because manuscripts were rare and costly. Then, perhaps in an evil hour for poetry, printing came, and sight began to take the place of sound. For a time the drama kept alive the sense of beautiful sound, but it is three centuries now since verse seemed the natural form of drama, and if it is ever heard now upon the stage it comes to us only as a queer survival, an unpopular and tedious experiment, or even a frigid imitation. So it has happened that nearly all of us who care for poetry at all judge of it by sight rather than by sound, and the first object of the Oxford Recitations is to restore the beauty of the sound by means of exquisite utterance.

The judges in the present contest have been John and Constance Masefield; Sir Montagu Burrows, a famous Civil Servant for many years working in Ceylon, and a true lover of the best literature; George Gordon, Professor of English Literature in Oxford; Lascelles Abercrombie, the poet, Laurence Binyon, the poet, Gordon Bottomley, the poet, and myself, who have followed war and the Muses all my life. Professor Gilbert Murray, scholar and poet, could not come, though he is president of the movement; nor could John Buchan, journalist, story-teller, poet, the rising hope of the Young Tory Party in Parliament, and master of talents in general.

The duty of a judge is extremely difficult. He sits alone, or with one colleague, at a table in one of the large rooms in the Oxford Schools, and behind him sits a crowded audience, silent but critical, including many of the competitors. In front of him, upon a slightly raised platform, stand the competitors in turn, and he listens while each recites the same set piece in each class — that is, for each prize. The competitors are divided into men and women (the women being nearly always the more numerous) and different passages are set for the two sexes. All must be over eighteen. If a judge is wise, he will avoid looking at the candidates, especially when they are girls or young women; for the susceptible heart of man is almost inevitably influenced by personal appearance, physical charm, and even by dress. Most of the feminine candidates are perfectly aware of this natural weakness, and are obviously careful to look their best in hair, face, frock, stockings, and shoes. But in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird. Or rather the bait is set in vain if the bird resolutely shuts his eyes. The candidates must be judged by sound alone. If they possess beauty of nature, character, voice, or understanding, it will pass into the sound, and though I think such beauty always finds expression in the face as well, it is not by prettiness of appearance, still less by elegant and dainty dress or stockings, that it should be appreciated.

Judging is easy enough when some or most of the candidates speak the lines

badly. The trouble of the judge comes when several are excellent — so excellent that there is not a pin to choose between them. How shall he then decide? One may be fine in voice and understanding, but have slipped a word. Another may be faultless in word and meaning, but speak with a meagre and unpleasing tone. Another may speak to perfection and yet not enter into the inward spirit of the poem. Another may excel throughout, but put a false emphasis just upon one word. Two or three may speak the lines so perfectly that one simply cannot put one above the other. The judge seeks for beauty of speech, but also for fineness of understanding, which is an inborn grace and very rare. It is often difficult to detect it with absolute certainty. Let me quote a few sentences from a Note written by Masefield as guide both for candidates and for judges: —

> The speech desired by each judge is speech so beautiful as sound, so exquisite as perception of the poet's meaning, that the illumination of the poet may kindle the hearers.
>
> The first requisite is that the speaker should sink himself or herself in the poem, not remain outside it and deliver it as something to be explained or embellished. Then it is essential to give full value to the music of the poem, simply as sound: and in the voice production a certain volume of sound is necessary, if there is to be adequate expression. If the speaker gives the rhythmical movement with a feeling for its beauty, significance will usually follow.
>
> The commonest faults are a kind of meagreness (of voice, rhythm, emotion): literalness, draining the words of life and color; and attempting to be dramatic where there is no drama.

That last point was a great trouble in the earlier sessions. In the first two at which I acted as judge, many of the candidates thought to win approval by dramatic gestures and violent changes of voice or expression, as though they were acting Hamlet or Lady Macbeth on the stage. I remember one woman falling down at the end of her recitation, as though dying of emotion. The result was horrible in all such cases. For there was no stage; no dramatic emotion worked upon the audience; and no fellow actors carried off the violence of the scene. Since those earlier years, gesture of any kind has pretty nearly disappeared. The candidate speaks the lines without moving from position. The hands are kept quietly at the side or just clasped in front. All the effect has to be gained by sound and understanding alone. This year a special prize was offered for the intoning of a poem to the accompaniment of a stringed instrument, struck by the reciter. This beautiful method, recalling the ancient habit of Homeric and Irish bards, was practised to perfection some years ago by Florence Farr, under the influence of the Irish poet, W. B. Yeats. But the divine voice of Florence Farr has been hushed by death in Ceylon, and no one has ventured to repeat her triumph. For this prize there was but one entry, and the competition was not held.

The pieces selected for the ordinary recitations this year were typical, but I think rather more difficult than usual. For men there were first two longish pieces from Chaucer, 'The Knight's Tale.' One described a tournament; the second gave that terrible speech of Saturn to Venus. The latter was well suited to a deep-toned speaker, who endued it with exactly the right tone of sinister atrocity. But I thought the choice of Chaucer a mistake, for no one really knows how his verse or even his English words should be recited or pronounced. The women in that class had two passages from Dante's *Purgatorio*, translated with marvelous skill by Binyon. Both described the revelation

of the Angel of God, gradually appearing in flight from a western sea. In each class only a selected three compete in the second set piece for the prize of that class, and all the judges sit together in the evening to hear those selected few.

The next class had two pieces from Wordsworth's *Prelude* for the men, describing how that apparently guileless poet once stole the use of a boat, but as he rowed across a lake was frightened by the apparition of a huge mountain peak uprearing its head above the craggy ridge which had hidden it. And the women had Wordsworth, too — the stanzas on Peele Castle, and the shepherd's verses on 'Hart-Leap Well,' surely the most touching protest against blood sport ever uttered. A few of the candidates said the Wordsworth very beautifully, not exaggerating the poet's deceptive simplicity, but just revealing that unexpected gleam of sudden glory that illuminates the whole.

So we came naturally to Shelley — two difficult passages for men from the *Prometheus Unbound*, and two for women from that superb chorus of freedom in the 'Hellas': 'The world's great age begins anew.' And when the prizes for those classes had been secured, three from each of the very best of all the classes were called upon to compete for the highest prize, called the Oxford Prize. For this the men recited some twenty lines from Milton's *Il Penseroso*, and the women the same amount from *L'Allegro*. Both were supreme performances, making the final judgment terribly hard. But I think the best won. At all events the marks given by all the judges together, when added up, fixed upon the candidates whom I had myself chosen as the best.

I suppose there were about three hundred candidates altogether, and many of course were poor at the task, but even among the most carefully selected I never heard a word of complaint or jealousy when the judgment was given, though some must have been bitterly disappointed.

All the candidates sprung from the middle classes, some from the higher, some from the lower. The highest prize for men was won by a shopkeeping chemist, who was with difficulty persuaded to enter. The best young woman of all, though many were so excellent, was a teacher and trainer in voice production, who somehow contrived to shake off the qualities of teacher and became literally inspired as she stood before us, moving neither hand nor foot, but standing perfectly still, while the very soul of poetry issued from her lips. The recitations for the final prizes always attract large crowds from the University and the ancient city, and excitement runs very high. The audience is divided according to its chosen favorites, almost as at a horse race. The intense silence of enthusiasm prevails until the decision of the judges is given out. Then the cheers shake the solemn building, and the winners enjoy the happiest moments of their lives, no matter how long they may live.

Thus it is that the glory of poetry, which is England's noblest gift to the world, is displayed and preserved untarnished as a brazen shield. And thus it is that Oxford, the adorable dreamer, once more calls us to our true goal, to the ideal, to perfection — to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side. Just before I went to Oxford as judge in these recitations, I had been on duty for many weeks with the Naval Conference in Geneva, and from the dusty tedium of that Conference Oxford helped me to escape. Once again she saved me from that 'bondage to the commonplace' of which Goethe spoke.

'A GREEN THOUGHT IN A GREEN SHADE'

BY FLORA McINTYRE

I

We all long for release from the compulsions of life, for leisure to muse on the world that lies beneath the eagle's ken, to weigh and value the confusing elements of living. Such a happy state of philosophical calm can actually be attained by one who has been a long time bedfast. For him who knows himself to be an established resident of the 'pleasant land of counterpane,' all the clamor and confusion of life have ceased. The list of activities available to him has shrunk to such a comfortable brevity that at last it fits into his inelastic twenty-four-hour day, making it possible for him to relish the full flavor of his pleasures, undisturbed by duties plucking at his sleeve.

To a man on his feet, life must perforce be a harassed, feverish choosing from among a multitude of duties, tasks, and pleasures elbowing one another for his attention. Often he but blindly accepts, until life is nearly over, those activities which have crowded and jostled most rudely, only to realize that in the confusion the polishing of boots has pushed aside the poetry he might have lived; that the rush of business has routed romance from his days. The invalid, however, develops a quiet, leisured feeling comparable to that of a rainy day at home when one finds time to paste all last season's pictures, reminiscently, into the kodak album, to sort and rearrange the family library, or to put a long-avoided hall closet in order. Rain removes the pressure of errands, gardening, shopping; it removes the danger of interruption, leaving a pleasant freedom for long-neglected, homely tasks within the house.

It is this sense of freedom from duty, this sense of peace and abundance of time, that I remember best about several long periods in bed. They were the only times in my life when I luxuriated in the reading of a magazine clean through each week from the ragged small boy on the front to the floating soap on the back. And I did it with never a tug from the multitude of tasks that now crowd around and force me to skip, skim, and snatch! I dawdled conscience-free over the embroidering of brood after brood of little doilies, each led by a big mother doily, and over the making of numerous linen crusts for the pincushion pies of that period. I neutralized the serious activity of the mind, Stevensonwise, by knitting enough yarn to have fleeced a small flock of sheep. I listened without thought of time to the good talk of a friend at my bedside. I studied Spanish, unharassed by lessons and recitations.

I amused myself by trying to write descriptions of the swaying veil of rain outside my tent, of the sounds that came to me between sundown and starlight, or of the battle of the orioles that flashed in gorgeous orange and black in and out among the green fans

of the palm tree. I learned to identify the thirty-two varieties of birds that came to the persimmon tree, the olive, and the palm, to the fuchsias, and the nasturtiums about my tent. I watched a spider prepare her net from the skillful stretching of the first silken radii, through the patient, busy toil of spinning and gluing in place the regular concentric polygons, and then saw a humming bird poise, buzzing, while he neatly plucked her from the centre.

I dallied down the primrose path of daydreams, rebuilding all the houses in which I had either lived or visited, quite without the slightest annoyance from blundering carpenters or a limited bank account, planting lovely gardens that sprang into luxuriant beauty with all the speed of Jack's beanstalk, sans weary waiting and painful backaches.

I worshiped beneath the cathedral window of a chayote leaf, sun-illumined, intricately veined, exquisitely, translucently green,

> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade.

II

But such religious calm is not for the mere sojourner who stays on his bed a few paltry weeks with his mind still tied to interrupted tasks, fretting to be with them again. He must first suffer the sinking of the good ship Ambition, and know it to be beyond the diver's reach. Only after that can he give his mind freely to constructing another little world on the desert island of his bed. And the hope of rescue, if it exists at all, must be fixed upon such a vague, indefinite, distant future that all plans concerning it will be fashioned out of the stuff from which dreams are made. For a daydreamer, mentally landscaping the river bank of his childhood home, can quiet quivering nerves while planting an unfriendly yucca between the brownstone boulders only provided that the old home is far away and the possibility of his ever wielding a spade there has become infinitely remote; whereas, if his mind seizes upon some project with which he must soon be busy, he grows more and more tense and wakeful, experiencing an unrest that would ruin the calm peace of his hermit's cell, and drive away all chance of catching at the tantalizing thought that hovers near.

One must renounce the world completely, like a person taking holy orders. But to sever the threads that bind the mind to the old ways requires time. At least a six months' novitiate is necessary for anyone destined to join the distinguished company of those able to enjoy that pleasant fraction of living left to the bedridden.

During that novitiate the successful invalid must make a survey of his resources and build anew with whatever materials he finds at hand. When I was abruptly reduced to surveying my whole world from an open tent and knew that all my resources must be found within the view bounded by the back-yard fence, I considered with bromidic piety that at least the trees, the vines, the sky, and the clouds offered more than did Helen Keller's silent darkness; I pondered scientifically that Darwin needed only one square yard of grass in which to observe the surviving of the fittest. And then one day as I idly watched a small gray bird hunting insects in the fuchsia a few feet away, and realized that he was not one of the familiar linnets all about, there dawned a pleasant curiosity as to whether he was as rare to others as he seemed to me, whether I might, perhaps, find his title and connections in some *Burke's Peerage* of birds.

Such a book was found, and by patiently observing gray streaks, brown streaks, and black streaks, by carefully studying pictures and descriptions and noting ranges, I came eagerly to the triumphant conclusion that I had been watching none other than a 'Melospiza Cinerea Graminea, A.O.U., No. 581 h' — in other words, a Santa Barbara song sparrow. I knew then that this world is truly 'so full of a number of things' that, no matter how small a scrap of it might be left to me, it would still contain life and beauty and interest.

The fact that nearly all the materials from which the invalid must build his new world are merely portions of his old environment makes it harder for him to discover them. They are like the thimble in the game of 'I spy.' Though the same varieties of birds had always been singing in the tree tops, hiding nests among the leaves, hunting insects along the twigs, yet until now all the small, gray, streaked birds were to me merely linnets; the orioles with orange hoods and the ones with black crowns were simply orioles; and any one of our five kinds of humming birds a humming bird was to me and nothing more.

But in one respect the invalid may go adventuring where much is unfamiliar. He will have need for inventions and ideas to increase the livableness of his unusual mode of life. And he will be amazed to discover how long it takes the human brain to blunder upon some simple contrivance that is waiting to revolutionize existence. He will cease to wonder why the race in primitive times took so long to evolve from the stone age to the iron age, or why nobody in all the Roman Empire was clever enough to think of eating with forks instead of with fingers. For the invalid is an individual without an adequate background of invention and technique for his new kind of life. He is sure to have many problems that are unique and must therefore be solved without the aid of those few great minds through which, as James Harvey Robinson maintains, most of the human race gets its thinking done vicariously. Consider, for instance, the woman who sat for months before a hospital window in San Francisco watching the clouds and the sea gulls, and waiting for someone to discover that if her chair were raised but four inches she could also see a wide panorama, including the Golden Gate and the ships of all the world steaming in and out.

We human beings are like the wild elephants that Mr. C. Mayer writes of in *Asia*. He says that they are often captured by men who ride into the herd on trained elephants that butt and shove an intended victim about until he is too much occupied to notice one of the men slipping to the ground and putting a rope around a hind leg. The beast is then doomed to a life of captivity and hard labor solely because it never occurs to him to seize the men one by one, drag them to the ground, and crush them underfoot like snails on a garden walk.

Doubtless we are all at times just as close as that to discovering something important, missing it only because genius fails to lift its eyes at the right moment. I know the invalid often is. It must have been as late as the second July before it occurred to me that I could stop counting seams in the canvas roof and establish a summer residence under the sheltering canopy of the persimmon tree, where the birds came so near that I could have touched them, where I witnessed a thrilling drama enacted by a terrified spider and a foraging wasp, where I even became intimately acquainted with a rare summer shower, and learned that Hawthorne must have been cheated by a

New England fondness for the fireside and the closed window into thinking that 'Nature has no kindness . . . during a rain. . . . In such spells of weather Eve's bower in Paradise must have been but a cheerless and aguish kind of shelter.' In my earthly bower, at least, the patter of rain on the leaves, the fragrance of the sprinkled earth, the sweet, fresh cleanness of leaves and bark and fence and even of the air, the thrill of so flagrantly disregarding precedent, all combined to obscure anything 'cheerless' or 'aguish.'

III

From his position outside the stream of human events the invalid comes to comprehend them as all parts of one story. He feels himself to be an interested stay-at-home following reports from the various campaigns of some great struggle, as though his newspapers and magazines were bulletins from the front. He even goes so far as to lose sight of the distinction usually made between man and nature. A town becomes as much a part of nature as an ant hill or a grove of trees.

For me I think this feeling was intensified by the trick of listening to the composite of sounds produced by the functioning of the universe all around me — the sleepy chirping of a bird settling to roost in the vines; the soft, quiet patter of first raindrops on my tent roof; a man's voice calling, a child answering. These became part of an endless symphony played by an orchestra of unnumbered pieces, a symphony that began before there were ears to hear, when the first winds stirred the waves on a lifeless sea, one that continues with ever-increasing beauty and intricacy of motive on through the ages. I knew then that to live is to be a player in that orchestra of eternity, that the invalid is but a disabled performer listening to the music as he may not do while taking part in its production.

Nor do the benefits of being bedfast cease with the beginning of the invalid's long struggle to be back again in his normal place. He returns 'trailing clouds of glory.' At least many simple, commonplace circumstances that have long had no place in his life are for him glorified. The delightful harshness of stiff leather on unaccustomed feet transports him suddenly with exciting vividness far from pillows and sheets, back to tramping over the hills after the cow, or riding a horse at a run along a firm sandy beach when the tide is out. And to be able, after a little, to move from here to there without being carried, and later to walk out upon the rough, hard earth — such simple experiences make the invalid want to behave like a certain toddling baby who, finding himself out-of-doors without a guiding hand, lifted his arms and his face in instinctive worship toward the sky and shouted and danced until he lost his balance.

Hobbling on crutches for a few hundred yards along a dusty country road may not seem sublime to the onlooker, but it can lift an invalid to exalted heights. For he knows that at last he has broken through an insulation that has long kept him away from the good old dirty earth. He can even grow sentimental over the dust upon his shoes. It is to him a symbol of all things rough and hard and far removed from the protected softness of invalidism. It is as meaningful as the first sight of land to a home-faring Columbus. To discover that he can dance again is like finding himself suddenly able to float away through the air at will, knowing surely that this time he has captured that old familiar dream and dragged it across the boundary into reality. For him a glamour hangs over all that he does.

He moves about in a little private heaven of his own, where he rejoices over the motion of his body, the pressure of weight upon his feet, the privilege of changing from hour to hour the physical objects spread before his eyes and serving as a background for his thoughts. He even glories in hardships, in the exertion and roughness of hard physical labor and the muscle weariness that comes after it.

He who has taken up his bed and walked, like the man who has been blind and now can see again, actually possesses only the common tools of living that other men have always had, but because of that alone he crowns himself with a vaunting joy that lifelong victims of vulgar good health can only attain through lofty achievements.

Paradoxically, though he remembers his term in bed as a pleasant release from the drive and hurry of living, as he draws further and further away from it and becomes more and more a member of that great human swarm that works and plays so eagerly and knows not why, he develops an ever-increasing dread of a forced return to the old slothful ways. He outgrows the narrow boundaries within which he had learned to live, and acquires again a taste for action. And, since his appreciation of every activity is vastly increased, it is not so unreasonable that he should dread the thought of losing them again.

Richard Halliburton in his *Royal Road to Romance* describes his feelings when looking into the face of death in the shape of a cobra at his feet, its head reared to strike. He says, 'There was no fear of death, but utter despair at leaving all that is life.' And when the danger was past he 'crumpled up in a convenient mud puddle. But, oh, what nice mud it was, what lovely rich brown mud. It oozed through my fingers; I could feel its warmth and stickiness. . . . Beautiful jungle . . . beautiful world . . . beautiful life!' It is thus that the ex-invalid feels toward even the 'mud' of a normal existence, and he would go back to his exile with a heart-sinking regret, not because of what he knows he would find there, but because of parting with so much that is now doubly valued. He knows

> How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

THE JUNIOR COLLEGE AGAIN

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

In the April number of the *Atlantic* I attacked the Junior College as a backward step in American education. If unrestrained it would abolish the proud distinction between American and foreign universities. With us more than half of our college men are not aiming at a professional life and yet are ready to devote four years to cultural study. That is a condition unknown abroad. We draw no sharp dividing line between our scholars and our business men. All over our country are scattered men whom I call amateur scholars, men who have tasted scholarship, have enjoyed it, have become through it centres of light and leading in their several communities, and when prosperous — as they usually are — become the chief founders and financial support of our higher institutions of learning. These intellectual aristocrats, of inestimable value in our democratic society, are to be swept away; for as soon as the work of the freshman and sophomore years is done in Junior Colleges, universities will drop those years from their curriculum and devote themselves entirely to professional study.

I do not intend to discuss this matter further. I have said all I wanted to say, my aim being merely to stir up criticism of which I felt there had been from the start disproportionately little. The growth of the hardly noticed start into a torrent made me fear that people were accepting it as a matter of course and trying to be content. But I was much mistaken. A multitude of letters have come to me from persons whom I do not know and from nearly every state in the Union. Almost uniformly they tell of the harm done them or their children by a Junior College and express gratitude that someone has at last spoken out and bidden our educators stop and think about ultimate consequences. I shall not attempt to summarize their stories. Too few years are now left me for other work I mean to do. But one of their requests is altogether courteous and fair. They ask, What can we do about it? What means have we for checking its wider spread? This question of remedies I did not touch in my original paper. Here I will set down half a dozen brief suggestions on this single point.

1. Haverford and several other colleges pay no attention to the Junior College. They accept no certificates. Whoever applies for entrance to the junior year, no matter where he comes from, must first pass all previous examinations — that is, that for entering college, for closing the freshman year, and for closing the sophomore year. A single standard of quality is required of all who seek advanced standing. Junior Colleges will not flourish under such a system. They live on certificates.

2. Junior Colleges are expensive. They increase taxation, and therefore voters can directly control them. In a town near Cambridge the city council this spring voted $600,000 for putting Junior Colleges into all its high schools,

subject, however, to a referendum. A house-to-house canvass was then carried on by friends and foes of the measure. When the final vote was taken, it stood two to one against. That is our chief defense against this un-American education — debate. When fully understood it withers.

3. Parents as well as voters have the matter in their own hands. At graduation from a high school, usually at eighteen or nineteen, a boy or girl is in a somewhat dangerous mental state. The sense of his own personality has begun to assert itself. The desire to secure a large share of independence is urgent. It is a transition time between childhood and youth. To continue throughout it the routine training of the school is likely to stop growth and permanently cheapen intelligence.

On this point there is a reply to my arguments so frequent and so absurd that it deserves a moment's notice. Many of my correspondents urge that the colleges are overcrowded, and that, too, by the incompetent as well as by the competent. The Junior College is a capital place to put the former, those who would get nothing out of a real college if they ever went to one. Undoubtedly such a receptacle for dullards would bring welcome relief to the colleges. But who is to judge that these persons are incompetent, fit only to be shut up in outer darkness? Who but the candidates themselves? The decision rests with them or their parents. And if their incompetence is already plain, will it be thought worth while to spend time, toil, and money in aiming at a goal they do not want? No, the Junior College will be populated with pretty much the same average as the college itself, though I can well believe that after two years of it less intellectual energy may be noticed among its graduates.

4. The critical time in a child's life that I have just called his transitional period has received much prominence in German literature under the title of the period of *Sturm und Drang*. It is a period of upheaval, quarrel, and discontent. No wonder, then, that parents, seeing the one they love so upset, should wish to keep him near them and not send him away to college. I believe this to be a grave error. Lasting alienations come easily at this time. A parent will keep closer to his child at a distance than if near at hand. Fortunately my father was keenly alive to these dangers and formulated for himself the maxim that every child that had been properly brought up should be turned out of the house at twelve. That was the age — I think a little unnecessarily early — when nearly all of us set up life for ourselves. And it would be impossible to find a more united family. Home was always thought of as a blessed place. We wrote to our parents or to one another every week and heard from them as often. But we did not hear the continual 'Don't do this' of the home-kept child. Most of the evils of the Junior College can be best met by sending the child away from home as soon as he leaves the high school. In those next years the young experimenter will be doing much that his parents cannot approve but should not reprove. In education come times when it is best not to notice but to be simply looking another way. Junior Colleges make mischief through restraint.

5. Many of my correspondents suggest that a culture college offers superfluous knowledge and ask whether the small number of studies to be had in a Junior College would not be practically sufficient for most needs. No! Business in our day is not merely handing out goods over a counter. It is largely

an affair of brains and swift observation. A business man, if he is to rise, needs much more than acquaintance with his wares. In life everywhere it is the 'over and above' that counts and leads to power. Most business men who are without the broad background wish they had had it and acknowledge the lack as an obstacle. Of course it is an obstacle that, like most others, genius can overcome, but the hindrance is there. Do not let the brief list of studies roughly taught in the Junior College mislead parents into sending their sons there.

6. Do not be misled by names. All over the country vocational schools are springing up, schools where in a couple of years one receives special training in play-writing, oratory, business administration, and so forth. They are mostly useful in aim and are often ably conducted. Among the most valuable of them is that which equips a girl for demands of the home. Unfortunately these vocational schools sometimes call themselves Junior Colleges. They may be well worth attending for their own domestic purposes, but one must not expect to find in them a substitute for the first two years of a college course.

But enough of remedial grumblings. Perhaps I have taken Junior Colleges too seriously. Several of my correspondents allege that they are only advertisements for real-estate speculation. That is why they most abound in the least settled parts of our country. The incipient village seeks to attract settlers by declaring that it has all the 'fixin's'; as years ago, when a land boom was on in Missouri, Nevada, and Dakota, the prospector of a little township in one of these states announced that his 'city' had four colleges and the logs already cut for a fifth. I do not believe such practices are common in my beloved Pacific Coast states, but agree that we should look with a jealous eye on so-called 'improvements' in education. Mistakes here fall hardest on our poorer classes. We who are in easier circumstances should regard ourselves as trustees for them. We can inform ourselves and get the education we want elsewhere if not at home. But one of the chief hardships of the poor is that they are tied to a single spot and must take what they are told is good.

In defense of the magnificent American experiment of democracy I felt called on to stir up criticism over the Junior College. The unpleasant task is ended, and with a quieter conscience I may now return to my library.

THE FICTION OF MAJORITY RULE

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

I

DURING the fiery frenzy that accompanied the late war for democracy, an official in the New York public schools, pressing forward from obscurity for a moment into the white spotlight that surrounded the witches' gallows, declared that no teacher who had any doubts about the sacred doctrine of majority rule, that cardinal article of American faith, should be allowed to instruct the youth of the City. Not long afterward, far away on the Pacific Slope, a committee of five, appointed by a state commissioner of secondary schools, headed by a scholar of high standing and composed of sober and competent authorities in the field of American history, placed fourth among seven principles designed to control instruction in the public schools 'A belief in democratic self-government by majority rule.' By way of elucidation the committee added: 'This asserts the Jeffersonian doctrine that rule by the majority, while not ensuring perfection, is more likely to approach it than any other form of rule, and more likely to preserve individual happiness under law.' Advancing from this declaration, the committee laid down the doctrine that 'obedience to law . . . has its sanction in majority rule, thus providing reasonable limitations on individual liberty.' More recently a self-constituted society of poignant patriots, alarmed by the fact that American officials, from the president of the United States down to the village constables, are being elected by minorities, owing to the indifference of the citizens who remain away from the polls, has appealed for money with which to carry on a propaganda to drag the negligent from their offices and firesides to the ballot box.

As a matter of fact, is the doctrine of majority rule one of the canonical articles of American political faith, without which there is no salvation? Before this question can be answered, an exercise in definitions is necessary. Do those who adhere to the dogma mean that the assent of a majority of the adult population is required to make any act of the government lawful? Evidently they do not, for, until the adoption of woman suffrage on a national scale in 1920, most of the women in the country were ignored in matters of high politics; and at the present time the colored citizens in several Southern states are frequently disregarded when grave issues are submitted to the electorate for a decision.

'Of course,' the shamans of the political altar will say, 'nobody in his right mind ever meant by "majority rule" anything more than government by the majority of those who are authorized under the existing providential arrangements to cast their ballots in elections.' But on second thought this proposition as an article in the American credo will not hold water. No constitutional rule requires any such majority, and political practice shows that

the application of any such prescription would bring the wheels of American government to a dead stop. Again and again it happens, especially in elections on constitutional amendments, that a majority of the voters abstain from expressing any opinion at all, thus leaving the fate of vital issues to the will of a divided minority. Indeed, in the grand tourney of 1924, when the embattled politicians called upon the American people to save their country, more than one third of the electorate was indifferent to the summons, and the vote which elected Mr. Coolidge was not much, if any, larger than the 'stay-at-home vote' — approximately one third of the citizenry.

'Naturally,' retort the more circumspect of the political shamans, 'majority rule merely means rule by a majority of those who are loyal and patriotic enough to do their duty at general elections by putting their ballots into the box.' But the case of those who take this horn of the dilemma will not bear examination either. American government is not and could not be managed on any such principle. At all events it is very difficult to muster a majority of the active voters in support of constitutional measures referred to state electorates. Bitter experience with the provision requiring for the adoption of state constitutional amendments a majority of all those voting in some state election has led to the general rejection of this counsel of perfection. Only an extraordinary crisis or special campaign can induce any such portion of the voters to favor any proposition with their suffrages. Hence it is now the common practice to provide that state constitutional amendments and other measures referred to the voters may be carried by a mere majority of those voting on the issues — which majority is often as low as twenty-five or thirty per cent of the active voters of the state.

Likewise with respect to elective offices, the principle that a majority of those who cast their ballots is necessary to victory does not generally operate throughout the United States. Exceptions only prove the rule. Broadly speaking, it is the candidate who receives a plurality of the votes — that is, more than any of his competitors — who is declared elected. Such a plurality may, and frequently does, represent not more than one third of the total number of ballots cast in the election. Nothing but the existence of our two-party system prevents government by pitiful minorities — and that system is not a part of the law of the land.

'Quite so,' the very circumspect shamans will admit; 'what we really mean by majority rule is that in every case not otherwise controlled the candidate who receives more votes than anybody else shall be declared elected and clothed with power.' That, of course, is a considerable decline from the high pinnacle from which our triumphal procession started, but it seems to be final, frankly conceding the right of the minority to rule, provided it is a plurality. Alas, however, for the pure in spirit, even this doctrine is not of universal application. According to the curious electoral system by which the president of the United States is chosen, a candidate may receive a plurality of all the popular votes cast, even a majority of all such votes, and still be defeated. In 1876, for example, Samuel J. Tilden, according to Republican election statistics, received more votes than Rutherford B. Hayes, the victorious candidate; indeed, a majority of all the ballots cast. Hence it must be conceded that the Constitution of the United States, which, according to the Report of the American

Bar Association Committee on Citizenship, every loyal American must make as much a part of his life and religion 'as the Sermon on the Mount,' far from commanding government by a popular majority or plurality, actually permits government by a president who commands neither but has been duly elected according to established forms.

If one were in a captious mood, one might go further and speak of a system which gives to the state of Nevada, with approximately 80,000 inhabitants, the same power in the United States Senate as New York, with more than 10,000,000 inhabitants, or about the constitutional rule which gives one voter in South Carolina as much weight in a presidential election as fifteen or twenty in certain Northern states; but, as a distinguished Southern statesman once remarked, 'it is not necessary to make an ass of one's self in an effort to be logical.' So, without pressing the argument to the limit, by merely taking note of matters that ought to be obvious to every citizen, it seems safe to say that our governments, local and national, seldom, if ever, represent a majority of the whole voting population and often represent a minority of those who take the trouble to go to the polls. In support of this proposition there are indisputable facts which admit of no question in any court of law or opinion.

II

It is difficult to discover any crucial issues of politics in America that have been settled by a majority of the people lawfully entitled to vote. Let us start with the American Revolution, that process by which the independence of the United States was won. What proportion of the people residing in the thirteen English colonies in 1776 really wanted to overthrow the government of the mother country? History can make no statistical answer. It can only guess. At the outset of the quarrel, the most respectable characters, such as Washington and Franklin, declared that no one thought of revolution. At no time was the question submitted to the voters at the polls, and from beginning to end the members of local, state, and national conventions and congresses, which engineered the revolution, were elected in the most irregular fashion. To make sure that no Tories could obscure their councils, the patriot fathers, after the armed quarrel began as the result of an accident at Lexington, made a practice of excluding their avowed opponents from the balloting — a practice not unknown in other times and places.

When the statistics of elections that have come down to us from the Colonial and the Revolutionary period are analyzed, two cardinal conclusions emerge. The first is that it was very common, both before and after the Revolution, for two thirds of those entitled to vote to remain away from the polls. The second is that even popular leaders, such as Samuel Adams, when thundering in the forum and making decisions of power, often spoke for only about ten or fifteen per cent of the eligible voters. It is not likely that any competent student of the Revolutionary age will deny the conclusion of Lecky, the English historian, that 'the American Revolution, like most others, was the work of an energetic minority.'

Now let us take the adoption of the Constitution, which, according to oratorical lawyers, was an act of 'a whole people exercising its first and greatest power.' Of course, as everybody knows, the Constitution was not submitted directly to the voters for their judgment. It was submitted to state conventions composed of delegates chosen by enfranchised citizens. Our

statistics of the several elections are fragmentary, but those which have survived time indicate that the great majority of the eligible voters took no part in the adoption of the Constitution. In the hotly contested election in Philadelphia only about one fourth of the adult males participated. This proportion seems to be fairly typical of the country as a whole. On the most conservative reckoning not more than one hundred thousand men out of approximately six hundred thousand free adult males supported the adoption of the Constitution in 1787–88 by voting for it indirectly. Whether the number represented a majority of those who actually voted in the elections is even open to question. In any event, it must be said that the ratification of the Constitution, like the Revolution, was 'the work of an energetic minority.'

Passing by such minor incidents as the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, let us consider the War for the Union. It is generally agreed for practical purposes, leaving aside the metaphysical question of destiny, that the election of Lincoln in 1860 precipitated, though it did not cause, the withdrawal of the Southern states, and thus brought on the armed conflict. What the voters would have done in that year if they could have divined the meaning of their act is not known and can never be discovered, but it is certain that the election of Lincoln in 1860 was the work of a minority. In round numbers, 4,500,000 votes were cast, and of this total Lincoln received 1,800,000, the remaining 2,700,000 votes being distributed among his three opponents, in such a manner as to give the Rail Splitter from Illinois the presidency. Certainly the issue of war or no war, slavery or abolition, was not submitted to the voters. Certainly none of the candidates on any of the platforms obtained the endorsement of a majority of those who took the trouble to vote, to say nothing of the indifferent citizens. And yet by the decision of a minority, which led to the bombardment of Fort Sumter, Abraham Lincoln acquired a dictatorship which Cæsar might have coveted, and a revolution was made in the constitutional system of the United States.

One more case deserves examination by those who are alarmed by infractions of the majority principle. In 1912, owing to divisions in the Republican camp, Woodrow Wilson was elected president, in spite of a majority against him amounting to 2,459,000 votes. As president he started on a course which could have but one logical ending — war against the Central Empires. Even in 1916, when running on a platform of 'keeping us out of the war,' Mr. Wilson was 275,000 short of a majority of the active voters. What was decided in that year by this exercise of popular will is one of the Delphic mysteries, but it is certain that there was no majority in favor of any policy — peace, war, or friendly neutrality. And the war came.

It would be easy to multiply minor citations of limits on the doctrine of majority rule in its most restricted form. In fact, a complete list of constitutional amendments adopted and officers elected by twenty or twenty-five per cent of the voting population might be so alarming as to bring down upon the head of the compiler the benevolent attentions of the Department of Justice. At any rate it would give him a top place in the doombook of those who watch the sacred fire, in preparation for the next heroic effort to preserve the right of majority rule. But additional details would only illustrate the general principle that all the great lunges forward along the path from barbarism to civilization have been forced by energetic minorities, against

the indifference or the opposition of majorities, using these terms in the correct mathematical sense. With equal justice also it may be said that the backward lunges have been made in the same manner.

III

More than this. High authority can be found in the writings and opinions of the men who established the American constitutional system in the eighteenth century to support the conclusion that the majority of the populace is to be more feared than a monarch and that the rights of persons and property ought never to be placed at the mercy of a mere majority at the polls. Moreover, the frequent custom of requiring some extraordinary process for the adoption of constitutional provisions is evidence that the fear of mere majority rule still obtains and that the American people believe in placing severe limitations on the power of the majority that takes the trouble to go to the polls. 'Constitutions,' said President Taft in vetoing a Congressional resolution to admit Arizona with her scheme for judicial recall, 'are checks upon the hasty action of the majority. They are the self-imposed restraints of a whole people upon a majority of them to secure sober action and a respect for the rights of the minority.' If the historicity of this statement is a bit clouded, in any event no one could call it un-American. Indeed, the gravamen of the case against direct government, pressed with such zeal by Mr. Taft and his fraction of the Republican Party, consisted mainly in the argument that direct government meant majority rule at the polls. If a minority, by constitutional provisions, maintains the security of its rights against the majority, does it not govern to that extent at least?

It would be easy to go still deeper into the substance of the majority principle. For example, one might inquire whether in many instances the plurality or even the majority secured according to the canons of lawful propriety is not a mere fiction. Let us say, for example, that a president is, in a given case, elected by a plurality of the voters in the manner required by the fundamental law of the land. Does it follow that the result is necessarily obtained by the plurality? May it not be sometimes supposed, with a show of sanction, that the said plurality has been induced to take its line of action by a minority superior in resources, more powerful in press and propaganda? And if a minority really induces a plurality or majority to act in a given way, then is the plurality or majority more than a shadow? Was the Honorable Elihu Root speaking without authority when he exclaimed, in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1915, that the government of the state had not been in fact the government of the constitution 'halfway or half the time,' that 'Mr. Platt ruled the state — for nigh upon twenty years he ruled it'? Have not several experienced American politicians of high standing declared many times that an invisible government dominated by a minority often operates behind the screen of the lawful plurality or majority? But to press this point would be to obscure the larger issue.

The real upshot of this paper is that, on the showing of the facts, none of the crucial decisions of American politics have enjoyed the sanction of a majority of the electorate expressed at the polls. Conversely, of course, such decisions and actions have been the work of minorities, even on the face of things — minorities ranging sometimes as low as twenty-five per cent of the voting population, if not lower. How,

then, can it be said with justification that the cardinal principles of American government include a 'belief in democratic self-government by majority rule'?

As the red tide recedes along the shore of international capitalism, it is probable that less will be heard about majority rule and more about government according to the accepted and established constitutional proprieties of the country, proprieties which look to the preservation of the rights of minorities in persons and goods. Frequently it happens that those who are in political power with the sanction of a plurality are pleased with the processes by which they arrived at their status, while those who are out of power hope to reach that pinnacle by similar route. But if, as in the case of the Southern statesmen in 1860–61, the decision of the plurality seems to be so outrageous as to warrant a revolution, the minority may not accept the rulings of the plurality. Such refusal, of course, is likely to be unconstitutional, especially when carried beyond the forum of the courts, and is usually inexpedient and dangerous.

Yet it would be interesting to inquire just where civilization would now stand if people of ideas, ideals, inventiveness, and superior intelligence had always refused to act on their convictions until they had won a clear majority of their fellow citizens over to their view of the universe. What would happen if all good things wrested from fortune by minorities were condemned as immoral and rejected by the righteous? The answer is almost as frightful to contemplate as a scene from the palæolithic age.

FIVE DAYS

BY C. STANLEY SMITH

I

In order that the events of March 24 may be viewed in their proper background, I will go back a few days to Monday, March 21, to begin this account of the Nanking catastrophe.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Smith went with me to the University. On returning home over the hills, we first heard the sound of gunfire in the distance. There were both the sound of artillery and the *put, put, put* of machine guns, so that we knew the battle which had been raging outside the South Gate was drawing nearer. We had been home only a few minutes when Mr. Robson appeared on the porch with the words, 'Bad news.' He brought the instructions from the American Consul to be ready for evacuation of all women and children either during the night or in the early morning. We were to prepare bedding, two days' supply of food and water, and as much else as we could carry as hand baggage.

I went at once with the news to the other members of our section, while Mrs. Smith proceeded to get the food

ready. After supper Mrs. Smith went on with the preparations for evacuation and I went down to our Ming Deh Girls' School to see what was going to be done there. Miss Moffet and Miss Null, who were in charge of the school, had repeatedly said that they would not leave as long as there were still Chinese students there under their care. I found them blissfully ignorant of the Consul's instructions. I returned home, calling three rickshas as I went and promising the men a dollar apiece if they would stay at our compound all night. While Mrs. Smith packed I closed all the shutters downstairs, tied up a bedding roll, and then we went to a sleepless bed. All night long the firing continued. It seemed to come from only a short distance outside the city wall.

At five-thirty the next morning word came from Mr. Robson to evacuate. I at once went out and carried the news to the Prices, Richardsons, Stuarts, and Lancasters. We planned to be at our local rendezvous by six-fifteen. Returning home, I snatched up a cold breakfast and, with a last word to the servants to watch the house until I returned, we were off to our concentration point, with such luggage as we could carry in a ricksha. When we arrived at the river bank we saw the sailors there on guard, and I was soon out on the Noa settling my family. There were many gunboats, Japanese, British, and American, lying in the river. I spent most of the day on the Noa with my family, and in the evening returned to the city. All was peaceful at home. The sound of the guns was still heard, however, and I spent a sleepless night listening to the popping of rifles and the booming of big guns fired by Southern gunboats lying in the river.

The next day Mr. Lancaster and I took some bedding down to the destroyer, and stayed there most of the day. In the evening we returned to the city, assured that our families were safe. We took a signaler along with us to the Consulate and stopped in to see Consul Davis, who advised us to be on guard during the night to protect mission property. On returning to the Seminary, we held a conference of those who lived in the compound. Word came from the Consul ordering the concentration of all the foreigners. I went to Severance Hall Bible School and Ming Deh School to see Miss Lee, Miss Moffet, and Miss Null. They refused, however, to leave their schools, so we decided to concentrate on two centres, the Theological Seminary and the Ming Deh School. Ming Deh was already full of refugees seeking safety from Northern looters. Dr. Stuart and I returned home to guard our houses for the night. Dr. Rowe was at his home, Dr. Plopper at Miss Lyons's school, while Dr. Price and Dr. Richardson were guarding their own homes and the Seminary. We went to an anxious night of wakeful waiting. The gunfire was not so bad as on the previous night.

I was awakened on Thursday morning about daybreak, just as I was dropping off to sleep, by the sound of rifle fire close by. I thought it was from retreating Northern soldiers, but learned later that it was the looting of the Catholic Church and the murder of two foreign priests. I lay awake until about seven o'clock, experiencing the greatest sensation of physical fear that I had ever known. On arising, I looked out of the window toward the Seminary and saw Southern flags flying from the gateway, and I knew that the South had arrived. I saw two ladies walking freely about the Seminary compound as though they had nothing to fear. The students were getting ready to welcome the Southern army. Many

flags appeared that had been in hiding.

During breakfast Dr. Stuart came in and we congratulated each other on the arrival of the Southern army without any looting by the Northerners in our district. I agreed to stop by for him in a few minutes and go over to the Seminary to see how things were there. When I went out on the street, however, students came running out and urged me to go back to my house, as it was dangerous to be on the street. On my return home the servants excitedly told me of the looting and murder at the Catholic Church. The Seminary students started out with flags and banners to welcome the incoming Southern army, and I went to the gate to see them go by, joking with the people who stood around the gate. Everybody seemed relieved; the refugees were all leaving the Seminary compound and we thought our troubles were over so far as looting was concerned. I urged my servants to join in the parade to welcome the Southern army. Fortunately for me, they were not eager to do so!

Shortly after the students had gone, there was the sound of shooting at the Seminary. I hurried to the window and saw a group of some six soldiers running from our Hansimen Road gate toward the East Dormitory, shooting into the air as they ran and ordering the refugees out of the compound. They burst into the East Dormitory, shooting inside the building, followed by the civilian rabble. Soon there was the sound of the smashing of furniture. The students' things were not immune, and I saw a soldier making off with the bicycle of one of the ardent members of the Kuomintang. The students who had not joined the parade crowded into the West Dormitory, which I understand was not looted.

Shooting inside the East Dormitory continued for some time. Then I saw the soldiers enter Dr. Price's house, and soon the mob was looting all his belongings. I saw one soldier attacking Dr. Price. He struck him with his rifle and hit him on the head, knocking off his hat. Someone attempted to interfere. (Dr. Price told me afterward that it was his cook, who seized a soldier's gun in an endeavor to save him. Old L—— T——, the coolie, bowed to the ground before the fiend, imploring him to save Dr. Price's life.) I watched the soldier for a long time worrying Dr. Price as a dog does a rat he is about to kill. (Dr. Price told me later that this particular soldier hung around him for six hours trying to kill him, but that in some miraculous way he was hindered each time.) The last I saw of Dr. Price, he was being rushed away by a soldier through the Seminary gate. My faithful coolie and amah, who rushed in a few minutes later to implore me to flee, urged as a reason that Dr. Williams had been shot and Dr. Price taken out to the South Gate to be killed. (Dr. Price told me later that he was taken down to the home of one of the wealthier Chinese Christians in an endeavor to secure five hundred dollars as ransom money to buy off the soldier who was seeking his life.)

From Dr. Price's home the soldiers and the mob went to Dr. Richardson's home. Dr. Richardson saw them coming and, running out the back door, he jumped down from the porch and hid in the servants' quarters until he was rescued the next day. I saw the doors and windows of the Richardson house smashed, and the mob poured in, soon to reappear laden with their rich plunder. While the Price and Richardson houses were being looted, I went from window to window, upstairs and down, to see whether the Lancaster and Stuart houses had been attacked. It is interesting that although my gate was unlocked all this time, and there were

many people waiting outside, not one of the mob dared to enter until the soldiers had first come in. Knowing that my turn was coming at any moment now, and remembering the fate of the student's bicycle, I foolishly attempted to hide my wheel in an upstairs clothespress. The clothespress was too small, so I had to leave it standing in the room. The next time I entered, it was gone. I also hid my gold watch and a small sum of money in a drawer under the window seat in the sitting room, but this was soon looted.

Returning upstairs to see how the Seminary was faring, I saw my shotgun and a small twenty-two calibre rifle standing in the corner of the room. I quickly hid them in a back closet, thinking that they might thus escape notice. Remembering a small revolver in my bureau drawer, I took it out and flung it up on a shelf of the clothespress. Although these guns were all taken later, it was fortunate for me that I had them out of sight when the soldiers came, and especially that I did not have the revolver on my person, for the first thing they asked me was whether I had a revolver. Taking them to mean on my person, I was able to reply, 'No.' The hiding of the small sum of money was fortunate also, because it left me with only five dollars in my pocket. When I gave this to the first group of soldiers who demanded money, it seemed to have the same effect as giving the proper change to a ricksha man. It was enough to satisfy them for the moment, and did not arouse their greed.

II

When my coolie and amah, both servants of years' standing, came in and begged me to flee, they brought a long blue Chinese gown, and they almost pulled off my overcoat in their eagerness to have me put on this garment and escape while there was yet a chance. I was probably foolish not to heed their advice. I think I could have gotten away at that time and so missed the nerve-racking experiences and loss of clothing which happened shortly afterward. I could not run away, however, probably because I had heard that Dr. Williams had been killed while attempting to escape, but partly because I simply could not bring myself to run, any more than I could to hide up in the attic. I chose to stay and see it through. Even after watching the Seminary dormitory and the houses of Dr. Price and Dr. Richardson being looted, I could not realize that my house was to receive the same treatment. The thing seemed so preposterous. So I refused to flee, and my servants went off in disgust at my stupidity. I now went to the rear of the house to see how the Lancaster and Stuart houses were faring. I saw Dr. Stuart standing in his screened porch looking like a lion at bay in his cage. The soldiers had not yet come to his house.

My attention was now needed at home. The front door bell rang imperiously and I knew that my guests had arrived. I hastened down to open the door and welcome them in. There were four or five in the group and they looked like officers. They asked me whether I had any Russians concealed in the house and whether I carried a revolver. I answered in the negative and added that I was an American. On hearing this they said that America was all right and that they had nothing against Americans. They seemed to be in a hurry, for they soon went out. But on the steps they turned and asked for money, saying that they were poor men. I quickly drew out my pocketbook, in which I had only five dollars,

and gave it to them. They rather resented the smallness of my gift and searched me for more. They failed to find any, but noticed my ring, which they demanded. I hesitated a moment, as I prized the ring greatly, but when one of the men tapped his gun in a significant way I hastened to comply. It did not come off easily, and the men grew impatient. I feared that they would cut off my finger if I did not get the ring off quickly. I finally succeeded in sucking it off. Seizing it, they hurried out of the gate. I thought that in some miraculous way I had escaped what all my colleagues had suffered. I called to the coolie to close the gate, while I locked the front door and went upstairs to see what was happening at the Seminary.

My illusion was soon shattered. I had been upstairs only a few minutes when a rifle shot, followed by the crash of falling glass, rang through the house. Fortunately I was not at the door to welcome the party of fiends who now broke into the house, leading a ravenous mob, or I should undoubtedly have been killed by the shot that announced their arrival. A group of five or six of the most inhuman-looking beings I have ever laid eyes on, with faces distorted by rage and hatred, gathered about me, while the rabble edged off to seek their loot. One soldier snatched off my glasses. They asked whether I had a revolver. I assured them that I was an American friendly to China, but such a declaration made no impression on this group, nor indeed on succeeding groups of soldiers. They were evidently after all foreigners, without distinction.

They demanded *hua pien*, which I learned later is the Hunanese and Hupeh term for the Mexican dollar. I told them that I had given all my money to the first group of soldiers. This only incensed them and they threatened to shoot me if I did not produce some money at once. I offered to write them a check and they agreed. It was evident, however, that they did not know what a check was, for as soon as I had taken them into my study and got out my check book from the desk, they seized the book and fought among themselves for the blank checks! They tore the book to pieces, as they did all the other check books they found in my desk.

All this time the looting was going merrily on around me. I had closed all the downstairs shutters the evening before, so the rooms were somewhat dark. The soldiers now proceeded to smash them all open with the butts of their guns. The doors were all opened or broken down and the rabble was soon streaming out like ants, laden with their booty. I saw one rather respectable-looking man, evidently not of the coolie class, take our Victrola under his arm and walk off with it. Another took my typewriter, and a third rolled up the Peking rug and swung it over his shoulder. My library was ruthlessly destroyed. Notes, lectures, manuscripts, — the work of over a decade, — were scattered to the winds or carried off to start fires with.

Things moved with such rapidity now that it is difficult to recall them in their proper order. My next recollection is that of being out in front of the house, confronted by a perfect demon of a soldier. I could not understand his Hunanese dialect very well at first, but I understood enough to know that he was bent on killing me. I protested in vain that I was an American, friendly to China. He was insane with hatred. Calling me a *wang kwoh nu* ('destroy-country slave'), he slapped me a savage blow on the right cheek. Curiously, the blow did not seem to hurt. I thanked him and told him to hit me on the left cheek also. He looked rather nonplused, but he did not strike.

Then he worked himself up into another fury by talking about a soldier who had been shot and killed a short time before in the Seminary compound. He demanded my life in reprisal for that of his comrade. I learned later that a soldier had been shot by one of his fellow soldiers because he had protested against the looting of the students' belongings. My coolie saw the man shot. The soldiers, however, claimed that he had been shot by one of the foreigners, firing from an upper window. This probably accounts for the severity of the looting of the Seminary and all connected with it, and for the fact that the Seminary faculty were threatened so frequently with death.

Having worked himself into a proper fury, the soldier now struck me on the right side of the chest with the butt of his gun. I offered my left side for another stroke. Again he failed to repeat the blow. He now changed his tactics and demanded that I be tied up and taken off to be shot in reprisal for the death of the soldier. I put my hands together in front of me to be tied, but he seized my wrist and turned my arm behind my back until it hurt. No one offered to help him, so he let go for a moment. He still insisted, however, so to satisfy him I picked up a coolie's belt which I saw lying at my feet, and, wrapping one end around my wrist, I offered him the other end, telling him to tie me up. He did not do so. At this point something diverted his attention and I was free for a moment. I believe that in this incident and later my life was saved by putting into practice literally the teachings on nonresistance of the Sermon on the Mount. The fact that I also felt absolutely no fear of the soldiers contributed largely to my safety. I say this with no desire to boast, for I am not naturally overly brave, but simply to record a fact. I seemed to be lifted up in some strange way on to a plane above the brutality of the soldiers and the ignorant greed of the mob.

A young fellow dressed in civilian clothes, and carrying an automatic revolver on a stock, now turned his attention to me. He announced that he was going to kill me. All the crowd of coolies and others who had surrounded me during my interview with the fiendish soldier hurriedly scattered until they formed a kind of semicircle around me, with my would-be executioner in the centre. I stood on the sidewalk in front of the house with my back toward the wall. The fellow slowly raised his gun to shoot and I thought my end had come. I was not frightened, however, and when he saw this he lowered the gun. I think that the whole incident was staged to frighten me. As he lowered his gun I walked toward him, thinking that he was less likely to shoot me if I was nearer to him and did not present such a tempting target.

Several soldiers who had been ransacking the house now came out and surrounded me. I picked out one swarthy individual who, in spite of a face somewhat distorted with hate, did seem a little more human than the rest, and I engaged him in conversation. He said he was *fu-lan lai tih* ('come from Hunan'), and had come to Nanking from Kiukiang. This was always the reply of the soldiers with whom I talked — they were Hunanese. Under the influence of a few conventional polite phrases the natural courtesy of the Chinese race came to the surface and his face lost its angry look. He even grinned. I kept close to my newfound friend as the group moved toward the gate. They were evidently through with our house, which by this time had been pretty thoroughly looted, especially of such small articles of

value as the soldiers could carry away easily. One of the squad, the man who had threatened to shoot me, had taken my hammer, which he carried in one hand while the other held his gun. It was the subject of a joke or two between us.

It is remarkable with what calmness, almost unconcern, one can view the carrying off of all one's material possessions. I am sure that I felt no particular bitterness toward these poor ignorant looters, most of whom lived on the verge of starvation all the time. This opportunity for plundering must have seemed to them a veritable paradise. I confess, however, that I did feel deep disgust when I met a well-dressed man going off with our things. There were several such, and I took every opportunity to make them lose face before the others by shaming them with offers to help them carry out their booty. But for the rabble of poor folks I had only pity.

I think the anger of this particular squad was somewhat spent. At any rate, as we walked out of the gate and down the road toward the Bible School, they seemed to grow more friendly. On the road we passed a box of assorted tins of vegetables and fruits, evidently dropped by some looter from Dr. Stuart's home. Each soldier took a tin, and this gave me an opportunity for more friendly conversation with them. One of them took a knife and opened his — a tin of tomatoes. I told him they were not good to eat cold and explained how to cook them. This started the whole group, and they crowded around me as we walked, asking what was in their tins and whether it was good to eat. We were such good friends by this time that I walked alongside of my plain-clothes friend who had threatened to kill me, taking his arm as we walked and telling him that I was depending on him for protection! He seemed a bit embarrassed. By the time we had walked to the end of Dr. Stuart's wall the group was so bursting with good will that the swarthy individual stopped and, gathering around him all the other soldiers and the crowd of loiterers and looters who had been following us, proposed three cheers for America, in Chinese style, ending with 'Down with England and Japan!' In the crowd of those now cheering for America I saw one man with a weighty volume of Hastings's *Dictionary of the Bible* under his arm, while another young fellow had a couple of volumes of the *Century Bible Commentaries*. I hope I shall not be unduly criticized for putting such literature into uncritical hands.

III

After this outburst of good feeling I thought it a good time to say good-bye to this particular squad. So I turned and walked back to my house. What would have happened to me had I continued with this group is an interesting conjecture. However, something in me seemed to prevent my running away until the looting was all over. On nearing my gate, I saw an old man with a kindly face carrying off a lamp stand and shade. I approached him and sought to shame him as I had others with the statement that we were Americans who had always been friendly to China and helped the Chinese, and now they were treating us in this shameful way, killing us and stealing our things. The old man was somewhat taken aback, but in true Chinese style he had an excuse ready, for he stammered out that he was only taking them to keep for me. On entering the gate I did not see any soldiers, but there were still many looters in the yard and house. The storeroom had recently been broken into and many

were enriching themselves with the stock of provisions we had laid in for the long-expected siege. I tried to shame these folks as I had the old man, but they were a hard lot.

Going into the house, I found one man struggling to get the door open so he could take out his booty — our little boy's crib. I remembered that the Yale lock stuck a bit, so I assisted him in opening the door. I have forgotten whether he thanked me or not. Upstairs I saw a well-dressed man, not of the coolie class, but wearing a long gown and a foreign hat, trying to carry off the two ends of Miss Moffet's white iron bedstead. I said to him that it seemed a little heavy — would he not let me help him carry it downstairs? He blushed as I have never seen a Chinese blush and hurried downstairs. Later, however, I saw him again trying to carry off the bed.

I went about the various rooms, upstairs and down. They were filled with looters, most of them women of the coolie class. The floors were covered with the stuffing from mattresses. The iron grates in the fireplaces had been torn from the walls, the electric light wires stripped from their settings; bathtubs were wantonly broken, pipes ripped from the floors, doors taken away for fuel, books, notes, and papers strewn about the rooms. When I finally left the house the only remaining pieces of furniture intact were the dining-room stove and our new piano. The former, I learned later, was broken up for scrap iron and the piano was carried off to some mud hut. It was only an accident that it was not broken up for kindling wood as was many another piano. I am told that it is now being offered for sale for some eight dollars!

Our daughter Dorothea had a great collection of dolls. On my last trip of inspection around the house I found one of these dolls lying neglected on the floor. I picked it up and tucked it into my pocket, thinking that I should have at least one souvenir from our home to take to our little girl, if I should ever see her again. But I was not permitted to keep even this, for as I was about to descend the stairs, in an attempt at last to escape, I encountered another squad of soldiers coming in, to occupy the house, they said. They asked whether I had a revolver concealed on my person and started to search me. I think they used this merely as an excuse to make me take off first my overcoat and then my coat, both of which they promptly seized. One soldier saw the doll sticking out of my overcoat pocket and demanded it. I told him that it was only a doll which I wanted to take to my little daughter, and asked that I might be allowed to keep it. They refused. One soldier was grabbing for my sweater, and I felt that if I did not get away I should be stripped, at least to my underwear — as, I learned later, several men had been; so I turned and walked down the stairs. Why I was not ordered back or shot as I descended is a miracle. I was allowed to walk out of the house. But not to safety!

I walked straight into the hands of another squad of soldiers, who completed my humiliation. They ordered me with threats of death to take off my rubbers, then my shoes, and one fellow even went so far as to ask for my stockings, but fortunately he did not press the matter. They then formed a square about me and marched me off, as they said, to be shot. I thought they were probably taking me to South City for execution, as my servants had reported they had done to Dr. Price. As we started off one soldier grabbed my hat. I told him that the sun hurt my head and asked if he would not give it back. He did so. It was the one act

of human kindness on the part of the soldiers during all that morning of brutality and insult. We walked out of the gate and started down the road past the Buddhist nunnery. The sharp stones hurt my feet. We had not gone far, however, when they either changed their minds about killing me or let me go because they had simply been trying to scare me. From evidence we received later it is an undoubted fact that the soldiers had received orders to kill us, but for some reason they could not quite bring themselves, except in a few cases, to carry out this order.

So I returned home again. The looters were nearly all gone by this time, but the house was occupied by soldiers. I am afraid that I did not clearly realize what I was doing, for I intended to enter the house and should have placed myself again in the power of the men who had taken my clothes. Fortunately I was stopped by the sight of broken glass strewn about the porch and steps, and I was afraid I should be cut if I walked about in my stocking feet. I called to my coolie to come and give me his Chinese shoes. Several Chinese now gathered about me and urged me to flee. They took me back to the servants' quarters and hid me while they discussed plans for getting me away.

It was finally decided that the coolie and the amah should try to take me to the hut where the amah's son lived. The coolie loaned me his coat for disguise and we started off. As we neared the gate my heart sank, for another soldier was just coming in. Whether my disguise saved me or whether he was not looking for foreigners I do not know; at least he paid no attention to me. With the coolie in front as a scout and the amah bringing up the rear, we marched down the street which leads to Hansimen Road. There were many people about, but they were strangely silent. They looked at me curiously to see a foreigner in such a plight. There were no signs of hostility and no call of 'foreign devil.' When, a moment later, I stepped into a Chinese courtyard to avoid a squad of soldiers, no one told them I was hiding there.

This danger passed, we proceeded on our way. As we rounded the corner into the main street, we passed the home of our Seminary music teacher. He was standing in the doorway and I asked him for the loan of a pair of shoes. We stopped long enough for him to get a pair of his velvet shoes, which fortunately fitted me quite comfortably. He also promised that he would send me a Chinese garment for warmth and for disguise. We crossed the road, keeping close to the buildings in order to be as inconspicuous as possible. Suddenly the coolie announced that there were soldiers coming. I quickly stepped into an open door beside me and found myself in the hands of a veritable good Samaritan. Like the one of old, he was also not of the 'household of faith,' but was a Buddhist. This man and his family took me in at great peril to themselves. They led me into the inner recesses of their home and there hid me, bringing me tea and later providing a bed for me to rest on. At noon they brought me rice and cold vegetables and even went out and bought a tin of Chinese biscuits for me to eat. I lay on the bed expecting every minute that the soldiers, whom I could hear passing by, shooting into the air as they went, would come in to search for me. I was sure that some one of those who saw me step into the door would inform on me. The fact that all that day no one told the soldiers, who were plainly hunting for me, where I was is convincing evidence that there was no antiforeign feeling among the people of our neighborhood.

At noon I had to escape. My host

told me that I should have to leave, as a group of soldiers had just entered a house across the road and demanded money and clothing. He was afraid that if they came to his house they might discover me and wreak their vengeance upon him and his family. So, clad in Chinese clothes which had been brought me, I went out the back door, like Abraham, not knowing whither I went. Outside there were throngs of Chinese all about and I did not know where to run. There was a big mob in the street in front of Miss Lee's school, so that my escape to the Ming Deh School compound, where I knew Miss Moffet and Miss Null were in hiding, was cut off. I attempted to seek refuge in a neighboring house. No one, however, dared to shelter me. Finally, as I was about to make a bolt in the hope that my Chinese clothes would disguise me until I could find some other place of shelter, one old lady, evidently a good Buddhist, took pity on me and, remarking that it was a good deed to save a life, took me to a little hiding place in the wall. She brought bundles of reeds to make a shelter for me. Later they brought my bench from the house where I had first taken refuge, also the inevitable cup of tea and some of the Chinese biscuits.

I do not know how long I stayed hidden in this place, as I had no watch, but it was probably an hour, and was now about two o'clock. The people around me went on with their neighborly gossip, and although several times I heard soldiers passing by, no one informed on me. Finally the old mother of the household where I had first taken refuge came and told me to follow. She said that her neighbors were unreliable and might tell the soldiers where I was. So she led me back into the house and hid me in the fuel room, bringing me my bench and cup of tea and erecting a screen of reeds to conceal me from the cursory glance of any stray visitor. Then she and the other members of the family sought to strengthen my courage in true Chinese fashion by bringing me things to eat. They brought fresh tea, Chinese dates, and rice with cold vegetables. They sought to comfort me, reminding me that my family was safe on the gunboat, and that God would take care of me.

One amusing incident occurred at this time. Some of the Chinese had advised me to shave off my moustache in order to make my disguise more complete. I thought this was a good opportunity to do so and asked if I might borrow a pair of scissors. On learning my purpose they said they had a safety razor and a Chinese razor. They brought these, together with a small mirror, and I attempted to remove my hirsute adornment. I tried first the safety razor and then the Chinese one, but with no success. They were so dull that they could cut nothing, and so my moustache was saved and brought with me to Shanghai.

My host succeeded in finding a Mr. T——, a deacon in Hansimen Church and also secretary in our local police station. As soon as he appeared my prospects looked brighter. He told me where the different foreigners of our district were in hiding, and that some students from the University had just been over seeking for us, but that the streets were still too dangerous for foreigners to go out.

Shortly after Mr. T—— left, however, there came to my ear, keenly attuned to rifle fire, a new sound. It was a dull boom, followed by an explosion that shook the ground. Then, in rapid succession, crash followed crash. I knew now that the foreign gunboats lying in the Yangtze had opened fire on the city, and I was confident that all of us

still in the city would be massacred in reprisal. Later I learned that the firing was a barrage which the British and American gunboats placed about a house on 'Socony Hill' where some forty-nine foreigners, including women and children and the American Consul and his family, were being besieged and fired upon by Nationalist soldiers. The bombardment, instead of sealing our death, undoubtedly effected our escape the next day and put an end to most of the looting.

IV

There was nothing now to do but to wait until dark, so I settled down to spend several of the most gloomy hours of my life. When darkness fell Mr. T—— reappeared to discuss with my host what I should do for the night. My host thought that it was dangerous for me to remain in his house that night, as several people had seen me take refuge there and he was afraid someone might inform on me. Mr. T——'s house was already full to overflowing with extra guests. Finally it was decided that I should be exchanged for three of Mr. T——'s guests. My host did not know, and neither did I, that the three were ex-Northern soldiers, or he might not have agreed so readily to the plan!

As there were few people on the street we made our way to Mr. T——'s house without exciting any attention. Passing in darkness through the house, we came to a room where four men sat. Three of them were ex-Northern soldiers and the fourth was a Seminary student whose things had all been looted. These men soon went out and Mr. T—— prepared me a bed on the floor, depriving, I am afraid, some of his own family of necessary bedding. I protested, but in vain. I passed a horrible night of tense nervous strain. I could not relax; I lay awake thinking of my family and listening for the bark of dogs, which would announce the approach of someone along the street. The crash of falling walls and the barking of the dogs kept me awake most of the night.

At six-thirty Mr. T—— brought water for me to bathe with and told me breakfast was waiting. I had not taken many mouthfuls before the good news came that a rescue party was at the door. With a hasty thanks and good-bye to Mr. T——, who had done so much for me, I hastened out to meet one of the most welcome sights of my life. There, awaiting me in the field just south of my own home, were gathered all the Hansimen district refugees, together with Dr. Bowen, who had come over from the University with an escort of soldiers to find us. We must have made a strange sight as with choked voices and tear-filled eyes we welcomed each other. I cannot accurately describe the appearance of the party. Most of us were dressed in some kind of nondescript Chinese clothes.

Mr. W——, the police official, who had welcomed me with tears in his eyes, now gave the order to proceed, as a large crowd was gathering and there were several others to be picked up on the way to the University. We walked up past our house to the Bible School. As we passed our house I noticed that even the casings of the windows were gone. I saw Lancaster's charred house. At the Bible School we saw the remains of the old dormitory, whose walls I had heard falling in the night. The Y. W. C. A. secretaries' home and Mr. Robson's home were standing open and naked. As we passed them a shout went up and Miss Mabel Lee appeared from a neighboring house, dressed in Chinese clothes. We passed the foreign hospital, with its memories of loving service. It had not escaped the ruthless hands of the soldiers, nor indeed had

the Chinese hospital next door. And finally the home of Dr. Hutcheson, the superintendent of the hospital, had been burned. I record these acts of violence and destruction, not for the purpose of stirring up hatred and the spirit of revenge, but that a true picture may be drawn of the events of that day of horror and heroism.

We found the University buildings intact, with the exception of a few panes of glass. Credit for saving the University must be given to the students, who many times risked their lives to protect the property and lives of foreign professors. All the members of the University group and those who had been rescued from other districts were gathered on the upper floor of Bailie Hall. Now there took place here such a reunion as it is impossible to describe, for one's eyes moisten and one's throat tightens at the memory of it. Here we saw Mrs. Williams lying on a cot in one corner of the room, bearing up in a wonderful way under the shock of Dr. Williams's sudden death. In another room I found Miss Moffet, the secretary-treasurer of our mission, who with Miss Null had bravely remained behind when the women and children had been evacuated in order to protect the girl students at Ming Deh who were unable to get back to their homes. She had lain with her wounds untended for nearly twelve hours, covered up with straw in a workman's hut, and had only been brought to the University about midnight the night before. She looked wan and pale, but still kept her sense of humor and her cheerful smile. In this room was also aged Mrs. Brenton, mother of Dr. Pryor, who had been carried Wednesday night from her sick bed at the Methodist Academy to Dr. Bowen's home, and who went through some horrible experiences there at the hands of the soldiers. Here too I saw Mrs. Singleterry and Mrs. Pickens with their newly born babies. They had been brought over from the foreign hospital, after being robbed of all their personal belongings while lying helpless in bed. Nearly everyone there had been robbed by the soldiers of all money, watches, and jewelry; and most of them had escaped with only the clothing on their backs.

As the afternoon wore on and we were still not on our way out of the city of terror, our anxiety increased. At four o'clock, however, word came that we should be ready to move immediately. We were to be taken out of the city to the gunboats under the auspices of the Red Swastika Society, a Chinese Buddhist society patterned after the Red Cross. We were also to have a military escort. Farewells were now said to the many Chinese friends, servants, and students who had come in to see us. The real affection and sorrow shown by the Chinese Christians were most touching, but even more so perhaps were the farewells to faithful servants. Many of them had risked their lives to help us, and all during the day had been bringing in things which they had rescued from our homes — often, it is true, things of little value, yet showing their desire to help as much as possible. Soon we were all ready, for most of us had very little to pack. The sick went first; then the women with children; and lastly the men and a few women.

That march of the foreign community from the University of Nanking to the river has, I think, never been equaled in history. There were over a hundred men, women, and children in the party — men and women of refinement and education, seekers after peace and good will among the people they had come to serve. The total of the years of unremitting service represented in that company — service to the Chinese people in hospital,

school, and church — cannot be calculated. It was the best that America had to give to China, and it was rejected, not by the people among whom the years had been spent, but by the soldiers of the government that had promised to protect foreign lives and property.

There were two defeated armies on the Hsiakwan road that memorable night of March 25. The one was looking back into the city — it was a part of the defeated Northern army. Thousands of weary, wretched Northern soldiers passed us on their way back to captivity. The other army was a division of the army of Christ. They were marching out that night apparently defeated. But were they really defeated? Time alone can give the final answer, but the witness of friends, students, and servants back there in Bailie Hall but a little while before makes the idea of defeat a really impossible one. The work that has been done in Nanking throughout the years; the lives that have been brought under the control of the spirit of Christ; the Christian homes built up and the churches established — all these belie the idea of defeat. A retreating army, indeed, but not a defeated one.

It was dark when we arrived at the bank of the Yangtze, and the giant searchlights of the gunboats were playing over the river and the surrounding country, making it look like a fairy land. I had hoped against hope that the report of my family's departure for Shanghai was untrue. But they had gone, and the hour of reunion with them was delayed for two days more.

The next morning at five o'clock I arose after a rather sleepless night and went on deck just in time to get a last view of Nanking as the destroyer turned down the river toward Shanghai. I shall never forget that morning view of Purple Mountain. Only one who has looked on the mountain every day for ten years, and who has roamed its slopes hunting for deer and other wild game, can appreciate the feeling which we Nankingites have for our mountain. That Sunday morning as I saw it silhouetted against the eastern sky, touched with the first rays of the rising sun, it aroused all the affection that it had nurtured these many years. All the feverishness of the past two days slipped away, and there came a great yearning for this city which had been our home for so many years, and which held within it the earthly remains of our little son — the city to which we would gladly give the rest of our lives. For the ignorant populace who so wantonly robbed us and destroyed the home which we had slowly built up with such care, there is no bitterness, but only a great pity. For the brutal soldiery who murdered our friends and wounded, robbed, and insulted us, there is also no bitterness, but only amazement at their senseless brutality and sometimes disgust at their savagery. For them, as for the rabble, we would pray, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' But for those who inspired and planned this tragedy and who have brought such disgrace to the whole Chinese nation, and especially to that new government to which we had looked with such eager hopes, our desire is that they should be brought to justice, and that the insidious influence of Russian Communism should be removed from the land. We do not believe that what happened in Nanking on March 24 really represents the Chinese people, but would rather believe that they are more truly represented by the heroism, unselfishness, and good will which so many of our friends and neighbors displayed on that fateful day.

FARM AID

BY GLENN W. BIRKETT

In Wisconsin we have an area at the head of Rock River known as the Horicon Marsh. A few years ago it was drained in the interest of agriculture — a sort of farm aid. Now it is to be reflooded — also as farm aid. During my first years of farming, right after the war, when urban industries were contracting and accepting deflation, one of the bulletins from the College of Agriculture was captioned 'Push Back the Brush Line.' In it we were advised how to increase acreage at the expense of cut-over and forest land. But for the last few years our officials pledge themselves to reforestation as farm aid.

Farm aid apparently, then, means more cultivated land and increased production; also, less cultivated land and decreased production. Like many another much-used term, it is not defined. To define it would destroy its worth politically. It is an excellent phrase to use in political platforms which promise low prices for everything bought and high prices for everything sold. By its magic the government can put a million into reclaiming an area which is worth less than a million after reclamation. By its aid appropriations are secured for stimulating production. But, not being a partisan term, it lends itself to appropriations for disposing of the results of stimulation. Its assistance gives freshly hatched graduates from the colleges of agriculture jobs showing men how to farm whose efficiency and taxes made possible the colleges.

Have you something to unload? Paint 'Farm Aid' upon your white elephant and show it to the County Board, State Legislature, or Federal Government. Your painting need not be clever; few legislators or appropriators have the courage to oppose the phrase alone. It can be used for high tariff for the manufacturer, because such ensures high wages and food-purchasing power of urban centres. But it is not incongruous to use it for low tariff, because such means cheaper goods to the farmer.

Almost everyone, save the farmer, believes in farm aid.

Land reclamation, always a major form of farm aid, implies insufficient acreage. Land resettlement, a lusty farm-aid infant, implies, in addition, insufficient man power. Agricultural welfare workers, adding to the confusion, proclaim a low standard of agrarian efficiency. However, add insufficient acreage to insufficient man power and equipment, to inefficient methods, and you have — a surplus.

This summer I spoke along this line to one of the efficiency raisers at the State College of Agriculture. He is a swine specialist with several degrees, so when he told me I did not see the matter clearly, what could I say? The one function which my kind must perform, inefficiently or otherwise, is to raise the taxes which keep those who insist we have too few acres, too little competition, and no efficiency.

The downfall of prices and consequent condition known as agricultural distress began in 1920. Since their

lowest level, prices have risen considerably, although not enough to establish a parity of exchange. When farmers were being hit worst, far less was said about farm aid than is being said now. Banks took over farms and imagined themselves secure. Farmers lost their equities, but publicity about depression increased when the banks learned, in the course of several years, that the farms could not be disposed of.

It is still the fashion to blame farmers for paying inflated prices for farms and equipment. What about the bankers who imagined a value where it was not, and who now are busy presenting resettlement schemes in order to create a market for land? Land resettlement is not being asked for by farmers. The twenty-five million acres of land which have been abandoned during the last five years mean many a Hilda Rose, but any government scheme to bring back these acres would not help the frozen-out, starved-out, and taxed-out farmer occupants. Any money advanced or project furthered by the government would redound to the present owners of the abandoned lands. A lawyer said to me this summer, 'My firm represents a number of people owning land in northern Wisconsin which they have had to take over as a result of mortgages. This land we cannot sell, it yields no income, taxes are a burden, our clients need their money. What can we do?' To him the farm problem is comparatively recent. The farmers lost, the investors also must lose, as in any business which loses markets and is overexpanded.

The disappearance of land from cultivation is in itself farm aid, but, being the result of economic law, it has no merit with people whose livelihood depends upon jobs correcting uneconomic results of statute law. The use of government funds and influence to retain or return submarginal lands and farmers is penalization of efficient farmers upon supermarginal lands.

The Milwaukee *Journal* of June 23, 1927, carries an item about a twenty-five-million-dollar land-financing corporation designed to thaw out frozen assets of the Northwest. 'Through the employment of Eastern capital, it is purposed to market and reëstablish values of more than two hundred million dollars' worth of foreclosed land in Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and Montana.' The twenty-five million dollars spent for advertising might let out the present holders of the land. Nevertheless the economic or actual 'thawing out' of agricultural land assets can result only from a warming up of the price of wheat, wool, beef, and so forth, to a point at which the land in question yields something above management, labor, and taxes.

Some of the hard-hit regions have a great investment in schools, roads, and courthouses; but such public improvements, costing beyond the capacity of a region to support, act as a depressor of land values. Their bonds, maintenance, and officials have first claim upon the products of the land. An expensive school frequently lowers the value of farms within its district. However, a region which has been boomed into spending more than it can afford falls back upon state and federal aid, by which taxes are transferred from regions of fair economic stability to regions of no economic stability whatever. Wisconsin now has a law which aims to equalize school taxes throughout the state. Based upon the premise that all children are entitled to an equal chance for education, the law tends to keep people in regions which are not economically productive. Our educators use legislation to consolidate schools and assemble pupils at the same time they use legislation to scatter and keep scattered the parents. This is

a fair instance of the use of government to create and aggravate a problem.

Late in August, a delegation from the American Society of Agricultural Engineers told President Coolidge their solutions of the farm problem. Among other things it appears that the farmers are inefficient. Possibly we are. Efficiency is another modern deity among words. It frequently means the efficient transference of an inefficient product. Unquestionably, according to modern business, a group which spends all its time producing and none in advertising and selling is inefficient.

While the government spends millions to increase production, simultaneously with its expenditures for figuring how to dispose of the results of overproduction, manufacturers use the phrase 'farm aid' to decrease consumption. For instance, Henry Ford is quoted as saying that the dairy cow is inefficient, therefore he intends to produce milk synthetically and relieve the farmer of the drudgery of dairying. Assuming Mr. Ford to be serious and not advertising, it follows that farm aid approaches perfection in so far as it does away with farms and farmers.

Then the tractor is listed by its makers and sellers as farm aid. The words 'tractor,' 'lowering production costs,' 'farm aid,' linked together in advertising, cause a displacement of animal power. I owned a tractor for several years. To me it cannot compare in efficiency, cheapness, and even average speed with horses. A tractor cannot stand adversity as can a horse or mule. If your power is grain via draft animals and your products drop in price, your operating costs drop in the same ratio. Your overhead drops with your curtailed income. But if your power is a gas engine and the price of farm products drops, your power costs increase, for, after all, it is with an increased amount of farm products that you buy gas, oil, and mechanics' services. To say that the converse is true, and that when prices of farm products rise your tractor takes less, disregards the fact that any comeback in food prices is followed at once by a vigorous and frequently successful demand for higher urban wages with their increased production costs to the farmer. Among other sales chatter used for tractors is that it is cruel to use horses. So we are led another step toward the goal established by Mr. Ford's anti-cow proposal. Another step toward perfect farm aid — the elimination of need for farmers.

Yet, in our many-ringed farm-aid circus, one ring is devoted to the clamor that the abandonment of farms and the exodus of boys and girls cityward mean a decaying civilization. In this ring are thousands of people getting millions of dollars to keep the boy and girl on the farm. It might be well to observe that urban labor objects to no cost which will keep it free from competition. This, quoting Mr. Swett of San Francisco, is one reason for Australia's farm aid, which actually subsidizes the production of food.

There are many of us whose sole means of living is directly from the soil who believe that we ought not to be hampered by government reclamation schemes and resettlement projects. We believe that it is unjust and uneconomic to insist upon overproduction. We believe that those who proclaim that we are inefficient should risk their own capital and labor to drive us out. And we believe that the use of the Department of Agriculture to stimulate production and the Department of Labor to justify underproduction is unfair as well as uneconomic.

'Farm aid' and allied phrases are sacred. Their function is odd. Briefly, it is to create, aggravate, and perpetuate the evils they propose to overcome.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE WHISPERING HILLS

YEARS ago I was taught that 'very' is a very bad word to use; nevertheless I can find no better way of describing Amzi Miller than as a very good man. I discovered his rock-bottom worth one day when we slaved side by side to quench a woods fire, and again when he presented an insufficient bill for threshing our wheat and oats.

'That wheat,' he said, 'was so bad it would n't pay for threshing. Still, it would n't have been right to throw it out, and you not here to say yes or no. So I threshed her anyhow.'

But the full measure of Amzi's virtue came home to me when I saw, on a subscription paper circulated to bring a resident pastor to our hamlet's sole church, the sum of fifty dollars opposite his signature. Now fifty dollars is probably a tenth of Amzi's total income, none of which comes in of its own accord. Moreover, Amzi is not a member of the church; and, being a bachelor, he has a relatively small stake in the godliness of the community.

When I congratulated him on his public spirit, he said: 'It's this way. I might not get fifty dollars' worth of good out of any preacher; but maybe my neighbors would. They're raising the children around here, and that's almighty expensive, so I thought I could go some stronger than they in raising this money.'

'In addition to which,' I replied, 'maybe you'll be needing a preacher some day to remedy your wifeless and childless condition.' Joking Amzi on the subject of his bachelorhood is one of the favorite local sports.

'I admit,' he replied with a grin, 'that baching it on a farm has drawbacks. At the time most farmers marry I had Ma to look out for. Later my brother and his wife lived with me. After they went to town I was too set in my ways to risk matrimony, even if a woman would have had me.'

'There's more than that to it, Amzi. A steady man like you, with a farm paid for, could find a wife in a week without ever setting foot outside this township.'

'Maybe so,' said he, 'but I'm choosey. And,' he added mysteriously, 'I got good reason to be.' With which my curiosity had to be satisfied, although it did not quite explain why the most dependable and, in a roughhewn, granitic, hard-bitted sort of way, the handsomest of my neighbors should stay unmarried in a region where marriage remains popular.

Some months later Amzi was helping me fill the ice house. While we were leveling the cakes and packing them in rows, with sawdust between, the other men would drive to the pond for another load; and as they had to go some distance we had plenty of time for conversation. Half an hour of work with pick and shovel and then fifteen minutes or so of loafing.

'I wish folks around here,' remarked Amzi, 'would quit marrying me off to this one or that. They talk about it, but they can't do it.'

'Perhaps they can, Amzi. Public opinion is mighty and may prevail.'

'They can't do it,' repeated Amzi, stubbornly. 'They can't do it nohow. Because,' he added, 'I'm waiting for a certain party to make a move. But,

mind you, never mention that, or I'd never hear the last of it.'

'I'll promise,' I replied, 'if you'll tell me about her.'

Though itching to talk, he was characteristically cautious. 'Not her name; I won't tell you her name. But I will tell you the circumstances, short and brief.

'My father was a great hand for moving from one farm to another. Before I was twenty I'd lived on a dozen farms. Then we moved on to the place that lies just under the Whispering Hills. You know the look of them from the road — just three small rounded hills, too steep for the plough, but carrying plenty grass for sheep. They're called the Whispering Hills because of the echoes. Whisper in certain places and the sound will carry to other places clean out of sight. There was some ploughland, but not much, because the sand plains begin right there at the hills.

'One rough night in March — after a sunny day the wind had come sudden, bringing snow flurries — I was up and around the hills well after dark to see that the ewes and lambs were all in shelter. When I was striking out for home I thought I heard above the wind someone sighing and moaning. The sound seemed right at my feet, but the ground was clear all round as far as I could see by lantern light. So I shouted, "I'm a-coming," and started to search. Maybe you've guessed it was a girl. You're right. She was lying in a gully, with the snow eddying and dancing round her. It seems she'd been thrown while riding through the sand plains about sundown; the city folks did a good deal of horseback riding out that way, because fences are so few there. Once down, she made for the road and, night coming on, headed for our lights. But her ankle had twisted and the going was plenty rough, so she had fainted from pain more than once on the way.

'I carried her home like she was a child, and Ma tucked her in our best bed, with hot towels around the ankle and hot sage tea inside her. Ma's first thought in trouble was always hot sage tea. Then I hitched up and drove three miles to a telephone to tell her folks she was safe. They came out in the morning, bringing a doctor. All the time I was on the road I could n't seem to think of anything else but that I had carried her in my arms a right long spell, and I was mighty proud of the strength that let me do it.

'That summer she rode over our way pretty often. When she came it was like Heaven opening and an angel dropping through. Her name was Marjorie, and she seemed to get real enjoyment by sending me to the right places to whisper "Marjorie, Marjorie," while she stood like a statue agin' the sky, listening. She tried whispering "Amzi," too, but that name ain't exactly made for whispering. Sometimes she'd bring a fiddle and play little tunes; the echoes did strange things to them. And other times we'd just set there, she making conversation and I watching her and the sheep.

'Winters she'd be away at school or college, but every summer she'd ride over now and then. Often talked to me about education, and how I ought to be going to agricultural school; but I thought not, Pa being restless and me having Ma on my mind. One summer Marjorie did n't come at all, but crossed the ocean to study music. When she finally showed up, she told me she was going to be married.

'"Well," I says to her, "it's a risk any way you look at it. I used to think maybe we could be married some day; but I see it's not to be, and rightly so, we being so different circumstanced and all. But there's no harm in my

keeping on thinking about you, is there?"

'"No, Amzi," she answered, "there's no harm in that; only good."

'"What's more," I says, "I'll be tied to Ma and the family for quite some while, so it ain't likely I'll marry till I'm well along, if ever. So if this marriage of yours misses fire anywhere or anyhow, Amzi Miller will be working somewhere round this country, wishing you well and asking no questions, ever."

'That's about all. She got a good man, worth quite a bit of money, and between them they've raised a family that's most grown up now. I see the young'uns' pictures in the paper one time or another. Last year she got her husband to buy the old farmhouse at Whispering Hills for a summer place; and after they've 'sperimented with the trash help you find in the country nowadays I expect they'll be after me to work it for them. So you can set it down that Amzi Miller ain't taking no wife just yet, nor otherwise loading himself down so that he can't make a quick jump. I would n't ask nothing better than to labor for that woman till I drop, even though hers is the worst farm, for farming purposes, in the country.'

A PRIMARY QUESTION

I LIVE in the tropics. Every day, above my head, passes the vertical sun of the equatorial regions. Throughout the year there extends an unbroken heat; day after day I wear the same white clothing, proved by experience to be the coolest clothing a man can wear and keep within the conventions. In April, when the sun goes north to the Tropic of Cancer, and in the fall, when he returns south to cross the equator, we have our hottest seasons, two of them; but these are merely intensifications of the always-present. The rains bring comparative coolness, but we still wear white and sweat (*not* perspire) at the slightest physical exertion. Along the water front, where the ships come to load sugar and hemp and copra and kapok and our other tropical raw materials, the glare of the sun is terrific. Some sort of protection for the eyes is a necessity — Crookes's glasses, or colored glasses of some description. A friend of mine whose work keeps him there most of the day and who neglected this precaution has only just managed to save his sight at much trouble and expense.

The effect of exposure to the unremitting daily glare of the tropic sun is jagged nerves. By the end of the day they are worn and frayed, and men do queer things. Even the natives, with their pigment protection against the excessive light, do queer things. This is the land where men run amuck, slaying right and left all living things that come in their way until they themselves are stopped by death. This is the land of the siesta, where not only 'foreigners' like myself but also the natives sleep through the midday hours, and the darkness of night comes as a welcome relief. How the natives love to sit hour on hour and talk in the moonlight, so cool after the heat of the day!

These general conditions of excessive heat and light are characteristic of the tropics. We learned this in school, of course, and no one needs to be told. But we also learned some things about colors that, in my experience, I do not find to be true. Did we not learn, were we not taught, that the inhabitants of tropical countries love gaudy colors, reds, yellows, and greens, and that red is a color peculiarly irritant to the nerves? For example, if we wish to make two people quarrel, we have only to put them together in a red room and

the desired result will surely follow, for the red color will irritate them beyond restraint. Does not red make the bull in the field chase us out of it? And does not red affect the appetites and passions, raising them to a high pitch of excitement?

But here my experience is just the reverse. I have noticed with surprise that, when my self-control is worn thin by the excessive light to which I am exposed, there is nothing so soothing, so restorative of calm and wholesomeness, as to be able to gaze awhile at a square of red cloth hung on the wall near by. And this red is no pale, incipient shade. It is the red of the red hibiscus that grows in the tropics; the red of the canna lily known as the Spanish flag; the pulsating red of that most gorgeous of all flowers, the double poinsettia; the strong, the primary color. It draws my spirit together, which has increasingly felt ready to fly asunder like a bursting shell, tearing those about me in bursts of temper as the fragments of a bursting shell would tear the flesh of their bodies. But the glorious red of that piece of cloth eases the strain as I gaze at it: the bursting pressure relaxes; the outer casing of my self-control is — as it were — kept whole. I have found it a *whole*some color; it brings relief without reaction.

Now the laborers in my *bodega* must find red affecting them in much the same way, for they love to dress themselves in red. Red trunks, red shirts — they are very popular. Sometimes it is but one of these garments, sometimes it is both. But they love to have something red about them, especially those least affected by imported customs.

When I was at school and learned that the inhabitants of the tropic zone were addicted to bright colors, particularly red, I always understood the explanation to be that it was because they were nearer the primitive than we, nearer the child state of the human race; that this was a mark of the savage. For the love of bright colors is usually taken to indicate an undeveloped taste, a discrimination not yet grown nice. But I have come to doubt the truth of this dictum. I have come to suspect that there are deep and fundamental principles behind this love of bright colors so characteristic of the sunny lands.

Red seems to be the predominating color of the tropics. And man, in his propensity for red, is only responding to a rule laid down by nature. There are flowers here in flaming red that are red nowhere else. The hibiscus is one. We have trees, full-grown trees as high as a two-story house, which, in the proper season, are covered with flowers of an intense red. Perhaps in other tropical countries the exuberant growth of plant life has produced trees with flowers of other colors, but here there are none, so far as I know. Except some shrubs with pale yellow flowers, there are none but red.

Now the point is this: if you travel northward, into the high latitudes of the temperate zone, you will find the prevailing color among the wild flowers to be no longer red, but blue. Even before I came to the tropics I had noticed this predominance of blue among the wild flowers of north China. There were flowers of other colors, of course. The wild chrysanthemums I picked on my walks among the rocky China hills were yellow; the wild azaleas were a lovely pink. But down among the grasses were myriads of small, inconspicuous flowers tinged with blue, like forget-me-nots. And, as if to emphasize them, the blue gentians bloomed in profusion. As one walked through the grassy plains, it often seemed as if he walked in fields

sprinkled with powdered blue from heaven.

Now in north China, although the light is remarkably clear, so that tourists to such places as Peking find it necessary to use an extraordinarily small stop when making snapshots, the light there is not so nerve-racking as the light of the tropics. Perhaps it is the changes of season that afford relief, the alternation of heat with cold, and of bright with the dull skies of winter. Perhaps from the same cause, the people are not so nervous; they are more stolid and steady-going. And the color almost universally affected by the Chinese for clothing is not red, but blue.

Nature, it appears, has zoned her colors to correspond with climate, and man's predilections respond. I wish some capable scientists could explain this. Meanwhile, I have to be content with my own unlearned explanation, though it runs counter to the usual.

Red, as we know, is a color of low vibrations, the lowest in the visible spectrum. Why Nature has colored the flowers of the tropics a prevailing red I do not know. But in so doing she has given tropical man a valuable hint. When, his nerves racked by exposure to excessive light, he feels his self-control disintegrating under the bombardment, he has only to turn his eyes to the bright red flowers Nature has provided and he feels his self-command restored. He is made whole again by the low vibrations proceeding from that pulsating color, which offset and nullify those of the harmful violet rays. Thus Nature provides and offers him relief, that he may live. Tropical man has found the medicine good and has accepted it gratefully. He makes use of it and plants his garden with red flowers; he clothes himself in red; he puts red in his house, making pillows and curtains, or simple hangings, of it. And thus man finds relief for that part of him which suffers most in the tropics, his nerves.

All around the earth, in the region of the equator, live peoples who love red. In that predilection for the flaming color are they betraying a lack of taste and discrimination, or are they pointing a lesson in things we have not thought of before? And when we so glibly quote axioms on the physiological and psychological effects of color, ought we not first to ask, Where do you live?

WHEN 'THE PIPER' WON THE PRIZE

In April, in 1921, Josephine Preston Peabody was entreated by fellow guests at a luncheon given in her honor to relate the story of winning the Stratford-on-Avon prize with her play, *The Piper*. The tale is so wholly charming, so directly out of the fairy land in which her mind played as by nature, that it should not be lost. This report, made by one of the guests and reviewed and amended by the husband in the story, is set down, as nearly as may be, in her own words.

She said, 'I did not see the notice of the Stratford-on-Avon prize until shortly before the expiration of the time limit set by the committee. My play, *The Piper*, was then in print, but had not yet been published — that is, it had not been announced in the press or put on sale. I cabled to know if, under the conditions, I might send it to enter in competition for the prize, and, receiving an immediate reply that I might, I did. Then followed a long, trying period of waiting, made the more difficult by the fact that I was for many weeks held prisoner in a hospital bed. My little son had arrived, but with attending circumstances that kept me in weariness and pain for an exasperating number of days. At length a

cablegram came stating that, out of 315 plays submitted, the committee had selected seven. This did not seem very promising, yet the question persisted, Why had they cabled me?

'Presently a second message announced that the committee had reduced the number from seven to two, of which *The Piper* was one, and that the plays had been sent to the Duke of Connaught, who would make the final choice. This was most exciting, and further waiting seemed too trying to be endured.

'In the olden times, in New England, our ancestors sometimes used the Bible in a necromantic way, requiring of it prophetic answers to set questions. They would hold the Book in their hands, ask it a question, open it at random, place a finger on a verse without looking at it, and then interpret what they found in terms of the question asked. My grandmother had told me of curious and surprising results. Remembering this, I reached over to the stand at the side of my bed and picked up a tiny copy of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, one of a miniature edition of the plays belonging to a set I had purchased in Stratford three years before. I held the little volume between my palms and said, "O little book, what is going to happen?" Then I slipped my finger between the pages, pressed it against a random verse, and read, "Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace."

'The reference to the Duke was most happy, delighting me with its suggestion of postprandial content. The whole passage was surely prophetic; but when my husband came, and I had told him, he took the volume, turned the page, and completed the message. He read, "Every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, *our play is preferred.*"

'And then, a few days later, a cabled message reported that *The Piper* had been preferred, though it did not use the Shakespearean words to tell me so. Urgent messages followed, asking that I come over to England to assist in the rehearsing of the play, to attend its presentation, and to receive the prize.

'At first it seemed as though the journey would be an impossibility for me, but my husband and I, with our two babies and a nurse, crossed the ocean. Fortunately my husband's family live in England and we could leave the wee ones with them and go to Stratford ourselves. There I was shown every consideration and all courtesy. I remember with particular gratitude the generous praise of the critics and the press, who would, presumably, have preferred that an English writer should take the prize.

'The play was presented in the afternoon. I was given the seat of honor, in the box at the right of the stage. The audience was as cordial as the press and the critics had been, and I, unused to publicity, was almost overcome with gratitude and joy; but the best moment came later. You remember that the Memorial Theatre has a window so large that it occupies the end of the building and opens upon a panorama of the Avon River and the church, in the distance, where you are forbidden to dig certain dust. When the play had begun and I knew that it held the thought and the heart of the audience, that they had forgotten me, I sat all by myself, as it were, looking up the quiet river to his church. Then came to me the moment of purest creative joy of my life!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

As a political and social philosopher **Samuel Strauss** will be remembered. For years he was publisher of the *New York Globe*. Later he wrote and printed a little journal of personal philosophy, *The Villager*, extraordinary in the freshness of its observation. To-day he is an absentee Iowa farmer living near New York, and, as his writings indicate, emphatically discontented with the tyranny which Things have come to exert over the modern spirit. ¶A New York lawyer, **M'Cready Sykes** seeks an answer to that question which, more than any other, is agitating conscientious parents. **Grace Zaring Stone** is the wife of a United States naval officer now serving with the Yangtze Patrol. ¶In recent years **Mark M. Jones** has centred his attention upon problems of organization and management in large industries, and in certain international religious movements. Constructively, we think, he applies business methods to the activities of a vast and manifold enterprise.

* * *

One of the younger literary generation, **Joseph Wood Krutch**, formerly of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia University, has faced disillusion 'in a time haunted by ghosts of a dead world and not yet at home in its own.' His essay is a companion piece to his acute analysis of 'The Modern Temper,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for February. ¶After so reasoned a struggle with 'thoughts to try men's souls' it is refreshing to turn to **Agnes Repplier's** account of collective unreason, equally indulged in, we note, by both sexes. **R. S.** is a Harvard sonneteer who makes his first appearance in our pages. **Edwin Muir** is a young English writer whose critical studies, *Transition* and *Latitudes*, have helped to unlock the door of many modern mysteries. **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart**, military critic of the *London Telegraph*, has not confined his attention to contemporary leaders. He has to his credit a biography of Scipio Africanus, a study of *Great Captains Unveiled*, and a critique, *The Remaking of Modern Armies*. His present series of 'Reputations: Ten Years After' will be continued in successive issues. **Tacy Stokes Paxton**, a newcomer to the *Atlantic*, is a Kansas writer — and a friend of William Allen White's. **Roger Lewis** tells us he has a wobbling mind. We know what it feels like

* * *

Ralph Linton is captain of the Marshall Field Expedition to Madagascar. In reading his narrative, which we publish by courtesy of the Field Museum, it is well to remember that he stands six feet two inches and is broad in proportion. **Roderick Morison** is the most seafaring poet we know. As the editor in charge of the wireless edition of the *Daily Mail*, he has crossed the Atlantic well over sixty times. And he's never, never sick at sea. ¶Like many an Englishman whose home is where he hangs his hat, **Henry W. Nevinson**, a press correspondent of the first rank, finds solace in an occasional visit to the Mother of Men. ¶There are times when we all pine for a nice, polite illness and several weeks in a cool bed. **Flora McIntyre** has a philosophy for just such an occasion. ¶Professor Emeritus of Philosophy and for generations a famous teacher at Harvard, **George Herbert Palmer** took occasion last spring to point out certain discrepancies in the foundation of the Junior College. From the correspondence that came to him in reply he has selected certain questions to answer in his postscript.

* * *

Charles A. Beard is a professor of politics, an authority on American history, and a writer whose words, particularly when they also bear his wife's initials, may be taken at par value. ¶The **Reverend C. Stanley Smith** sends us his manuscript from the Missionary Home, Shanghai. ¶A dirt farmer with a good many Wisconsin acres

under his plough, Glenn W. Birkett tells us that his paper 'is the result of pains caused by the revival of Farm Aid.'

* * *

Justice

In the January issue of this year, we printed a paper by Clifford A. Tinker entitled 'Jinx or Jeopardy,' in which the author, accepting the verdict of an official Naval Board of Inquiry, charged Captain John H. Diehl, skipper of the City of Rome, with negligence in connection with the sinking of the submarine S-51.

In justice to Captain Diehl, we wish to report that a Federal jury has recently cleared him of all blame and the presiding judge has stated that 'the evidence proved pretty conclusively that the cause of the accident was defective lights on the submarine.' Experts at the trial, including naval officers, testified that the lights on all the vessels of the S-51 class were illegal.

The blame for the disaster is thus laid at the door of the Navy Department. There was a good deal of a clutter there already.

* * *

'Jalna,' twenty years later.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am sending you the ending to Miss de la Roche's very interesting prize story. I think we shall all like to know what became of the Whiteoak family after the celebration of 'Granny's' one-hundredth birthday. I believe the author will be pleased to know these facts herself.

Twenty years later, on a beautiful June morning, we are again at the Jalna home in Canada. Granny died the night of her one-hundredth birthday, of exhaustion. Nicholas and Ernest outlived their mother but a short time, and Granny's money eventually came to Renny. On this pleasant June day we find Jalna much changed and improved. Renny and Alayne live here with their boys and girls — two boys and two girls. Renny continues to be the 'head of the clan,' though the clan are separated now, some dead and some far away. The notice of Eden's death in California came to Renny two years after his grandmother passed away, and later Renny and Alayne were married and Alayne came back to Canada to be the mistress of Jalna.

Meg and Maurice still live at Vaughanlands. They have one son, Maurice, now nineteen years old. Piers and Pheasant live on the Jalna estate in a new house built for them by Renny. They have twin boys, Renny and Piers, and one girl, Alayne. Finch has become a famous musician and composer. He and his wife, also well known in musical circles, live in New York. Wakefield grew stronger and healthier as he became older. He won an Oxford scholarship, and is now an Anglican clergyman, vicar of All Saints Abbey, with a strong chance of soon becoming the bishop of his diocese. He is a High-Churchman, has never married, and will make an ideal Anglican bishop. We remember Wakefield as a mischievous little fellow, but notwithstanding this he always had a religious complex. Aunt Augusta is dead too. She returned to England, where she died five years ago.

Now we leave the Whiteoak family all settled and happy, each in his or her right place.

Virginia Van Pelt

* * *

Anne Miller Downes's paper on 'The Cost of Illness' has been received with sympathy and amazement — the sympathy of long-suffering patients, the amazement of members of the medical profession. The following letters are representative of the two opinions, and it is interesting to note that they come from the same state, where, incidentally, costs are noticeably lower than in certain other portions of our country.

Ohio

Dear Atlantic, —

Mrs. Downes's article, 'The Cost of Illness,' in the October *Atlantic*, holds for me a painful interest. I would rather forget this 'secret anxiety,' but Mrs. Downes reminds us that our problems should be viewed in the light of community interest.

We have been married thirty-five years. We not only belong to the large percentage of less than $5000 income, but we have never had more than half that amount. Yet we live under the assumption of being 'rich'! Because my husband's father was (for the then small town) successful; because, some thirty-seven years ago, my fiancé bought a good lot on Main Street on which we later built a pretty home (for less than $5000), we are 'Main Street' people and therefore 'rich.'

The allowance on which I run my home and pay all personal expenses is what any good hired housekeeper would get for *herself alone*. It is not hard to do now, but when we were bringing up

and educating three children it took management as well as economy.

The first time that I underwent an operation (in our nearest large city) I had not the courage beforehand to mention the cost. The surgeon, finding that we live on Main Street, sent a bill for $350. That operation is considered a minor one, and was performed for relatives of mine in New York City for $100 in one case and $75 in the other. Their income was as large as ours. My surgeon went on a false assumption, and my husband, from pride and inexperience and desire to save me worry, said nothing. I did not know of the bill until months afterward when the receipt came.

This false assumption of wealth comes from the fact that merchants are *supposed* to be making money. In Mrs. Downes's list of prices charged, those to business men are from two to five times those of the clerks. In our case, as in many another, no such difference exists. It is the overhead expense in these days that makes running stores so difficult. The outside investments that members of my family have made have been mostly disastrous. Hence, to-day our economies, which have seemed so queer to well-meaning, remonstrating friends, are as necessary as ever.

Figure, then, what it has meant when other operations and serious illnesses have occurred. When for five months we had to have a night nurse in the home, she received from two to three times the amount that I receive weekly for *all* expenses. 'Practical' nurses drew the smaller pay, and trained nurses the larger. Fortunately the latter do not get as much here as in New York City. The nurse's bill was only one item of the increased expense, but added to all the other sources of anxiety and sorrow, the cost of the illness was nerve-racking.

As nurses belong to a union which fixes the price, I see no help for this worry but to forestall it by sickness insurance.

Specialists and surgeons have seemed like hard-hearted materialists, but perhaps our acquaintance with them has been unfortunate. On the other hand, I have known some skillful doctors who seem to be filled with the spirit of the Great Physician. Their reward is greater than that of the almighty dollar. (You see I spell this god without capitals, for while absence of it is a hardship, its worship is disastrous.)

Most of the world seems so money-mad that I doubt anything will be done to stop this increasing cost of illness. If by discussion of it you induce some young people to invest in sickness insurance, or place a reserve fund inviolable by the temptation of bubble investments, you will have done a good thing.

M. F. J.

OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Undoubtedly Anne Miller Downes's article will draw fire, as it should.

On the first page we note that nurses are paid seven or eight dollars a day. In my country (Ohio) nurses are paid six dollars for maternity and medical cases. This is for either twelve or twenty-four hours' work. That is, therefore, twenty-five to fifty cents an hour. Remember, this is the rate paid to high-school graduates with at least three years' additional training. For contagious cases, when the nurse risks life and health, she is more than compensated by receiving thirty-three cents an hour.

Now we come to the harrowing experience of the poverty-stricken professor. This gentleman received only $425 a month for his labors in the vineyard. He could not, according to the worthy historian, pay $150 for his treatment. In my city I will find five men, men with at least three years' special training, who will do this operation for no more than $40. I myself will wager my last year's income that I can remove these offending members in fifteen minutes.

In regard to fees charged. I will quote from the fee manual of the Ohio State Compensation Board. These fees, understand, are those paid to physicians by the state for patients injured in any accident taking place in any establishment employing more than three persons.

Abscess (listed as minor dressing)	$3.00
Amputation, easy (listed as foot, hand, fingers)	25.00 to 50.00
Anæsthesia (hospital)	5.00
" (physician)	10.00
Tracheotomy (see minor operations)	5.00 to 10.00
Trepanning (as skull fracture)	25.00 to 100.00

These rates are construed as a fair average of those charged throughout the state. Of course some men, by reason of their training and experience or cupidity, are able to charge more, but then many, many more charge less. This last statement does not require proof. Any average, of a necessity, represents many more less than the mean than are represented above.

Now turn to the doctor's side of the story. 'You have invested a capital of $10,000 at the least.' This is only too true. My pre-medical work, taken, of course, after the usual high-school period, was of three and one half years' duration. This represented $3500 in cold cash. I defy anyone to go to a respectable college or colleges for less. My medical course was, as the law requires, four years in length. These years averaged me about $1400 each. The total to date then being, at the time of my graduation, $8900. Then came twenty-two months' interneship. This did not cost anything in cash, but netted me the magnificent sum of $225 — in addition, of

course, to my board and room. On the credit side, then, we have $225. On the debit side, $8900. The balance is $8675 in red. This is spread over nine and one half years. The simple interest on this investment for this time would be $2884.43. This brings the total to $11,559.43.

So much for cash. A man of the calibre to develop and hold a practice should, at the age of seventeen, be worth $1800 a year. If he applied himself to any going business for ten years his salary would be commensurate. Let us, for the sake of argument, place it at $600 a month. Of course he would not make that from the start, so $300 would be a fair average. Multiply $300 by 120 months and we have $36,000.

Add the cash expended, with interest, and the amount lost by absence from gainful occupation, and we have $47,559.43. At 5½ per cent this sum would net about $2750 yearly. But more of this later.

My income in cash is about $8400 a year. I have been in private practice two years. My office costs me about $3400 a year to operate. Subtract $3400 from $8400 and the net is $5000 even. Then subtract the $2750 in the above paragraph and we have $2250. Since I work every day in the year, we must divide the residue by 365. This means, then, that I receive $6.01 daily for my work. Since I am subject to call at any hour — that is, twenty-four hours daily — we must further divide the honorarium of $6.01 by 24. This shows us that I receive twenty-five cents an hour for my services. What day laborer will work for that? What trade-union would not declare a pogrom of capitalists if its members received only that much?

We lose 36 per cent in collections. This statement is compiled from the experiences of many physicians in many places. This figure may vary widely for specific locations, but on the whole I feel it to be correct. In the small town or village, collections must be almost 100 per cent. In a city the size of Cleveland I have heard that they run as low as 50 per cent.

A one-inch bandage costs us from seven to ten cents. A pad of gauze, not counting the cost of sterilizing, must be at least fifteen cents. Mercurochrome, the antiseptic, for 5 per cent solution, costs us twenty-five cents an ounce. Adhesive tape costs us from $1.10 to $1.75 a roll. Certainly dressings for forty-two days are cheap at twelve dollars. That is thirty cents a day. Try to dress a sore finger for thirty cents.

We do not need endowed hospitals as mentioned. No self-respecting person will accept charity unnecessarily, no matter how disguised. Better to direct our attention to the retention of some of our worldly goods, not using our entire incomes in the payment of chattel mortgages incurred as high as two years before. A certain amount of illness will overtake any family. A budget for this will release a family from all fear of that evil day. I think I may safely say that no honest physician, and most are honest, will unnecessarily burden a family with debt. We ask only that people play fair with us. If charity is needed, then it will be given. If only a certain fee can be charged, we will gratefully accept that and lay up the charity balance where moths do not corrupt, nor rust decay. Ask your family physician.

I am asking the *Atlantic* to use only my initials, since our code is very definite against any form of self-advertisement. If anyone is interested, the *Atlantic* may divulge my name, after being shown good reason for so being required.

Sincerely yours,

E. K. G., M.D.

* * *

More 'home thoughts from abroad.'

Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just read Mr. James Truslow Adams's article in the October number. It is very interesting and very sympathetic. Like Lowell and the American of fifty years ago who made every Englishman love the United States, Mr. Adams has entered into the spirit of the countries. He has correctly analyzed the meaning of it all. Mr. Adams's article may be read with profit by so many Americans. (I wished to say by so many of *us*, but was prevented for reasons that will presently be apparent.)

I am a Londoner born within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament and Buckingham Palace, of as noble a lineage as anyone can claim. Through my father I am an hereditary Freeman of the City of London. Out of that arises a grievance, which is that London is not a city like New York or Paris. The City of London consists of one square mile with a population of about thirty thousand; the County of London has 226 square miles. Our Lord Mayor's jurisdiction is strictly limited to the one square mile. We have our own police, the rest of London does not control its police; with various consequences: among others, that these alien police have licensed a flood of motor vehicles to ply over the same routes as the street cars, practically putting the latter out of business. Each of the twenty-eight municipalities comprised in the County has a separate government, with fewer powers than even small American cities.

The little City of London has a charter more ample than any city in the world. What the people of London desire is the extension of that charter to the County. The

existing anomaly is due to graft (of a magnitude that would turn an American grafter green with envy) and partly to political considerations.

Mr. Adams remarks on tulips and irises dotting lawns of inestimable value as 'real estate.' It may interest him to know that as coöwner, with less than one thousand others, I have the life privilege of playing tennis on any of five exquisitely maintained grass courts within the City itself, where the ground is worth over ten million dollars per acre; and we cannot sell because *noblesse oblige*, and none of us dare suggest a sale, although the law does not forbid. Those lawns have been there for ten centuries and will probably remain for another ten.

Curiously enough, while the Houses of Parliament, the Government Offices, and Scotland Yard are in the great city of Westminster, the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange, and the Law Courts are within the City of London. The alien police of the County capture criminals and send them inside the city for trial, where the City police force takes charge. No citizens control the County police. Not only the criminal law, but all the higher civil law, is administered within the City and not in the County. There are no superior judges or appeal judges sitting outside the City, but the public records are kept outside the City!

In Mr. Adams's excellent paper nothing strikes me more forcibly than his allusion to the 'characteristic remark': 'Why don't you go and live there?' Happily that is an innovation. It was not always so. In old times strangers were welcomed here with both hands and assured that with their help this country could be made still better. That was the welcome which made people love America. It is a pity it has changed since the war.

I have lived here a good many years and have often had to answer that question and answer it much the same as Mr. Adams. He puts his finger on the weak spot when he says Europeans dread Americanization of Europe. It will be a bad thing for the world in every respect when it is standardized and that is what Americanization means. Variety is essential and it would be equally bad to have the world Anglicized, Germanized, or standardized to any other pattern. That is what militarism implies, the militarism which we went out to destroy a few years ago. This country has its own great destiny to fulfill. Let it be America, the America of joyous idiosyncrasies, and let every other country retain its peculiarities, so that we may still find experience and joy in travel, and in every country find some suggestion for the spiritual gain of others.

THOMAS SUTTON

Medicine for criminals.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

After reading Mr. Edward Weeks's interesting article, 'A Criminal in Every Family,' published in the October *Atlantic*, I feel prompted to write you the following incident. I am writing it exactly as I heard it related by a Missouri tourist who spent the month of August motoring through New England.

'When I arrived in your town, I drove at once to the busiest section of the main street and drew up at the curb. Just as I was about to step out, I realized that a big, blue-coated traffic officer had left his post and was coming toward me. "Great Scott, what next!" I said to myself. "On this trip from Missouri to Maine I have been commanded to move on, to draw in closer, to get off the yellow line (totally indistinct), to blow the horn more often, to refrain from blowing the horn, to move faster, to cut out that speed. Now here is an officer bigger and broader than any of the others. What is he going to do to me?"

'He came up to the car, placed a powerful left hand on the door, raised an even more powerful right in a sort of salute, then he opened on me the sunniest smile I have ever seen, and said, "How do, sir. I see you are a stranger here. Anything I can do for you?"

'I hope that cop can read the language of facial expression. It was the only language I could use at that moment. I had intended to spend two days in your town. I have been here already six days. That which gives me the greatest pleasure — after the pleasure of contemplating the beauty of your seashore, mountains, and lakes — is driving into the village to exchange cheery greetings with your genial officers of police.'

LOUISE DEASY

EDGEWOOD, R. I.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have a sure recipe to remove 'A Criminal in Every Family.' I took the medicine for three days, so can testify as to its ability to make one righteous. Drive without a horn.

A WOMAN DRIVER

P. S. My nerves were restored when I had the horn fixed.

* * *

The positive defense of Paris is still being waged by military critics.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Marshal Foch has recently been quoted as saying that people are trying to prove that everyone except Joffre won the first Battle of the Marne.

In the article entitled 'Gallieni — A Reputation Ten Years After,' in the September issue, Captain B. H. Liddell Hart speaks of the attack of Maunoury's Sixth Army on the Ourcq, a part of the action known as the Battle of the Marne.

Captain Hart states, on page 360, 'And Gallieni pushed forward every possible reserve he could scrape up in order to strengthen Maunoury. Here occurred the immortal episode of the Paris taxicabs. The Seventh Division had just detrained in Paris . . .'

Captain Hart does not tell us where this Seventh Division came from.

The Seventh Division, with the Eighth, plus the Corps auxiliary troops, comprised the French Fourth Corps under command of General Boëlle. It had been in action in the region of the Argonne, many miles to the east of Paris. Badly as this Fourth Corps was needed at various points of the French line, General Joffre had it ordered out of action to proceed to the region of Paris.

It takes a number of trains and a number of days to accomplish rail movement of a corps, and the movement of this Fourth Corps was commenced some time before Maunoury's attack, in which its Seventh Division participated.

General Joffre would scarcely have effected the movement of this corps had he not intended to have it used in something more positive than a passive defense of Paris.

W. R. Wheeler

* * *

Those who read the Reverend C. Stanley Smith's account of the Nanking Raid in this issue will have an uncommon sympathy with this distant correspondent.

Unzen, Japan

Dear Atlantic, —

Living as I have for over twenty-five years in the interior of China, I have ever found the *Atlantic* a source of information on world events. It has seemed to me to present an unprejudiced picture of what was going on in the uttermost parts of the earth, and so it has gained my confidence. Now in my confusion of mind, trying to puzzle out what has happened to the press in America, what has caused the public of America to be so unsympathetic to the sufferings and insults under which their own nationals in China are staggering, and to be so extremely sympathetic to the Nationalist Party that is openly causing these sufferings, I turn to the *Atlantic*, hoping for some answer to my questioning.

It is true that I have never before gone through a revolution, never been in the midst of a country torn by civil war and in the chaos of no government but that of military generals. But I have for many years during the quiet evenings, far from the movies, studied and read all of the books that I could get hold of on the American Revolution, and the French Revolution, and the revolution now going on in Russia, so that I feel I can intelligently compare what I see going on in China with what has taken place in other countries. I think I am not prejudiced, for personally I have not suffered at the hands of the Nationalists, and I have many friends in that party.

To go back a bit to the time when the Sun Yat-sen government in Canton was getting its start, the youth of China, so often humiliated by the weakness of their country, saw a vision, and not only the youth of China, but all those who lived within her borders and loved her people. You will find the Y. M. C. A. Chinese secretaries strong Nationalists; the N. C. C., composed of supposedly the strongest Christian Chinese leaders in China, strongly Nationalist; the teachers in the mission schools, the pupils in the mission schools, the faculty of the leading colleges in China, the mission leaders, all pro-Nationalist, coming out openly, both in articles in the press and in bold advice given to the home mission boards and to the United States Government. Long before the demand for registration was made by the Nationalists, many schools had already been put under Chinese principals, and some stations had been turned over to purely Chinese leaders with full control of funds. This was going on rapidly as the educated men and women came from the colleges and from post-graduate work in America. Never was a movement started with such support from the educated youth and from the influential foreigners in the schools in China. So much for a background to what has happened.

Looting and occasional acts of violence even to people from a friendly country may be expected, but the propaganda in America has persisted in saying that this movement was 'not antiforeign or antichristian, it was only anti-imperialistic; that soldiers will get out of hand and we must not lay that up against China,' even when our consulate in Nanking was looted and our flag torn down. I would agree to that if there were only the one incident, or if these incidents were always the work of ignorant soldiers. As soon as the Southern army began to move toward Shanghai, the stories began to come in from sources that were unimpeachable. The C. I. M., which has many women alone in small cities in the far interior, has suffered severely from the Nationalists wherever they have occupied territory. Most of their property has been taken and the women treated with insults. The Y. M. C. A., whose proud boast is that they have from the beginning given responsibility to the Chinese leaders, have had their property confiscated in

Hangchow, in Changsha, and possibly in other places. Long after the soldiers have passed on, and when the civil authorities have taken control, American school buildings, American mission dwellings, American business property, have been looted, destroyed, and taken over for Nationalist headquarters.

Now for my first question: Why does the Nationalist Party, which was welcomed by the educated Christian leaders and by the faculty of mission schools, and which is so heartily supported by the leading American magazines, by American mission boards, despoil and confiscate American property, and close American schools? Medical colleges, the hope of China, have been closed, even the Yale in China, which had a Chinese board of control; no school that was a going concern, no hospital that was doing a fine work of succor for the community, even though in the hands of the local Chinese, but has been destroyed or confiscated by the Southerners. The protests of the local Chinese have counted for nothing; the local Nationalists have been insulted and put out of power. What does this mean for the immediate future of China? Can one expect law, justice, order, from a party that destroys its own friends? These are hard, cold facts — destruction, insult, confiscation, all along the line. And more than that, posters with scurrilous lies of what foreigners do to defenseless Chinese have scattered the seeds of hatred from one end of the country to the other. I have seen the posters, and they are terrible. I have seen the effects of these lies on the minds of poor ignorant laborers, and the anger of mobs roused to fury by lies.

So my second question is, Why does the American public, through its newspapers, leading magazines, churches, and mission boards, cry down the business man as though he were a criminal if he protests against the destruction of his property and asks for his rights according to treaties between his country and China? Why do churches in Philadelphia send a protest against the so-called 'bombarding of Nanking' and never a word of protest against the burning of foreign homes, the killing of friendly teachers, and the insults to American women and children? Why does one mission board even go so far as to call home one of its leading men on the field, and other boards reprimand their members, for sending true information to America in regard to what actually took place in Nanking? I am puzzled, but more than that, I am distressed by the position my own country is taking and the effect it must have upon the country I love, China. As Colonel House said in his *Intimate Papers*, the influence of public opinion has great weight, and can accomplish much. I do not want gunboats to force China, but I do want the weight of an intelligent, just, and honest American opinion to show China and the young misguided students that America won her place in the civilized world by working, not by talking.

ONE WHO IS PUZZLED

* * *

Cape Codisms abroad.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The use of 'tempest' for 'thunderstorm,' reported by Mrs. Phillips from Cape Cod, is common in England among the country people of the Norfolk coast. I believe that the East Anglian origin of many American peculiarities of speech has been pointed out before now. Here is an example new to me which I have recently seen in a pamphlet called *Reminiscences of a Norfolk Parson* (W. H. Marcon): 'The old word "clever" I've heard used about a *kind* urbane person; apparently it has no connection with brains.' Probably most of us have heard the same usage from old New Englanders.

I may say that in a delightful out-of-print volume entitled *Life and Sport on the Norfolk Broads*, by Oliver Ready, the Cape Codism appears in the short glossary — in this case as 'tampist,' which represents accurately the word which I have heard.

H. E. ALLEN

HUBBARDSTON, MICHIGAN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Our family is several generations removed from Cape Cod, but all of Mrs. Phillips's idioms except the use of 'tempest' are very familiar to me. I do not quite agree with her explanation of the source of the expression 'would like to have.' As she suggests, it is always used in connection with something unpleasant, and I think is just another way of saying 'likely,' meaning 'having reason to expect,' 'in danger of.' So the housewife who 'would like to have burned her pies' just meant she was likely to have burned them.

I wonder if you are familiar with this use of 'strange.' My baby and I went to call on my Irish neighbor. She greeted me and then turned to the baby with the question, 'Does she make strange?' This was a new expression to me and I puzzled some moments before I realized that she was only asking if the baby were shy.

MABEL G. LANGDON

* * *

What every woman knows

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As to 'The Right to Be Happy,' in your October issue. Dostoevsky, in his good but overlong *Brothers Karamazov*, says, 'Happiness is meant for men. He who is happy is doing God's will.'

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She went, this young wife, to meet her husband in Kashgar, through a Siberian wilderness in weather forty below zero. A woman alone with Tatar drivers, she traveled seventeen days by sledge, sleeping on the floor of Kazak huts buried in snow, with lambs, calves, drivers, hunting eagles, and greyhounds, living on frozen bread, brick tea, and boiled mutton. A memorable story.

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE *By Edmund A. Walsh*

I. THE PART PLAYED BY A WOMAN

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THE VOICE OF THE ARCHANGEL *By Walter D. Edmonds*

A new writer and a notable story. The canals in up-state New York give to a writer who knows every inch of them the same chance which the Mississippi offered its lovers two generations ago.

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Havelock Ellis needs no introduction whatever. In this article he takes up the history and morality of birth control, not only from the viewpoint of ethics but from the viewpoint of biology — of nature. Birth control, Havelock Ellis shows, was in nature's laboratory long before man started up drugstores.

WAR GUILT HISTORIANS — *By Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes*

The historians are at fisticuffs. We are naturally glad to see Professor Harry Elmer Barnes of Smith College and author of "The Genesis of the World War" clambering into the ring with all his doughtiness. Who started the war? — there is a question that has the historians in full fray.

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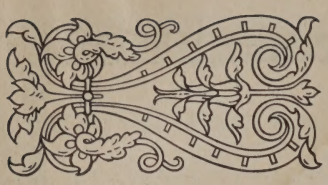

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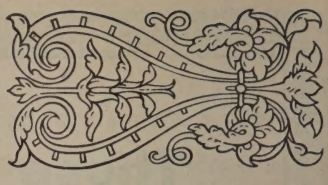

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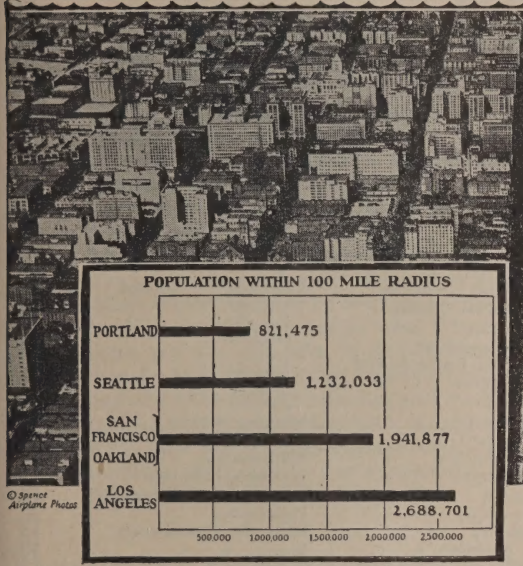

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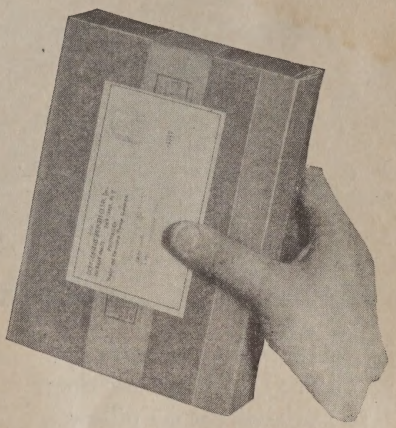

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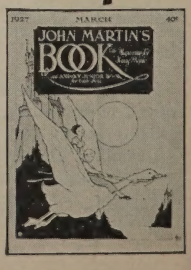

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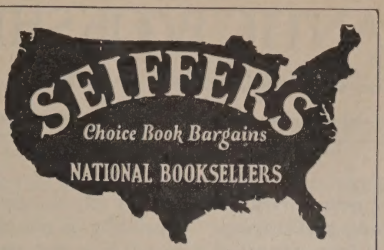

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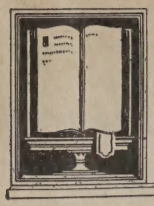

THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

A Blessed Companion Is a Book

Appreciating the national popularity of reading clubs and circulating libraries, the Editor of the Bookshelf has compiled a list of the most prominent books, fiction and non-fiction, that have appeared in the last twelvemonth. This list has been selected from the suggestions of the nine librarian advisers of the Atlantic; it will be sent with our compliments to committees and members of reading clubs and other interested persons. Requests should be addressed to the Editor of the Bookshelf, Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Dusty Answer, by Rosamond Lehmann. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1927. 12mo. vi+353 pp. $2.50.

> Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
> When hot for certainties in this our life!

In choosing this quotation for the title-page of her first novel, Miss Rosamond Lehmann prepares her reader for an effect of bafflement and inconclusiveness. She does not prepare him for the exquisite beauty that will linger in his mind far longer than the beating of wings, so wild and bruising, of an ardent young soul on its quest for certainties. 'Amazing' is a word much overworked; but it may be used quite soberly to describe Miss Lehmann's sensitiveness to beauty and her power to reproduce it. Whoever loves the earth, and especially whoever loves English earth, will drink delicious draughts from this book; for not only beauty, but the ache of beauty, is alive in it. The larch copse in spring, 'lit all over with plumes of green fire,' is not to be forgotten; nor the apple blossoms against the sky 'in a tender childish contrast of simple colors — pale pink upon pale blue'; nor the beeches which 'sprang up clear from their lovely symmetrical pattern of naked roots and climbed the air in one long pure lift and flow'; nor the 'frail-spun snow' of the blackthorn; nor 'the tragic light crying out for a moment at sunset.'

Dusty Answer tells the story of a modern English girl from her childhood through her years at Cambridge and a few emotionally eventful months beyond. At twelve, Judith Earle could pray fiercely, 'Oh God, let the skating last. Let me skate. Take not my happiness from me and I will love Thee as I ought.' At twenty, her only spiritual anchorage is in her own courage, and her power to look straight at her own acts.

Most refreshingly Judith, for all her beautiful sensibility, is not that supercreature sometimes found in a first novel, who gives the effect of being the author's highly idealized notion of himself. She is full of simplicities and ineptitudes. Mentally mature, she is socially infantine. In sheer ignorance she coasts closely and cleanly past a miasmic spot in her Cambridge experience; and through her own credulity and importunity she turns her passion for the magnetic, elusive Roddy into a memory full of humiliation and anguish.

The latter part of the book falls short of the earlier chapters in originality and in convincing quality. It contains, however, one of the most perfect effects of atmosphere, in the desolateness in beauty, the strangeness in familiarity, of Cambridge as Judith finds it after only four months of absence. Indeed, all the pictures of Cambridge have vivid and lovely reality: the Backs, for example; the buttresses of King's Chapel rising up in the twilight; or the sleepy wash of sunshine; and always the mystery. But on the whole the book is at its rarest in the early parts. The subtleties and the extremes that belong to a temperamental childhood and adolescence are remarkably depicted: the almost unbearable ecstasies, the scorching mortifications, the wild abandonments to glorious silliness — as in the skating scene, that apotheosis of the silly.

Over all the moods hovers that passionate and delicate magic of beauty, the quality of which may perhaps be suggested by this passage: 'All at once the sun, like a bell, struck out a poignant richness, a long dark-golden evening note with tears in it, searching all the land with its fullness.'

Ethel Wallace Hawkins

Henry Ward Beecher: An American Portrait, by Paxton Hibben. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1927. 8vo. xiv+353 pp. Illus. $5.00.

Mr. Hibben has based this study of a prominent American upon thorough, extensive, and discriminating research. He has investigated not only the documents bearing upon Beecher himself, but also, and very widely, the history of the middle nineteenth century, social, political, and religious. The result is a remarkable and brilliant character portrayal, certain to offend and distress Beecher's numerous friends and admirers, to delight his critics, and to perplex and dishearten the unprejudiced reader who would like to retain as good an opinion of human nature as he can.

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The portrait is human, undeniably. We have a sensitive, emotional, rather indolent, self-indulgent, yet ambitious temperament, swept hither and thither by all sorts of cross tides and conflicting currents of circumstance, preserving no essential unity except that of a persistent desire for success, distinctly preferring the good, but inextricably and again and again mixed up with the bad, and displaying an appalling ingenuity in blending, confusing, and misrepresenting the two.

Oh, yes, the creature, whether historical or not, is profoundly human, in his struggles, in his efforts, in his weaknesses, and in his success. Most of all is he human in the great climax of the Tilton Trial, the central tragic scene, which the unregenerate world will chiefly associate with his name. And here Mr. Hibben, while professing not to commit himself any more than the jury did, certainly leaves upon the reader's mind the strong impression that Beecher was fatally and hopelessly guilty, with a guilt that involves not only the crime of direct adultery, but, as he was situated, the far worse stain of a prolonged, deliberate, elaborate, hypocritical pretense of a virtue that did not exist.

For what makes Beecher's guilt, if he was guilty, far worse than that of an ordinary man is the greatness of his position. He had millions of followers; he held them in the hollow of his hand, swept them by his mighty power of speech whither he would, and then, if Mr. Hibben is right, betrayed them, and Judas's betrayal was not much more cruel.

Mr. Hibben's study is further deepened by the constant suggestion of the religious evolution that Beecher embodied. His father, Lyman, was the essence of the strictest Calvinism. But in Henry's age, in his life, and in his mind, Calvinism, the religion of Hell, was melted, transformed, dissolved utterly away, and with it went naturally the original divine personality and office of Christ, as atoning for all sin and achieving redemption, since, if Hell was impossible, atonement was unnecessary. In place of these austere doctrines came a religion of love, of fluid self-adjustment, self-congratulation, self-contentment. All was well with the world; the evolution of Darwin meant a beatific progress by which all humanity would in the end sing itself through the portals of Plymouth Church, under the benevolent gaze of its all-understanding pastor, into an undying, complete, well-ordered bliss, which should satisfy the longings of all the well disposed and the benign intentions of Deity.

To many persons this evolution of religion will no doubt seem a great advance. Yet when one sees the advance supremely illustrated in Beecher, as portrayed by Mr. Hibben, — Beecher the idol of millions of average Americans and in many respects the type of them, — one wonders.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Right Off the Map, by C. E. Montague. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. 12mo. viii+324 pp. $2.50.

IF a reviewer feels it his business to give prospective readers some account of the essential nature of a book and some notion of the effect it is apt to produce, he is likely to find that *Right Off the Map* presents difficulties. It is easy enough to employ Mr. Montague's novel as a springboard whence to plunge into a sea of discussion about the folly of war, splashing the pacifists with occasional ridicule in order to preserve an appearance of impartiality. But to do justice to the book itself is another matter. It is a satire on war, a history of an imaginary state, a story of fighting and adventure and heroic endeavor. Yet to apply to it any or all of these labels is likely to be misleading, and furnishes no conception of its readableness and charm.

In order to escape somewhat the clamor and prejudice of partisanship, Mr. Montague has taken the ghosts of other days and endowed them with a bright, vivid existence in the little British republic of Ria. At some indeterminate time after the Great War, the government of Ria declared war upon Porto. There had been gold discovered in some debatable land between the two countries. And there were more reputable frictions that furnished convenient excuse for hostilities. Most of the Rians did not know why they went to war, but, after reading their newspapers, they were quite sure that the Portans were a mongrel race, who would poison wells and fire upon flags of truce, who possessed a certain low cunning in battle, but were afraid of cold steel. So the troops marched gayly away 'to wipe Porto off the map.' But through the censorship leaked rumors of defeat, then disaster, till in the ironic end it was Ria that disappeared from the map.

In the satirical unfolding of events the soldiers come off much better than the civilians. There is, to be sure, the general who relies so thoroughly upon the old bulldog virtues that he is contemptuous of war as a science until long-range artillery and high explosives waft him to a less changeable world. There are officers in the romantic tradition who oppose flesh to machine guns in futile bravery. But there are more admirable heroisms, too: forced marches through heat and frost, desperate fighting, adventure against enormous odds transfiguring defeat into a thing of glory — heroisms sustained by the simple conviction that here at last is a war that is a good war, fought in a cause that is a good cause. Meantime at home orators rant. Excitable women wave flags. Mothers mourn for their sons. The followers of the Nazarene boom out prayers for blood-drenched victories. And the exponents of vicarious virility urge others to the front with furious zeal. Through the turmoil move various individuals in whom ambitions, fears, and ideals take on human complexity and significance: Burnage, the editor and orator, a 'pincushion

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with plush brains'; Rose, his neurotic wife; the militant, soft-living Bishop Case; Dr. Browell, the head of the university, a 'rag bag of old clichés'; and Willan, the soldier of fortune, whose career ennobles the story.

Satire predominates; romance and imaginary history are secondary. But the satire is astringent, not corrosive. Like one of his characters, Mr. Montague accepts us all as we are, 'in our incorrigible "halfness," our crooked attempts to go straight, our incomplete failures.' He reveals shortcomings, but he does not scold. Even knaves and fools take on the dignity of pathos as symbols of human futility, and the irony that plays around the exhibition of folly and greed is mingled with tenderness at the spectacle of man's fumbling valor.

GEORGE B. DUTTON

Our Times, Vols. I, II (1900–1908), by Mark Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. 2 vols. 8vo. xx+600+649 pp. Illus. $5.00 each.

WHEN a reviewer is limited to seven hundred words in which to discuss twelve hundred pages, his duty is obvious. He must merely tell as briefly as possible what a book is about and how well it is written. There is no space for detailed criticism.

The first of these two volumes was published in March 1926. It has already been seven times reprinted. The second volume is just out, and is a worthy successor to the first. Mr. Sullivan, in both of them, has essayed a new sort of historical writing. From the days of Green, we have been accustomed to historians who have paid their respects to the 'life of the people' while sticking pretty closely in the main to the political narrative as most important. We have also had innumerable volumes, chatty, gossipy, on manners and customs. The former type of history, while well intentioned, is apt to strike a critical reader as a bit like traveling in a railroad train on a long-preëmpted right of way and merely occasionally looking out of the windows to get a glimpse at farms and cities and people living their lives by the roadside. The second type, gossiping about the *mores*, is a little too jellyfishy — there is no spine. Mr. Sullivan has tried an entirely new type. His book has a spine. The collective life of the nation, military and political, is there, but the flesh about it is entirely different from that of any other book, and so the features of the living reality become different.

One of the most striking examples of this difference is in the early pages of his second volume. The ordinary historian, even if he were doing his best to bring in the 'life of the people' in the turn of the century and to comment on the intellectual fountainheads of that period, would follow well-worn paths. He would assume that the people got their intellectual equipment from the leaders of thought, and we should have a few paragraphs about one or another. On the contrary, whom does Sullivan stress for the purpose? McGuffey, who selected the material for the school readers which sold 122,000,000 copies and probably had more to do with forming the American mind in permanent moulds than any works of the intellectuals. This example will suffice to display Sullivan's principle, and it is a thoroughly sound one.

In these two volumes we have, swept together, all the daily life of two generations — the styles of dress, the introduction of automobiles, vacuum cleaners, tonsorial styles, popular songs, changes in banking, racial components, fiction, food laws, cables, telephones, the rise and fall of reputations, petting parties old style and new, bustle and bustles, slimness and slang, all the swiftly changing panorama of the past astounding twenty-five years. It is not an easy book to criticize dispassionately for any man over forty, for in reading it one's youth peers out from almost every page. We may think the author is devoting too much space to trivial songs and then we are suddenly lost in the full text of

There was an old man and he had a wooden leg,

and we are back to fifteen years of age and would forgive the author anything; or we come on

Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter
Clementine,

and that rollicking night in '98 comes back to us with all its smell of beer and pipes, and the old crowd, Tom, Dick, and Harry; or we turn the page again, and with

Nita! Juanita! Ask thy soul . . .

No, this is not a book. It is one's own past. Does the *Atlantic* really expect me, as I smoke my pipe and tap my Corona and run through Sullivan's pages, and see all my boyhood unroll and unroll and unroll before me, and utterly unsuspected memories and emotions come forth from every page, to write just seven hundred scholarly words about it all? . . .

I have one minute left. The book is a bully book. Take a supposed historian's word for it. Occasionally too trivial matters get too much space. That is criticism. But the idea is sound. The matter is sound. And the volumes will provide infinite amusement for the young, and infinite musing for the middle-aged.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Journal of Katherine Mansfield. Edited by J. Middleton Murry. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. 8vo. xvii+256 pp. Illus. $3.50.

GENIUS lies, it seems to me, in the few stories which Katherine Mansfield was able to finish before her young death. Her journal skims the last seven years of her life, — the years of most

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of her finished work, — catching in brief disconnected notes the mood of a moment or a day, or throwing a flash of insight back to light the course of weary months; outlining in a bold sentence or two the stories she did write or might have written; rounding, in a phrase so right that it clutches you, the essential quality of a chance face or gesture through which can be glimpsed the whole drama of the random life behind it. And, as genius is only the apotheosis of the spark of creation in all of us, this revelation of the birth of art is both exciting and profound.

Katherine Mansfield's writing sprang, as does all the purest quality of art, from the joy of comprehending the wholeness, the power, the eternity of life itself. She could not force this comprehension; she had to wait, clearing away the unessential, until in some beautiful moment, as clear and round as the crystal globes of her own best stories, understanding came. Then she was off — glory, adventure, cleansing tragedy, and the cosmic mirth which is delight in the resilient victory of the spirit over the clumsy obstacles of circumstance.

'Now who is to decide,' she writes, 'between "Let it be" and "Force it"? J. believes in the whip: he says his steed has plenty of strength, but it is idle and shies at such a journey in prospect. I feel, if mine does not gallop and dance at free will, I am not riding at all, but just swinging from its tail. . . .'

The agony lay in the waiting, knowing that beauty lay just around the corner, hidden by some obstacle which could not be passed or pierced until, in its time, understanding should melt away the dross and leave only the translucent understanding. Katherine Mansfield struggled under a weight of ill health which would have extinguished completely a less ardent spirit, yet it was not this adversary, but some dark conflict within herself, that cost her the bitter and often vain striving to write. In that writing, in the act of creation, her life existed, and in it only.

Would she have been less of an artist had her health permitted her to enter into the minor amusements and preoccupations of living, wherein her beauty, her wit, and her gayety would have served so well? She seems to have thought so. Or to have had the little house and garden she wanted, the child for whom she so longed? 'And I thought,' she wrote, 'if I had a child I would play with it now and *lose myself in it* and kiss it and make it laugh. And I'd use a child as my guard against my deepest feeling. . . . That's true, I think, of all, all women. And it accounts for the curious look of security that you see in young mothers: they are safe from any *ultimate* state of feeling because of the child in their arms.'

This entry comes in the early part of the journal, and I think that if she had come back to it toward the conclusion, seven years later, she might have changed it. Katherine Mansfield wagered her all — her frail life — in an attempt to capture the wholeness of that ultimate feeling.

Before she entered on her last few months, at Fontainebleau, the journal stops with the words, 'All is well.' What that meant she did not live to say, perhaps even to know. But the flame of her gallant life was of the quality that must have meant the most intense art in living, — though perhaps a different art, — however commonplace the external course of that life might have been.

MARY ROSS

My Heart and My Flesh, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: The Viking Press. **1927.** 12mo. viii+300 pp. $2.50.

ONE is frankly puzzled, in fact besieged by questions, in attempting an estimate of Elizabeth Madox Roberts's new book. Is there any relation whatever between the long Prologue and the story itself? Should one expect a relation? Has the author any singleness of purpose in the conception and execution of her story, and, if she has, has not the reader a right to expect some outward and visible sign of it? Are the frequent inclusions of a very ugly naturalism as intrusive and uncontributory as they seem, even upon a second reading? Must the voices which speak to Theodosia Bell, as she lies in bed from illness and starvation, own James Joyce as a father? Does the story as a whole somewhat sadly reflect the work and the points of view of contemporary writers rather than Miss Roberts's own attitude and her well-proved ability? Does the most dramatic scene in the story, the scene at the cabin of Theodosia's half sisters, the negresses Americy and Lethe, lose its art and its significance by a lack of motivation and an overdose of high tension? Is the conclusion, which is somewhat reminiscent of Sylvia Townsend Warner, credible in view of the preceding chapters? And, if credible, is it as unsatisfying as one is inclined to believe? And finally, ought all these queries to be shoved aside as upstarts in the face of much gracious writing and of flashes of beauty not unexcelled in *The Time of Man*?

Aye, there's the rub — the mention of that earlier and lovelier book! Comparisons, odious as they are, are inevitable. The epic quality of *The Time of Man*, which lent to that story the exciting illusion that the book marched on in spite of its author, is entirely lacking in this new novel, which is episodic in the extreme. The circumstances, welcome or untoward, which at once dictated and made the life of Ellen Chesser and of her fellow wayfarers, had about them a simple inevitableness in contrast to which the succession of cataclysmic disasters in this new story seems quite alien and impossible even to Fate in its worst mood. The touches of so-called realism of the earlier story were natural and incidental, never disagreeable or unpleasing,

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In Queen Elizabeth's reign there came a golden period of emancipation for women, but it was shortly ousted by puritanism and the licentious court of Charles II. See pages 310-315.

What will the woman of the future be like? What will become of the man of the future? Read the prophecy in this book. See pages 360-382.

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whereas at times, in the later, one looks back upon Smollett with tolerance.

Yet one remembers, too, and vividly, the 'widely spread glow' of the morning at the Singleton farm, the rhythm of the trees, the bright altar cloth of the Queen Anne's lace, and the swift passage of images through the child Theodosia's mind as she tries to answer her uncle's question, 'What's the best thing in the world?' Anthony Bell with his Shelley, and Tom Singleton with his love of his own grave on the summit of the grain-swept hill — these atone in a measure for what seems a host of ugly or, at all events, unnoteworthy people, just as the clear-cut pictures of Theodosia's childhood excuse, up to a point, the obscurities of the passages which chronicle her twenties.

It may be that the book is remarkable. But the reviewer cannot free her mind from questions that won't be downed.

MARY ELLEN CHASE

The books selected for review in the *Atlantic* are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board: —

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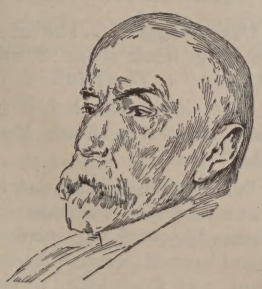

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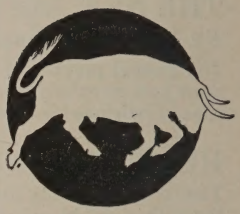

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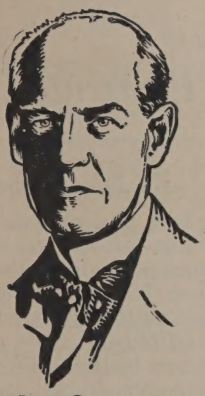

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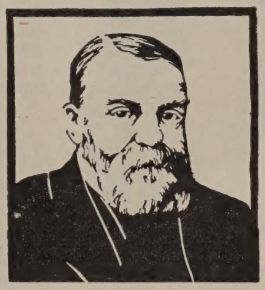

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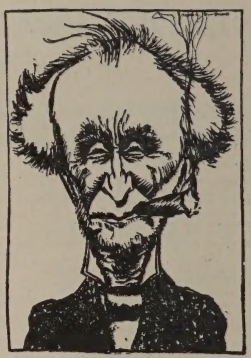

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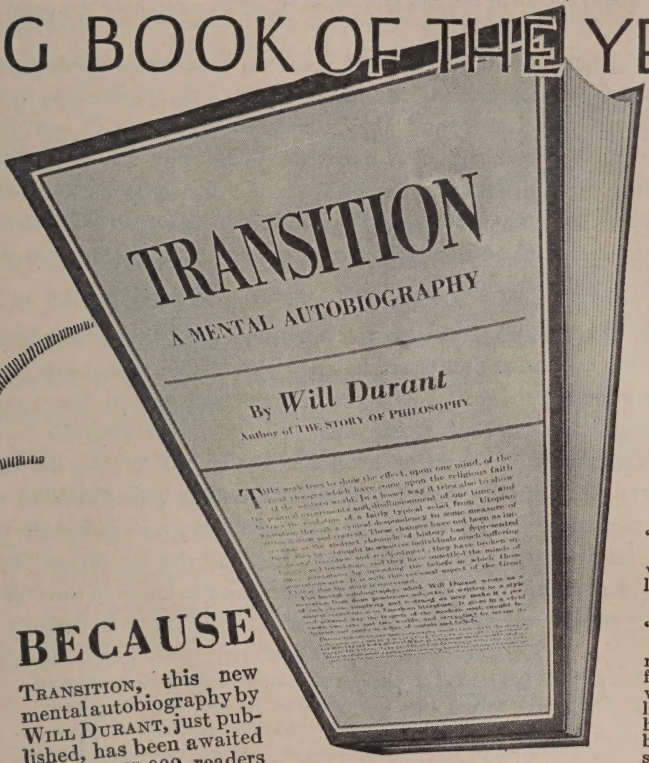

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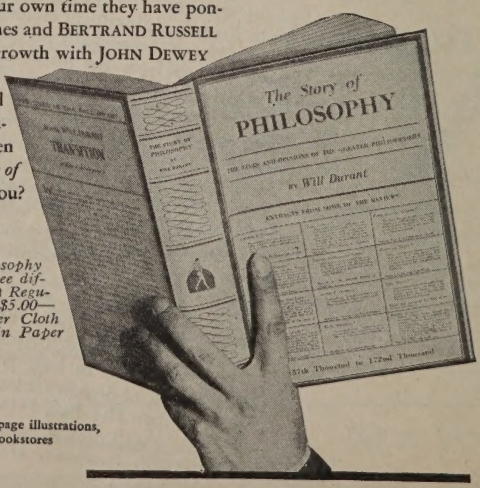

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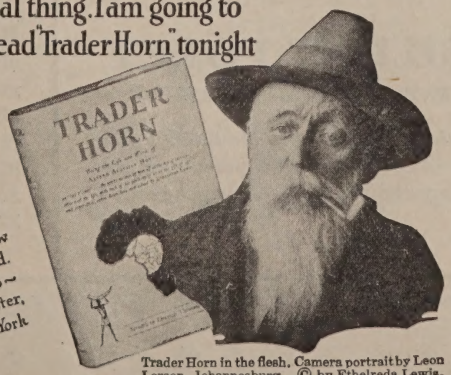

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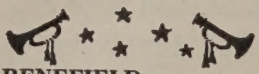

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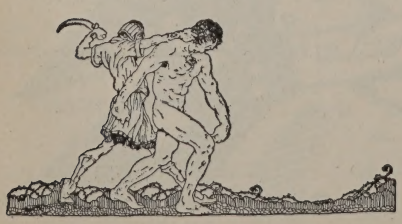

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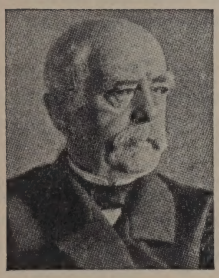

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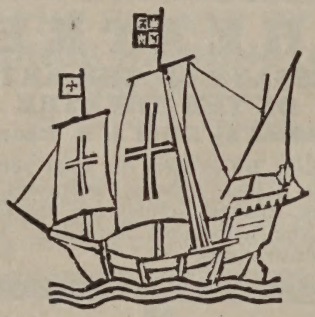

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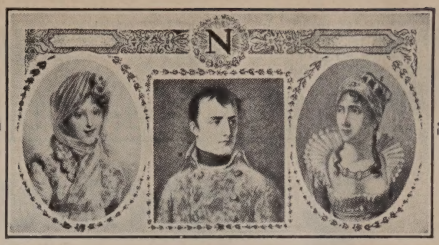

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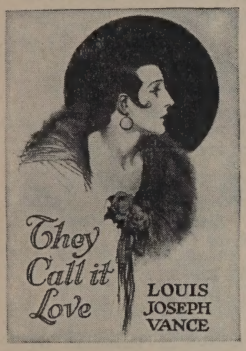

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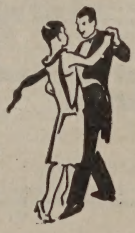

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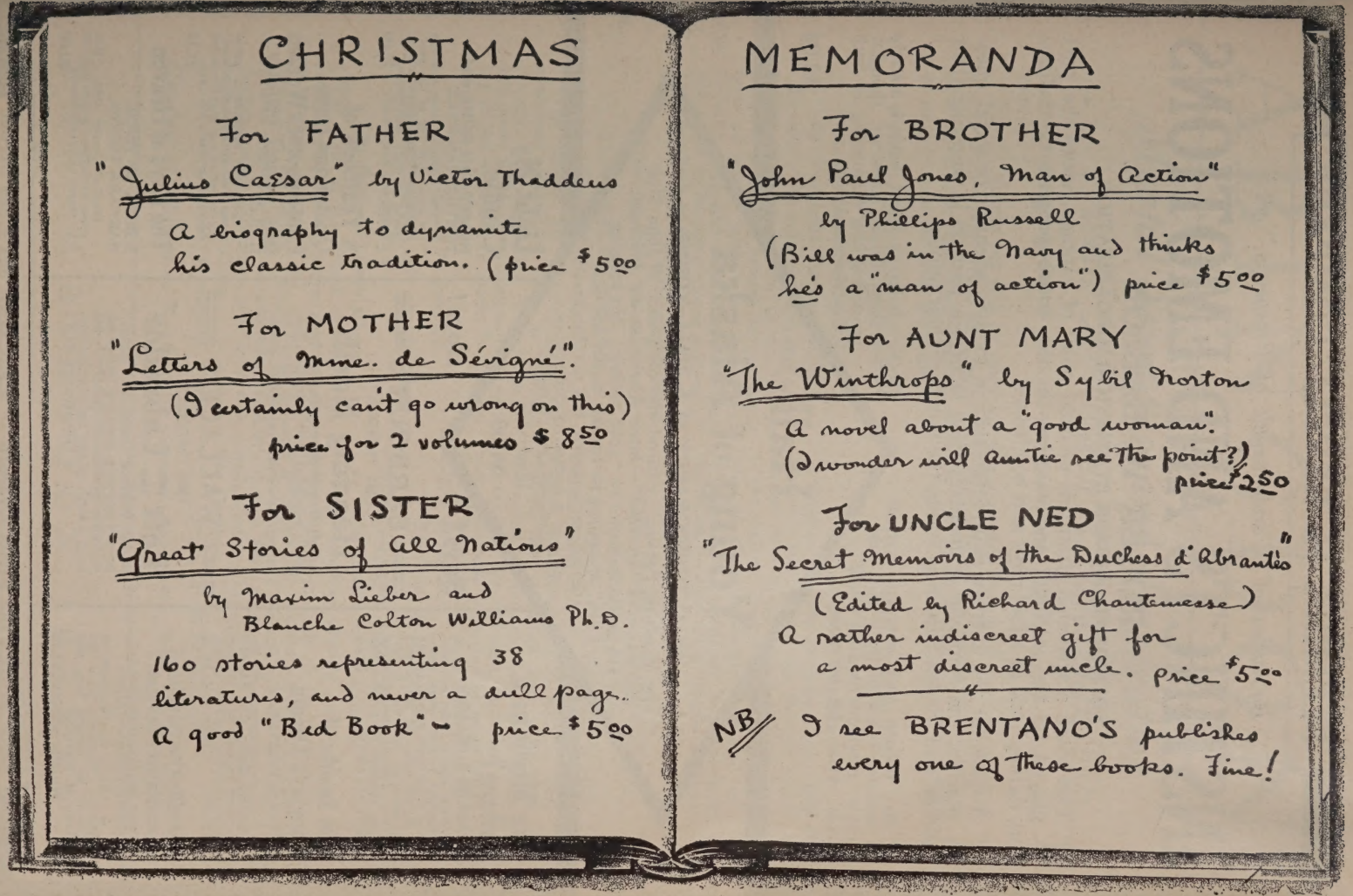

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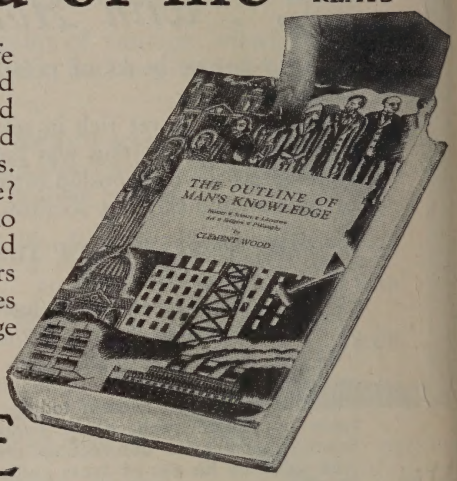

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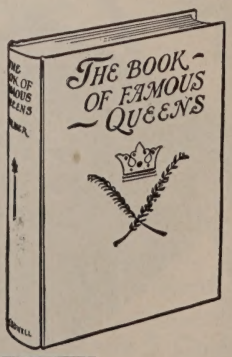

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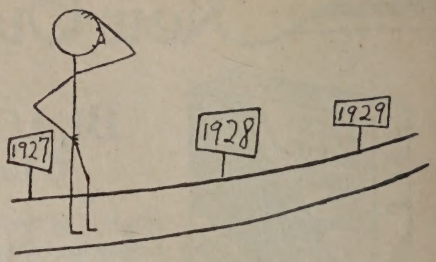

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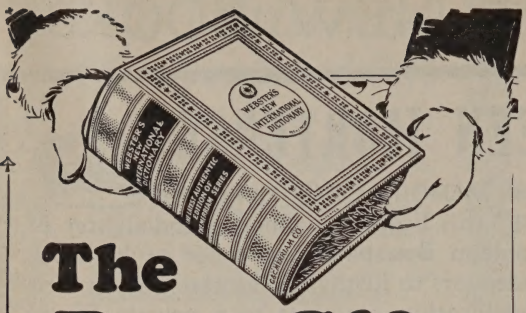

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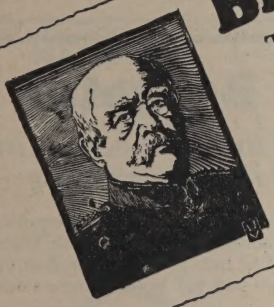

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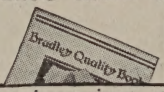

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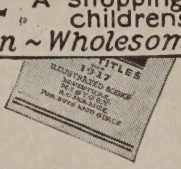

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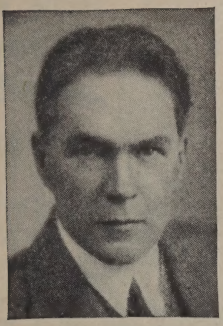

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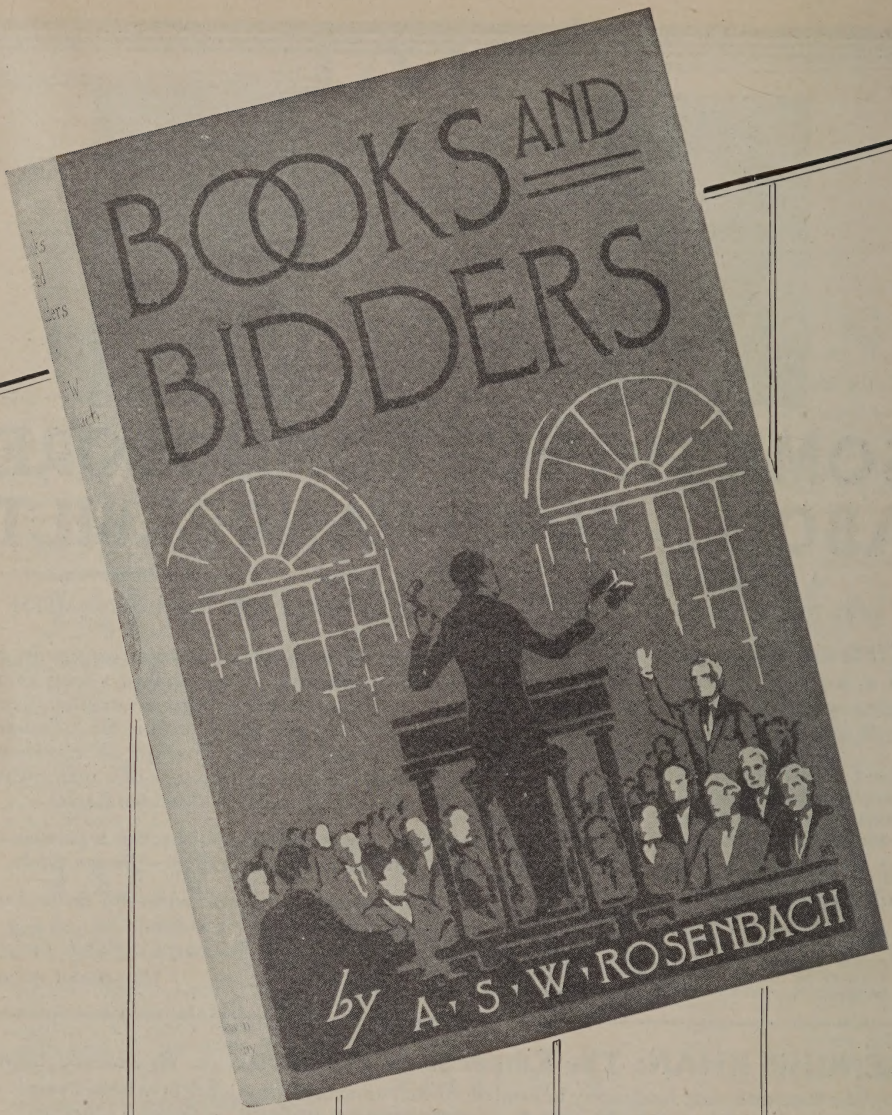

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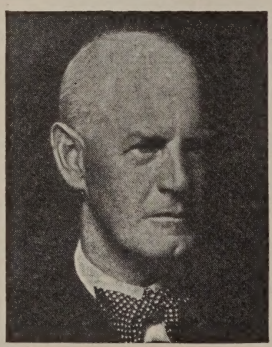
This catalog will be ready December first, and will be mailed upon request as long as the supply lasts. A few of the lists are repeated in these four pages.



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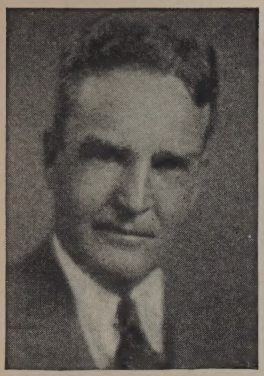

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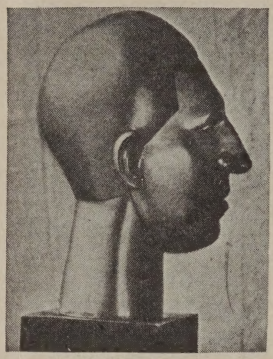

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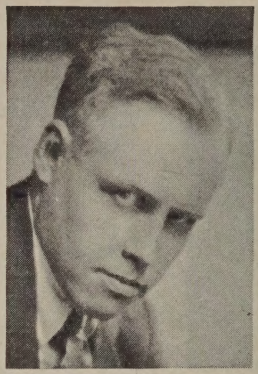

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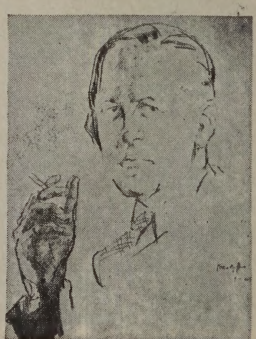

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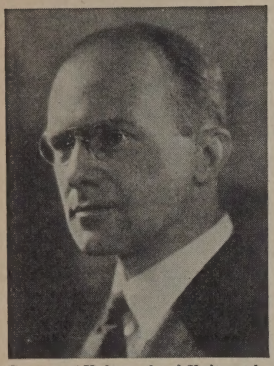

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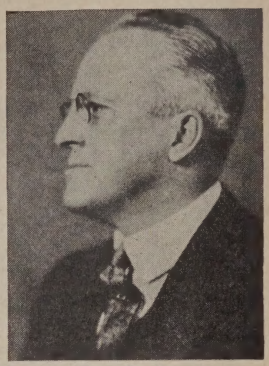

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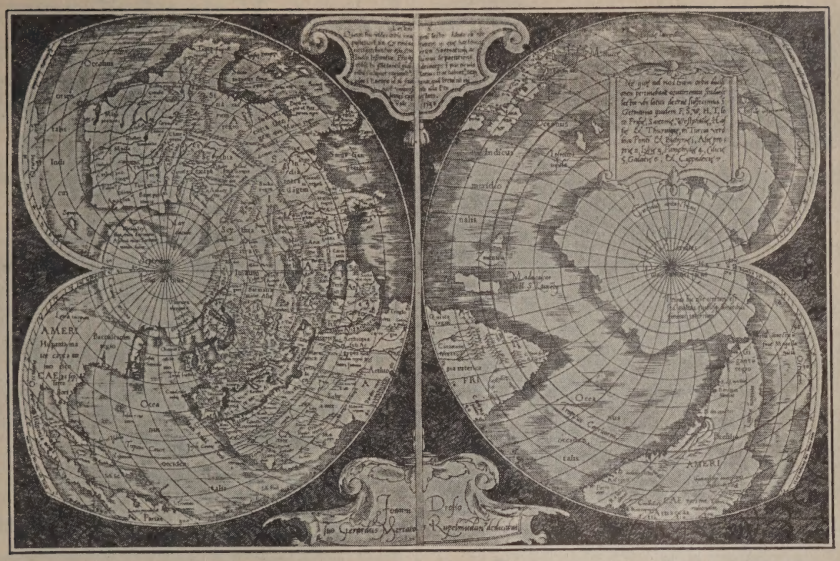

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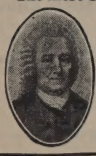

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Clovercroft, Montgomery Ave., Rosemont. Thorough college preparation. Two-thirds of students entered college last year. Exceptional facilities offered to graduates of high schools requiring supplementary work to complete their preparation for college and to students whose school work has been interrupted. All outdoor sports. **The Misses Kirk, Bryn Mawr, Pa.**

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Catalogs of all Boarding Schools in U. S. FREE advice from official inspections. State sex, age, special requirements. 20th year of Free Public Bureau—State Chartered: **American Schools' Association:** Write 1211-A Times Bldg., N. Y., or 1204-A Stevens Bldg., Chicago

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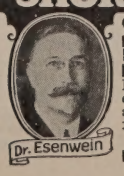

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and
Their Future

THERE are so many things for them to do nowadays. So many, many ways to turn. It is often best that they pick out for themselves the professions or interests they wish to follow.

A good school, where influence is not too strongly exerted, but where helpful suggestions and kind sympathy may be an inspiration, is the best guidance.

Good schools fill up their enrollments early these days, the demand is so great. Have you thought of a school?

We should be glad to help you find one, if you will write, giving details, to

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For eighty-five years the candles have cast their gleam over

Whitman's candies for Christmas

THE SAMPLER that seems to please every candy taste, dressed up for Christmas.

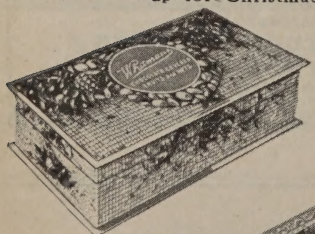
For gifts nothing can be more imbued with the spirit of Christmas than the SAMPLER in its gold and green and red holiday wrap. Other packages in Whitman's Quality Group, some of which are shown here, will fit every individual preference.

Hard candies, solid chocolate, Messenger Boys and other shapes provide sweets for the tree and the children.

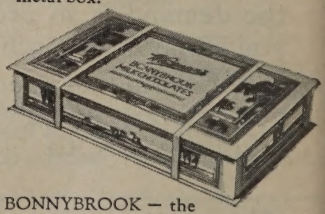
The great variety and sizes of Whitman's packages make selection easy and pleasant. For last-minute gifts, these are ideal, and all Whitman agents will mail them for you.

Whitman packages may be had in fancy outer containers, baskets, boxes and bags. See them at the nearby store that is agent for Whitman's. Ask the agent, or write to Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, for a folder of gift suggestions.

SALMAGUNDI — a favorite assortment in an artistic metal box.



FRUITS AND NUTS for luxurious tastes.



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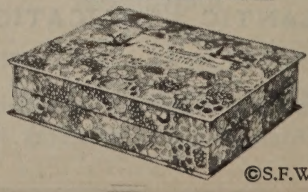
CLOISONNE — a gorgeous big box of selected chocolates.

PINK OF PERFECTION — the name expresses Whitman's opinion of these chocolates in a bright, colorful new package.



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STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

THE FIRE BIRD, *painted for the* STEINWAY COLLECTION *by* ROCKWELL KENT

The completion, in 1910, *of Stravinsky's remarkable ballet, "L'Oiseau de Feu," marked the appearance of a new and gigantic figure among contemporary composers. The flaming brilliance of its orchestration, its startling harmonic innovations, first stunned and then fascinated the musical public. . . . Today it is among the most popular of program numbers.*

IN THE light of the advantages enjoyed by the owner of a Steinway piano, its extraordinary prestige is at once explicable. . . . For he experiences a unique pride of possession in the enjoyment of this beautiful instrument. He feels a deep and intimate pleasure in the music drawn from it by his family, or by himself. And he knows that his own tastes, and those of his children, are constantly the better for its refining influence.

Yet with the single exception of the concert grand, every one of the six Steinway models is a home piano, designed to meet a special condition of income or acoustics. Each is a true Steinway, incomparably rich in tone, magnificently responsive. It will serve you, as only the best things can serve you, all your days. And *there* lies the real index of economy. You need never buy another piano.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

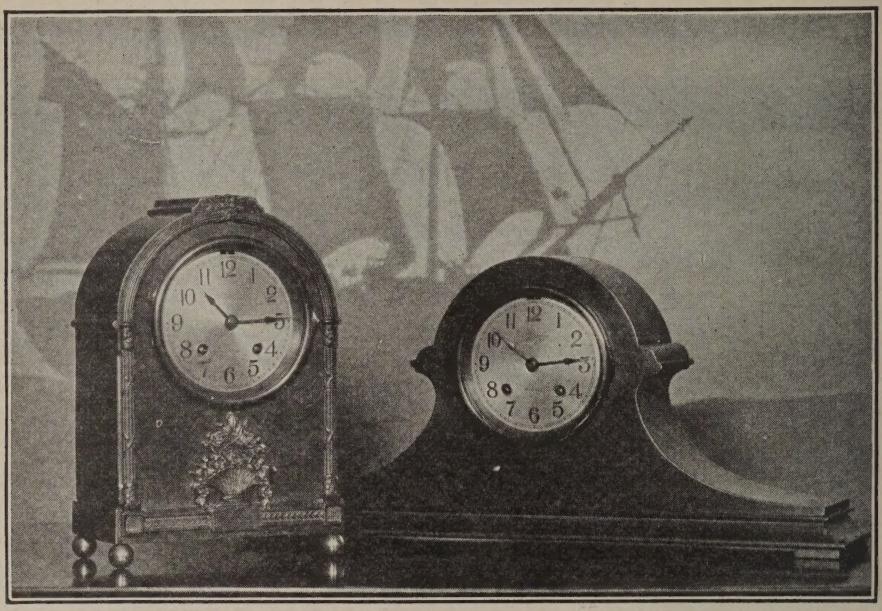
Prices: $875 *and up*

Plus transportation

Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall
109 West 57th Street, New York

6

CLOCKS AFLOAT AND ASHORE



An Adam cabinet clock and the Tambour clock—both of statuary bronze

SHIPS' clocks must be accurate under all conditions and in all positions. Moreover, on ocean liners going eastward, they must be moved forward every twenty-four hours to allow for the changing time, and retarded when the boat is moving westward. Chelsea clocks are accurately built to meet these trying circumstances. The clocks for home use are made just the same—all of the jeweled lever type. Placed on an uneven or level surface, a Chelsea Clock keeps accurate time year after year.

Chelsea Clocks are found in a variety of designs suitable for every type of home and room. A wedding present or a Christmas gift of a Chelsea Clock gives lasting pleasure. Ask to see them at the best jewelers in your city, or write us for descriptive folders.

CHELSEA CLOCKS

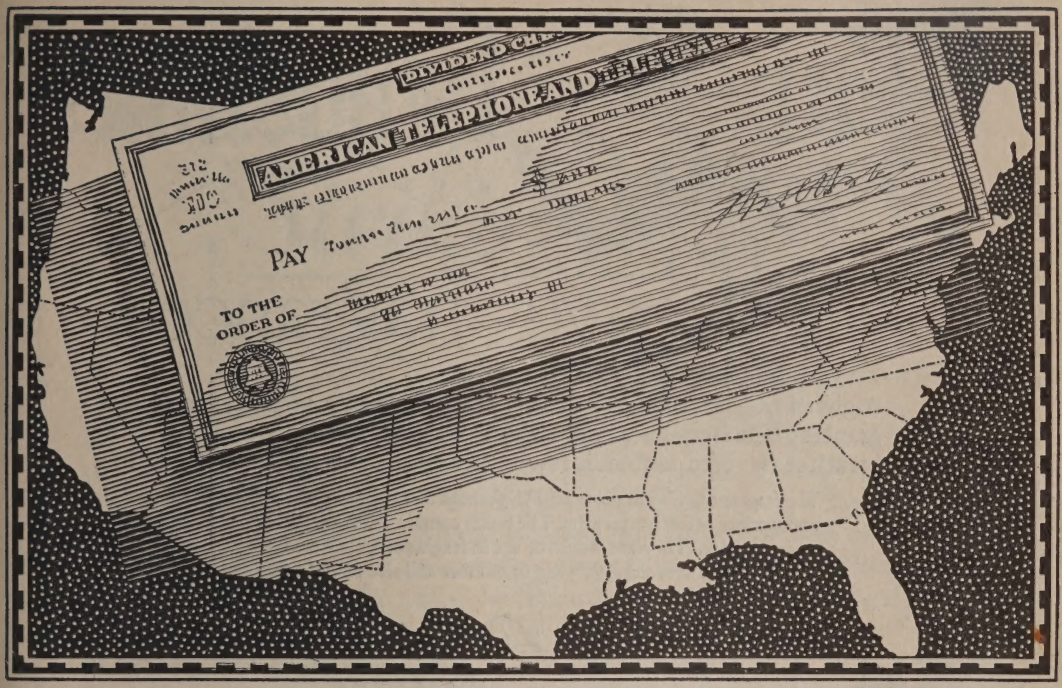
Timekeepers of the sea

Chelsea Clock Company
Boston, Massachusetts

Makers of House and Marine Clocks

A. I. Hall & Son, Inc.
Wholesale Sales Agents

San Francisco, Cal.
for the Pacific Coast



How many are 421,000 stockholders?

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

On October 15th, American Telephone and Telegraph Company checks representing the 152d dividend were mailed to its 421,000 stockholders. That is the largest number of stockholders of any company in the world.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is owned by a great investment democracy.

Its dividend checks are cashed at banks in every state in the Union, by people representing all trades, stations and professions.

No institution is more nationally or publicly owned than the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which in turn owns more than 91% of the common stock of the operating companies of the Bell national System. The average holding is 26 shares, and no one person owns as much as 1% of the total stock.

The Bell System was developed in the interest of telephone users and is owned by the public that it serves.

For Christmas Give Fragrance

A gift of fragrance at Christmas is *more* than just a present; for the fragrances of Christmas are inseparable from its sentiment. In every recurring breath of a favored perfume is a sweet memory of the giver and the occasion.

Le Jade

The fragrant ***Gift Boxes and Perfumes*** of Roger & Gallet, Paris, are especially appropriate as Christmas gifts. The boxes contain selections of several most desirable toilet articles. They are works of art in fragrance and ultra-modern French in color and design. Three sizes, varying in number and size of the toilet articles contained. Priced from $6 to $12.

Offered in the fragrances of

Pavots d'Argent
SILVER POPPIES

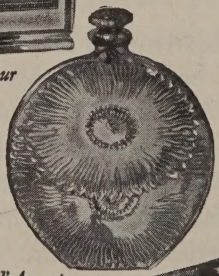
Le Jade
The Precious Perfume

Fleurs d'Amour
FLOWERS OF LOVE

Fleurs d'Amour

Single articles of fragrance in each of these perfumes – in *Extrait*, *Eau de Toilette*, *Poudre*, *Compact*, *Savon*, *Bath Salts* (*Tablets*), *Aftabath Powder*, *Talcum*. Each in an attractive gift box – priced from $1 to $12.50.

ROGER & GALLET
Parfumeurs
PARIS - - NEW YORK



Pavots d'Argent

Your favorite shop will be glad to show you Roger & Gallet's fragrant gifts.

New in its every aspect . . *Strikingly* NEW!

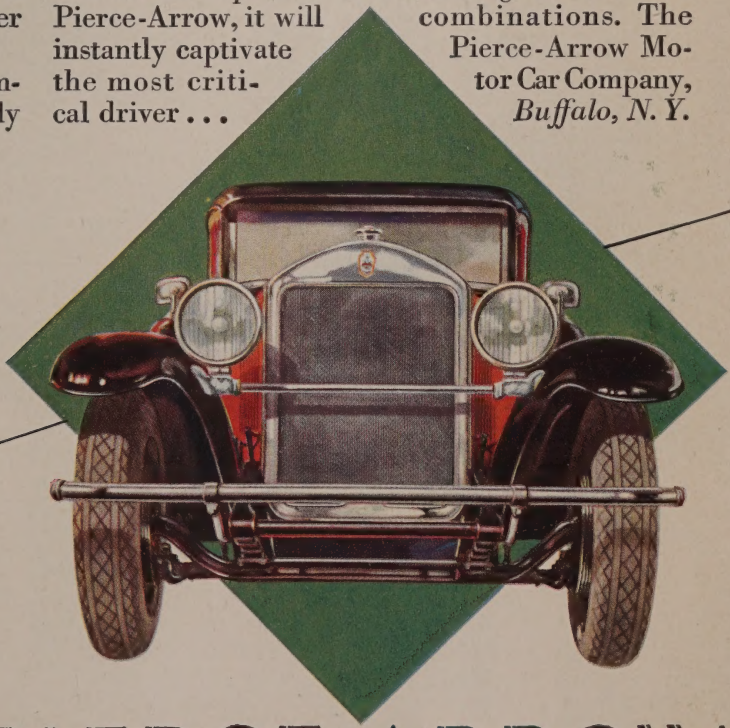
THIS is the most momentous period in Pierce-Arrow's twenty-six years. It marks the arrival of the Pierce-Arrow 81—a new motor car which strikingly transcends all predecessors—which in beauty and performance incorporates significantly more than even Pierce-Arrow ever before offered.

Its charm and symmetry—its distinctively Continental atmosphere—its spirited lines and poise—render it irresistible to the eye.

Rich in interior appointments, as one naturally expects of a Pierce-Arrow, it will entice the most fastidious. . . Revolutionary in its responsiveness, as one would expect of a Pierce-Arrow, it will instantly captivate the most critical driver . . .

Distinctively Pierce-Arrow, it is an unmistakable social asset. For Pierce-Arrow is and always has been *the* car of *fine* cars.

The Pierce-Arrow 81 is generously roomy and luxuriously comfortable. It is in no sense a small car. Offered in a wide range of rich color combinations. The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company, *Buffalo, N. Y.*



PIERCE-ARROW

H A V E A

Camel has a world of friends . . .

C A M E L

IT HAS earned them, you may say. But Camel is proud, just the same, to have more friends than any other cigarette ever had. And they're the best friends any smoke could have. Particular, fastidious and loyal. They've made up their minds after comparing Camels with other brands. Modern smokers, millions strong, who do their own thinking, are voting straight for Camel every smoking hour.

Camel's elected on quality. The choicest tobaccos and a blending that gloriously liberates all of their subtle goodnesses. This is the cigarette that reveals a smoking pleasure complete in every way.

You will do more than simply enjoy Camels. You will revel in their unexpected smoothness, in their famous mildness and mellowness. Camel will make a friend of you by the finest contentment any cigarette could give.

"*Have a Camel!*"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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Special Features

Standard keyboard • visible writing • extra wide writing line • two-color ribbon • automatic ribbon reverse • accurate back spacer • margin stops • margin release • dust protection over all working points.

First aid to KEEN AMBITION

FOR the man who works at home at night, when some of the world's best work is done, the Royal Portable Typewriter is a perfect partner—an able aid to keen ambition, swift, efficient, durable, famous for ease of operation.

Most modern of lightweight writing machines, the Royal Portable is ideal for all personal and confidential writing. Royal-typed means easy to write, easy to read—the standard keyboard, visible writing and other special features give this better portable the advantages of a big office machine, yet it is amazingly light.

Built to last a lifetime by the makers of over a million Easy-Writing Royal Typewriters, the Royal Portable can be had either in black or your choice of vivid colors.

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ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc., 316 Broadway, New York

Branches and Agencies the World Over

PORTABLE ROYAL TYPEWRITER

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM

LEE of Conshohocken

You find, as you grow up, that after all, the best thing about Christmas is *giving*, rather than getting. The pleasure you get largely depends on the pleasure and benefit you give.

We here of Lee of Conshohocken try to put so much honest care, and careful workmanship into our product, that it gives us a sort of Christmas feeling toward the people who use our tires. We've given something more than rubber and fabric; we've put a little of ourselves and our spirit into them.

When you ride on Lee Tires you're riding on good will toward men; it's in the tires.

If every car given as a Christmas gift could be equipped with Lee Tires, the gift would have a new quality.

But we choose not to bid for equipment business. Lee Tires are "owners' choice". Some day, maybe, the manufacturers will see the wisdom of—

Oh well, let's forget that—Merry Christmas to you.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, *Conshohocken, Pa.*

LEE *Shoulderbilt*

"Heavy Duty" Balloon tire of unquestioned merit, to fit any rim and any car. The Lee dealer will show it to you.

COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ MUCH LESS TO RUN

SELLING INVESTMENTS

IT isn't as easy for an individual investor to buy a bond as you might think. Nor is it as easy for him to buy a share of stock as it is to buy a wedding ring. In fact, the sales rigmarole of our various Wall, Congress, La Salle, and Montgomery Streets is rather complicated as far as individual investors are concerned.

The bond business is no doubt much over-sold; that is, there is too much selling. At times there are too many bonds to be sold, and not enough salesmen; again, there seem to be more salesmen than bonds. Taking it by and large, with the supply of bonds as intermittent as it is, there are more salesmen than a fair average of sales volume requires. This causes a great deal of trading and switching back and forth, and a good deal of unsettlement among investors, which only adds a certain gaiety to life in the daily stirring up of the investment waters. Of course, in the stirring some investors make a little money, and so do the bond men, while the investors buy into anxiety and uncertainty over the re-investment of their funds.

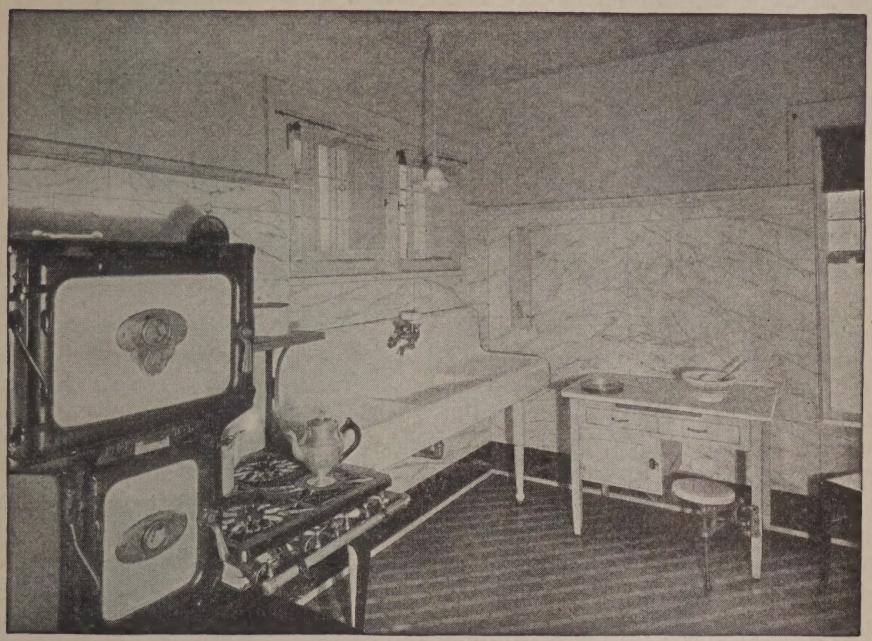
There is too much selling on the part of bond houses; not enough buying on the part of investors. As in the life insurance business, the initiative in bond selling rests with the salesmen. Nobody walks into a life insurance company's office and says: "Please, I want to look at some life insurance." No, indeed. That body waits until the life insurance man comes around, as come he will, and the bond salesman comes with just about the same inevitability.

It would be a great deal better if more investors would so manœuvre their buying as to get the initiative on their side more frequently. That means working at their investment-making, as they work at their gardens, and paying more attention to seasoned securities than to new and freakish varieties. That would include a movement of investors into bond houses for consultation and buying personally at headquarters. In many bond houses one hardly sees a customer all day long. A large business is being done notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, for a stream of business comes and goes by telegraph and telephone. Many houses are much better geared up to this sort of business than any other. On the other hand, some houses receive many personal calls. As customers take the initiative more frequently, this phase of selling will become much more appreciated and houses will prepare for it, to the betterment of sales conditions all around. "Personally conducted" business will increase in bond houses; the "drumming" of business in the hinterland will decrease. This will be aided also by an intelligent increase of "buying by mail." Investors who do not go to bond houses for personal conferences, will write to their bankers, and they, placing more reliance on their correspondence work and doing it better than they do now, will develop an additional source of business at less expense.

The barriers against buying stocks are much more difficult, and inherently so. Your "Member New York Stock Exchange" can't deal with all and sundry. You must be introduced. The house must have a very good idea of how much capital there is back of your desires marketwise. The bond house can deal with 95% of everybody as long as those everybodies always have good money back of their checks, but stock houses must be much more strict. Some of them, for instance, won't accept women at all as customers, although they constitute a good share of bond house customers.

This magazine's financial advertisements are intended to bring about profitable relationships between bankers and investors, introducing the one to the other.

No. 4 in this series will be "Investors and their Investments"



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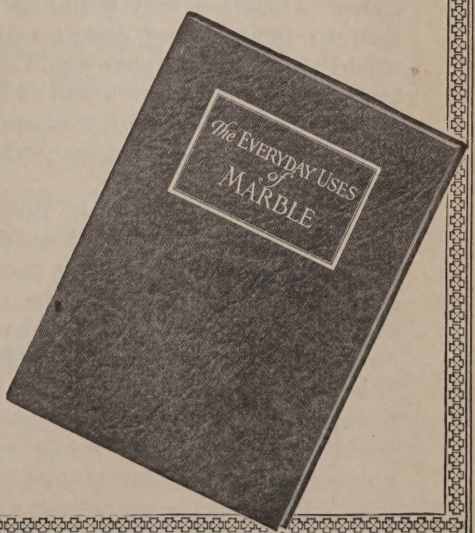
That MARBLE is a more beautiful material for the interior finish of buildings —that it is more distinctive, durable and sanitary—that it is ultimately more economical from every standpoint—and, finally, that

There is No Substitute for Marble

has been adequately proven by its years of use by those of discriminating taste and judgment.

For evidence of the inherent qualities of marble and its universal adaptability to every type of structure —commercial, civic and residential—send for the illustrated booklet shown on the right.

Address Department L-1—there is no cost or obligation involved.



NATIONAL ASSOCIATION *of* MARBLE DEALERS
ROCKEFELLER BUILDING - CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE OUTLOOK FOR RETURNS ON INVESTMENT

BY DAVID FRIDAY

For the past six years the return which investors have been able to command for their savings has been gradually decreasing. It costs $140 to-day to buy the same bonds, yielding the same income, which could have been bought with $100 of savings in 1921. It costs $120 to buy the same bonds which could have been purchased for $100 even in 1924. This is simply another way of saying that the return which capital yields has fallen. What the investor desires to know is whether this decline in yields will continue, or whether the rise in bonds is merely an incident to general speculation in securities, which has carried stocks to a level twice as high as in 1924 and three times as high as in 1921.

There are always those who ascribe any such advance in security prices to speculation. If this were the cause of the rise, bonds would probably fall when the speculative boom had run its course. Doubtless they would not return to their former prices; neither would stocks. But there would be a material recession which would make it worth while for the investor to put his money in the savings bank and wait for lower prices.

During the period from 1920 to 1927 the investor who has been waiting for lower bond prices has lost by doing so. Only once could he have saved as much as seven points by deferring his purchases for several months. If he had waited from September 1922 to September of the following year, he could have gotten his bonds seven points cheaper. But during the greater part of the last seven years the investor who expected his capital to yield him the high return to which he had become accustomed in the years immediately following the war, and who refused to buy bonds because they were not yielding the old return, has pursued the wrong policy. His failure to diagnose correctly the underlying causes which determine the return on capital has cost him money.

What are these underlying forces which have pressed down the interest rate on the investor's savings? Will the same forces continue throughout the next few years? Interest is the return which the person who saves and invests receives for his capital. The beginning of wisdom in discussing causes of variations in these rates is the realization of the fact that interest is a price. It is the price paid for the use of capital; and, since it is a price, the causes of its fluctuations can be grouped for purposes of analysis into those which affect the supply of capital and those which determine the demand. Nothing can change the prevailing rate unless it enters by one of these two doors of supply and demand.

During the last seven years the volume of savings brought to the investment market has exceeded the sum which borrowers with good credit were willing to take at rates which had previously prevailed. Since those who wanted capital would not take the entire supply at the old price, the competition of lenders who desired to invest their capital led them to offer it at lower interest rates. This is a phenomenon with which we had not been familiar in this country for the decade and a half which began in 1905 and ended in 1920.

The supply of capital for the nation

"For good advice—quickly"

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

AN INVESTOR finds himself with idle funds. He calls the nearest National City Company office and at once gets the benefit of world-wide information and a list of sound bonds suitable to his needs. He also gets the advice of experienced bond men competent to discuss with him any investment problem. This investment experience and service is only as far away as your telephone.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES · INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES · INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS

as a whole during any period is determined by the excess of production over consumption. Whenever production is increasing rapidly, as it has been doing in recent years, there is bound to be a large supply of investment funds unless there is a rapid increase in expenditures for things which are currently used up in maintaining our standard of living. This surplus production which is not currently consumed constitutes the national savings. It is available for investment, either at home or abroad.

The supply of national savings in recent years has been large — so large that it has pressed down interest rates in the face of an unusually large demand for capital at home and an entirely unprecedented demand for American credit from abroad. The secret of our huge savings during these last few years is to be found in the rapid increase of output which has taken place since the war. The index of industrial production constructed by the Harvard Economic Service shows an increase of 40 per cent from the years 1919 to 1926. This index includes the output of manufactures and minerals. Agricultural output has not increased much during that period, but has maintained a higher level than during the pre-war period.

With such a growth in output it has been easy to increase our savings, even though we were maintaining higher standards of living than ever before. When the present output of industry is contrasted with the period before the war, we find that the increase has been more than 50 per cent. The number of people engaged in producing these things has increased more slowly; and prices have risen less than wages. As a result the level of wages is to-day two and one fourth times as high as in the pre-war period, while the cost of living is scarcely one and three fourths times what it was then. In such a situation it is not difficult to save and at the same time raise the general standard of well-being.

The statistical evidences of saving are found in the increase in life insurance assets, the growth of building-and-loan associations, savings-bank deposits, and the purchase of new security issues. These have reached figures which would have seemed fantastic to the statistician in pre-war days. It is this large growth in the supply of capital, bottomed upon our increase in industrial output, which explains the downward course of interest rates since 1920.

For the demand for capital has likewise been unprecedented. This demand comes from those who desire to use money at present but who have not sufficient resources of their own to carry out their projects. These projects usually involve the production of durable things such as railroads, public utilities, manufacturing plants, buildings, and roads. The desire for durable goods is at the foundation of the demand for capital. Whenever people desire such long-lived structures or machines and decide to have them produced, they thereby contribute to the demand for capital. If their own savings are not adequate to carry out their projects they come to the capital market and borrow funds, by the sale of securities or otherwise.

The volume of construction of durable things has been proceeding at a high rate since 1922. Automobiles and buildings — residential and otherwise — constitute the most important demand. Then follow the construction of public-utility plants, the building of public roads, the expansion of factory plants and of railroads. In addition, the demand for capital has been augmented by foreign borrowing. Our loans abroad have amounted to well over a billion dollars annually for the past few years. There has certainly been no lack of demand for savings. Yet, in the face of this large demand, interest rates have fallen, because the supply has been so large that in order to invest all our savings it has been

A Customer's Problem—

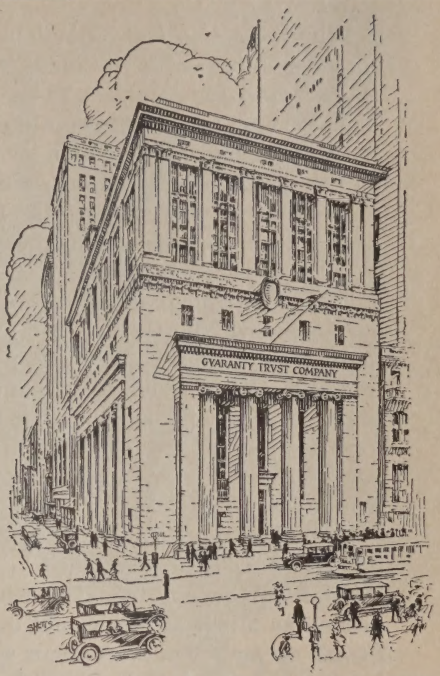
New Loan or New Capital?

ONE of our commercial customers some time ago requested a loan much larger than any we had yet made that Company

A discussion brought out the fact that new capital rather than a loan, was advisable.

Our officers suggested changes in capitalization set-up and brought the corporation's executives into touch with the Guaranty Company of New York, the securities subsidiary of the Guaranty Trust Company

Through a bond issue, new capital was obtained. The corporation was enabled to proceed with plans for expansion, to effect economies, and to increase earnings.



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140 Broadway, New York

Our service to commercial customers means more than "yes" or "no" on loans. It means constructive, personal interest in plans and problems, as well as command of unsurpassed banking facilities.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

necessary to loan them at lower and lower rates.

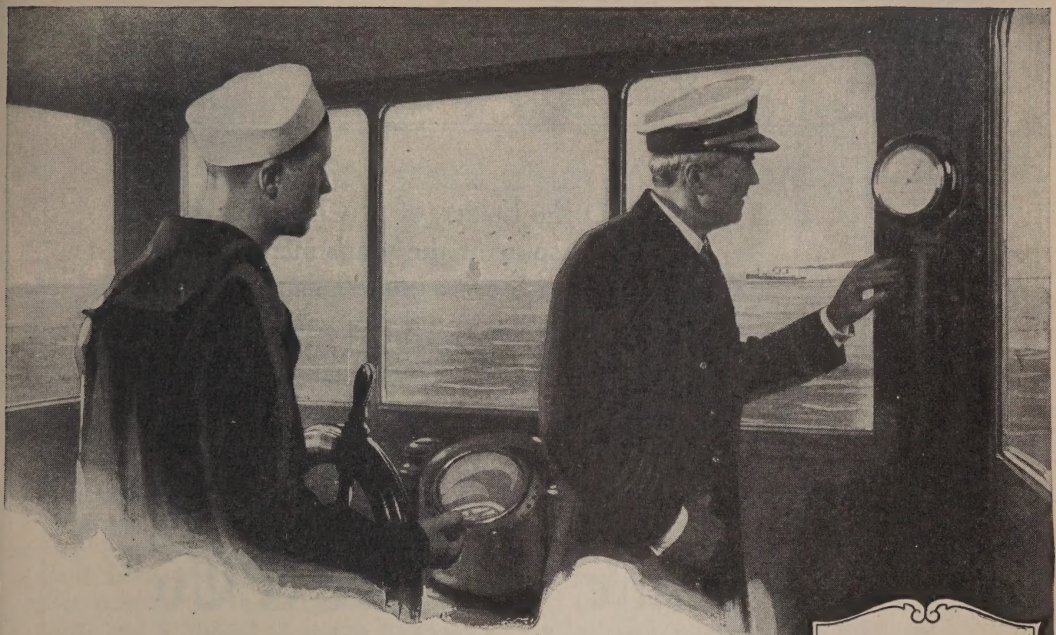
What, then, is the outlook for the future with respect to the supply of and the demand for capital? There is no likelihood that the savings of our people will decline. Production is large, and the habit of devoting a portion of our output to provision for the future has become firmly established with us. From our corporations, which set aside roughly one third of their profits as surplus, down to the laborer who is paying for a home or making installment payments on his automobile, the practice of saving is established. As long as production maintains its present high level, the supply of capital will be large.

When business depression comes and reduces output, savings will doubtless fall somewhat, but they will not decline as much as one would expect. People are more cautious about spending in hard times, and so continue to save even out of reduced incomes. The supply of capital in this country will continue to flow into the investment market in large volume.

On the demand side the outlook is rather for a decline than for an increase. During the war many things were left undone in order that we might supply our armies and navies with goods and services. The post-war period began with a large deficit in the supply of buildings, in railroad improvement, and in public-utility facilities. The building industry has, therefore, been at high tide for some years. At the close of the war the automobile was an instrument of transportation which appealed to all classes and which was already well beyond the experimental stage. But there were less than six million machines in use, while from that time to this the number has grown to twenty-two million. Such an expansion made a widespread demand for improved highways. The immediate future gives no promise of an increased demand, either for automobiles or for building construction. The demand for increased public-utility and manufacturing plants and for railroad facilities will undoubtedly continue, but hardly at a higher rate than we have seen in the last five years. Our domestic demand for capital is therefore not likely to increase.

Nor is there a prospect of greatly increased borrowing from abroad. The European nations, especially Germany, have been bidding actively for capital in America during the last three years. That source of demand will hardly continue in large volume. France, despite popular notions to the contrary, does not need to borrow capital and will not do so. She may refund a few loans which are already outstanding, but she will not demand new capital. For France is essentially a capital-exporting nation. Unless Russia can reorganize herself politically and industrially in such manner as to command confidence in our capital market and so become a borrower, the demand from Europe for American capital is certain to decline after 1928. The less developed nations of South America and the Orient will borrow considerable amounts of capital, but upon the whole the outlook is not for any considerable increase. It is a safe prediction that the total demand for capital in the next half-decade will not increase as rapidly as does the supply of our investment funds.

With this outlook for capital accumulation and for investment demand, the investor will undoubtedly be obliged to content himself with smaller returns upon his funds. There have been periods in the history of this country when good railroad and industrial stocks sold at a price which capitalized their dividends at 4 per cent and their earnings at 6 or 7 per cent. High-grade bonds sold on a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent basis; and good government securities yielded even less. Toward such an era our industrial process is carrying us to-day.



It's always Fair Weather

FAIR weather for the investor comes from Diversification—placing his funds in many different kinds of business enterprises, covering a wide territory, so that the combination is proof against disturbances in one industry or one locality.

The 24 corporations listed at the right cover the United States with their operations, and have important foreign interests. They are literally a cross-section of Big Business, with assets totaling $17,000,000,000.

Through a single investment, large or small, you can own an interest in these 24 great companies—participate in all dividends, see your investment increase in value with the growth of the country, enjoy tax economy, simplicity, ready marketability.

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A Lasting Reminder of this Year's Merry Christmas

TO the holder of a Christmas Bond, the spirit of the year's merriest season returns with every interest date. What gift more desirable could you wish to give?

Our current list contains many sound bonds suitable for Christmas gifts, some of which are available in denominations of $100 and $500.

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Founded 1880

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Associated System

Founded in 1852

Fillmore was President when the Associated System was Founded

Millard Fillmore was born in Cayuga County, New York, which is served by the original property of the Associated System. He went to the primitive school in the neighborhood three months a year and worked on his father's farm nine months.

At the age of nineteen he decided to become a lawyer. While in the New York State Legislature in 1831 he was the author of the bill passed that year abolishing imprisonment for debt.

Fillmore was President of the United States in 1852 when the Associated System was founded. Since then great changes have taken place in our ways of living.

Then	*Now*
Candles and oil lamps	Electric lights
Wood burning cooking stoves	Gas and electric ranges
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The Associated System supplies public service to 580,000 customers.

ASSOCIATED AGE GAS & ELECTRIC CO. 1852 SYSTEM

Associated Gas and Electric Company

Incorporated in 1906

Write for our booklet "M"

61 Broadway **New York**

Only *one* investor in *twenty* actually receives the entire yield from his securities

How 581 out of 612 investors discovered invisible and unsuspected losses

THE security holdings of 612 investors were analyzed recently by our Investment Service Department. These lists ranged in amount from $10,000 to $2,000,000. The greater number of them included between $50,000 and $150,000 of stocks and bonds.

Only 31 of these investors—about one in twenty—were actually *receiving* the entire income which their securities should have yielded. Even the experienced investor seldom takes full advantage of the earning power of his holdings. Invisible, unsuspected losses levy a toll upon the majority of investors.

Investing is more than buying and holding securities. Call features, conversion privileges, tax position, and proper diversification are only a few of the many details which investors often overlook. Such oversight means a needless sacrifice of income.

Now, more than at any time in the past fifteen years, careful management is urgent.

10% more yearly income from their securities

Few investors realize the value of careful management of securities—until scientific analysis and supervision have been applied to their holdings, and have brought the unnecessary losses to light.

In many of the cases where our Investment Service Department reviewed investors' security holdings, and where the investor made use of our facilities for more effective control, there has been an increase of more than 10% in the yearly income from his securities. In other cases, improvements were made toward greater safety, reducing income with a view to forestalling future losses of larger amount than the temporary advantage of a high return.

How to avoid hidden losses

Certain facts brought to light by these analyses will be of timely value to the majority of investors. For that reason they have been condensed into a booklet, "Investment Strategy," which gives an interesting cross-section of the essentials of efficient investing, based on actual experience.

The ten principles of investment selection and security management outlined in this new booklet are designed to prevent the more costly errors of oversight found in a surprisingly high proportion of the 612 lists analyzed.

The investor owning $25,000 or more of securities will find "Investment Strategy" useful in avoiding the various hidden risks of investment loss, and in shaping his entire security program along sound, profitable lines.

We shall be glad to send you a copy of "Investment Strategy" upon request.

The Compton Investment Service Department, an outgrowth of forty years of experience, has proved of substantial value to investors. You are invited to make use of its facilities in the analysis of your own investment holdings.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY

Investment Securities

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of Interest to Investors

AS A PART of our regular service to stock and bond buyers, we issue monthly three publications containing current information of interest to investors.

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INVESTMENT REVIEW	15th day of month
GREEN BOOK OF SECURITIES	20th day of month

If you will send this advertisement to any of our offices, checking the issues you desire, we shall be glad to send you sample copies

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HALF *of* AMERICA

HALF of America lives in towns of ten thousand or less or on farms. Here are fifty million people to whom electric service is as necessary as it is to metropolitan homes and industries.

But because of the special characteristics of electric service, the early development in such territories was slower than in larger centers of population. A relatively large capital investment is required to furnish electric service—five dollars for every dollar of annual gross income. If the cost of service is to be reasonable and competitive, operations must be efficient, economical and on a relatively large scale. Nor can these standards be realized unless the demands for service are distributed over many hours of the day, so that maximum hourly use will be made of the investment.

* * *

COULD the isolated local plant in a small community succeed on these conditions? It soon became evident that it could not. The small company, unknown to all but local investors, found itself unable to attract new capital with which to expand facilities or meet maturing obligations. Moreover, the small plant, limited in facilities and capital, and frequently operated only from dusk to dawn, could not take on the larger power loads which make for generating efficiency. Nor could it go beyond the boundaries of the town to serve the farms, the mines, oil wells and quarries. Electric service, rapidly becoming a most important industrial asset to the larger cities, was threatened with stagnation in the small towns and outlying areas.

The Middle West Utilities Company and similar public utility investment companies were formed to correct this situation. Their purpose was to meet the financial requirements involved in providing an adequate electric service to small towns and non-metropolitan areas. Based on the diversity of the properties brought under their direction, they established a sound financial structure attractive to the investor. With the necessary capital thus made available, they proceeded to unify small systems and to replace inefficient local plants with economical large plants, adequate in capacity to serve a number of towns and a wide surrounding area. They broadened the service areas of the plants, embracing enough different users to cause more constant use of the facilities. By strengthening the investment they lowered capital charges, which together with reductions in operating costs resulted in lower rates for service. By standing ready with ample power they released small town industries from a serious restriction to their expansion, and they went out into the surrounding country with power for the exploitation of natural resources and for farms.

* * *

ONLY through this physical unification of facilities was operating efficiency possible in small towns and rural sections. Only through corporate unification was it possible to establish the financial standing on which to base the necessary flow of invested capital.

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"How Much Should I Save?" A booklet explaining two well-worked-out systems of accumulating money. Of particular interest to those who wish to build up an income by systematic saving. Offered by the Old Colony Corporation, which is owned by the Old Colony Trust Company, 17 Court Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

"Investors List." A monthly list of various securities, with comments, useful to investors. Offered by Paine, Webber & Company, 82 Devonshire Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

"An Investment Insured for Its Lifetime." An interesting and helpful booklet, explaining a new feature in investments: a guarantee against loss of either principal or interest. Offered by Stein Bros. & Boyce, 6 So. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Maryland, Fiscal Agents for the Mortgage Security Corporation of America.

"Why a National Union for Safety". A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Various desirable securities of Public Utility Companies —a circular describing an attractive basis for sound investments. Specific recommendations in circulars offered by Howe, Snow & Co., 120 Broadway, New York City.

"Investment in America's Prosperity." A booklet describing investment trusts in general and "Fixed Trust Shares" in particular. An interesting treatise for investors. Offered by American Basic-Business Shares Corporation, 67 Wall Street, New York City.

"Shares in America." An interesting booklet describing a form of Investment Trust based on participating ownership in 24 leading American Corporations. Offered by Throckmorton & Company, 165 Broadway, New York City.

"Investing for Safety"

THIS is the title of a booklet which we have just published which should be read by every one who is interested in the safety of his investment funds.

It is readable as well as authoritative. In clear, simple, non-technical language, it sets forth the principles of sound investment and describes the various classes of high-grade securities, with special reference to first mortgage real estate bonds.

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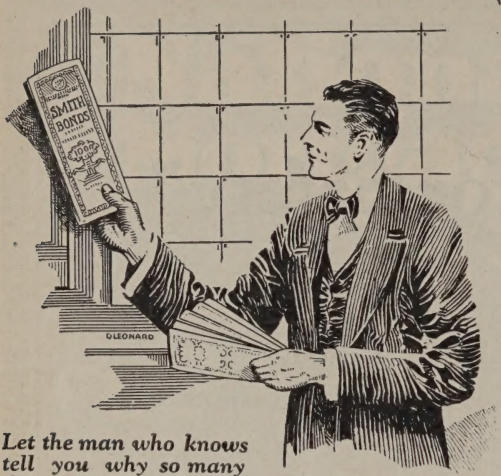

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Investors' Library

THE search for information on the part of individual investors is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, in connection with its Financial Advertising Department, wishes to encourage this by the publication of the following list of booklets, which, it is believed, should prove useful to those readers who are concerned over the problems of the investment of their surplus funds.

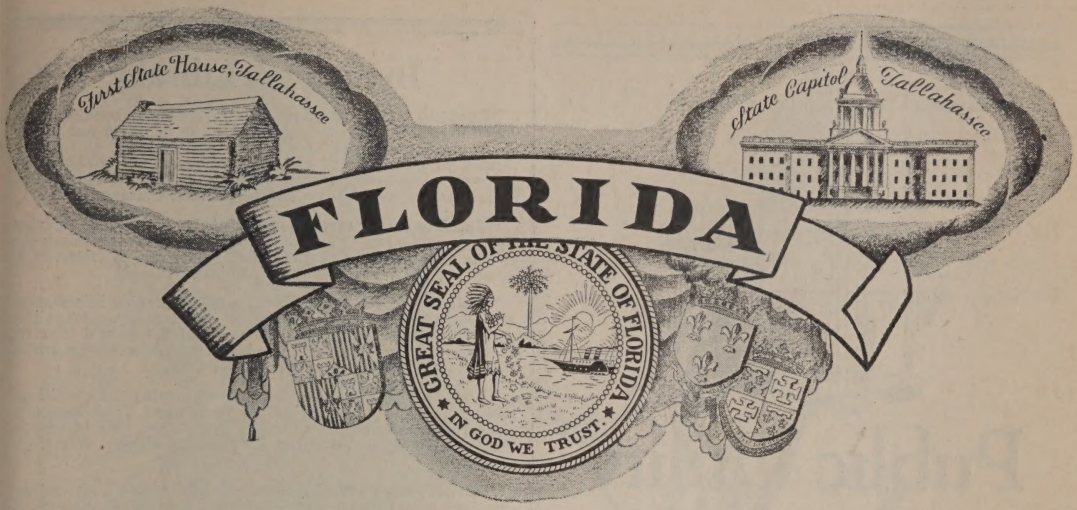
It is recommended that readers write directly to the investment houses, making request for such booklets as seem most likely to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may suggest. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to *Atlantic Monthly* readers.

"Foreign Dollar Bonds." Brown Brothers & Company, 59 Wall Street, New York, have issued the ninth edition of their booklet on international investments. In addition to giving information regarding outstanding foreign dollar bonds, the booklet treats of the more important developments affecting securities during the last year. Copies will be furnished on request.

"Stock and Bond Register." A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior Street, N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

"Survey of the South." A booklet showing the wide range of the South's natural resources as a basis for sound investments. Offered by Caldwell & Company, 300 Union Street, Nashville, Tennessee.

"Investing for Safety." The newest publication of S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City, describes in detail the methods followed by this organization in underwriting first mortgage real estate bond issues.



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FLORIDA . . . the true Florida of natural advantages and stable values . . . now wears a normal dress. Its sheen is no less bright for discarded tinsels which bespoke only pleasure in its sunshine and winter-homes for its land. The true greatness of Florida has always rested on agriculture and business.

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It is plain that such expenditures are being made only for sound business reasons . . . the main business being to carry staple foods to the densely populated sections of our country. From berries to beans, corn to cocoanuts, to citrus fruits, potatoes, rice or onions . . . the sunshine and soil of Florida produce great harvests each year. When northern demand is greatest, prices highest, these golden harvests turn literally to gold.

Like the rest of the South, Florida offers sound and attractive investments, in the obligations of her communities and her industries.

For years, Caldwell & Company have assisted materially the financing of Southern progress while helping investors, throughout the country, to a sound choice of attractive Southern securities. We should be glad to send you our current suggestions upon request.

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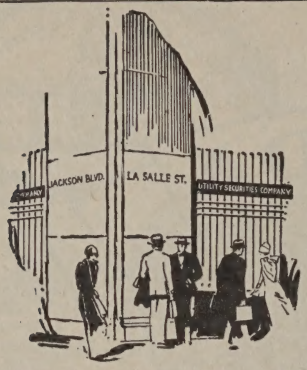

Public Utility *Security Service in Seven Cities*

CHICAGO, rapidly becoming the public utility investment center of the country, provides ideal location for the home office of Utility Securities Company. At its new headquarters on La Salle St. the company offers every possible investment service in its specialized field of public utility securities.

With the opening of a new branch office at Minneapolis the company now maintains intimate touch with the investment public at such important financial cities as St. Louis, Milwaukee, Louisville, Indianapolis, the Twin Cities and New York. Complete investment services are available at these offices.

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Investors' Library

"Looking Ahead Financially." A helpful booklet on a very interesting subject — visualizing the factor of age in the financial affairs of men and women, and intended to help investors to build out of current income an accumulation of property to provide permanent income. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Company, 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

"The Book of Better Bonds." A booklet which explains how more than forty years of conservative financing culminate in guaranteed investments. Offered by George M. Forman & Company, 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois.

"Interesting Facts." A booklet giving graphic information concerning the properties and the investment opportunities offered in the enterprises of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. Offered by Associated Gas and Electric Securities Corporation, 61 Broadway, New York City.

"Investment Trust." A circular explaining the conditions under which the Realty-Securities Investment Trust has been formed and its safety as a form of investment. Offered by the National American Securities Co., 26 Broadway, New York City.

"Hornblower & Weeks Investment Review," a monthly summary of the stock and bond markets and an analysis of several individual securities is offered by Hornblower & Weeks, 60 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

"Water, the Indispensable Utility." An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Company, 44 Wall Street, New York City.

"What Most Men Forget." A folder explaining the advantages of investing safely in real estate mortgage bonds which carry an independent surety company guarantee of payment of principal and interest. Offered by the Empire Bond & Mortgage Corporation, National City Building, 42nd Street & Madison Avenue, New York City.

"Guaranty Service." A book describing the work of various departments and outlining services available to customers through these departments. Offered by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

"A New and Improved Form of Guaranteed First Mortgage Bonds." Describes the eight new features of the 6% First National Bonds. Offered by The First National Company, Citizens Bank Building, Baltimore, Maryland.

"Foreign Dollar Bonds." A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

"Public Utility Investments." The Utility Securities Company offers the securities of well-known public utility enterprises in 21 states. A Monthly Savings Plan of buying is one of their sales features. Lists of securities, yielding as high as 7 per cent., will be sent upon request. Address: Utility Securities Co., 72 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois.

"Bank-Selected Investments." Describes 6% Real Estate Bonds, with guaranteed first mortgage security, which conform to the standards of safety established by banks for the investment of trust and deposit funds. Offered by The Baltimore Trust Company, 25 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

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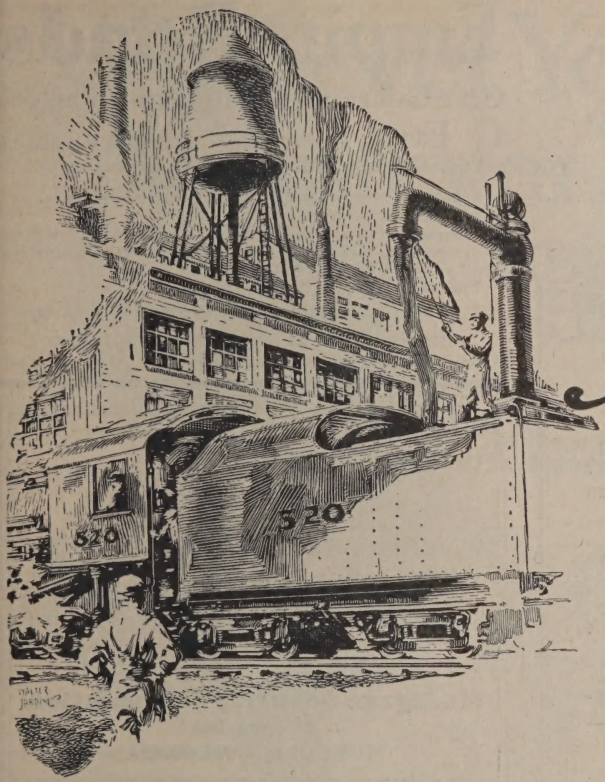

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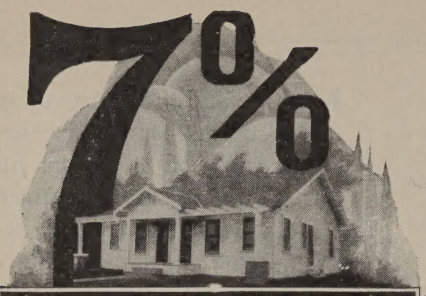

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NAME OF—	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS
Editor, ELLERY SEDGWICK	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
Business Manager MACGREGOR JENKINS	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
Publisher MACGREGOR JENKINS	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
Owners: ELLERY SEDGWICK	8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
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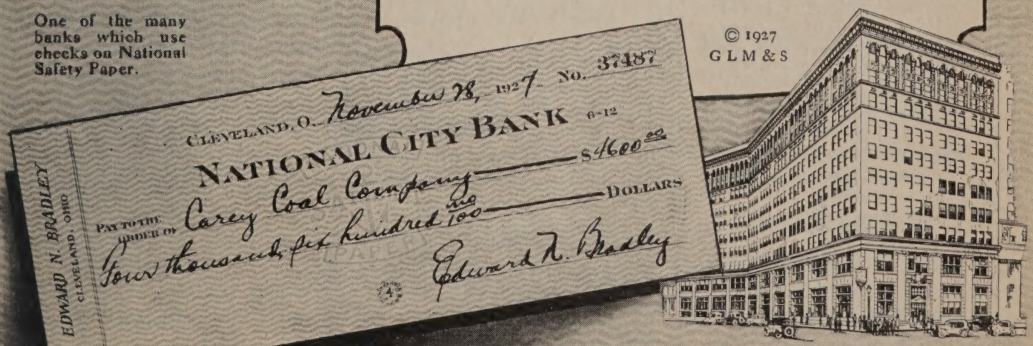
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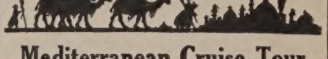

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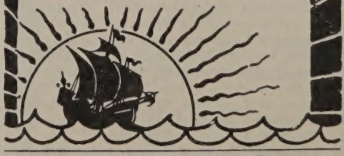

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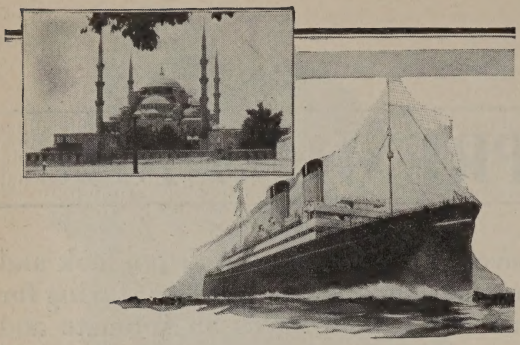

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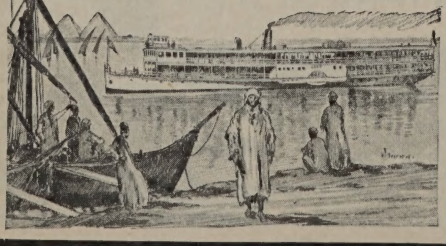

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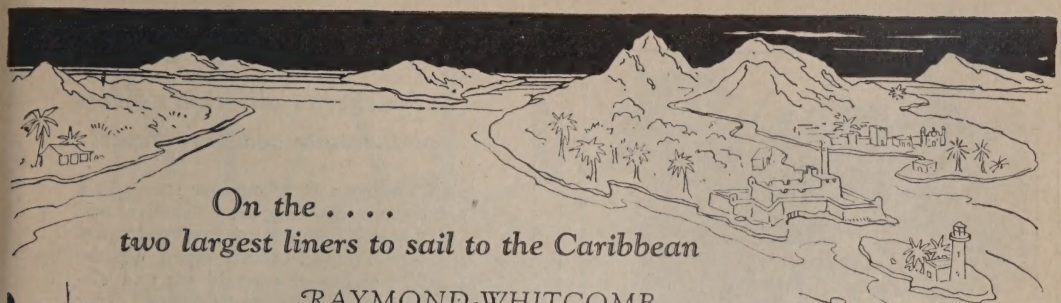

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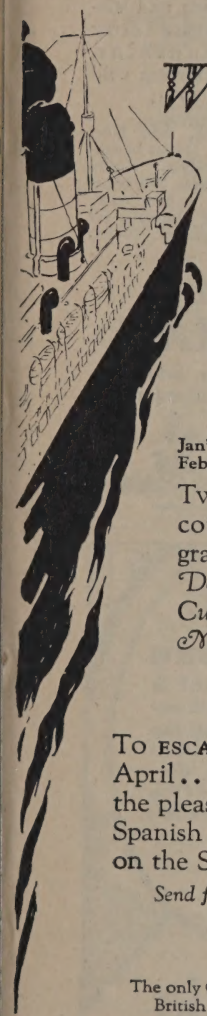

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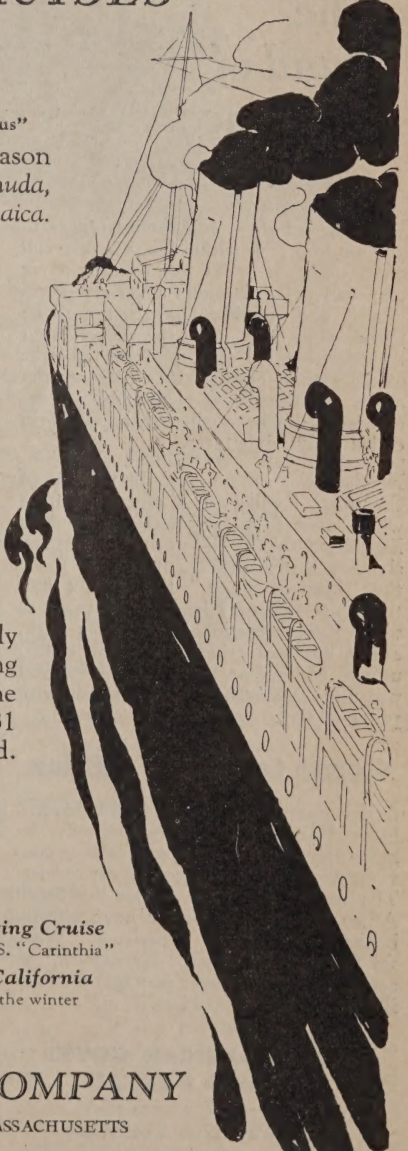

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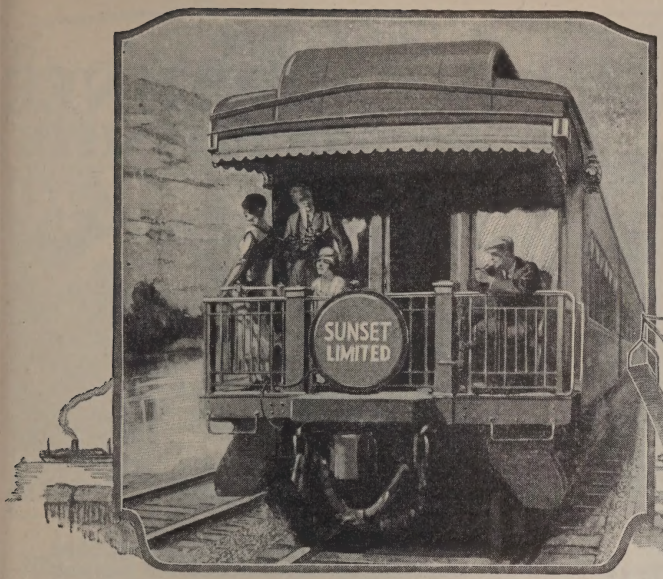

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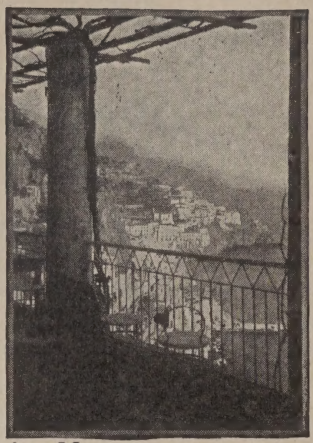

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The Vatican versus Daudet. The Action Française affair has become a vital issue for all of Christian Europe. A French Protestant siding with neither party outlines the intellectual foundations of this great controversy.

In Wildest Mongolia. A Prussian officer escaped from a Russian prison describes his adventures among the primitive tribes of Northeastern Asia.

Five years ago he told Romain Rolland that he was about to kill himself. Today his stories are translated into sixteen languages. Panait Istrati, international vagabond, Rumanian by birth, French by adoption, tells the story of his amazing life.

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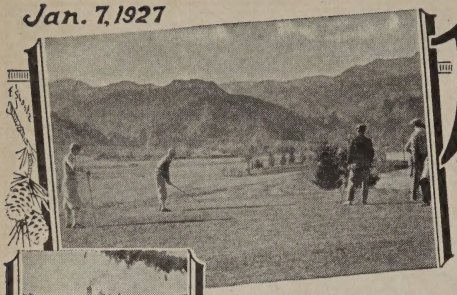

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MUSIC AND RADIO

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Not only are the facilities for enjoying fine music this season within the reach of greater multitudes but the desire among all classes to share in its pleasures and benefits is more strongly pronounced than ever before.

Captious critics may claim that this is the era of jazz exclusively, but the evidence is overwhelming that music of the highest grade has been and is making extraordinary advances in its appeal to the general public.

It would require too much space to mention here even briefly the many factors that have contributed toward the broadening and deepening of our national interest in worth-while music. Among these one that has assisted in no small measure has been the ways in which the love of music and the study of music has been stimulated by the makers of musical instruments both reproducing and otherwise.

This has been accomplished by improvements in the instruments themselves—especially in the reproducing field—and in helping to open and develop new channels of appeal to the masses both in the form of education and entertainment.

In this connection it is interesting to find the radio playing an important part and being used to increase the demand for the musical instruments and the musical entertainment that for a time some feared the radio would supplant.

It is an interesting story how the radio in its beginning dealt the phonograph what appeared to be its death-blow and then played such an important part in its revival, first through helping to develop a phonograph absolutely new in principle and second in providing a medium for popularizing new records by broadcasting them.

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As the appeal of the radio embraces so great a variety of entertainment besides the transmission of music, it is easy to understand why in its present improved form the radio appeals strongly to those who already have one or more favorite musical instruments within their homes as well as to those who have none.

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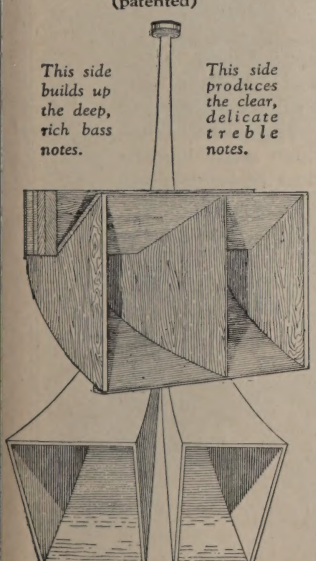

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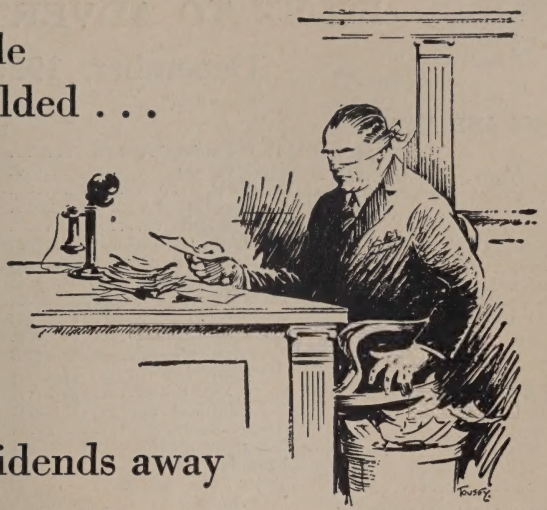

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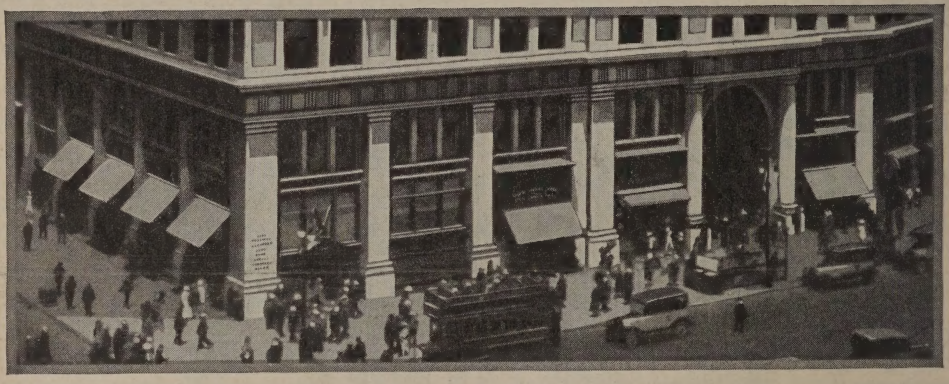

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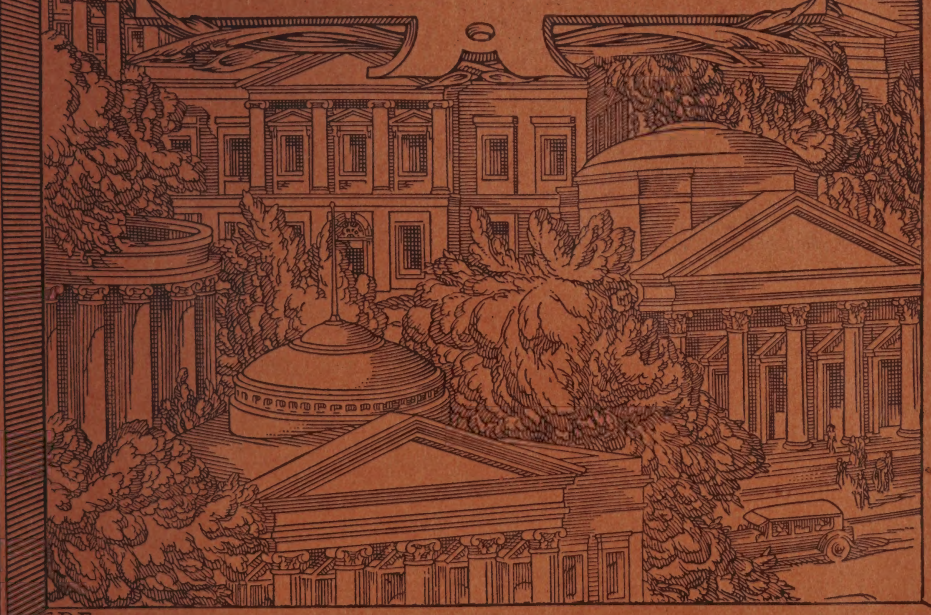

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